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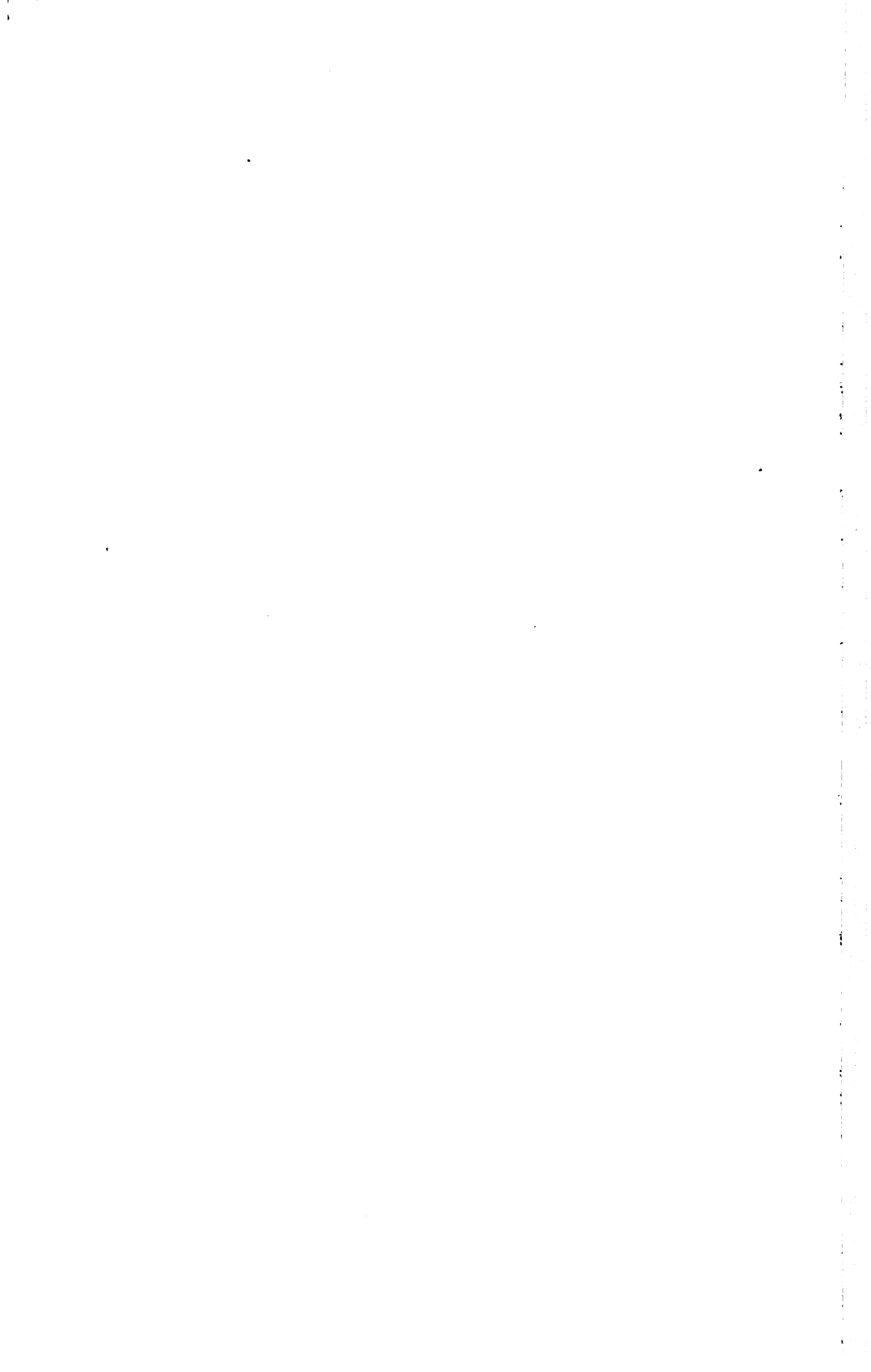
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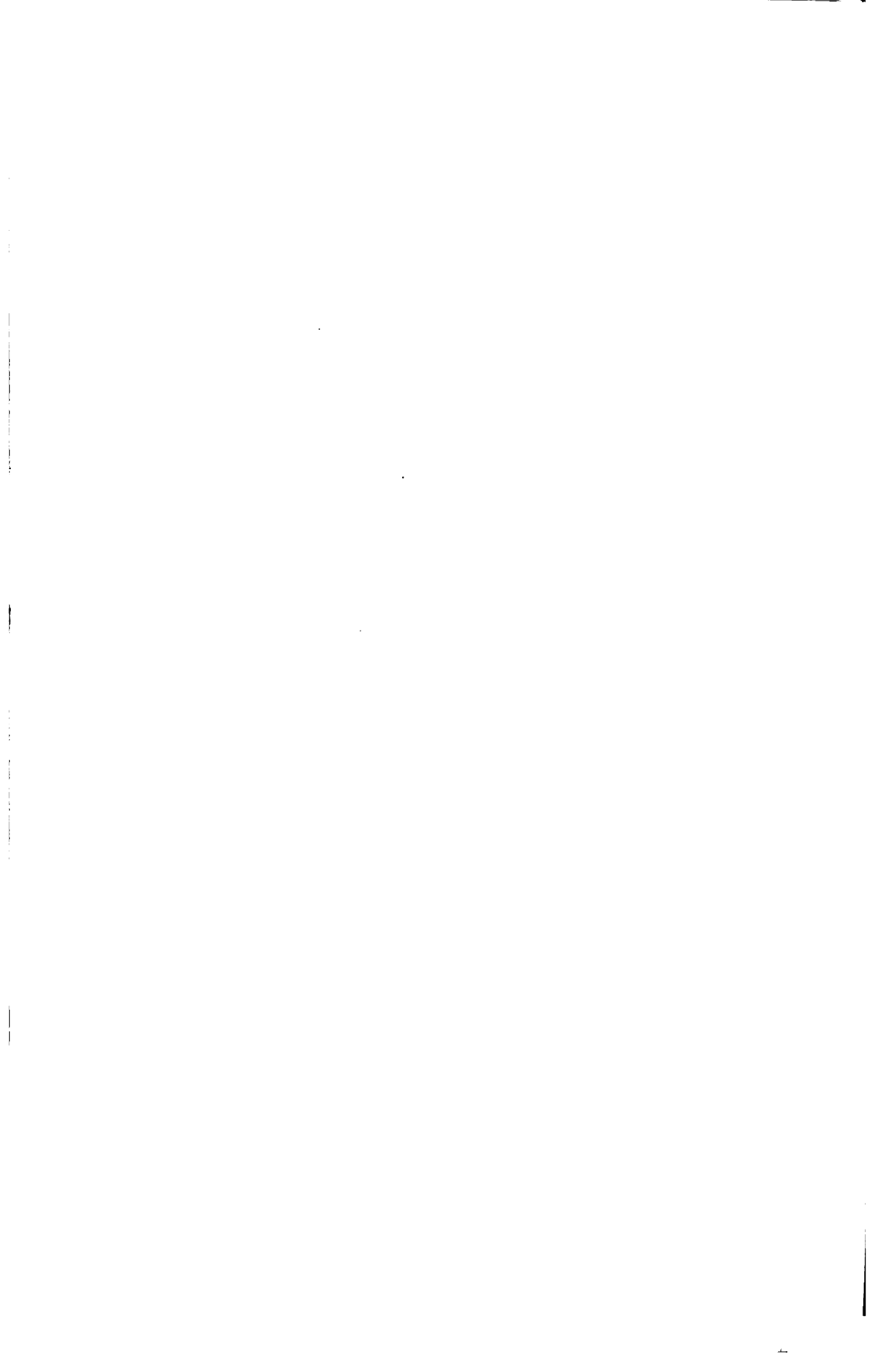
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THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME II.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

NUMBER I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The primary objects of the *Hesperian*, are identical with those of the leading magazines of the day: viz. 1. To disseminate useful information among the people, in the form of general Essays and popular Sketches; 2. to gratify the taste, common to a large portion of every community, for good periodical literature, by supplying it with well-wrought Tales of a wholesome character, choice Poems by contemporary authors, interesting Biographical Sketches of good and eminent men, entertaining Narratives of foreign and home Travel, elegant descriptions of picturesque Scenery, and faithful accounts of past and current Adventure and Discovery; 3. to assist in bettering the condition of Society, by elevating the tone of its thinking, and feeling, and speaking, and writing; and, 4. to watch the portals of the Temple of Literature, with a vigilant eye, that as little as possible may issue therefrom without rebuke and exposure, which has no other tendency than to purify and exalt in heart and mind, instruct in the duties of life, and strengthen in the performance of good works. These are the primary objects of the publication; and to these mainly will it ever be devoted.

The *Hesperian* differs from most other magazines, in this, that it contains a department for

Selections, which is filled from month to month with extracts from the best of the current periodicals of Great Britain and the United States, and from the new publications in general literature which are every day issuing from the book press of the Country. With a knowledge of this fact and from an examination of the numbers of the work which have already been published, every one can form a pretty correct idea of the character and quality of the reading matter which will continue to appear in its pages, from month to month.

COMPOSITIONS.—The *Hesperian* is printed on paper of superior quality, with new and beautiful type, of the long-primer and brevier sizes. A number is published on the first day of each month, containing from eighty to ninety royal octavo pages of letter-press, well covered, stitched and trimmed, so as to make two handsome volumes a year, of five hundred pages each. The annual subscription is *Five Dollars*, payable invariably at the time of subscribing: the work to be mailed punctually, done up in substantial wrappers, for any post office in the United States to which it may be ordered.

Applications for the work to be addressed to the publisher, at Columbus, Ohio.

COLUMBUS, OHIO:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY JOHN D. NICHOLE.

C. SCOTT AND J. F. McLAUGHLIN, PRINTERS.

Wm. L. B. Stanton

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OUR FILE.

Leisure has not yet been permitted us, to read a number of communications which have been received within the past two or three weeks. Correspondents shall be informed of the fate of their obliging favors, in our next monthly issue. The following papers are filed for insertion in the December number:

- "An Essay on the Literature of the Moors of Spain."
- "A Historical Sketch of the Early Settlements and Early Men of Kentucky."
- "Boyhood; or, the Truant Messenger."
- "The Sea-King;" by Mrs. SIGOURNEY.
- "The Green Hills of My Native Land;" by VIOLA. And "Respectability."

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY

MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

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EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"To gather from still living witnesses, and preserve for the future annalist, the important records of the teeming and romantic PAST: to seize while yet warm and glowing, and inscribe upon the page which shall be sought hereafter, the bright visions of song, and the fair images of story, which gild the gloom and lighten the sorrows of the ever-fleeting PRESENT: to search all history with a steady eye, sound all philosophy with a careful hand, question all experience with a fearless tongue, and thence draw lessons to fit us for, and light to guide us through, the shadowed but unknown FUTURE."

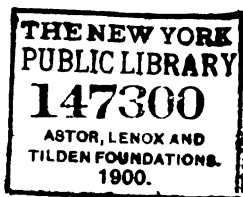
VOLUME II.

COLUMBUS, OHIO:

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1838.

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COLUMBUS:
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No. 42, State-street.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

IN introducing to the public the first number of a new volume of the *HESPERIAN*, the Editor would do violence to his own feelings, and injustice to the Western People, were he to withhold an expression of his sincere thanks, for the prompt and liberal encouragement which, from the beginning, has been extended to his hazardous and laborious undertaking. The success of an attempt to establish a large and expensive Periodical, in the new country west of the Alleghany mountains, was considered extremely doubtful by many gentlemen of experience and observation; and to give such a publication at once an elevated rather than a popular tone, and a useful rather than an amusing character, was regarded as an experiment on public taste, which boded embarrassment and failure. These things were not without a discouraging influence upon the founders of the *HESPERIAN*; but they perceived, or thought they perceived, in the minds of the western people generally, a growing disposition to be instructed in things useful, and a strong desire for information with regard to those matters which most nearly concern them as members of a forming community, citizens of a great country, and heads of families, the true welfare of one of which is to be secured only by the welfare of all. In this conviction, the work was commenced, with a determination to give it a decided character of *USEFULNESS*; its reception, by the press and the people, was gratifying in the extreme; its subscription-list rose rapidly to a number sufficiently large to defray the expenses of its publication; and now, only six months after the circulation of the first number, it is established upon a basis which, without the occurrence of something entirely unlooked-for and improbable, will remain solid and permanent.

To have met with such encouragement, in the first steps of an enterprise generally esteemed hazardous, is matter of much self-gratulation: to deserve a continuance of it, in prosecuting the work, there shall be no abatement of zealous endeavor. That those who have not hitherto been numbered among the readers of the *HESPERIAN*, but whose patronage will now be solicited, may receive a correct idea of the character of the work, it may be stated, that a glance over the leaves of the past volume, will exhibit a very large proportion of its original pages devoted to the discussion of matters of peculiar interest and importance to the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley; while its select department has been filled, in a great measure, with articles of solidity and usefulness, though not of particular local interest. The distinguishing features of the past volume, will be preserved in the present and future ones; and the Editor hopes that, with the assistance of the many ripe scholars and superior intellects of the West, he shall be able to carry the work to a degree of literary excellence and practical usefulness, in the future, much greater than has been anticipated by the partiality of friends, from the past. As heretofore, the natural resources of Ohio and others of the Western States, their public institutions, channels of internal trade, productive industry, manufacturing enterprise, and general advancement, will be subjects of particular consideration in the original department of the work; and for materials with which to keep up the spirit and variety of the select miscellany, the best of the European and American reviews and magazines will still be diligently laid under contribution.

It gives the Editor great pleasure to be able to announce to his readers, that, while the pens whose productions have thus far formed the chief attraction of the *Hesperian* will continue their original contributions, the interest and value of the

work will be much increased, during the present volume, by the productions of several distinguished writers whose pens have not yet been exerted for its pages. He refers with pride to a portion of the contents of the present number, as an earnest of what may be expected in the future; and, as in the outset, pledges, for the making of the work what it ought to be to be creditable to the Great West, whatever talent belongs to him, a pride that is somewhat known, and an industry which has been tried.—The Notes on Texas, which have been so well received by the press and the public, will be continued through the entire volume, and completed in its closing number. An elaborate Historical Sketch of the Early Settlements and Early Men of Kentucky, will appear at a not distant period. A series of Reminiscences of Foreign Travel, of a very interesting nature, and from a competent hand, will soon grace the pages of the work. A View of some of the several Western States, similar in character to that of Ohio with which the first three numbers opened, will be given in the latter part of the present volume, or early in the next. The important subject of Popular Education will receive proper attention. And to diversify the general contents, and give spirit and variety to the work, a sufficient space in each number will be allotted to tales, essayettes, poetry, sketches of distinguished men, candid commentaries on the current issues of the American book press, and an ample editorial miscellany.

By the Valedictory which is given below, it will be seen that MR. CURRY has been compelled, by unforeseen circumstances, to sever his connection with the Editor. In the regret which this announcement will occasion among Mr. C's numerous friends and admirers, the Editor fully participates; but he is happy in being able to assure them, that the withdrawal of his late associate from the editorial department of the work, will not materially interfere with his opportunities of communing with them as heretofore. Mr. Curry remains among the regular contributors; and the probability is that in this character, he will be quite as able hereafter to do justice to his superior literary talents, as he has been heretofore in the character which he has thus far sustained to the work.

VALEDICTORY.

THE friends and patrons of the *HESPERIAN* are informed, that causes which have heretofore materially interfered with the editorial duties of the undersigned, now compel him, at least for a time, entirely to forego them. This is to him a matter of unfeigned regret; a feeling which is relieved only by the reflection that, in the past, his exertions to gratify the readers of the *HESPERIAN*, whether successful or otherwise, have at least been honestly made; and by the hope that, in the future he may be able frequently to commune with them through its pages.

In retiring from the editorial corps, he cannot withhold the expression of his indebtedness to its members, for the deeply gratifying reception which he met at their hands.

OTWAY CURRY.

THE HESPERIAN:

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

NUMBER I.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

VOLUME II.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

It may not, perhaps, be known to all the readers of this Magazine, that the most remarkable thinker of the present century, and the most voluminous English writer for the past ten years, is the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article.* In his own land, we believe that he enjoys but a sort of prophet's fame; and we can well recall the half-respectful and half-sneering tone in which, by a bookseller of Regent street, he was, one year ago, pronounced the "*mad* Carlyle." We dare not say of him, as most devoutly we do believe, of their greatest dramatic poet, the English of this age are unworthy; but we will express the thought that they have thus far failed to properly appreciate one of the most original minds, that has yet developed itself into the nineteenth century.

In this country, Mr. Carlyle has met with some success: most of his works have been republished; and, in that city of the East which is pre-eminently distinguished as the intellectual emporium of the Union, his name has already become a household word. Throughout our land his works

are daily following his name; and we note it down, as one extraordinary type of the time, that, in so many parts of this matter-developing, matter-moulding, and matter-enjoying nation, so spiritual a man has found such cheerful welcome. We think that he is destined to receive a far wider welcome. We trust that, in the swift onward tendencies of this epoch towards mere material good, shall, at its fit moment, come an intellectual reaction with which the spirituality of Carlyle may have much deep and grateful sympathy. And yet for his very ample success, we doubt the need of such reaction. His spirit has come among the most spirit-stirred and stirring people on the face of the earth—a people renowned for enterprise, not merely of the hand, but likewise of the heart and head. We cannot willingly subscribe to the gross doctrine, which even Carlyle himself has sometimes taught, that all this age's progress is merely material. There must be, and there is, a corresponding spiritual progress. In all nations, of all past times, there have been but two movements—the spiritual and the material—marching sometimes abreast, and sometimes with unequal steps; but never has the material movement been in advance of the spiritual; and to this truth the age in which we live furnishes no exception.

In this country, and at this time, the march of matter is unquestionably rapid; but the march of ideas is equally so. Indeed, all those changes which, through fifty years last past, have taken place in matter, and which are now therein mo-

* Of Mr. Carlyle's writings, have been published up to this time:—A translation of Wilhelm Meister, (3 vols. 12 mo. London, 1824;) the Life of Schiller, (1 vol. 8 vo. London, 1825;) German Romance, (4 vols. 12 mo. London, 1827;) Sartor Resartus, (1 vol. 12 mo. Boston, 1835;) History of the French Revolution, (3 vols. 8 vo. London, 1837;) and Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, (2 vols. 8 vo. Boston, 1838.) Two additional volumes of Critical and Miscellaneous Essays will soon be issued from the Boston Press.

mently taking place, stand forth but as shadows and types of antecedent changes in spirit; they are, if I may so say, but projections from the mind, and of the mind; they are the visibly and audibly expressed beliefs of the time; they are but various languages—the exponents, unriddlers, and embodyers of thought. A chapter in the *Novum Organum* no more truly presupposed the spiritual action of Lord Bacon, than a steam-engine and safety-lamp presuppose similar action in Isaac Watt and Sir Humphrey Davy. How few have been these changes for the worse! How many for the better—standing forth, by consequence, as representatives of progress. There never was a change into the better, or the worse, wrought out by human agency in the material world, unpreceded by its creating and corresponding change in the spiritual world. There never was a progress in matter without an equal progress in mind. Outward movements, we repeat, are ever but the shadows of movements within the soul. The material tendencies of an age are mightiest proofs of its spiritual tendencies.

That Thomas Carlyle—the poet, the philosopher, and the enlightened critic—is to become among us a universal favorite; that he will be read by all, who daily read to daily forget modern novels and newspapers, we do not believe. Such a fortune neither can he expect, nor would any sincere friend willingly promise for him. But we certainly do believe that, in this most serious and, with an exception of the Scotch, this most meditative of modern nations, he is destined to exert a very great influence; that, over all our truly intellectual men and women, his cheerful and spiritual genius will extend its benignant sway; and that, one century hence, his progress through early indifference, and even opposition, up to final legitimate esteem, will be classed and recorded among many like extraordinary facts in intellectual history. Contemporaneous appreciation and popularity seldom crown a profoundly original man. The past abounds with instances illustrating this truth. It is not alone Shakspeare and Milton, but all the truly heaven-gifted men of all generations, who must, like Kepler, be content to wait one century for an audience, since God has waited so many thousand years for observers like themselves.

We doubt, moreover, whether any great-

ly original philosopher or poet ever becomes popular, in the liberal acceptation of that word. We doubt whether such intellects ever operate directly, and with their entire energy, upon the popular mind. Sir Walter Scott, in whose works is a great deal of poetry and some philosophy, has enjoyed, and his memory is still enjoying, a very broad popular reputation. But Sir Walter Scott was not a greatly original man. He wrote beautiful thoughts and scenes into easy sentences for general readers; but he condensed no profound truths to be remembered, repeated, and applied, in all coming ages. We now note down, as a fact to be hereafter reflected on, that the most abundant writer to our hearts, has been the most meagre writer for our tongues; and that he who began and ended more sentences than any individual of his day, has hardly a single entire prose sentence interwoven into the memory of readers. Scott wrote for the general mind; so did Franklin. How different the pithy, condensed, compact, rememberable, and remembered thoughts of the latter, from the widely diffused and vaguely recollected to be soon forgotten, thoughts of the former. The Bible is designed for all the people, and its pregnant truths are daily on popular lips. Shakspeare has, through the stage, been brought to bear largely upon the general heart; and Shakspeare's thoughts, in Shakspeare's words, are on frequent tongues, and shaping many minds. Scott's sources of influence are vague, and never closely tangible—fading soon from our hearts away into beautiful dim dreams, and dreams, too, that shall disappear through the gate of ivory. Scott has been loved by the reading people of this generation; but what shall Scott be to the people of coming and changed generations, for whom will rise their own peculiar objects of veneration and of intellectual love? Unto such must he be as a distant shadow of a once mighty substance. They will have far other work to do, than read and talk about the hundred volumes which he bequeaths them. Strangely greedy after note must that writer be, and a strange monopolizer of successors' claims, who, having feasted to surfeit on the popular applause of an age while living, desires that a like air-banquet be spread, through many succeeding ages, for his memory when dead. Says Schiller, "the artist, it is true, is the

son of his time; but pity for him if he be its pupil, or even its favorite." Scott has been popularly great in his own times, to be like every such favorite, popularly small in all succeeding ones. So speaking, we do not depreciate Scott, we only state the fatality which ever attends mere popular, contemporaneous renown. Such renown is of most questionable products, too often but the multitudinous offspring of blindest chance begotten on blindest accidents. "For the multitude of voices," writes one, "is no authority; a thousand voices may not, strictly examined, amount to one vote. Mankind, in this world, are divided into flocks, and follow their several bell-wethers. Now, it is well known, let the bell-wether rush through any gap, the rest rush after him, were it into bottomless quagmires. Nay, so conscientious are sheep in this particular, as a quaint naturalist and moralist has noted, if you hold a stick upon the wether so that he is forced to vault in his passage, the whole flock will do the like when the stick is withdrawn; and the thousandth sheep shall be seen vaulting impetuously over the air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier."

We believe that the pole-star of enduring fame is in no popular sky, but one far other and far loftier. From the hour, when, amidst cries of "crucify him, crucify him," our Saviour was nailed to the cross, to this late time when millions of Frenchmen, with rapturous voices and hands together smote, crowded around the arch apostle of infidelity, we people have overturned the strangest altars, have worshipped the strangest Gods. To say the most of it, popularity is a proof not of worth, nor of durability, but only of itself—of popularity. Neither Homer, nor Dante, nor Cervantes, nor Milton, nor even Nature herself is popular, nor ever will be. And, with respect to Shakspeare, we express the thought that, were it not for the much abused vehicle of the stage, so happily adapted to him, and to which he is himself so happily adapted, his works would forever stand upon the same shelf which holds Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Ben Johnson, Hooker, and Sir Thomas Browne. He would not be popular, nor yet unpopular, but *unknown*, except to the intellectual classes of each generation. He would still be in the noiseless repositories of substantial fame, not in those of

shallow and loud notoriety. He would still be, not more so where his name was now and then pronounced, and two or three of his works were partially read, but where all his spirit, and all his forms, were daily, sincerely, devoutly felt and appreciated. We do not think that such would be for Shakspeare a nobler destiny than that which he is now fulfilling; but sweep away this accident of the stage, and the popular influence of the mighty dramatist would retire to where it was before Garrick brought it out. The greatly original minds are never, through their own self-aided greatness, popular. But, in our times, they *indirectly* affect popular interests, since they directly move and mould those who *are* popular—at least those who, through the press, from the pulpit and many lecturers' desks, are daily and hourly impressing the general mind and heart. Such might be a sufficiently noble sphere. For them is not a boisterous, short-lived reputation, but a long renown. Their still small bugle-note shall sound through the farthest age, and, by listening hearts, be heard in clearness long, long after the popular drums, and trumpets, and clashing cymbals which accompanied the Lope de Vegas, the Voltaires, and the Scotts, shall have gone down to silence in that sea which men call the Past.

We have been led into these rather trite observations, by a wish to keep before any reader of this article, the broad distinction between popular writers and original unpopular writers, of which latter Mr. Carlyle is certainly one. He is not popular, nor will he ever be popular. He is reserved, we trust, for a longer, more influential, and therefore a better destiny. Philosopher Cousin expresses a desire to be understood by the *elite* of Europe—by fifty minds in each generation. Mr. Carlyle is not quite so exclusive. He writes for all the intellectual, for all the reflecting men and women of his time; but he writes for only them. Individuals having but superficial ways of thought; glancing magazine and newspaper readers; gentlemen in search of fanciful sport, and time-killers, and lady-worshippers of Bulwer, Marryatt, and the *Annals*, may find it convenient to keep aloof from Carlyle. He has nothing for them. His works are intended not for tasters, nor for swallowers merely, but for chewers and digesters.

Neither can he provide any thing very palatable to the chief materialists of this age—the mere money-getters and money-hoarders,—those among us who, of the earth earthy, deem life but given to prepare for—*life!* and time only given to prepare for—*time!* and who, having long steadily gazed at the *means* of mortal existence, catch an unexpected glimpse of its true *end*, just when tremblingly dropping into their graves. For such terrestrials, Carlyle, who is eminently a spiritualist, has hardly one sympathising thought; not that he disdains working-men—far otherwise. He is the friendliest counsellor to all workers, but chiefly to those in the spiritual sphere. Let the following extract picture this one of his numerous aspects:—

“Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so mangled. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

“A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors are one; when we can name him artist, not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker that, with Heaven-made implement, conquers

Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.”

Carlyle, then, has produced nothing of acceptance to superficial or material minds, and such should, turning from him, go their ways. Yet, if in those minds, as often happily occurs, there be, now and then, an aspiration for something deeper than merest surface, for something higher than merest matter, such aspiration may find itself quickening into strength over the pages of this writer. It must be confessed, however, that, save to those of strong spiritual tendencies and some natural thinking habits, he has so enshrouded himself in strangest garments of style, as to render attempts at acquaintanceship extremely rare. We need not here disclose how often, in rage at their affectations, we formerly flung down his volumes. To such “affectations,” so called, we have now, for our own sake, become reconciled. We have concluded that it is at least tolerant to permit every writer to express himself in his *own* way, rather than to require his adoption of that *other* way, which we might cheerfully prescribe for him.

The garment which an original mind chooses for its own enfolding is a natural garment, whatever spectators may think or say about it. We do not venture much when declaring, that never appeared an original writer who had not *his own way* of expression, as well as his own way of thought and feeling. The greatest modern poets and prose-writers are full of mannerisms, affectations, idiosyncrasies, and peculiarities, only now distinguished with some graceful charity, as Shaksperian or Miltonic, as the Addisonian or Johnsonian styles. Truly, it is a pleasant thing to observe certain of our critics walking about over the domain of literature with their own self-created, or clique-created standard of a natural style—setting it down by the side of this or that work of genius, and authoritatively pronouncing as to the naturalness or unnaturalness of its form,—as if there could be one ever-prevailing standard of literary style; as if entire epochs, as well as individuals must not, in this respect, be widely different from each other; as if true genius

itself were not the sole fountain-head of standards; as if a narrow and not a catholic spirit was the best judge of those great original intellects which, while manifesting themselves, violate certain rules to invariably obey those of a higher order, whose sources are in themselves alone.

That there is a standard of morals—not in man's heart surely, but some far diviner center, to be discovered by what religious power of search is in man—need not here be denied. That there is—recognised by even what are called the civilized nations of the world—one uniform standard of likes and dislikes, in the fine arts, any more than of utility in the mechanical, or of propriety in the manners of social life, need be, and, indeed, *must* be, questioned. But that any critic should insist upon an invariable standard, not of thought or of thought's combinations, but of literary *style* merely, which is but one changeable and ever-changing *dress* of thought, is to us among the strangest of modern marvels. Style in literature is but the selecting of words and images for the embodiment of thought, and the arranging of them into certain forms. It originates in the writer, and is partially modified by his theme. Readers are impressed by it according to their own developed or undeveloped sensibilities to this or that style. Whoever has such sensibilities most widely and completely developed, will enjoy the largest variety of style, and will be the last to complain of what, on this subject, are called "innovations." He will enjoy the sounding sentences of Milton, the quaint felicities of Sir Thomas Browne, the prettinesses of Addison, the purpled eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, the enamelled hardness of Gray and Cowper, the measured, ding-dong-bell regularity of Pope, the susquepedalionisms of Dr. Johnson, and the gnarled unwedgable combinations of Carlyle. Whoever, on the other hand, as is most generally the case, has but partially developed such sensibilities can enjoy only those styles, and, of course, their authors, for which such partial development has fitted him. All others he will probably condemn, or to their merits be quite indifferent. If, for instance, he have studied only in the literary school of Burke or Johnson, he will find rather flat the Saxon simplicity of John Bunyan. Hooker may not be unrepulsive after Channing, and Sir Philip

Sidney will grow to an utter abomination in the presence of Captain Marryatt. That manysidedness which, as the Germans say, characterizes Shakspeare belongs, very largely, to every intellectual taste completely developed. Whoever has cultivated but *one* of its *sides*, will have but a narrow stock of truly enjoyable reading. He will complain of Lord Bacon's style, of Burton's style, of Coleridge's style, when the fault lies nearer home. Whoever, on the other hand, develops, if I may so say, *every side* of his taste, prepares himself for enjoying all the writers of all times. Every portal of his heart and soul is flung wide open, through which all genius, coming from what point soever of the intellectual compass, may find a free and bountiful ingress. These views reveal to us sufficient reasons for the different estimation in which writers are held on account of their style—why Wordsworth's "Excursion" is disliked by those who admire the "Traveler" of Goldsmith; why Willis' "Inklings" may be agreeable to one who delights in the "Liberty of unlicensed Printing," by John Milton—not that the style of Goldsmith's poem is superior to the style of Wordsworth's, or that the prose of Willis has any thing in common with the prose of Milton. The reasons for such preferences and dislikes are not so much in authors, as in the peculiarly developed tastes of readers.

Of Mr. Carlyle's style, there are two modes in the exhibition. We may either describe *it*, as it truly is on printed pages, or, what is totally different, we may describe the impression it produces on our own mind. This latter mode of reflecting a fact from broken, or unbroken mirrors, instead of presenting it in *propria persona*, has been almost universally adopted by the journalists and reviewers of the present day. Far from exhibiting the real features of this style, they have only worded them, 'good' or 'bad,' 'smooth' or 'harsh,' 'natural' or 'affected,' 'graceful' or 'uncouth.' It is proper here to observe, that most of these guides to the book-purchasing public, as well as several other gentlemen in our memory, of considerable reading habits, seem to pause at once, amazed and terrified before the *style* of our author. Some come over, and looking at this or that title of his works, forthwith in all convenient haste, walk by on the other side. Others, glancing

through a page or less, strive in vain to comprehend it, and so, shaking their heads in dubiousness, go on their several ways, caring not to see the interior of a palace whose outmost door swings so heavily on its hinges. Perhaps, however, the most amusingly curious inquirer is he, who having long tugged at the door, perceives it slightly opened, takes a hurried peep at the vestibule, and thereupon hastening away, declares to all the world that the apartments are empty quite, or perhaps occasionally tenanted by the craziest, most shapeless and most whimsical phantasms, which, so far from giving responses to a questioner, vanish into nothingness before his steady eye. What, if truly entering, he had found a thousand halls hung round with magic glasses, in whose depths were mirrored some of the Present and much of the Past; where stood philosophy, in certain new and startling guises, with many celestial Forms, their hands still beckoning men to a worship of the Beautiful and the True!

To show how strange are the artifices which Mr. Carlyle employs, that superficial men be not beguiled and caught by his style, or even his titles, instances beyond number might be here marshalled. What skimmer of light literary froth could possibly sit down to a historical work whereof the chapters of one book were thus entitled?—"Astræa Redux—Petition in Hieroglyphs—Questionable—Maurepas—Astræa Redux without cash—Windbags—Contrat Social—Printed Paper." The words "Sartor Resartus," or the Philosophy of Clothes, might seem but a guide-post towards bottomless nonsense, in the apprehension of any one who has not reflected that the universe is the garment of Deity; that the church, the state, literature, art, laws, religion, and even machinery, are but various vestments in which man's spirit clothes itself.

Or, finally, take this specimen from the concluding page of his history of the French Revolution:—"Ha! *what is this?* Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and the other five: Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyed Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen updarting, light rays from its dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens! Lo,

they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hellfire!

"IMPOSTURE is burnt up: one Red Sea of fire, wild-bellowing, inwraps the world; with its fire-tongue licks at the very stars! Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois mitres, and Prebendal stalls, that drop fatness, and—ha! what do I see?—all the *Gigs* of Creation; all, all! Wo is me!" These words do certainly look very strange in western type, and if our author had given us nothing better, we should, long ere this, we fear, have been compelled to whistle him down the wind. Take the following specimen of word-coining, word-compounding, and word-arranging, through which it may likewise afford curious pleasure to behold our writer's fancy:

"Fortunatus had a wishing hat; which, when he put on, and wished himself any where, behold he was there. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over space—he had annihilated space. For him there was no Where, but all was Here.—Were a hatter to establish himself in the Walhingasse of Weisnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made space-annihilating hats, make time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap on your felt, and simply by wishing you were *Anywhere*, straightway to be *there*! Next, to clap on your other felt, and, simply by wishing you were *Anywhen*, straightway to be *then*! This were indeed the grander; shooting at will from the fire-creation of the world to its fire-consummation: here historically present in the first century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca: there, prophetically in the thirty-first, conversing also face to face, with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet, stand hidden in the depth of that late time."

And now consider the subjoined, not for its style merely, but also for its thought. We are half-amazed by the vast, not shadowy, but all-distinct grandeur and strength which on so narrow a canvass our artist has contrived to pencil. He is opposing Hume's wretched doctrine, that miracles are a violation of the laws of Nature; as if it were possible for any man to know what *are* Nature's laws:—"Laplace's book on

the stars, wherein he exhibits that certain planets, with their satellites, gyrate round our worthy sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he, and the like of him, have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest ‘Mechanism of the Heavens,’ and ‘System of the World;’ this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel’s fifteen thousand suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of moons and inert balls had been looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-Bill: so that we can now prate of their whereabouts: their How, their Why, their What being hid from us, as in the signless Inane.

“System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries, and measured square miles. The course of Nature’s phases on this our little fraction of a planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of causes) our little epicycle revolves on? To the minnow, every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar. But does the minnow understand the ocean-tides, and periodic currents, the trade-winds, and monsoons, and moon’s eclipses, by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time, (~~un~~miraculously enough) be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the immeasurable All; his monsoons and periodic currents, the mysterious course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.”

Mr. Carlyle has been charged with fashioning his own style after the German.—We think his works abound in instances, illustrating that his faculty of expression has been educated, not merely by German, but also, by far wider influences. He must be familiar with most continental literature, and the effect of an universal study of English composition, from the Bible downwards, is manifest on almost every page. To us, his combinations are almost always forcible, and in many instances they have exceeding grace and harmony. Those schoolmasters, however, who read works of genius with Murray on their right hand, and Walker at their left; who

pronounce the illustrating of one idea by two images, a mixing of metaphors, and hold unpardonable, the ending of sentences with small monosyllabic particles, will be often quarreling with Carlyle. Those gentlemen, also, who are opposed to an author’s expressing himself in *his own way*, but in some *other* favorite author’s way, will probably condemn him to more tolerant and catholic readers. Nor will he enjoy much favor with those who believe that the English language has attained perfection, and that therefore no additions or alterations should be made thereunto. How might any such individual endure this truly Carlylean mode of asking a question:—“But how it originated, this fierce electric sputter and explosion?” “Whence it cometh? Whither it goeth?” “Where this will end?” “What it is then that they propose to do for saving the country?” “What they can expect?” This mode of questioning is not in conformity with German, or any other idioms. They are legitimately begotten Carlyeisms. A like parentage may also be assigned to sentences after sentences in his volumes, which stand at fiercest war with all grammatical rules, and which one might safely challenge the strictest disciple of Doctor Murray to *parse*. In coining new words, as it is called, as well as in newly-combining old verbal coins, Mr. Carlyle, perhaps, surpasses any writer of his time. He seldom trudges round to an idea, in the beaten circumlocutory paths, if he can at once dash right across. This practice he may have been invited to, or strengthened in, by much companionship with his German friend, Richter. Take these few instances:—“Joy-storm after a wo-storm”—“the time-element”—“humano-anecdotal conversation”—“heaven-gate”—“philosophico-poetically read”—“our life-visions”—“a prophetic-satiric man”—“this fire-whirl wind”—“a venous-arterial heart”—“this life-philosophy”—“this world-pilgrimage”—etc., etc. These might, by any one unfamiliar with English literature, be pronounced most unwarrantable combinations. And yet they are framed according to approved rules for compounding words, they have their parallels in the commonest writing, and indeed in any conversation.—Death-song—marriage-bower—steam-engine—church-yard—a snuff-brown coat—the head-quarters—the worst-instructed—with a thousand other instances, might be

adduced to illustrate in how strict conformity with recognized rules and past practices, are all Mr. Carlyle's combinations.—So far from injuring the English language, they enrich it. The superior wealth and strength of the German to our English, is attributable in a great measure, to more numerous combinations in the former,—combinations whose multiplication, not whose introduction, (for they have been already very largely introduced,) is so violently opposed by sticklers for what is called pure English,—as if the expression "pure English" has not as many different meanings as it has different interpreters; as if all European languages had not contributed to the conversational, as well as the scientific parts of the English; as if some of the noblest achievements in the English tongue would not be neglected forever, were we to read only those works which are generally supposed to be written in *pure English*.

With regard to the coining of new words, we may say, it is perhaps to be regretted that our writing and speaking world has no single, central, authorised mint, with its furnaces and moulds, its dies for stamping, and its rollers for milling, up to which might be annually brought, not only the inexhaustible alphabetical ore, but likewise any obsolete, or fast wearing-out "expressions of value," that there might, as occasion demanded, be a new manufacture of good current coin, or a renovation of the old. We might then enjoy a legalized medium for the transaction of all intellectual business, and since, as the saying goes, "words are the money of fools, and the counters of wise men," both wise men and fools might have the satisfaction of knowing that a fixed indubitable value was attached to their respective *vehicles* of communication. This has been partially attempted by the Della Cruscan and the French academies; with what success, no reader of their history need here be informed.—Nature, however, or some other great authority, seems to have conferred upon all men, certain word-coining as well as thought-conceiving rights, forever inalienable, we think, though many in our time would fain wrest them away, and confer them exclusively upon the Past. The verbal coinage of the past has doubtless served its end, but that it is not in all respects satisfactory to our wants, is abundantly manifest in that mass of obsolete phraseology,—

those chests of worn-out discredited coin,—to which, for present purposes, we attach no significant value. And then to grant the Past, or even the Present, a right to so coin for the Future, is to entail upon that future a despotism, against which its intellectual exigencies shall unceasingly revolt. Such was attempted in France, but with its grand revolution and its multitudinous novelties of thought, arose a host of new and rebellious words. Such has *never* been attempted in Germany, and through the consequently untrammelled freedom of its vehicle, the German intellect has expanded itself into peculiarly beautiful and gigantic forms.

Whoever longs for fixedness in the English tongue, longs for an impossibility,—not to say, an absurdity. Languages are no less changeable than thought, and all human destinies. There is no such thing as an absolute perfection of language—there can be thereof only a relative perfection, a perfection relative to a people, a literary epoch, or to an individual. The English language of the Elizabethan era, was so far perfect as it completely responded to the intellectual exigencies of that era. The spirit of this remark is applicable to the language of Queen Anne's time,—or what is sometimes strangely called the Augustan age of English literature,—and also to the French language of the time of Louis XIV. But this so perfected French tongue, and those two so perfected forms of the English, are no more completely answerable to the needs of the present time, than would be the original Saxon, or the phraseology of Rabelais, or Froissart, the Chronicler.

When human nature is stationary and unchangeable, then may human language, its largest expressor, be likewise stationary and unchangeable. But ceaseless activity and development are the law of that nature. It works itself not forward, nor yet backward, but *out-ward*. New ideas are daily generated, new relations are daily established, and new physical facts are daily revealed. Those ideas, relations, and facts, demand for their embodiment, new words and new combinations of words. The opponents to innovations, to new-fangled terms, to corruptions of the so called "undefiled" English, insist upon strangest procedures. Would they have an American, in discoursing upon his totally new political, religious, moral, so-

cial and physical position, go back and ask if the terms he employed had ever been used by Addison, Burke, Pitt, or even the *Quarterly Review*? Would they have the language of its manhood, and its age, fixed unchangeably in the infancy of this Republic? Will they permit all other vehicles of thought—painting, sculpture, music, architecture, institutions, and even machinery—to multiply and change into adaptation to their changed designs, and refuse a like necessary multiplication and change to the vehicle of language? Whatever they may permit or refuse, we believe that the future destiny of the English language will be as changeable as has been its past; and that three centuries hence, its guise will be as different from the present, as is its present from the Miltonic or Shaksperian. Old words, like old ideas and institutions, die off, and new ones are daily born—treated, at first, like bastards; laughed at, glowered over, branded and stamped upon, by most grammarians and lexicographers—to be, after a time, voted legitimate, and finally admitted into the respectable family of English vocables. From this digression we return to our author, with the remark, that the innovators may be safely left free to innovate, and their opponents may be left free to oppose them. Human thought and human language will still go ever onward, fulfilling their destiny of progress.

In that department of style, which, by most rhetoricians is called figurative language, Mr. Carlyle is extremely significant and rich. His pages abound with material and spiritual images, for exhibiting and illustrating the spiritual and material worlds; his freedom, in this respect, is boundless. He applies the language of one sense to the ideas of every other; the language peculiar to one vocation, to the ideas of all others. His quick imaginative eye perceives analogies between ideal truths within him, the physical imagery around him, and a thousand other forms of matter and of spirit, which he unhesitatingly presses into his service. His pages are thus rendered extremely lively and pictorial. Those who deem a frequent and felicitous employment of such figurative vehicles of thought, one evidence of a poetical temperament—will not hesitate in ascribing this temperament to Carlyle. We are disposed to consider it a proof of his quick perception of analogies. The poet-

ical genius lies deeper, and does, in no wise, depend on figures of speech to reveal it. Its central soul is a wide and vivid sensibility to all that is best, and grandest, and fairest in the works of God, and the destinies of man. A revelation of such sensibility, whether through tones, marble, colors, or words, may be truly called poetry. There is no need of rhyme, nor measured verse, nor of figurative speech; nor is there even need of such outward revelation to constitute a poet, except in the popular apprehension. Genuine poets exist previously to such revelation, and without it. The unembodied poetry which, through many ages of the past, has silently slumbered in human hearts, far more than equals all that has ever been revealed; and we have sometimes thought that the sublimest and the loveliest strains which the world possesses, are in far other vehicles than mere rhetorical tropes and figures.

Mr. Carlyle is certainly gifted, to an eminent degree, with that sensibility of which we have just spoken, and he certainly makes unlimited use of material symbols for its manifestation. He has thus often presented old truths and old scenes under new, impressive, and memorable aspects. He has thus shed broader and brighter illumination of the great tendencies of the time, and over much of that darkness which surrounds all the destinies of man. Opening at any page of his works, we find something in illustration of our remarks:

“Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind: death and birth are the vesper and matin bells that summon mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement.”

“Great men are the fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs; ever-living witnesses of what has been; prophetic tokens of what may still be; the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature; which greatness, he who has never seen, or rationally conceived of, and with his whole heart passionately loved and revered, is himself forever doomed to be little.”

“Thus, though tradition may have but one root, it grows, like a Banain, into a whole over-arching labyrinth of trees; or rather, might we say, it is a hall of mirrors, where, in pale light, each mirror reflects, convexly or concavely, not only some

real object, but the shadows of this in other mirrors, which again do the like for it; till, in such reflection and re-reflection, the whole immensity is filled with dimmer and dimmer shapes, and no firm scene lies round us, but a dislocated, distorted chaos, fading away, on all hands, in the distance, into utter night."

"For every, the poorest aspect of nature, especially of living nature, is a type and manifestation of the invisible spirit that works in nature. There is properly no object trivial or insignificant; but every finite thing, could we look well, is as a window, through which solemn vistas are opened into infinitude itself."

"When I gazed into these stars, have they not looked down on me, as if with pity, from their serene spaces—like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the lot of man? Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus, and Orion, and Sirius, and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry little dog cage of an earth; what art thou that sittest whining there?"

One illustrative picture of France, in September, 1792, is sketched in some new colors:

"Wild France dashes, in desperate death defiance, towards the frontiers, to defend itself from foreign despots—crowds towards town-halls and election committee rooms, to defend itself from domestic aristocrats. Let the reader conceive well, then, the two cardinal movements, and what side-currents and endless vortices might depend on these. He shall judge, too, whether in such sudden wreckage of all old authorities, such a pair of cardinal movements, half frantic in themselves, could be of soft nature? As in dry Zahara, when the winds waken, and lift and winnow the immensity of sand! the air itself, travelers say, is a dim sand-air; and, dim looming through it, the wonder-fullest uncertain colonnades of sand pillars rush whirling from this side and from that, like so many mad spinning dervishes, of a hundred feet in statue, and dance their huge desert waltz there!"

Speaking of swift changes in the political movements of the National Convention, he employs this language:

"For this convention is unfortunately the crankiest of machines; it shall be pointing eastward, with stiff violence, this moment; and then, do but touch some spring dexterously, the whole machine, clattering and jerking seven hundred fold, will whirl with huge crash, and next moment is pointing westward!"

The Girondins made an attempt to crush the Mountain Party, by an unsuccessful accusation of Robespierre. Our author thus represents it:

"This is the second grand attempt by our Girondin Friends of Order to extinguish that black spot in their domain, and we see they have made it far blacker and wider than before! Anarchy, September massacre; it is a thing that lies hideous in the general imagination; very detestable to the undecided patriot of respectability; a thing to be harped on as often as need be. Harp on it, denounce it, trample it, ye Girondin patriots; and yet behold the black spot will not trample down; it will only, as we say, trample blacker and wider; fools, it is no black spot of the surface, but a well-spring of the deep! Consider rightly, it is the apex of the everlasting abyss. This black spot, looking up as water through thin ice; say as the region of neither darkness, through your thin film Girondin regulation and respectability; trample it *not*, lest the film break, and then ——!"

One of his descriptions of the birth of French democracy may, to our reader's imagination, be curious, if not terrific and appalling:

"When the age of miracles lay faded into the distance, as an incredible tradition, and even the age of conventionalities was now old, and man's existence had, for long generations, rested on mere formulas, which were grown hollow by course of time; and it seemed as if no reality any longer existed, but only phantasms of realities, and God's universe were the work of the tailor and upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks, that went about becking and grimacing there: on a sudden, the earth yawns asunder; amid Tartarian smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, rises SANS-CULOTISM, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks, *What think ye of me?* Well may the buckram masks start together," etc. etc.

The philosophic hero of Sartor Resartus has unhappily fallen in love; some

German angel kindling within him no "despicable firework." "Happy," says the biographer, "if it indeed proved a firework, and flamed off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendor, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy, youthful love, till the whole were safely burnt out, and the young soul relieved with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a conflagration and mad explosion," etc.

Selecting at random these passages, we have introduced them to illustrate the figurative features in our author's style. His works are crowded with images, beyond those of any writer in modern times; images, new and impressive, which cleave fast to the reader's memory, and hold thereunto chained the truths and facts, which otherwise might have broken away and been forgotten. It is through them, also, that Mr. Carlyle is often one of the most suggestive and thought-quickeners in the language. But on this topic we shall no more enlarge.

We hear many respectable, well-disposed, and not unadvanced gentlemen, deprecating the style of this writer, hoping that it may never come into vogue, and fearing that its originality and brilliancy may captivate young literary aspirants into an imitation of it. We certainly could advise no writer to imitate Carlyle, nor yet Shakspeare, nor Addison, nor Johnson, nor Irving, nor any other model of style, so called, which either the present has created, or the past has bequeathed to us. A faculty of expression, whose offspring is the style of which we have been speaking, is inborn with every man. The cultivation of such faculty is through converse, reading, and writing. Whoever neglects the cultivation thereof, imitating the results of some other writer's well-developed faculty, wrongs his own intellect. A communion with writers, for the purpose of being quickened by their spirit, is one thing, and a study of books, for the purpose of catching their style, is quite another, and altogether blighting. Each individual has spiritual sensibilities and faculties, which distinguish him from all other individuals of the race; nay, so unlike are we, that were one line of any poet, however brief, to be expunged from all printed pages, and all human memories, not all the efforts of all generations could ever make thereof a perfect restoration. Let each man, then,

work out whatever of the common-place or remarkable is in him into *his own* manner, and not into the different manner of some other, which he fondly and falsely thinks may fit him. A man's original thought, developed into his original language, however wretched, is infinitely better than a development thereof into the language of another, however admirable. It is more safe, and we may say, more praiseworthy, to steal wilfully from nature, than to borrow honestly from man. Let no one make the acquaintance of Mr. Carlyle for the purpose of shearing off a bit of cloth here, and a ribbon there, from the garment of his thought, wherewith to patch up or garnish the tattered habiliments of his own intellect. Mr. Carlyle has a *spirit*, visible through his transparent dress, which spirit every intellectual man may, in part, make his own, and which now, in due course, becomes the object of our attention.

Having occupied so much space in discoursing on our author's outward forms, and certain topics therewith connected, we can, in this article, hardly do more, than just indicate some features of his inward central spirit:—and yet, after all, this latter is the only true and fruitful object of consideration in any man. How does Mr. Carlyle *conceive* his subjects? What are the points of view from which he successively surveys life? What are the ends he would fain achieve? What are the tendencies of his writings? These are truly vital themes.

Mr. Carlyle reveals himself to us in the phases of Critic, Philosopher, Historian and Poet. When we call Mr. Carlyle a poet, we do not mean to say that he writes rhymes or even blank verse, but only that he every where manifests deepest and broadest poetical susceptibilities. He has an eye for the lovely, the majestic, the beneficent in Nature. He has a heart for the solemn, the melancholy, the noble and the encouraging in man's destinies and his works. In almost all his writings, we find evidences of what has just been said. We find youthful, fresh and enthusiastic feelings. We hear glad and sorrowful tones. We meet encouragements to sympathy with whatsoever is good and true. We find beautiful exhortations to the performance of our highest duties. We see constant endeavors to elevate the invisible and eternal above that which may be seen, and which perishes. We behold these

things glowing in the light of a splendid imagination, and from them are derived to us influences like those which it is the especial aim of poetry to generate. It is through such symbols that we discover in Mr. Carlyle, a genuine poet.

His claim to the name of Historian is based upon his recent work entitled, "The French Revolution, A History." This work has more frequently been called an Epic Poem than a history. It presupposes, in every reader, a pretty good knowledge of the events of the French Revolution. Any one unacquainted therewith, would derive from this history, but little satisfaction. Whoever does possess the knowledge alluded to, will find and appreciate, in Mr. Carlyle's pages, many very startling pictures, many marvellous groupings, and reflections of most unexpected and original character. We cheerfully confess that for us, he has shed much illumination over those dreary scenes. He has exhibited men and events, in more distinctly visible positions, has turned to us many of their hitherto unseen aspects, and placed us on new and curious elevations for looking upon them. And often do we seem by him, to be led down into the very dust and smoke, and heat and clamours of the revolutionary period. We have half fancied that we could hear the strokes and yells, and see therewith intermingled the brawny bodies and mad visages of the men and women, who so often outraged humanity in the crises of that fearful time. The chapters on the taking of the Bastille, are among the most vivid in the work; though in all-absorbing graphic interest, none of them, we think, can surpass a description of the Royal flight to Varennes. Our author's account of the opening of the States General, in the first volume, is one of the most remarkable, and through his animated words, the procession moves before our eyes, as if by some magic power.

"Which of these six hundred individuals?"—writes he—"in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess, would become their king? For a king or leader, they, as all bodies of men, must have; be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future, not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the black thick locks, will it be?

With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black boar's head, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small pox, incontinence, bankruptcy—and burning fire of genius, like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is Gabriel Honore Riquetti de Mirabeau, the world-compeller, man-ruling deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Stael, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's mane, as if prophetic of great deeds."

The third volume, whose general title is "The Guillotine," and which pictures events, from September, 1792, to October, 1795, is a record of wailing, and mournfulness, and blackest death. It sketches the most frightful period of the French Revolution. Jacobinism having devoured the highest powers in the State, was now about to feed upon those immediately above it, and finally to prey upon itself. We should be glad, had we space, to multiply illustrations of our author in this sphere. We can give but a few. The beheading of the Twenty-one Girondins in November, 1793, is thus described. "But on the morrow morning all Paris is out; such a crowd as no man had seen. The death-carts, Valaze's cold corpse stretched among the yet living twenty-one, roll along, bare headed, hands bound; in their shirt sleeves, coat flung loosely around the neck; so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted. To the shouts of *Vive la Republique*, some of them keep answering with counter shouts of *Vive la Republique*. Others as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold, they again strike up with appropriate variations, the Hymn of the Marseilles; such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid, one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is worn out; farewell forevermore, ye Girondins. Te-Deum Fauchet has become silent; Valaze's dead head is lopped: the sickle of the Guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. The eloquent, the young, the beautiful, and brave, exclaims Riouffe. O death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly halls?"

The last moments of the world-infamous father of the present French King, are thus presented. "Three poor black-

guards were to ride and die with him; some say they objected to such company, and had to be flung in neck and heels; but it seems not true, objecting or not objecting, the gallows vehicle gets under way. Philippe's dress is remarked for its elegance; green frock, waistcoat of white pique, yellow buckskins, boots clear as Warren: his air as before entirely composed, impassive, not to say easy, and Brummellian-polite. Through street after street, slowly amid execration—on the scaffold, Samson was for drawing off his boots: Tush, said Philippe, they will come better off *after*—Let us have done, *depechons-nous*."

After describing the death of Madame Roland, our historian bursts forth into the following rhapsody, as by some, it should be called:—"Noble white vision, with its high queenly face, its soft proud eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle; and as brave a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom! Like a White Grecian statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things; long memorable."

The death of Marat, and of his destroyer, our readers perhaps may thank us for transcribing:—"It is yellow July evening, the thirtieth of the month, eve of the Bastille day. Marat sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore-afflicted: ill of revolution fever—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven pence half-penny of ready money in paper; with slipper bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman one may call her: that served in his civil establishment in Medical School-street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that? Hark a rap again! a musical woman's voice refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat recognizing from within, cries, admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

"Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you." "Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?" Charlotte names some deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight"—croaks the eager Poëple's Friend, clutching his tablets to write

Barbaroux, Petion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath. *Petion* and *Louvet* and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "Help dear," no more could the Death-choaked say or shriek. His life with a groan, gushes out, indignant, to the shades below."

"On this same evening, therefore, about half past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues: seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. At the Place de la Revolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet, she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck: the cheeks were still tinged with it, when the executioner lifted the severed head, to shew it to the people."

Of Camille Desmoulins, and of Danton, the Titan of the Revolution, who, to the Judge asking his name, place of abode and so forth, answered:—"My name is Danton, a name tolerably known in the Revolution, my abode will soon be Annihilation, but I shall live in the Pantheon of History."—the last moments are thus given:—"Danton carried a high look in the death cart. Not so Camille; it is but one week and all is so topsy-turvier; angel wife left weeping, love, riches, revolutionary fame, left all at the prison gate; carnivorous Rabble, now howling ground. Palpable and yet incredible; like a mad man's dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied. "Calm, my friend," said Danton, "heed not that vile Canaille." At the foot of the scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate; "O my wife, my well beloved, I shall never see thee more then!"—but interrupting himself, "Danton, no weakness."

But we must cut short these extracts, which we have only made in the knowledge, that one word *from* an author, is

worth a hundred *about* him, by his critic. We hold this Historical work of Carlyle to be equally pictorial with the most animated pages of Thierry and Thiers. We think it, however, altogether less satisfactory, as a history, than the admirable work of the latter on the same theme: and yet by reason of its graphicness, its admirable philosophic thought, its multitudinous illustrations, its suggestive, mind-quicken- ing, and heart-stirring passages, we class it with the *richest* reading which, on its theme, has, up to this time, been furnished to us, through the English press.

Mr. Carlyle's *Essays and Critical writings* have been abundantly presented to the world, through English Reviews and Magazines. In the latter he has made frequent efforts to introduce to his countrymen, the great minds of Germany. For those minds, he seems to cherish a deep and affectionate sympathy. And for all truly original master-spirits, Mr. Carlyle has the loving reverence of a child, and the vigorous sensibility of a man. It matters not with him, whether that master-spirit be Burns, with his hard hand on the plough, or Goethe at the courtly circles of Wiemar, or Mirabeau in the prisons at Vincennes,—if only self-existent inward force be there,—if but the native fires of genius there burn. In his belief, great minds are heaven-granted, heaven-gifted blessings, which mortals should look upon with thankfulness, and which they should strive, so far as in them lies, to understand and appropriate. It is, moreover, towards such minds, when revealed through the single symbol of language, that he has the strongest inclinations. He has even written this sentence:—"Could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings, synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men, would be men of letters;"—a statement whose supporting reasons may stand distinctly enough in its author's mind, but which we confess, are only faintly visible to our eyes.

We like Mr. Carlyle's criticisms, for they are not of works, but of their creating minds, through such works. He considers words, and indeed all outward things as symbols, representatives, and types of spirit. He esteems them as nothing more, and when they fail to subserve such end, he holds them all for nought,—wherefrom the reader may infer that gentlemen of fine writing and elegant sentences, are for

him even less than ridiculous. He holds that all original men are inexhaustible, and never wholly comprehensible,—a truth indeed for the meanest, as well as the highest mind. He would, however, survey any part of a subject, with as complete an ever-present view as possible of the whole. This course he pursues, not only in judging of men, but likewise in judging of Epochs. It is needless here to say in what freedom and light, such intellectual process enables him to move. He gropes not about through darkness, with his single candle; for over his subject's center, hangs a steady, clear and far-pervading light. Beneath such still central chandelier, and behind such private portable candle, any one, so disposed, may be guided through many pleasant intellectual realms. He may see old familiar authors revealed into new and startling significance. He may be better instructed in the art of appreciating and enjoying the productions of certain great minds. In such spiritual walks, we know of no man, whose companionship, might be more agreeable and instructive than Mr. Carlyle's. But critiques of criticisms are three degrees removed at least, from their radical theme, and we therefore hasten to take leave of them, only recommending to our reader as speedy an acquaintance as possible with Mr. Carlyle, the Critic.

As a philosopher and moralist, Mr. Carlyle is chiefly conspicuous in his *Essays*, and in the single volume entitled *Sartor Resartus*. Throughout all his writings, however, his philosophical tendencies are continually revealing themselves. Thoughts flash up here and there, casting a light, sometimes faint and sometimes brilliant, upon man's nature, his duties, and his destinies. He is not the manufacturer of any philosophical system. He has invented no theory accounting for, and harmonizing, all spiritual phenomena. His aims and ends are less ambitious and far more practicable. He attempts not what he can never accomplish. With that philosophy, however, which strives to restore the lost image of God to man, he would cheerfully work. To him, moreover, all Nature and man are deep enigmas, which he, who can in the least unriddle, may deem himself sufficiently happy. The true wonder is, not that man stretching forth his hand can never clutch the sun, but that he can stretch forth his hand at all. Men talk of

reading the volume of nature. "Dost thou so much as well know the alphabet thereof? With its words, sentences, and grand description pages, political and philosophical, spread out through solar systems, and thousands of years, we shall not try thee. It is a volume written in celestial hieroglyphics, in the true sacred writing, of which even prophets are happy that they can read here a line, and there a line."

Let us know and feel these truths. Let them teach us to lower our too high pretensions. The humblest thing, no less than the most exalted, is to this weak apprehension of ours, quite inexplicable. Marvel and mystery hover daily around all paths. The goings forth of God, who may comprehend? And who can truly trace the courses of man's spirit? Nature is ever sounding forth her boundless harmonies, and happy is he who, listening, may from any of her tones catch significance. Generations of men are but as countless harp-strings, through which the winds of circumstances sweep, with music more or less fitful, never by man to be thoroughly understood, and dying away, after a brief space, into the arms of silence. The melancholy past is almost to us, as the mysterious future. We may read much about it, but we can *know* it not. Who shall presume to say that he knows even the present? With what lead and line, may he hope to fathom its shallows and its depths? The Past and the Future are names for one Eternity, and the Present which men call time, can hardly be said to exist. It perishes as soon as born. Its cradle is its grave. There is but one eternally unrolling scroll, upon which the doings of nature and of man are not written merely, but unchangeably stereotyped, within which are wrapped up the destinies of both, and from which the present rapidly evolved, darts into the past, before its name can, by mortal lips, be spoken. The future is, each instant, delivered of an offspring—Time—to be swift devoured by the all-devouring Past. We do not so truly live in time, as in eternity. Upon its scroll are we shadowed briefly, becoming soon less visible to fleshy eyes, than our shadow's shade. Life is not a dream, but less than one.

"This *dream* is but the dream of *other* dreams." It is not time alone, but every earthly thing which perishes at its birth. We do not, with the apostle die daily

merely, nor hourly, nor momentarily, but instantly. To the general eye, nothing perishes, until it is palpably, visibly, and to gross sense deceased, and unto such eye, for such decease, a year, an age, perhaps a century may be necessary. But to the eye of philosophic truth, an instant is sufficient, and the mortal existences of one instant, have ceased to be such for that which succeeds.

And now, in the midst of this strange scene, all things have still their destinies to accomplish. The insect born in the evening twilight, to perish utterly before the morrow's dawn, has its humble work to do, assigned by that same Almighty hand, which gives his destiny to man. And what is here man's destiny? Not surely thought, nor feeling merely, but *action*. "Produce! produce;"—says our author—"Were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called day, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work." A power and wish *to do*, we may observe, are far, very far from an intention *to do*. Nay, such wish, coupled with such intention, is still a thousand leagues from the thing *done*. The reaper idly stands with sickle in his strong hand, by the un-reaped field. Before the *thing* is truly *done*, that wheat must be cut into, gathered into sheaves, barked, threshed, winnowed, ground, bolted; its flour kneaded, baked, chewed, swallowed, digested, and the nutritious separated from the excrementitious, deposited in the remote blood, muscle and bone of man, for nourishment and for strength. What if that reaper, with his powers and intentions fall suddenly dead, and the sickle fall helpless by his side? The work is *undone*. And so, standing in idleness, we fall, with our best and even our uppermost resolutions never developed to the light. Had all the capacities and designs generated in man's heart, been backed by successful, or even their appropriate action, how different had been this nineteenth century, and indeed all centuries! Let us understand that thought and feeling should lie not inefficient in the soul, but through speech, or writing, or enterprises, or daily manual toil, be marshalled forth into some sphere of influence. Whatever darkness veil the fu-

ture; however tangled be the warp and woof of present existence; into what mysterious dreams soever, the past seems daily vanishing far away, still may we feel as moving in the line of right, if we send forth into outward activity, each worthy thought which now sleeps sluggish in the heart's chamber; if we but make what invisible power is in us manifest, and widely or even narrowly active for others good. Man is not here for envelopment, but development. His earthly course has been pronounced a struggle. Imprisoned within unnumbered walls of circumstance, he must batter them down, with heart and hand, if he would advance onwards to that true success, which lies far, far beyond, and which is never to be wholly grasped. Our best mortal hopes are as air-castles, sometimes settling down into earth-castles, for an anxious dwelling-place, often ever suspended before us in the sky, and often still, like unsubstantial pageants, vanishing, with their columns, and spires and illuminated halls, utterly away, leaving not even a wreck behind. The game of Life, is one of the strangest games, and fortune plays against us with loaded dice. At those full cups of gladness, which Time is now slowly advancing to our lips, chance, with her thousand hostile unseen hands, is momentarily striking. Of them, how many fall broken to the earth, the wine of life so wasted in the sands! Out from the future, dimly shadowed, the hours come forth to meet us. They drop their poisons, or their roses, and then lie down forever, side by side, in the long sepulcher of the past. Who may look back upon those buried hours, and behold noble wishes and good deeds often blooming from them up? It is a diviner voice than poetry which tells us that,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."

But we leave these speculations, into which, almost unconsciously, we have wandered, and return to our Carlyle, who declares himself sufficiently recompensed, if, from these outward mysteries, which do themselves but enwrap still deeper ones, he may derive some, even the smallest, spiritual nourishment for the thinking world.

Of his Sartor Resartus, which is, in form, a spiritual biography, we shall not now give an analysis. Its professor-hero utters thoughts on many moral themes—on the

spirit and tendencies of the hour—which Mr. Carlyle, in a mere editorial capacity, undertakes to patch together for the eyes of the British public. The tendency of the work is to elevate the spiritual into its rightful throne, above the material; to render cant, and shams, and all untruths detestable; to teach a reliance on self, not on outward circumstances, for the means of earthly well-being; to awaken thought on themes most vital to human interest; and to inspire them with solemnity, in presence of the mysterious world wherein they live. It abounds in humor, pathos, generous philanthropy, and purest moral sentiment. It is not written to gratify the wants of the age, but, so far as it can, to spiritualize those wants. Its designs are magnanimous, elevated, Christian: to their accomplishment are brought a strength of intellect, a boundlessness of illustration, a brilliancy of fancy, and an intense earnestness of endeavor, which through no other work in the English language have, of late years, been manifested.

J. J. J.

HENRY HUDSON.

"Among the early adventurers in pursuit of a northwestern passage to Asia, Henry Hudson was distinguished alike for his uncommon enterprise and melancholy fate. On the southern shores of Hudson's Bay he was deserted by his comrades and left to perish, together with the sick and infirm of his crew. Thus abandoned, he was never heard of more—and he undoubtedly perished on those desolate shores—the form and duration of his misery must forever remain unknown.—*Polar Voyages*."

DAYLIGHT was fading in the northern clime,
And the deep darkness of a polar night
Was gath'ring round the wand'rer! The tall cliffs
That, as in proud defiance, reared their fronts
To meet the rushing tempest, o'er the waste
Cast lengthening shadows! Far away and near
The air-bound waves lay still and motionless;
And the wild winds awoke no answering surge!
The many stars looked from the clear cold sky
With an unearthly brightness—and along
The horizon's verge shot gleams of living light,
The flashing northern morning!

All alone,
In that great presence chamber of the frost,
He stood—a way-worn, solitary man,
The last of all his fellows! On his brow
Sorrow had traced, with an unerring hand,
Dark characters—yet not removed the stamp
Of nature's nobleness—for he was one
Formed to command. Ah! had he been obeyed!
The hapless leader of a traitor band,
He stood abandoned!

One by one had passed
The boon companions of his misery
Into the land of shallows. He had stood
For long, long, hours upon that lonely shore,
Watching each speck on the horizon's verge,
Deeming that conscience would at last awake,
Within the bosoms of his faithless crew,
Some thoughts of penitence.

But deemed in vain !
For still the shadows lengthened—and the cliffs
Taller and taller grew in the dim light,
While fancy conjured up a thousand forms,
To mock his misery with unreal hopes
And phantom promises.

But nought beside
In the dim distance cheered his aching view,
And his soul sickened with a chilling sense
Of utter desolation. As he gazed,
The queen of night rose from her wat'ry bed
In peerless splendor ! In her silvery light
A thousand icebergs, and each snow-clad height
Sparkled and smiled ; and to another's eye
Had worn the guise of beauty.

Hudson saw
But heeded not. His heart was far away
In his own England. By his own dear hearth
Even now were loved ones greeting his return.
A father there whose whitened locks full soon
Must press the grave in sorrow, now his pride
Was taken from him—and a mother's heart
In yearning anguish breaks for her lost son.
O ! many a scene of melting tenderness
Did Fancy conjure up in that first hour
Of weakness !

And he yielded to their power !
Sleep, sweet magician ! that with secret charm
Can make the waste swept by the blighting blast
A land of beauty, came to his relief !
Sleep—that so often scorns the couch of kings,
And turns her airy chariot away
From beds of down ; sought out that lonely one,
And sealed those lids suffused with burning tears,
And soothed that heart's wild anguish ! He is now
Once more in that loved country where his heart's
Best hopes are garnered. Well-remembered forms
Are by his side—and dear familiar tones
Come like a strain of music o'er his soul.
He sees his own proud city—roof and spire
Peering to Heaven—churches and palaces,
And the same river on whose glassy breast
His gallant vessel sought the raging main ;
He stands upon her deck, he sees her masts
Aspiring, and her canvases spread abroad
To the rude winds—he hears his comrades shout,
And then—so fancy wanders—he is where
The northern and the southern ocean meet—
Attained the object of his long pursuit—
Achieved the toll of ages—wore the meed
For which he long had strove and strove in vain.

But why recount these vagaries—he woke
To consciousness ! And who shall paint the thoughts
That swept, like a dark simoon, o'er the soul
Of the sad exile.

The uncounted hours
Had passed and brought no morning—and he knew
No morrow's light would ever dawn for him !
Alone in that vast solitude ! Alone !—
The quiet stars above him—and around,
Far—far—outspread the earth-embracing sea—
And the dark beetling cliffs—around whose base
The snows of many a year had formed a league
Of amity—upon whose giddy tops
Sunshine and storm alike unheeded fell.
No voice, no sound, no sight of living thing !—
Alone—and why ?

That thought, than all beside,
More bitter wrung his soul to agony.
That thought, alas ! of vile ingratitude !
They who had stood with him in peril's hour
Had been to him as brothers, for whose weal
He had long labored with a father's care,
In wanton cruelty had left him there
To perish.

O ! he often had faced death
Even at the cannon's mouth—and he had risked
His life for honor—he had met the storm
In its wild fury with unshrinking heart ;
And he had trodden upon polar snows,
And dared the northern bear. Yes, he had earned,
And nobly earned, the laurel wreath of fame ;
But Hope had been the guiding star to lead
His soul to noble deeds—and now 'twas gone.

Gone and forever ! What to him was fame ?
The applause of many nations ? Recked he then
Whether succeeding ages should extol
His deeds of emprise, and his name be joined
To some wide gulf upon whose shore his bones
Lay bleaching ? Would it soothe the dying strife,
Or raise the drooping lid—or find a grave
To shelter him from the rapacious wolf ?
Ah, no ! Man in his pride may boast himself
Of power and honor—he may deem the world
Obeys his bidding—and Renown's loud trump
May sound like sweetest music in his ear—
But place him on some lone deserted shore,
Where human eyes sees not, and ne'er is heard
The siren voice of fame—and man will feel
His impotence. Weak as a bruised reed,
He can but perish !

It is hard to die !
O ! these are thoughts that creep about the heart
In its last agony—a clinging fast
Of the fond soul to her clay tenement,
Tho' Death should come in his most lovely form,
And summon, with a voice of melody,
The soul away to Heaven. We fear to die
Even in our quiet houses, beneath the shade
Of our own fig-tree—with the gentle voice

Of kind affection whisp'ring in our ear,
 "We only part to meet again in Heaven."
 There is no guile in which the spoiler comes
 We do not fear to meet him. Life is sweet
 Even to the wretch who groans beneath the load
 Of life's infirmities—and pride will fall
 To stay the spirit in its parting hours.

There is one hope—one strong triumphant hope,
 Firm as its author, holy as its trust;
 Omnipotent to stay the sinking soul,
 In its last conflict. Did he feel its power?
 Shone forth that beacon-light in the dark hour
 Of life the darkest? Who shall lift the veil
 Of mystery, and tell us how he died?

Fame tells us that he lived, and nobly lived!
 Fame tells us that he died, and died alone!
 But that one ray of comfort cheered his soul
 In that last bitter conflict fame tells not—
 Whether he lived to curse the weary load
 Of his existence, or laid down at once
 And died of a heart broken, fame tells not.
 Deceitful chronicler! she never tells
 But half her tale!

Louisville: Ky.

VIOLE.

SKETCH OF A PIONEER.

THE excitement which we experience, almost invariably, when contemplating scenes of hazardous adventure, is simply the result of sympathy. As the mind is superior to the body, so are mental achievements, in the abstract, superior to those which, in their nature, are merely physical; but there are mental achievements performed around us every day—we are familiar with their occurrence and effects, and, after all our high and just appreciation of the gift of mind, we are so emphatically creatures "of the earth, earthy;" that the risks and chances which might, by possibility affect our bodies, the only visible and tangible appurtenances of our being, scarce ever become manifest to us, in the actual experience of others, without exciting instantly, a lively feeling of sympathy. To this rule there is probably no exception among men; or if there are a few who are partially exempt, they are to be found among that class whose natural and unsophisticated feelings have been deadened, by an artificial fondness for the conventional and contemptible gew-gaws and flummeries of the world.

For such there is no syllable of this sketch intended. They might have lived in the proudest age of chivalry, and ne-

ver felt its fires. Their number, however, is small. As was the feeling of the great majority of men, in the times of chivalry, touching deeds of daring, so, with a reasonable modification, is it now. The founders of this upspringing empire of the wilderness were, in their way, devoted to chivalrous emprise. There never have been men on earth more true of heart, or prompt of arm. As a class their character has long been imperfectly comprehended. It is but lately that our historians have begun correctly to portray, and our public to appreciate. It may be that the strong degree of interest felt by the writer of this sketch in every thing pertaining to the history of the pioneers, is partly owing to early associations. He has been personally familiar, almost from childhood, with the hunters, and with the chase of the bear, the wolf, and the deer; and he has been accustomed to see, and handle, and wonder at the scars of wounds made long ago by weapons of the Indian warriors, and borne by the old veterans of the border conflicts; but if all this has contributed to make strong his kindly feeling towards the pioneers, so also does it tend to increase his satisfaction now, when the current of public feeling is beginning to grow strong in the same direction.

An intelligent and highly respectable survivor of that adventurous band, is now residing on the Scioto river, nine miles above the city of Columbus. The facts contained in the following desultory sketch, were gathered in a conversation held with him recently, during a brief visit made to his pleasant and hospitable homestead.

Samuel Davis was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in the year 1763. He was initiated into the mysteries of a soldier's life by two years' service in the army of the Revolution, in the time of his boyhood; and his first hostile meeting with an armed enemy, was in the night-skirmish held with a party of troops from a large armed vessel, who strove to effect a landing in their boats, at the time of the descent of the British upon West-Haven. Having subsequently served an apprenticeship to the goldsmith's business, he was persuaded, at the age of twenty-one years, to cross the mountains, under the expectation of finding profitable employment in the manufacture and sale of trinkets, etc., for the use of the Indians in the region of the Ohio.—On his arrival at Fort Pitt, it became evi-

dent that this scheme was futile, and he was perplexed to know what course to pursue, for the purpose of procuring means of subsistence. Being in good health, uncommonly active, and an unerring marksman, he at length determined to attempt a hunting expedition, down the river and immediately set off, equipped with a good "buffalo-gun" and other necessities.

At the mouth of Guyandotte, he fell in with a couple of hunters, whose names were Freehart and M'Culloch, and proceeded, in company with them, a considerable distance up that stream. While sitting, one morning, at their camp-fire, they discovered an old she-bear, looking down at them from the hollow of a large tree, the top of which had previously been broken off. All their efforts to frighten her from her lodgment proved unsuccessful; and his companions having refused to climb, Davis ascended a tree which grew immediately beside that in which the bear was sheltered. As soon as he attained a position sufficiently elevated to enable him to see her distinctly, she greeted him with a sullen growl, but obstinately refused to abandon her lair. He then drew up his rifle, by means of a grape-vine, and shot her through the foot. At this she again growled furiously, but still refused to leave her position. At the second discharge a ball was lodged in her body, and she immediately went down the tree with great rapidity. On the ground she was attacked by four large dogs, and was soon compelled to ascend the same tree on which Davis was posted. As she came furiously up, he called to Freehart to shoot her, instead of which he threw himself down upon the ground, rolling over and over, and laughing obstreperously. Davis now determined, as a last resort, to defend himself by thrusting his gun down the bear's throat, as she approached him. At the critical moment; however, when she had almost reached him, she was shot dead by M'Culloch.

On the day following Davis had an opportunity of turning the laugh on Freehart. The latter had grown weary of walking through the woods in quest of game, and had seated himself in a thicket, with the intention of calling up deer, by imitating the bleat of the fawn. A very large and fierce bear, which happened to be within hearing, was attracted by the sound of his bleating, and came running to the spot,

When the bear was quite close to him, he took deliberate aim, and drew trigger; but to his surprise and consternation, his gun snapped. He fled at the top of his speed, and was closely pursued by the enraged animal. So closely was the race contested for a considerable distance, that his leathern gaiters were torn to tatters, and his legs dreadfully lacerated by the bear's claws. Finding himself at length exhausted, he determined to turn and defend himself, by using his gun as a club. As he turned round, the bear stood up on its hinder legs, to seize him, and he bethought himself that it would be well to try his recreant gunlock once more. He accordingly overhauled the lock, and again drew trigger.—The piece fired promptly and clearly, and the bear fell dead.

About this time there were several other hunters in the vicinity of the mouth of Guyandotte. Among these were Jeremiah Kendall and Lewis Whitsel. Kendall had procured a flat-boat, for the purpose of transporting a cargo of buffalo-meat, venison, etc., to New-Orleans; intending to procure a supply during his passage down the Ohio and Mississippi. He employed Davis, Whitsel, and another, in the capacity of hunters, and they dropped leisurely down the stream, stopping from time to time at the best hunting grounds. Below the falls of Ohio they observed a fallen tree, the roots of which remained steadfastly fixed in the bank, while the main trunk and top extended outwards into the river. Here they concluded to stop for the night; and the boat was made fast to the extremity of the tree-top. On the shore a party of Indians were encamped, and Whitsel went out along the body of the tree to visit them, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends. On attempting to return to the boat he was violently seized, and detained as a prisoner. In the morning there was a good deal of altercation between the boatmen and the savages, the former resolutely demanding the release of the prisoner, and the latter obstinately refusing it. After a very considerable delay his ransom was effected, and a skirmish prevented by the payment of a quantity of powder and lead.

On the next day they discovered the Indians in pursuit. They approached in six large and crowded canoes. When distant about one hundred yards, they were hailed by Kendall, who stood upon deck, and or-

dered them to keep off, threatening to fire at them if they came nearer. After a momentary consultation, they again approached, more rapidly than before. It was now apparent that they had determined to attack the boat, and that there was no time to be lost. In the hold there was a blunderbuss, of such uncommon size that it had been mounted cannon-wise. This was hastily loaded with a quantity of powder, and thirty-six rifle-balls, and discharged at the canoes. The bullets splashed in the water among them, without doing any damage; but the Indians were so much discouraged at the unusual report of the blunderbuss, and the warm reception which evidently awaited them on board the boat, that they precipitately withdrew, and left the white men to pursue their voyage without further molestation.

Proceeding downward to the Mississippi, they found that river overflowing its banks in all directions, so that their hunting operations were restricted to the bluffs which are occasionally found skirting the left bank. At one of these Davis and another young man belonging to the boat, went out in quest of buffalo. Having succeeded in killing several, they returned to the river, and found that the boat had left them to shift for themselves. At the uppermost extremity of the bluff a large quantity of driftwood had been piled up by the water, in its outward flow. Out of this pile they selected a sufficient number of logs for the construction of a raft. This was effected by strongly lashing them together. A couple of good poles were procured, for the purpose of managing the raft in its progress; and they both took post upon it, one forward and the other aft. As soon as it began to swing round the point, it was nearly capsized by the force of the boiling current, and Davis's companion was so much frightened that he sprang ashore. The raft immediately righted—shot with headlong rapidity along the current, to the lower extremity of the bluff, and from thence was carried off, by the overflowing waters, through the forest, in the direction of the immense swamps. To return to the bluff he found absolutely impossible, although his friend, in the extremity of his distress, kept calling to him to do so as long as his voice could be heard. With great difficulty he succeeded in forcing his raft through the timber, in an oblique downward direction, back to the main current

of the river, in which at the next bend he encountered a strong head-wind, and was thrown by the waves upon the head of an inundated cotton-wood island. The raft was turned half over by the stream, and remained with one end standing out perpendicularly, and the other wedged immoveably among the driftwood.

He then crawled off into the island, and remained upon the floating timber till night—all night and all the ensuing day. The second night he heard some flat-boats passing by; he hailed them, and told his situation; but the boatmen, believing him to be an imposter, and his story a fabrication, intended to decoy them into the hands of robbers and murderers, told him, with an oath, to stay where he was and starve. In the morning, alternately walking and swimming, he made his way to the other end of the island, where he discovered the end of a small canoe protruding perpendicularly from the drift. This, after long and laborious exertion, he finally extricated; but all his efforts to propel it, against the current, to the place where he had left his raft were ineffectual; and he was, consequently, obliged again to traverse the island, swimming and walking alternately as before, in order to reclaim his gun. Having effected this, he embarked in the canoe and proceeded downward. Six miles below, he found the flat boat lying to; and was informed by Kendall that his sudden departure from the bluff had been occasioned by Whitsel, who, on his return from a short excursion in the woods, had falsely reported that a large party of hostile Indians were approaching. When Davis overtook the boat, he had been without sustenance three days. His friend, who had been left on the bluff, was never afterwards heard of by any of the party.

On the arrival of the boat at New Madrid, complaint was made by Kendall to the commandant of the mal-conduct of Whitsel, who, to avoid summary punishment, made his escape, and traveled to New Orleans. There he was soon convicted of the crime of making counterfeit money, and transported to the mines in Mexico; but afterwards escaped, and was seen by Davis, long subsequently, on the Ohio.

After staying one year at New Madrid, Davis set out on his return, in company with twenty others. In a boat, belonging to Dr. Waters, of New Madrid, they traveled a considerable distance up the Cum-

berland river; and from thence, taking what is called the "Green river route," they proceeded to Limestone, (now Maysville,) on the Ohio. During this journey, they came to a house on Green river, the occupants of which had just been murdered by Indians; and they had proceeded but a short distance, when the same party were discovered near the path, lying in ambush for stragglers. They were overawed, however, by the strength of the present party, and fled, leaving behind them all their booty.

After his return to Limestone, Davis went with another hunter on a trapping excursion up the Wabash. At that time, there were forty or fifty cabins in the village at Post Vincent (now Vincennes) of uniform construction. The walls were made by digging trenches, and planting pickets in the ground; on these, were fixed the plates and rafters, and the roofing consisted of smoothly spread layers of bark.

At the end of their trapping season they descended the Wabash in a canoe. As they approached a rapid place in the river, called the grand chain, they saw six *pirouges* lying at the shore, immediately below the rapids; these *pirouges* had been engaged in transporting a cargo of flour from the falls of Ohio to Post Vincent. Their movements had been dogged by a party of Indians, whose runners had concentrated a force of about three hundred at the grand chain, where an attack was made, while the *pirouges* were laboring up the rapids, and the entire party of white men, thirty in number, were instantaneously massacred. When Davis and his companion reached the spot, they were lying about in every direction, some in the water, some in the *pirouges*, and some on shore at the water's edge, all bleeding freshly, and horribly mangled. The Indians had removed the barrels of flour, etc., to their fires, a few rods distant from the top of the bank, and were so intently engaged in boisterous merriment and feasting, that the two hunters passed by the scene of slaughter undiscovered, and made their way in safety to the Ohio.

Returning to Limestone, Davis associated himself, several years, with a trapper and hunter, of the name of William Campbell. Shortly after St. Clair's defeat, they undertook a trapping expedition up the Big Sandy river. Embarking at Limestone, with their guns, beaver traps, etc., in a single canoe, they started up the Ohio,

and met, before leaving it, a detachment of troops, descending, in flat boats, to Fort Washington. Continuing their up-stream voyage, they at length reached the forks of the Big Sandy. Taking the left fork, they proceeded, dragging their canoe over the ripples or shallows, until they were alarmed by seeing the water, a short distance ahead, boiling and foaming in a very singular manner. This place was found to be the location of a spring, along with whose waters was discharged a quantity of inflammable gas, which, on the application of a blazing torch, took fire, and burned with a strong flame. From this point they returned, and ascended the right fork of the river, to the vicinity of a place called Harmer's Station; here, having set their beaver traps, they encamped upon a sand-bar. Just at this time, a party of Indians, thirty-six in number, had made an unsuccessful attack on Harmer's Station. They succeeded, however, in getting one prisoner and a number of horses. In the skirmish at the Station, one of the Indians had been so badly wounded, that he was unable to travel with the rest, and he was accordingly committed to a chosen party of six, to be carried down the river in a canoe; to this party was likewise entrusted the keeping of Donalds, the prisoner. Perceiving a light, as they were floating downward in the night, they landed on the sand-bar, and marched up to the fire where Davis and his companion were lying asleep. Having ranged themselves around, with uplifted tomahawks, they awoke the sleepers by a sudden exclamation. In the surprise of the moment, Campbell threw up his hand against the edge of a tomahawk, by which it was cut very severely. No other injury was sustained by either. They were secured with ropes, formed of raw strips of buffalo hide, and compelled to pole the canoes down stream, the Indians beating them severely, from time to time.

Arriving at Hanging Rock, on the Ohio river, they dragged their canoes, for concealment, into the mouth of a small stream, and prepared to encamp. The rain fell constantly. Four of the Indians went away to procure bark for the erection of a shelter, while two remained to take care of their wounded comrade and the prisoners. The wounded Indian sat with his back against a tree, and a gun by his side; the others were sitting near him, with guns beside them also. Davis and Campbell were

ties with thongs, and Donalds was untied, and compelled to officiate as cook. The prisoners were separated by the Indians, and were so near them as to be within reach of their tomahawks. Davis put his finger to the handle of a tomahawk, and signified to Campbell that they should seize the weapons of the Indians, and assault them. The signal was observed by Donalds, who placed himself in a suitable position to assist; but Campbell shook his head. The movement was repeated by Davis, until it was observed by the Indians, who immediately called in their companions, and bound the prisoners more securely. They now abandoned their encampment, and went on through the rain, and in pitchy darkness, until they came to a small fissure or cave, in which Davis's keeper compelled him to lie down. His rope had been taken off; and he determined to make his escape in the night, by stealing quietly away from his keeper, who was lying close by his side. When he supposed his guard to be asleep, he arose softly and stepped out; but, just as he was about to dash off into the darkness, and run for life, the Indian arose and stopped him; he was obliged again to lie down and remain until morning. As soon as it was light, he discovered, to his consternation, that he was on the very edge of an immense precipice, where he would inevitably have been dashed to atoms, if he had not been foiled in his intention of running away.

They now returned to the camp which they had abandoned the evening before, and posted a sentry on the river bank, who soon came in with the information that he had heard flat boats coming down; and Davis was ordered, on pain of instant death, to decoy them to the shore. To his great joy, however, no boats appeared. In three days, the main party of Indians came over, with about forty horses, and the whole company set off together, and traveled up the Little Scioto. At sundown they halted, and placed the prisoners on a log, with a sufficient guard. The rest then went away about fifty yards, and held a short consultation; after which, they ran about through the woods and collected a great quantity of brushwood, which they piled together in an open space, and set on fire. Around this blazing pile they performed the war dance, with the most extravagant gestures and frightful yells. The party was composed of Delawares,

Pottawatamies, Piankeshaws, and Shawanees. After the conclusion of the war dance, Davis was informed by his guide that he and Donalds were to be delivered over to the Pottawatamies and burned; and he, therefore, determined to attempt an escape at all hazards. All the next day, while traveling, he watched for an opportunity to break away in the thickets; but was so closely guarded that he found it impossible. The prisoners were treated by the Indians with their accustomed cruelty. They were heavily laden, and driven along, with kicks and blows, like beasts. They were invariably driven through the streams, which were greatly swollen by the recent rains, while the Indians rode through upon the horses, or passed over upon logs. The whole party were pinched with hunger, because they were too much afraid of pursuit to wait until the hunters could procure game. A turkey, which happened to alight sufficiently near to the line of march, was shot, and divided among the whole number of Indians and prisoners. A very small scrap of the entrails, which had been wound around the end of a stick, and half roasted in the ashes, was presented to Davis; he tried to eat it, but could not, on account of its filthiness. An Indian, who had been watching him, snatched the morsel out of his hand, exclaiming "bye and bye, you eat," and swallowed it in a moment.

At night they again encamped, and Davis was stretched upon the naked ground, between two Indians, and so attached to them with thongs of buffalo hide, that it was impossible for him to stir without disturbing them. In consequence of having been tied too tight, his limbs had become much swollen, and exceedingly painful; so much so, indeed, that he found it impossible either to sleep or lie still. His restlessness gave great offense to his guards, and he was soundly beaten, from time to time, through the night, because he could not endure his excruciating pain without moving. About daybreak he fell into an unquiet doze for a few minutes, and when he awoke, the numbness and pain of his arms had grown so distressing, that he could not refrain from rising suddenly up. The two Indians, likewise, sprang up, and were about to renew their abuse, when he explained to them the condition of his arms. At this they seemed partially to relent, and one of them directed a boy, who had risen, and

was standing near, to untie the thongs with which he was bound. He now determined to break away and run, as soon as the thongs should be loosened, without regard to consequences. The encampment was made in an open space on the bank of a small creek; the camp fires were made all in one row, parallel with the stream; and, parallel with the fires, the whole party slept, side by side, in a continuous rank. Directly behind them, and close to their heads, a horizontal line of poles, supported on small forks, about two feet from the ground, extended along the entire rank. Along this line the guns were placed; the butts upon the ground, between the Indians, and the barrels leaning up against the poles. Immediately on the other side of the creek was a dense thicket of hazel brush and briars.

While the boy was trying to untie the hard knots of the ropes, the Indians, with few exceptions, got up, and stood about the fires. It was broad daylight. As soon as Davis's arms were released, he suddenly sprang out from among them—dashed through the stream, and into the thicket on the other side. The Indians pursued him with the most demoniac and terrific yells. His clothing consisted of a cotton shirt and pantaloons, and these were soon entirely torn away by the briars. He shaped his course across the most craggy and difficult hills. He spent the ensuing night, which was frosty and cold, on a steep crag; and being entirely naked, and having been starved three days, he was near perishing from cold, hunger, and fatigue. On the next day, he arrived at the Ohio river, ten miles above the place where he had crossed it in the custody of the Indians. On the bank he overthrew a decayed buckeye, which was broken, by its fall, into pieces of sufficient length for the construction of a raft. Having lashed these pieces together with grape vines, he embarked upon them, and passed safely over to the Kentucky shore.

At night his lodging-place was a hollow tree, and he succeeded the next morning, in finding a canoe, which he had concealed during a former trip. In this he went down to Manchester, (Massie's Station,) where he arrived in the night. Having cautiously approached the pickets, he hailed the inmates of the station, and told his story, which was discredited, and he was refused admittance. Being at length con-

vinced of the truth of his statement, they received and entertained him with much kindness until the next day, when he returned to Limestone.

The principal leader of this band of Indians was a Shawanee chief called 'Charley Wilkie.' Davis's keeper, during his captivity, of whom mention has several times been made, was a half breed, of the French and Indian blood, of the name of Montour. Campbell was sold by the Delawares of the party to a French trader, and afterwards escaped. Donalds, the prisoner who had been taken at Harmer's station, was burned alive, by the Pottawatamies.

Before Davis's escape, Montour had boastfully showed him the handle of his tomahawk, on which there were sixteen notches, alledging that he had taken that number of scalps at St. Clair's defeat. Davis asked him what the Indians had done with St. Clair's cannon, and he replied that they had sunk four pieces in a deep stream, near the battle ground. Happening to speak of this circumstance, after his return to Limestone, it became known to an officer of the army, who compelled him to go to Cincinnati, for the purpose of communicating his intelligence to the commandant of Fort Washington. This he did, and the guns were afterwards recovered. After he had been taken to Fort Washington, and interrogated by the commandant, he was dismissed, without food, money, or arms. A trader of the name of Wilkie, to whom he made known his destitute condition, supplied him with a small quantity of provisions, and he set off for Limestone, alone, and unarmed. He traveled near the river all day, and at night ensconced himself in the hollow of a large sycamore, by the root of which he had kindled a small fire. In the night he was awakened by the roaring sound of flames, and found that the hollow shell of the tree, above him, had been kindled by some sparks blown from his fire, and was blazing furiously. Before he could escape his flesh and clothes were severely burnt. He arrived at Limestone the next day, without any other accident.

The Beaver traps which had been left on the Big Sandy, when he was taken by the Indians, were six in number, and had cost him five dollars each. Here, to use his own expression, he could not think of losing. He, therefore, hired a man to accompany him, and set off in search of them.

They went directly across the country towards the place where the traps were left, but had not traveled very far before the hired man had a severe attack of rheumatism. He was utterly unable to proceed, and Davis was consequently obliged to prepare a bark canoe, and float him down a creek, which ran near the place where they had stopped, to the Ohio, and so returned with him to Limestone.

As soon as he had disposed of the sick man he hired a boy to perform the trip with him, and immediately started again, in the same direction, across the hills. On the second or third day they heard several gun-shots near them, and soon after came to an "Indian horse," hopped in the woods. This horse they took and loaded with their packs and a buck which they had just killed, and then proceeded till they came near a considerable creek. Here they discovered smoke rising up before them, and presently found themselves close to an Indian camp, near which there were three horses hopped. Hearing the reports of several gun-shots close to the camp, they hastily untied the horses, haltered them, and went forward until they came to another creek. Near this they found and secured a couple more horses. In this manner they traveled on, till they arrived at the Big Sandy. As they went down the hills into the bottom lands of that river, they again heard gun-shots near them, and saw three hopped horses just before. With these there was also a fine Virginia stallion. The whole were secured. They had now ten horses, in all, and being convinced that Indians must be hotly in pursuit, they gave up the idea of getting the beaver traps, and pushed immediately for Limestone. The stallion was so unruly that they were obliged to gag him, to prevent him from betraying them to the Indians, by his neighing, and the boy rode him, in advance, while Davis, on another good horse, brought up the rear. All day they traveled rapidly, and at night hopped the horses, and turned them out to graze; subsisting themselves entirely on nettles, which they ate, sometimes raw, and sometimes roasted. For fear of meeting their pursuers they dare not take the direct route back to Limestone, but followed down the courses of the Big Sandy and Ohio. When they came to Tiger creek, it was so high and rapid, that the horses were frightened and ran back

some distance. With much difficulty they were all brought again to the brink of the water, into which the boy rode, upon the stallion, and swam over; and Davis at length succeeded in forcing the others to follow. Hearing the sound of hoofs, just at that moment, behind him, he faced about, and saw an Indian riding off at full speed upon the horse which he had previously ridden himself, and which had been fastened to a tree, with pawpaw bark, while he was engaged in driving the others through the creek. He immediately fastened two or three chunks of wood together with bark, placed his gun upon them, swam across and went on as fast as possible.

Having traveled in this manner five days, they arrived at Limestone, and advertised the horses. They had all been stolen by the Indians from different stations in Kentucky; and, with the exception of one, were reclaimed by the proper owners.

Soon after this, Davis, Duncan M'Arthur, John M'Dowell, and Benjamin Beasley were employed by Simon Kenton, in the capacity of spies. These four were divided into two squads, and thus ranged up and down the Ohio, from Limestone to the mouth of the Big Sandy, alternately performing tours of from one to two weeks duration. They were especially charged to give information to Kenton, who lived at Washington, near Limestone, whenever they might ascertain that the Indians had crossed, or were about to cross the Ohio into Kentucky. Davis and one of the others were proceeding up the Kentucky side of the river, with a small canoe, when they discovered a large trail of Indians, on the shore, leading directly off from the water's edge. Following this trail a short distance, they found six large canoes concealed in a pawpaw thicket. In each canoe there were six paddles, a supply of provisions, etc. These they left unmolested, and hastened to Kenton with the news. It happened to be exactly in harvest time, and the settlers were so busily employed in saving their grain that they could not be persuaded to turn out. Finding they could get no assistance, the two spies went back alone, but the canoes were gone and they ascertained from the returning trail that the Indians had taken off a considerable number of horses.

Another time Davis and Beasley went

up the Kentucky side, in the same manner, until they came to a sand bar which extended into the river opposite the mouth of the Scioto. Being scarce of provisions, one of them fired at a wild duck, just before they turned out into the river to double the sandbar. On coming to the shore above the bar, they saw the sand upon the bank, freshly turned up, as they supposed, by buffalo hoofs. A close examination, however, convinced them that a party of Indians had there been preparing to cross, with their stolen horses, and had been frightened away by the shot which they had fired at the wild duck. In order to ascertain whether any of the Indians had crossed, they immediately went over themselves, and landed below the mouth of Scioto. Beasley remained near the canoe, while Davis struck across the bottom in search of tracks. Arriving at the hills, and having seen no Indian trail, he turned his course downward a short distance, to a large deer lick. When close to the lick he walked slowly and stealthily, and kept a sharp look-out for Indians. Suddenly a rifle cracked in the woods directly before him, and a bullet whistled past his ear. With that quickness and precision so remarkable in all thorough-bred woods-men, his gun was brought from his shoulder to the right position, and discharged; and before the Indian knew the result of his own shot, he was himself laid low. Davis turned instantly and ran, at full speed to the canoe, where he found Beasley, behind a tree, awaiting his return. Not doubting that there were other Indians about the lick, they sprang into the canoe, and pushed off into the river, as quickly as possible. When they had got away two or three hundred yards, a large number of Indians came running down the bank, at the place which they had just left, but made no attempt to follow them further. Having reported their discoveries to Kenton, they again went to the deer lick, where some other hunters had also gone, and had found the Indian's grave, and the blood upon the ground where Davis had shot him.

It will be seen, from the foregoing, that the information was partly erroneous on which Col. McDonald predicated the account of this affair, which he has given in his excellent sketch of Gen. M'Arthur. It was Beasley, and not M'Arthur, who accompanied Davis.

After this, Davis, and a man of the name of Tolbert, went over the Ohio, from Graham's station, at Canada bottom, to hunt turkeys. They were running about through the woods after a large flock which they had raised, and had fired about a dozen shots at them, when Davis saw something move at a distance before him. At this he stood still, and soon discovered a large number of Indians running rapidly through the woods. He immediately called Tolbert to him, and they concealed themselves behind some large trees. The Indians passed within one hundred yards, and Davis was about to fire at them, but was prevented by Tolbert, who, being somewhat clumsy, was afraid to try the risk of a race for his life. As soon as the Indians were out of sight, the hunters returned, without delay, to the other side of the river.

Davis continued to serve as a spy for three years. Afterwards he went with Campbell and some boatmen, across the river, to a small creek below the mouth of the Scioto, in quest of Turkeys. After hunting all day, they encamped at night, and the boatmen were very frolicsome and noisy. They were requested to be silent, but would not. After a while they laid down before the fire, and the whole party fell asleep, except Davis, who was apprehensive of an attack from Indians, and consequently remained wakeful, and watchful. In the night he heard a noise, like the pecking of a woodpecker, a short distance from the camp, which was replied to by a similar sound, in another direction. He now awoke Campbell, telling him there were Indians around them. When Campbell had listened attentively to the sound he also was of opinion that it was made by Indians, and they immediately woke the boatmen, who laughed and called them cowards. Davis and Campbell took their guns and went away from the fire, into the woods, and the rest soon followed. After a few moments consultation they concluded to cross the river which they accordingly did. Towards day-break the Indians likewise crossed over, a little higher up the river. While doing so they were seen by the people on board some flat-boats which were descending. This information Davis and his company received from the boats, in time to enable them to make their escape.

Another time Davis, Campbell, and four

others crossed the Ohio, on a hunting expedition, and encamped one mile above the mouth of Scioto. They killed a great number of deer, bear, and turkies. They had several excellent dogs along. One, in particular, which belonged to Davis, was uncommonly powerful and fierce. One night the dogs became alarmed and barked furiously, dashing out occasionally into the woods, and then running back to the camp, which stood immediately on the bank of the Ohio. Davis and Campbell were satisfied that they were beset by Indians, and that an attack would certainly be made very soon. They determined, therefore to retreat across the river, about daylight in the morning, and accordingly did so. The other hunters refused to go. Before Davis and Campbell had got across, they were loudly called, from the camp which they had just left, but could not understand what was said to them. They hastened across to the Kentucky shore, and concealed themselves in the woods all day. At night they returned to the river, and looked across, but there was no fire, nor light of any kind, to be seen at their camp. They hallooed loudly, and were answered by their friends, from the other side, and from different places, up and down the river. They soon met, and went all-together to the camp, which they found demolished. The Indians had rushed upon it in the morning, a few minutes after Davis and Campbell left. The hunters escaped without injury, but with the loss of their whole stock of skins, camp equipments, &c. They were so much discouraged by this adventure that they gave up their "hunt," and returned to Limestone. Campbell was subsequently killed by the Indians, while hunting, not far from Limestone, on the Ohio side of the river.

Soon after Wayne's treaty Davis removed from Kentucky, and settled on the Scioto, below Chillicothe, where his house was robbed by a man named Whale, in consequence of which he removed to Chillicothe. His property was afterwards recovered, by Col. M'Donald, the well-known author of recent "sketches" of some of the distinguished pioneers. He afterwards lived many years, a few miles west of Chillicothe. While he was living on the Scioto, where he first settled, a party of the Indians, who had taken him prisoner, in passing down the river, came to his door. On seeing him, they exclaimed,

with great surprise, 'waugh! shinneh! wanneh!' i. e. "Captain." They were very friendly, and evidently much pleased to see him.

About twenty-four years ago he removed to the farm where he now resides; near which, on an island in the Scioto, there was found, some years since, an old beaver trap, which he identified by a peculiar and sure mark, as being one which had been taken from Campbell and himself, by the Indians, before they were made prisoners on the Big Sandy.

During the last war he performed two tours of duty, in the army, upon the frontier,—once as a Captain of Volunteers.

The foregoing is a very condensed statement of some few of Mr. Davis's most striking reminiscences, as they were gathered from him, during a brief conversation. Many of his other recollections, pertaining as well to other men and events as to himself, are very interesting; and, I trust, may yet be given to the public.

O. C.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER IX.

De Bexar—Preparations for a Journey—The Mexican Gourd—Departure—The Prairy—Encampment—An Incident—Insects—Theft—Loose our Way—Difficulties of Traveling—Hospitality—Robbery.

HAVE you ever been in San Antonio, the beautiful San Antonio de Bexar?—is almost the first question which is asked by the early settler of Texas, who wishes to inspire the recent emigrant with a high idea of the beauty and richness of his adopted country. I had heard so much of De Bexar from young and old, that I determined, so soon as an opportunity was presented, to make a pilgrimage to the place which fame represented as the Eden of Texas.

The city itself is situated between three and four hundred miles from the coast, nearly in a due west direction from the city of Houston. As the road lay through a country infested by tribes of hostile Indians, it was necessary to proceed in such numbers as would deter any attack from the numerous parties that usually lay in wait for the solitary traveler. It was not long before a company of five was formed, a number rather too small for the ordinary dangers of the road, which by agree-

the woods, where the country is really beautiful, that the Texian in all future ages will fix his habitation; and as he gazes upon his almost countless herd of cattle which feed upon the plain, will see himself grow rich almost without any exertion.

Resuming our journey we followed the timber about two miles to the north. It seemed singular that the boundary between the prairie and timber land should be so distinctly defined: for the one ceased and the other commenced with an abruptness that looked more like the work of man than the hand of nature.

We now turned to our left and entered the timber of the Brassos. The dense cane brakes, and massive timber covered with rich foliage making a continuous arbor impenetrable to the sun, formed a marked contrast with the treeless and sunlit prairie. Four miles travel brought us upon the banks of the stream.

The Brassos, (a Spanish word, meaning the arm of God,) takes its rise in the north-western part of Texas, and after running a south east direction, for six hundred miles, discharges itself into the gulf, in latitude $28^{\circ} 40$ minutes. It has quite a number of tributaries; but as they are of no importance in a navigable point of view, do not require a special notice. The bar at the mouth of this river, which is formed by the quicksand that is constantly thrown up by the waves of the sea and arrested by the current of the stream, never can be removed; and makes the entry into the harbor at its mouth so extremely dangerous that the different insurance offices throughout the United States, as I was told, from repeated wrecks that have occurred in the attempt, have refused to grant policies upon any vessels entered for this port at any premium. This is to be regretted, as the country upon this stream, is esteemed the most productive portion of Texas. It is even in contemplation, (and if I am not mistaken, a charter has been granted for the purpose,) to construct a rail-road from some point on this river to Buffalo bayou, with a view to direct the trade of the country in that channel on account of the superior formation of Galveston harbor. The banks of this river for two hundred miles from its mouth are from twenty to forty feet in height; yet notwithstanding this, they are not always sufficient to prevent inundation. A large portion of the year

the Brassos is not navigable for steamboats, unless they are of a light draft; but when swollen by rains, the largest kind may ascend several hundred miles. The current of the stream is not rapid as it runs through a flat country, unless in times of high water. At the two places I crossed this river, which were about one hundred miles from its mouth, it did not exceed at either place one hundred and fifty yards in breadth. The timber on each side of the stream did not extend more than four miles, at either of the points I crossed, and consisted of sycamore, ash, hickory, various kinds of oak, locust, cotton-wood, wild cherry, hackberry, mulberry, button-wood and pecan. The soil is a black mould, and has a strong resemblance to that found on all of the most fertile rivers of the western country.

As I propose to take a general survey of the improvements of Texas in a distinct chapter, I shall not, at this time, notice those upon the Brassos. I will now resume the narrative. We crossed the stream ourselves in a small dug-out, or canoe, and swam our horses by its side. A distance of four miles again brought us upon the prairie. Here again was presented a picture in natural scenery, which is seldom excelled. In the eye's wide limit we could see immense herds of cattle in colors as various as the hues of the kaleidoscope, and as plump and as round as the stall-fed ox, scattered in all directions, or collected in groups beneath clusters of verdant trees, which were interspersed over the green earth like so many small islands in the ocean.

Nothing claimed to be monarch of all we surveyed but the noisy bull who moved over the plain with the importance of an emperor, and who, when he saw us among his subjects, by pawing the earth, seemed to convey the idea that we had got into the wrong parish.

As the sun was about to set, we came upon the habitation of a herdsman upon the borders of the Brassos timber, having traveled in our devious course near forty miles during the day.

Kerkendorf, the name of our host, is a fair specimen of the early settlers of Texas, in point of originality and peculiarity of character, as well as in pursuits and mode of life. He emigrated from the States to this country fifteen years ago, with nothing of this world's goods but a

few cattle which, with great patience and labor, he drove from beyond the Sabine. He settled himself upon a league of land, on the Brassos, as beautiful as the heart of man could wish; and which, under the colonization law, cost him nothing but the trifling fees of the officers commissioned to put emigrants in possession of their rights. Without any attention to agriculture, or with scarce an exertion of any kind, but simply from the increase of his little stock, he now finds himself blessed with abundant means to bring within his reach all of this world's goods that men generally think necessary to their comfort and happiness.

His cattle, after having been scattered and driven off, in great numbers, by the troops of Santa Anna, and heavy drafts upon them to supply the army of Texas, still number upwards of two thousand.

The abandoned appearance, even of a garden spot, which was in ruins, led me to think that our host had determined to prove an exception to the primal curse, that man has to live by the sweat of his brow. If such was the case, every thing went to show that he was not disappointed. If universal testimony is entitled to credit, stock of the horned kind will double every three years, making an allowance of twenty per cent. for annual loss; so that, admitting our host to have two thousand head of cattle, which will readily sell for six dollars a piece, the aggregate value would be twelve thousand dollars; and the one-third of this, to wit, four thousand dollars, would be the yearly addition to his wealth, simply from the increase of his stock. All this, too, to use his own language, without any more labor than is required to mark and brand the calves. The prairie, both winter and summer, furnishes the most abundant and nutritious pasture; and even salt is not necessary for stock, as the dew is highly impregnated with the saline properties of the sea.

The situation of this man, removed from the ordinary perplexities and difficulties of life, with nothing to do but recline beneath the green trees, and watch the daily increase of his wealth in the growth of his cattle, reminded me of the speech of Melibœus to the shepherd Tityrus, jealous of the too easy tenor of his pastoral life. Before the revolution, the Texian found a market for his cattle at New Orleans, where they were driven in large droves,

and at the Island of Cuba. Since that period, a law has been passed, which prohibits any cattle being driven out of the country, as, in time of war, they are the main dependence for the subsistence of the army, as well as the people generally. This law of self-preservation is as difficult to enforce, as are all others which conflict with the interest or avarice of a people.

Cattle are still driven across the Sabine, notwithstanding the great exertions of the authorities to prevent it.

As it was not yet dark, I persuaded our host to go with me to the cow yard, where were collected such as had calves. They were about sixty in number; and so far as rings, streaks, and speckles are concerned, were evidently descended from the stock of the patriarch of Israel. The bellowing and bleating, and constant agitation of the whole, and one or two negroes in the midst, busy in taking a little milk from all, formed a laughable and novel scene. The cows were generally of a fine, large size, equal, if not superior, in this respect, to the stock in the United States, but admitted to be inferior for all the purposes of the dairy. This has been disputed, with great apparent justice, by many, who contend that, if the cow of Texas does not yield the same quantity of milk that is generally given by those of the North, it is only because the Texian has so many, that he is not able to give them that attention, at the regular periods of lactation, that is always necessary to bring them to the greatest perfection. This argument is certainly good, so far as the quantity of milk is concerned, but not the quality. The evening was spent in listening to our host recounting the adventures of himself and family with the army of Mexico, which passed by his door, on their way towards the Brassos.

Santa Anna was at least successful to some extent, in emulating Napoleon in the rapidity of his movements, for it seems he frequently came upon the inhabitants by surprise.

Upon the arrival of the enemy at the house of Kirkendorf, he was absent. His wife discovered them at a distance, and commenced a retreat with her children, but was pursued and fired at by the soldiers. She, however, with her little ones, escaped into the woods, where they lay concealed in cane-brakes until the ene-

my passed, when she made the best of her way to Harrisburg, the head-quarters of many of the inhabitants. Kirkendorf was not so fortunate. The enemy came upon him when he least expected it; and in his attempt to retreat, two platoons were ordered to fire upon him, which did so, but without effect, although the distance was not over twenty-five yards. This may be given as an instance, among many that might be adduced, to prove the total incapacity of the Mexicans in the use of fire-arms.

It is difficult to tell why so few of the Texian army fell at the battle of San Jacinto, when the enemy had the advantage of a breast-work, and a fair field for the musket or rifle, unless we keep in mind this defect of the Mexican soldier. Such terror did the precision of the Texian rifle inspire, that its imaginary properties in time became more alarming than its actual powers of destruction. Some of the invaders who escaped to Mexico, asserted as a truth that the rifles of their enemies would shoot either in a straight or curvilinear direction, just as its possessor chose, and that, with such instruments to contend against, there was no safety in getting behind a tree or any other object.

So sensible was General Filisola of the inferiority of his men in the use of fire-arms, that, in his defense to the people of Mexico, he offers it as one of the reasons to account for the disasters of the campaign.

Although our host was not injured, he thought it prudent to surrender. The treatment he received was such as might be expected from those who thought it an act of heroism to fire upon his wife and children. After some suffering and many difficulties, which are too long for narration, he made his escape.

Much insight into the character of a people, as well as their invaders, may be had from the incidents which often escape the notice of general history, which I choose to interlard, not only for such purpose, but to give some variety to the dry and, perhaps, to many, uninteresting description of the country.

The next morning our rout lay along the course of the Brassos. The country, for a mile from the timber, was more broken and rolling than we had yet seen. On our left, about six miles distant, could be seen the timber of the San Bernard, an in-

considerable stream, not more than one hundred miles in length, which discharges itself into the gulf, a few miles west of the mouth of the Brassos. Midway between the streams the land was low and marshy, with little timber, but such as was scattered here and there in small clusters, in too inconsiderable quantities to answer, to any extent, the ordinary purposes of life.

About twelve o'clock we stopped upon a small eminence near a grove of timber, and after hopping our horses, fell asleep under the shade of a green tree which stood upon the top. When we awoke, we found that the flies had *stompeded* our horses, to use the expression of the country, which means that they made them so restive that they broke loose from the hobbles. We saw them about two miles distant, still moving off. So soon as they saw me in pursuit, they increased their speed, and showed a disposition not to be caught. Sometimes they would stop to watch my movements, and when satisfied that I was still in the pursuit, would start off at the top of their speed. Breathless, and almost ready, from fatigue and the extreme heat of the sun, to sink to the earth, I stopped upon the prairie until my companion came up.

It was agreed that one should go to the next house, on our way, about eight miles distant, and get the assistance of an old gentleman, known to my associate, with two of his horses, to aid us in recapturing our own; while the other remained to take care of the baggage. It fell to my lot to go. Oppressed with fatigue and thirst, and with a sun over head that poured down such intense heat that it threatened to wither every thing that was exposed to its power, I set off over the prairie with its boundless prospect before me.

If it is pleasant to ride over these plains in the evening when the sun has lost its power; it is distressing beyond description to travel them on foot during the heat of the day. The traveler moves on and on without being sensible of the progress he has made. He appears to move within an enchanted circle, where after much toil and labor, he still finds himself in the center. With the benefit of an occasional rest beneath a few trees which grow by the way side, and the refreshing influence of a little muddy water, which I found in a gully, I finished my journey.

I found the old gentleman at home, with his wife and two plump merry daughters.

Under the smiles of the daughters, the humor of the father, and the stimulating effects of a cup of coffee, care was forgotten, and fatigue overlooked. Our situation was no sooner explained than the old Texian was ready to afford any assistance in his power. We set off full of spirit, the old gentleman mounted upon a small, round active mule, with ears almost as long as the rest of his body, of a wondrous wise look; and myself upon a large dangling grey mare, which brought to my recollection the horse of Ichabod Crane. Before we started, I discovered that my guide was an original, and as we rode along I gleaned from him a general outline of his adventurous life.

He is among that number of singular men who always think themselves crowded by neighbors when there is not at least a day's ride between them; and who may be with propriety styled one of the out-posts of civilization. He was one of the early settlers of Kentucky, and a companion of Boon; and like that extraordinary man, he has kept giving back to the tide of emigration, until he finds himself still at the utmost verge that is safe for civilized man to go. Could such a man live on, we would find him at the end of each year defining by his cabin the true limits of the civilized world, until the Pacific itself should set bounds to his restless spirit. What subject is more full of sublime thought than the retrospect of this man's life for the last fifty years. Back this distance of time we find him standing upon the banks of the Ohio, treading upon a soil that as yet knew but little of the white man, and battling with the savage for existence and dominion.

We now see a large portion of the earth between this place and the spot where we last find him, covered with cities, and filled with a population that partake to a great extent of the refinements of the day, and who are second to none in enterprise and all the substantial improvements of the age. It was surely a sublime spectacle for the genius of Burke, when he wished to impress upon the Commons of England, the rapid growth of the American colonies, to take a survey of the wonderful improvements that had taken place there during the period of a single life time. But I doubt very much whether Burke himself, with all his extraordinary powers to explore the future, at a moment

too, when his vision was expanded by the ardor of the moment, would have been prepared to admit the things that have taken place within fifty years from the time he was speaking. But all that happened in the period of which he spoke, wonderful as it was, has been exceeded by what has taken place during the life of the man whose steps I was now following. The current of such thoughts was interrupted as I looked up and saw the old man a few yards ahead almost hid from my sight in the tall grass in which we were riding. There was something amusing in his appearance, and that of his mule, as the latter in trying to get over the high grass would make short perpendicular jumps, now rising fully in view and then almost disappearing in the herbage. So easy is the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous. About dusk we came to the spot where we had left our baggage. We now gave ourselves up entirely to the direction of the old gentleman.

The horses when last seen, were making towards the timber of the San Bernard, and it was quite probable that they had gone to a farm about six miles upon the stream. By the time we had concealed our baggage, darkness overshadowed the earth, and as the clouds covered the heavens, not a star was seen in the firmament to guide our trackless course across the prairie. It was so dark that we could scarce see ten steps ahead, much less the timber upon the opposite side of the plain.

The old gentleman hesitated some moments before he set out, doubting his abilities to guide us across without some marks in the heavens, or on the earth, to regulate his steps. We however proceeded, my companion and myself mounted upon the grey. We had not proceeded far when it occurred to me that we had turned completely round and were returning to the place of our departure: at other times owing to the extreme darkness, I thought we were going round, and round, in a circle, and that in the morning, if we continued our gyrations all night, we should have made no more actual progress than the horse upon the tread-wheel, after a day of severe exertion and labor. But we still moved on in the dark. Our guide would not suffer himself to be spoken to, so intently was his mind fixed upon some mysterious principle that seemed to direct his footsteps through the gloom.

At last he exclaimed that all was right. sure enough he had struck the point at which he aimed when he first started. It may appear strange to the reader, as it did to me, how it was possible for the old man to wade through darkness, and hit a spot which was marked with no prominent features, with a precision that could not be exceeded with the advantages of light.—But the mystery was soon explained. Before we started he took the bearing of the wind, which blew with a mild and constant current, and kept it in an angle on the side of his face, that corresponded with our course. I have often been surprised since the events of this night, in various excursions through the country, at the wonderful resources of the old settlers in the woods or prairie, when the ordinary guides that direct their course are obscured.—When the sun is invisible, and there is no land-mark that will serve as a guide, the wind then becomes their only dependence. If it is too slight to be appreciable to the sense of feeling, its actions upon the grass, which yields to the gentlest breath, answer, as a kind of dernier resort. But, when there is no wind at all on the earth, it frequently happens that there is an upper current, which puts in motion the clouds and mists; and this, to the experienced eye, serves as no bad criterion to regulate the course. To understand the extent of our dependence on such a guide, which is generally capricious, even to a proverb, the reader should be informed that the winds of this country are regular and constant, to a degree that is unknown in any portion of the United States.

When we came to the house where we expected to find our horses, we nearly stumbled over them, as they were lying only a few yards from the door. We succeeded, after some difficulty, in securing them.—And then, after some further trouble, (as it was near twelve o'clock,) we aroused the family. The toils and fatigues of the day were now rewarded with a good old-fashioned Buckeye supper and a comfortable bed, the first I had occupied since my arrival in Texas.

AMBITION.—The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom.

A COMPLAINT.

I NEVER more shall ask thy smile,
Nor fear thy lowering frown,
For all thy dark envenom'd gulle
Is now too truly known.
'Tis almost joy to think how deep
And dark will be that festering sleep,
To which thy steps go down.

A cankering thought within the core
Of my sad heart is nursed;
A struggling impulse, evermore
To call thy name accur'd—
Upon thy life to imprecate
A destiny of scorn and hate,
The bitterest and the worst.

It is not that the ill which spring
From earthly time or source,
Have power my wary soul to fling
From its determined course:
It shall not fall, it shall not fall—
Its inborn might shall only quail
To an immortal force.

But stinging pain and passion grow
Even as the rankling thorn,
And grief at last will dim the brow,
However sternly borne;
The heart will feel the blight of fate,
And grow most cold and desolate,
Even in its pride and scorn.

And yet one last and living hope,
Still teaches to forbear,
And gives my spirit strength to cope
With its consuming care,
And lightens all its gloomy lot,
And curbs its dark and bitter thought,
And makes it strong to bear.

I shall find refuge in the dust,
From wrong, and wrath, and crime,
And rest, with an unwavering trust,
Until that Power Sublime,
Who gave my struggling spirit life,
Shall save it from this fiery strife,
In His eternal time.

O. C.

THE PARTED.

In the hush of the night, in the sheen of the day,
Alike are the scenes of the past ever near:
Not a dream can illumine the gloom of our way,
But the forms of the loved and the parted appear.

Oh! well may we hope when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, passing on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

Aren.

THE COMMON ROAD SYSTEM IN OHIO.

AN Ohio road is a thing well known the world over, and sincerely abhorred by all its acquaintances. Our highways still furnish a standing subject for the outré comparisons of the wag, and boundless occupation for the most forcible oaths of the traveler, and the stage driver. Even in the sober halls of legislation, they have not escaped. It is related of our own Assembly, that a member made the application of the thousandth road company, for an incorporation, the occasion to insert a condition that its road should not *exceed* forty feet in *depth*, on pain of forfeiture.

Our public men, however, began early to consider upon the best method of obtaining good roads, and when the constitution was proposed by the convention of 1802, there was, among the stipulations accompanying our reception as a State, a contemporary agreement with the nation, securing to us, for road purposes, *three per cent.* upon the proceeds of the public lands sold within our territory. Congress felt no difficulty in acceding to the proposition, under the name of a consideration for the exemption from taxation, granted by this State for five years, to all lands sold by the United States. It was, in truth, money well expended by the great proprietor, whether the specified consideration was sufficient or not, and is a fundamental contract, which has been faithfully executed on the part of the General Government. The amount varies with the fluctuations in the purchases, and must soon dwindle away and expire. The receipt into the treasury in 1837, from this source, was \$21,200, and, added to the *undrawn balance* of \$58,030, in the treasury at the close of the previous year, gave, for distribution in 1837, \$79,773.

By the act of February 11, 1832, the county commissioners are authorized to draw "equally" upon this fund, and to expend it on the roads and bridges within the county. Only \$58,012 was drawn on the 15th of November, 1837, leaving, as before, a balance unappropriated, of \$21,761. Another resource is furnished by direct taxation. The 20th section of a law, dated March 4, 1831, empowers the commissioners to levy a tax, for county expenses, and "for road purposes." By the 22d section, the amount is restricted to *one mill* on the dollar, where the valuation is

over \$1,500,000, and may not exceed *three*, when it falls below that sum.

But it does not appear to have been thought competent for the commissioners to apply money raised under this law, to bridge "purposes." Accordingly, special acts have been called for and allowed in many counties, empowering them to raise money to erect bridges. The share of the three per cent. fund in the hands of the commissioners is apparently applicable either to roads or bridges, and the repair of them. The Committee on Finance of the Senate, calculate the average of the county road tax at *two mills* per dollar, which, upon ninetyone millions of dollars, the grand levy of the State, is one hundred and eighty thousand dollars per annum.

All males, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, are required to perform *two* day's labor, in each year, upon the roads of their proper townships.

The township is divided by the trustees into a sufficient number of road districts, and at the annual town meeting, a "supervisor" is elected for each. The penalty for non-attendance is fixed at one dollar per day; and the county road tax may be discharged by labor, under the direction of the supervisor, at the rate of seventy-five cents per diem.

The fines and penalties are applied to the roads of the district where they became due. The road tax, not liquidated by labor, is returned by the county treasurer to the township treasurer, and expended within its limits. The fixed annual revenue for public highways is, therefore, by county tax, \$182,000; by the poll tax, about 360,000 day's work; and by the 3 per cent. fund, a fluctuating sum, after the present surplus is drawn, of about \$20,000 per annum, or \$266 per county.

The county tax, if counted by labor, amounts to 242,666 days.

The area of the State will give 1,100 townships of 6 miles square, and the average of traveled road will probably never much exceed 50 miles each, or 55,000 miles in all. Probably not *one half* of that distance is now open and worked; but, allowing it to be 30,000 miles, there are almost 600,000 day's labor dedicated to their improvement; which furnishes, besides voluntary contributions, twenty men, one day, for each mile.

The Legislature has, moreover, incorporated a formidable list of road companies,

some of whom have constructed roads, lessening somewhat the aggregate of public highways, to which the general road revenue is appropriated.

In the present system, the great characteristic is, the local or limited application of the labor. There is no fund for the support of extended lines of road, and no means of accumulating force upon the important routes. Each district naturally bestows attention to the road within its limits, which accommodates the majority of the inhabitants of that subdivision of the township. A leading communication is not likely to obtain aid, from the fact that it is a main channel of foreign travel.

The promotion of companies has been encouraged to remove this difficulty, but the stock is so bad that very few of them make an investment. In the spring of 1837, a general law was enacted relative to public works, in which turnpike roads were especially favored. By it a previous subscription of one half the estimated cost, and an expenditure of one-fourth the subscription is necessary to obtain the subscription of the State's stock. The practical effect of this law is, that none but the thickly settled and wealthy districts being able to comply with the conditions, the newly inhabited portions where road expenditures are most needed, participate less in its benefits in proportion to their contributions, than in any other public communications. Of six turnpikes, to which the governor subscribed last year, \$461,699, four lead to and all concentrate upon the largest city in the state, Cincinnati.

All expedients to promote the great ends have not, as yet, secured the object.

The money and labor at present available, if capable of a general control and a judicious concentration, would go far to remove the difficulty without at all increasing the burdens of the people. But the original construction or opening of a western road is of little consequence, provided no means of repair are at hand. The old saw of the "stitch in time" is strikingly applicable to our high roads. They are destitute of that *constant watchfulness* which is considered indispensable for the preservation of the best McAdam turnpikes. Without this hourly care the best stone road would soon become an impassible slough. When a defect presents itself, it is instantly remedied or the travel thrown aside upon the sound parts before the cavity

is enlarged. What might not be effected by such treatment on our common roads? A public highway, when the supervisor has expended the labor of his district for the season, is abandoned for the space of a year. Before that period expires, and it is again his duty to pass along the road, a small depression in the track which a shovel full of earth might have made solid and smooth, has become a deep and perhaps a dangerous "mud hole." A bridge of the value of \$1000, may have been exposed to rot in its most important timbers, for the want of a board or a nail, to protect it. It is here perhaps, that deterioration by neglect is most apparent. A structure capable of twenty years existence, is often at the end of four or five years sinking beneath its own weight, a terror instead of a convenience to the traveler.

In the matter of common schools, it has been found necessary to establish a general superintendence, in order to give the system effect. Under the old system of dispersed and disconnected effort and endless division of responsibility, the results did not answer public expectations. The regulating care of one man at \$1200 per year, has raised the school system in Ohio to an enviable position in the eyes of the American people. Would not a similar superintendence of Highways and Bridges be productive of equal advantages? Next to education it is the most important subject of public policy. The comfort and prosperity of every citizen is directly affected by the condition of the roads. It is not a matter of remote interest, or mere state pride, but comes home to the immediate perception of all as a tangible thing. As a financial concern, the disbursement of \$500,000 of money and labor is worthy being reduced to system and made the subject of annual accountability.

x.

LIBERTY.—Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed. The degree of restraint it is impossible in any case to settle precisely. But it ought to be the constant aim of every wise public council, to find out, by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavors, with how little, not how much, of this restraint the community can subsist. For liberty is a good to be improved, and not an evil to be lessened.—*Burke.*

INTERNAL TRADE.

Not having before my eyes the fear of men, "who (in the language of Gouverneur Morris) with too much pride to study and too much wit to think, undervalue what they do not understand, and condemn what they do not comprehend," I venture the prediction that within one hundred years from this time, Cincinnati will be the greatest city in America; and by the year of our Lord two thousand, the greatest city in the world. "How wild," says an eastern friend: "How can Cincinnati situated nearly a thousand miles from the sea, almost in the very center of the continent, rival our great sea-ports, Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New-Orleans." Not so fast, my friend, perhaps it may be worth while to look to the source of your opinion, and then permit me to explain how an eastern man may be mistaken, though all his countrymen sustain his opinion. Until quite recently, the whole weight of population in these States lay along the Atlantic shore, on and near its tide waters, and a great proportion of their wealth was connected with foreign commerce, carried on through their sea-ports. These being at once the centers of domestic and foreign trade—grew rapidly—and constituted all the large towns of the country. The inference was thence drawn, that, as all our towns of greatest size were connected with foreign commerce, this constituted the only source of wealth; and that large cities could grow up no where but on the shores of the salt sea. Such had been the experience of the Americans, and the opinion founded on it was adhered to after the situation of the country in regard to trade and commerce had materially altered. It has not until lately occurred, even to many well informed statesmen, that the internal trade of this country has become, by far, more extensive, important and profitable than the foreign. In what ratio the former exceeds the latter it is impossible now to ascertain, as it has not, unfortunately, been considered one of the appropriate duties of the general government to collect the facts on which a knowledge of our internal industry and trade, to be accurate, must be based.

The annual production of the industry of Massachusetts has been ascertained to be of the value of about one hundred millions of dollars. If the industry of the

whole nation were equally productive, its yearly value would be about twenty three hundred millions, (2,300,000,000) but as we know that capital is not so abundantly united with labor in many portions of the country as in Massachusetts, it would be an over estimate to make that State the basis for the whole nation.

Fifteen hundred millions is, probably, near the actual amount of our yearly earnings. Of this amount about five hundred millions is consumed and used where it is earned, without being exchanged. The balance—being one thousand millions, constitutes the subjects of exchange, and the articles that make up the domestic trade and foreign commerce of the United States. Of these the value of those which enter into our foreign commerce is on an average less than one hundred millions. For the fiscal year ending on the 30th of September last, the exports of all kinds of domestic growth were between ninety-five and ninety-six millions. This will leave upwards of nine hundred millions, or more than nine tenths, for our domestic or internal trade. Supposing, then, some of our marts to be only adapted to foreign commerce, and, others exclusively confined to domestic trade, the latter would have nine times as much business as the former, and should, in consequence be nine times as large. Although we have no great marts that do not, in some degree, partake of both, yet we have those whose situations particularly adapt them to the one or the other; and I wish it constantly borne in mind that an adaptation to *internal trade*—other things being equal—is worth nine times as much as an adaptation to foreign commerce. It may be said, and with truth, that our great sea-ports have great advantages for domestic as well as for foreign trade. Since the peace of Europe left every nation free to use its own navigation, the trade of our Atlantic coast has, doubtless, been five times as great as that carried on with foreign nations;—as its tonnage has been somewhat greater, and the number of voyages at least five to one of the foreign.

Now, what is the extent and quality of that coast, compared to the navigable river and lake coasts of the west: we will see. From the mouth of the St. Croix to Sandy Hook, the soil, in general, though sterile, is well peopled, and in a pretty good state of cultivation. In extent, in-

cluding bays, inlets, and both shores of navigable rivers, and excluding Cape Cod, which is nothing but a sand beach, this coast may be estimated at nine hundred miles. From Sandy Hook to Norfolk, including both shores of Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and their navigable inlets, and excluding the barren shore to Cape May, the coast may be computed at nine hundred miles more. And from Norfolk to the Sabine, there is a barren coast of upwards of two thousand miles, bordered, most of the way, by a sandy desert, the average width of which is not less than one hundred miles. Over this desert must be transported most of the produce and merchandise, the transit and exchange of which, constitute the trade of this coast. This barrier of nature must lessen its trade, probably, as much as one-half. It will be a liberal allowance to say, that four thousand miles of navigable coast are afforded to our navigation by the Atlantic ocean and Gulf of Mexico. Of this, only about two thousand five hundred miles, to wit, from Passamaquoddy to St. Mary's, can be said to have contributed much to the building of our great Atlantic ports. To the trade of this coast, then, are we to attribute five-sixths of the growth and business of Portland, Salem, Boston, Providence, New-York, Albany, Troy, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Edenton, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, and a host of smaller cities and towns. Perhaps it will be said, that foreign trade is more profitable, in proportion to its amount, than domestic. But is this likely? Will not the New-York merchant be as apt to make a good bargain with a Georgian as with an Englishman, or of Lancashire? Or is it an advantage to trade to have the wide obstacle of the Atlantic in its way? Do distance, and difficulty, and risk, and danger, tend to promote commercial intercourse and profitable trade? If so, the Alleghanies are a singular blessing to the commercial men of our valley. "But," says our eastern friend, "it is the foreign commerce that brings all the wealth to the country, and sets in motion most of the domestic trade." We will see. During the last fiscal year, foreign trade brought us seventeen millions of pounds of tea; eighty-eight millions of pounds of coffee; silk goods to the value of near sixteen millions of dollars; worsteds and linens, to the value of upwards of eight

millions; woollen goods, about five millions; manufactures of iron and steel, upwards of twelve millions; watches, parts of watches, and precious stones, near two millions; wines, three millions and a half; spirits, a million and a half; sugar, upwards of seven millions; cigars, a million and a quarter; wheat, upwards of four millions; molasses, three and a half millions; cotton goods, upwards of ten millions; and china and porcelain, near two millions. Such are the leading articles of an import of one hundred and forty millions, of which twenty-one millions were re-exported. Now, I would ask, is it the eating, drinking, wearing, and using the above enumerated articles that make us rich, or is it the raising the means of paying for them, that possesses this tendency? Far be it from me to deny the advantages of foreign commerce. Some of the articles above enumerated as introduced by it, add much to our substantial comfort, such as woollen and cotton goods, sugar and molasses; and others, such as iron and steel, with most of their manufactures, give much aid to our advancing arts. But I am so much of a western man as to believe, that these would be just as valuable to us, if produced in the factories of Dayton, on the plantations of Louisiana, and in the furnaces, forges, and workshops of Pennsylvania; and I cannot, for the life of me, understand why the dealing in those of foreign growth and manufacture, should have a tendency to enrich, while the dealing in the same articles of home growth and manufacture, have no such tendency.

A disposition to attribute the rapid increase of wealth, in commercial nations, mainly to foreign commerce, is not altogether peculiar to our eastern brethren; for I find it combatted, as a dangerous fallacy, by distinguished writers on political economy; particularly by Hume and Chalmers. The former maintains that the only way in which foreign commerce tends to enrich a country is by presenting tempting articles of luxury, and thereby stimulating the industry of those in whom a desire to purchase is thus excited: *the augmented industry of the nation being the only gain.* Dr. Chalmers says that "Foreign trade is not the creator of any economic interest; it is but the officiating minister of our enjoyments. Should we consent to forego these enjoyments, then, at the bidding of our will, the whole strength,

at present embarked in the service of procuring them, would be transferred to other services, to the extension of the home trade; to the enlargement of our national establishments; to the service of defense, or conquest, or scientific research, or christian philanthropy." Again: "The extent of our foreign trade is, in fact, limited by the means, or by the extent, of human maintenance in the hands of our inland consumers." Speaking of the foolish purpose of Bonaparte to cripple Britain by destroying her foreign trade, and its utter failure of effect, he says: "The truth is, that the extinction of foreign trade, in one quarter, was almost immediately followed up, either by the extension of it in another quarter, or by the extension of the home trade." "Even had every outlet abroad been obstructed, then, instead of a transference from one foreign market to another, there would just be a universal reflux towards a home market that would be extended in precise proportion with every successive abridgment which took place in our external commerce." "The destruction of our intercourse with any foreign land, between which and ourselves a prosperous and satisfactory trade may now be going on, will but stop an outlet for our commodities, and an inlet for theirs; but will not destroy the maintenance which, through a process already explained, now passes from the consumers of our imports to the manufacturers of our exports. It will influence the direction of our industry, but not the amount of it; and leave to the industrious as good a wage and as liberal a maintenance as before." "The imports and the exports mutually limit and determine each other; and, generally speaking, whatever foreign trade a country can support, it is not in virtue of an originating force from without, but in virtue of an inherent ability that resides and has its origin within the territory."

If these principles are true in their application to the British isles—small in territory—not naturally fertile, and presenting numerous natural obstacles to constructions for the promotion of internal commerce; and moreover located at the door of the richest nations of the world, with how much greater force do they apply to our country—having a territory twenty times as large, unrivalled natural means of intercommunication, with few obstacles to their

indefinite multiplication by the hand of man; a fertility of soil not equalled by the old world, growing within its boundaries nearly all the productions of all the climes of the earth, and situated three thousand miles from her nearest commercial neighbor.

Will it be said, that, admitting the chief agency in building up great cities, to belong to internal industry and trade—it remains to be proved that New-York, and the other great Atlantic ports, will feel less of the beneficial effects of this agency than Cincinnati and other western towns? To most men, familiar with the geography and condition of the country, and having a tolerable knowledge of political economy, any facts or reasoning to sustain the superior claims in this respect, of our cis-montane towns, would be superfluous.

But, it is presumed that this article may meet the eyes of many whose thoughts have not, before, been particularly called to the subject, and whose will is not already predetermined against conviction. It should be borne in mind, then, that the "*North American Valley*," as bounded by Mr. Curry, in his late able article on that subject, embraces the climate, soils and minerals, usually found distributed among many nations. From the northern shores of the upper lakes, and the highest navigable points of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to the Gulf of Mexico, nearly all the agricultural articles which contribute to the enjoyment of civilized man, are now produced, or may be produced, in profusion. The north will send to the south most of its surplus of grain, flour, provisions, including the delicate fish of the lakes, horses, and the fruits of a temperate climate,—in exchange for the sugar, rice, cotton, and the fruits of the warm south.—These are but a few of the articles, the produce of the soil, which will be the subjects of commerce in this valley. The intelligent reader, whose vision can stretch a few years into our future agricultural condition, may easily supply the deficiency. Of mineral productions, which, at no distant day, will greatly tend to swell the tide of internal commerce, it will suffice merely to mention coal, iron, salt, lead, and marble. Will Boston, or New-York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or New-Orleans, be the point selected by us for the interchange of these products? Or shall we choose some convenient central point

for these great exchanges? Some persons may be found, perhaps, who will claim this for New-Orleans, but the experience of the past, more than the reason of the thing, will not bear them out. Cincinnati has now more white inhabitants than that out-port, although her first street was laid out, and her first log-house raised, long after New-Orleans had been known as an important place of trade, and when she was already known as a considerable city; and although Cincinnati has had powerful, and, measurably, successful rivals to contend with, in the concentration of internal trade.

It is imagined by some, that the destiny of this valley has fixed it down to the almost exclusive pursuit of agriculture, ignorant that, as a general rule, in all ages of the world, and in all countries, the mouths go to the food, and not the food to the mouths. Dr. Chalmers says, "the bulkiness of food forms one of those forces in the economic machine, which tends to equalize the population of every land with the products of its own agriculture. It does not restrain disproportion and excess in all cases; but in every large state it will be found, that wherever an excess obtains, it forms but a very small fraction of the whole population." "Each trade must have an agricultural basis to rest upon; for, in every process of industry, the first and greatest necessity is, that the workmen shall be fed." Again: "Generally speaking, the *ex-crescent*, (by which he means the population over and above that which the agriculture of the country can feed,) bears a very minute proportion to the natural population of a country; and almost nowhere does the commerce of a nation over-leap, but by a very little way, the basis of its own agriculture." The Atlantic States, and particularly the eastern States, claim that they are to become the seats of the manufactures with which we are to be supplied; that mechanics, and artizans, and manufacturers, are not to select for their place of business the section in which the means of living are most abundant, and their manufactured articles in greatest demand; but the section which is most deficient in those means, and to which their food and fuel must, during their lives, be transported hundreds and thousands of miles, and the products of their labor be sent back the same long road for a market.

But this claim is neither sanctioned by reason, authority, nor experience. The mere statement exhibits it as unreasonable. Dr. Chalmers maintains that the "ex-crescent" population could not in Britain, even, with a free trade in bread-stuffs, exceed one-tenth of all the inhabitants; and Britain, be it remembered, is nearer the granaries of the Baltic than is New-England to the granaries of our valley; and has also greatly the advantage over the latter in the diminished expense of transportation. But the eastern States have already nearly, if not quite, attained to the maximum ratio of ex-crescent population, and cannot therefore greatly augment her manufactures, without a correspondent increase in agricultural production.

Most of the countries distinguished for manufactures have first laid the foundation in a highly improved agriculture.—England, the north of France, and Belgium, all naturally fertile, have a more productive husbandry than any other region of the same extent. In these same countries are also to be found the most efficient and extensive manufacturing establishments of the whole world; and it is not to be doubted that the abundance of food was the chief cause of setting them in motion. How is it that a like cause, operating here, will not produce a like effect? Have we not, in addition to our prolific agriculture, as many and as great natural aids for manufacturing, as any other country? Are we deficient in water-power? Look at Niagara river and falls, where all the waters of the St. Lawrence basin fall three hundred and thirty-five feet in the distance of thirty-six miles. Look at the falls in the outlet of Lake Superior, amounting to forty-four feet; and the falls of St. Anthony. Survey, also, the immense power of the water-falls in our large rivers over all our northern region; and, above all, do not fail to take into your estimate the numerous great rivers on our eastern border, each of which falls hundreds of feet in its descent westward from the Alleghanies. Most of these falls are situated near water transportation, and when they shall be fully employed in propelling machinery—why—I will leave it to posterity, living in the year of our Lord three thousand, to provide for the contingency.

And then we have beds of coal of vast extent, throughout the north-eastern and middle portions of the valley, which will

suffice for driving all the steam-engines which may be wanted, even beyond the year 3000 of our era.

Will laborers be wanting? Where food is abundant and cheap, there cannot long be a deficiency of laborers. What brought our ancestors (with the exception of the few who fled from persecution) from the other side of the Atlantic, but the greater abundance of the means of subsistence on this side? What other cause has so strongly operated in bringing to our valley the six or seven millions who now inhabit it? The cause continuing, will the effect cease?—While land of unsurpassed fertility remains to be purchased, at a low rate, and the increase of agriculture in the West keeps down the relative price of food; and while the population in the old countries of Europe, and the old States of our confederacy, is so augmenting as to straiten more and more the means of living at home, and at the same time the means of removing from the one to the other, are every year rendering it cheaper, easier, and more speedy; and while, moreover, the new States, in addition to the inducement of cheaper food, now offer a country with facilities of intercourse among themselves greatly improved,—and with institutions civil, political and religious, already established and flourishing,—are farmers, and mechanics, and manufacturers—the young, the active, the enterprising, no longer to be seen pouring into this exuberant valley, and making it,—with their energetic industry, as in times past?

If my readers are satisfied that internal trade must have the chief agency in building up our great American cities, and that the internal trade of the great western valley will be mainly concentrated in the cities situated within its bosom,—they may ask,—how is this valley to furnish trade enough, within itself, to build up Cincinnati, so that, one hundred years from this time, it shall be a greater emporium than New-York? In the first place I answer, that, even now, in the infancy of our growth, with a comparatively sparse population, Cincinnati is growing about as fast as New-York. But let us inquire into the probable relative number of people on the Atlantic slope, and in our valley, at the end of the century which I have allowed for Cincinnati to overtake and surpass New-York.—Since the war of the revolution the

population of our whole country has increased by a greater ratio than thirty-three and one-third per cent. for every period of ten years. Taking that ratio for the increase of the next hundred years, and taking thirteen millions as the number in 1830, the number of our people in 1938 will be upwards of two hundred and eighty-seven millions. From this we will make the liberal allowance of fifty millions to the Atlantic states, and thirty-seven millions to the region west of the Rocky mountains—thus leaving for our valley two hundred millions. The point, then, will be reduced to the plain and easily solved question—whether two hundred millions of inhabitants will build up and sustain greater cities than forty millions. As our valley is in shape more compact than the Atlantic slope, it is more favorable to a great concentration of trade to one point. Whether that point shall be Cincinnati or Louisville or St. Louis or Alton, it would be out of place now to discuss. I have at the outset assumed it to be Cincinnati, because that place having already with its suburbs across the river upwards of forty thousand inhabitants, by connecting my argument with that town, it has, at first blush, a less exaggerated aspect, to the uninitiated, and because it may always maintain the precedence which it justly claims at present. The fact, that all the productions of a warm climate, which will be consumed by the country bordering the Lakes Erie, Huron, Ontario, and perhaps Superior, must be landed and reshipped here, to be forwarded through the Miami canal; and the productions of those lakes sent back through the same channel to the Lower Mississippi and Gulf borders in return, will certainly give it, for a great length of time a decided advantage over its rivals. But I am wandering from the main point. It yet remains to be shown how I can sustain the opinion, that by the year of our Lord two thousand, Cincinnati is to become the greatest city in the world. According to the foregoing estimate that our valley will, one hundred years from this time, number two hundred millions of people, the average per square mile, over its whole extent, would be about one hundred and forty. With all its agricultural capabilities fully developed, it will sustain nearly four times that number, which would raise our numbers up to nearly eight hundred millions.

By lowering the ratio of increase for every ten years after 1940, from thirty-three and a third per cent. to twenty per cent., and calculating the increase upon that ratio up to the year two thousand, the numbers of the whole country will amount to eight hundred and ninety-four millions. During this period of sixty years, it is likely that the ratio of increase will rapidly diminish, but, as it commences with a density of only one hundred and forty to the square mile, twenty per cent. is too low for the first half, and probably as much too high for the last half of the period. I have therefore adopted it as a fair medium.

England, whose surface exhibits a considerable portion unfit for tillage, with a population of two hundred and forty to the square mile, doubles it once in forty-two years, notwithstanding the great emigration thence to other countries. If then, it be allowed, that we are to have seven or eight hundred millions inhabiting this valley, by the year two thousand, and that too mainly of the descendants of Anglo-Americans, is there much room for doubt, that such a population must have for its center of business the greatest city then existing? Is there on the earth, another region of as great extent, so fertile, so furnished with facilities for inter-communication, situated in so good a climate, and in so rapid progress of settlement and improvement by so vigorous and intelligent a population?

Let us now see what facilities for internal commerce nature has bestowed on the west; and we need not, we trust, prove, at the outset, that the bank of a navigable river is at least as favorable for the lading and unlading of produce and merchandize as the shore of the Atlantic, and that the country in its rear can have as ready and as easy access to it for purposes of trade. It will be allowed then, that, for internal trade, the country bordering the Ohio, Mississippi, and other rivers admitting steam navigation, are, at least, as well situated, as if flayed by the waters of an ocean. Cincinnati being in our opinion, as before expressed, the leading city of the great western valley, we choose to connect that particularly with our argument, not doubting, however, that other and very many great towns will grow up on the western waters.

From Pittsburg to Cincinnati, both shores of the Ohio amount to more than nine hun-

dred miles. From Cincinnati to New-Orleans, there is a river coast of the Ohio and Mississippi of more than three thousand miles. The Upper Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio to the falls of St. Anthony, has one thousand six hundred miles of fertile shore. The shores of that part of the Missouri which has been navigated by steam, amount to four thousand miles. One of the numerous tributaries of the Missouri, the Yellow-stone is represented to be as large, and to afford as extensive navigation as the Ohio. The Arkansas and Red rivers, together, have not less extent of steam-boatable waters than the Missouri. The shores of the Illinois, Wabash, Tennessee, Cumberland, St. Francis, White, Wachitta and Des Moines rivers, as far only as those streams can be navigable by large steam-boats, amount to about four thousand miles. Although the above enumeration leaves out a great many streams on which large steam vessels will, at some future day, ply for thousands of miles, it is believed that enough has been brought into this estimate for my purpose. Here, then, are fertile shores falling little short of twenty thousand miles, which can easily be visited by large steam vessels the greater part of the year. According to Mr. Flint, the boatable waters of the Ohio and its tributaries alone, amount to five thousand miles, and those of the Mississippi, including all its tributaries and bayous, are estimated by the same author at forty thousand miles. Taking all these streams together, they probably afford facilities for trade nearly equal in value to the same number of miles of common canals.

What reasonable man, then, having informed himself on the subject, can doubt that, in the midst of these wonderful facilities for trade, with such a soil, and peopled and peopling by the most active and enterprising, and, in some respects, intelligent population on the globe, prodigious cities must here grow up, and with a rapidity having no example on the Atlantic coast. You will look, in vain, on that border for towns exhibiting such rapid advances in wealth and population as Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and Louisville have experienced since 1825. And who can doubt that they will continue to advance in a rapidly increasing ratio, unless Providence, by some unforeseen event, should stop the tide of immigration, and dry up the prolific sources

of increase at home, which, in their wonderful fecundity, seem to insure us, at no distant day, a multitudinous population, independent of foreign supply.

But our interior cities do not depend for their development altogether on the domestic trade; they can partake, with their Atlantic sisters, of the foreign, also; and if, as some seem to suppose, the profits of commerce increase with the distance at which it is carried on, and the difficulties which nature has thrown in its way, the western marts will have the same advantage over their eastern rivals in foreign commerce, which some claim for the latter over the former in our domestic trade. Cincinnati may use the outports of New-Orleans and New-York, as Paris and Vienna use those of Havre and Trieste; and it may come to pass, that steam-ships from Europe will enter our great lakes, and be seen booming up the Mississippi.

To add strength and conclusiveness to the above facts and comments, do our readers ask for examples? They are at hand. The first city mentioned in the Bible is Ninevah, situated on the Tigris, at least seven hundred miles from its mouth. Babylon, built not long after, was also situated far in the interior on the river Euphrates; in the fertile valley of which and of the Tigris, existed the densest population, and of course the greatest cities of that period. Indeed, most of the great cities of antiquity, some of which were of immense extent, were situated in the interior, and mostly in the valleys of large rivers, meandering through rich, alluvial territories; for example, Thebes, Memphis, and Ptolemais, the ancient and once populous capital of Egypt. Other great cities of antiquity were located in the interior, without reference to facilities to commerce by water transportation, as Ecbatana, Palmyra, Balbec, and Jerusalem. Of the cities now known as centers of commerce, a large majority will be found, on examination, to have been built and sustained, almost exclusively, by domestic commerce. What country has so many great cities as China? a country which, until lately, had no foreign commerce with enlightened nations.

For the purpose of bringing the comparison home to the eyes and understandings of all, the outports and interior towns of the world, having a population of fifty thousand and upwards each, are placed

side by side. It should, however, be borne in mind, that many of the great seaports have been built, and are now sustained, almost exclusively, by the trade of the nations, respectively, in which they are situated. Even London, the great mart of the world, is believed to derive much the greatest part of the support of its vast population from its trade with the United Kingdom.

<i>Outports.</i>		<i>Interior Towns.</i>	
London,	1,900,000	Pekin,	1,300,000
Jeddo,	1,300,000	Paris,	900,000
Calcutta,	650,000	Hangtcheou,	600,000
Constantinople,	600,000	Benares,	600,000
St. Petersburg,	500,000	Sutcheon,	600,000
Canton,	500,000	Meaco,	500,000
Madras,	450,000	Nankin,	500,000
Naples,	350,000	Ringtchin,	500,000
Dublin,	300,000	Wootchang,	400,000
New-York,	270,000	Vienna,	350,000
Lisbon,	250,000	Cairo,	350,000
Glasgow,	200,000	Patna,	320,000
Amsterdam,	200,000	Nantchang,	300,000
Bombay,	200,000	Khaifung,	300,000
Liverpool,	200,000	Futchu,	300,000
Philadelphia,	180,000	Lucknow,	300,000
Palermo,	170,000	Moscow,	260,000
Surat,	160,000	Berlin,	260,000
Rio Janeiro,	150,000	Madrid,	200,000
Manilla,	140,000	Delhi,	200,000
Hamburg,	130,000	Aleppo,	200,000
Bristol,	120,000	Mirzapore,	200,000
Marseilles,	120,000	Hyderabad,	200,000
Barcelona,	120,000	Dacca,	200,000
Copenhagen,	120,000	Ispahan,	200,000
Smyrna,	120,000	Yotchu,	200,000
San Salvador,		Suentchu,	200,000
or Bahia,	120,000	Huautchu,	200,000
Havana,	120,000	Manchester,	200,000
Cork,	110,000	Lyons,	180,000
Brussels,	110,000	Mexico,	180,000
Bordeaux,	100,000	Birmingham,	170,000
Venice,	100,000	Moorshedabad,	160,000
Baltimore,	100,000	Milan,	160,000
Tunis,	100,000	Damascus,	150,000
Nantes,	100,000	Cashmere,	150,000
Hue,	100,000	Rome,	150,000
Bangkok,	90,000	Leeda,	140,000
Seville,	90,000	Edinburg,	140,000
Gallipoli,	80,000	Tehexan,	130,000
Genoa,	80,000	Turin,	120,000
Stockholm,	80,000	Prague,	120,000
Boston,	80,000	Warsaw,	120,000
Massalipatan,	75,000	Bagdad,	100,000
Pernambuco,	70,000	Brussa,	100,000
Lima,	70,000	Tocat,	100,000
Greenwich,	70,000	Erzeroun,	100,000
Valencia,	66,000	Poonah,	100,000
Antwerp,	66,000	Nagpore,	100,000
Rotterdam,	66,000	Ahmedabad,	100,000
Limerick,	66,000	Lahore,	100,000
Leghorn,	66,000	Baroda,	100,000
Dantzic,	65,000	Orozein,	100,000
New-Castle,	60,000	Candahar,	100,000
New-Orleans,	60,000	Balfrush,	100,000
Batavia,	60,000	Sheffield,	100,000
Aberdeen,	60,000	Horat,	100,000

Outports.		Interior Towns.	
Cadiz,	53,000	Saigon,	100,000
Hull,	53,000	Breslau,	100,000
Mallaga,	52,000	Adrianople,	100,000
Belfast,	52,000	Kesho,	100,000
Portsmouth,	50,000	Rouen,	90,000
Trieste,	50,000	Toulouse,	90,000
New-Guatamala,	50,000	Indore,	90,000
Muscat,	50,000	Jackato,	80,000
Algiers,	50,000	Tauris,	80,000
Columbo,	50,000	Bucharia,	80,000

Additional Interior Towns.

Gwallior,	80,000	Mecca,	60,000
Florence,	80,000	Mequirez,	60,000
Gallipolia,	80,000	Bungalore,	60,000
Bucharest,	80,000	Burdwan,	60,000
Munich,	80,000	Aurungabad,	60,000
Granada,	80,000	Oldham,	58,000
Ghent,	80,000	Cordova,	57,000
Lassa,	80,000	Verona,	56,000
Cologne,	75,000	Padua,	55,000
Morocco,	75,000	Frankfort,	54,000
Ferruckibad,	70,000	Liege,	54,000
Peashawen,	70,000	Lemberg,	52,000
Quito,	70,000	Stoke,	52,000
Barreilly,	70,000	Kazar,	50,000
Guadalaxara,	70,000	Salford,	50,000
Königsburg,	70,000	Straasburg,	50,000
Turgau,	70,000	Amiens,	50,000
Salonica,	70,000	Kutaiah,	50,000
Bologna,	70,000	Trebizond,	50,000
Boenaserai,	70,000	Orfa,	50,000
Dresden,	70,000	Tariga,	50,000
Lille,	70,000	Cusco,	50,000
Wolverhampton,	70,000	Puebla,	50,000
Norwich,	60,000	Metz,	50,000
Paisley,	60,000	Hague,	50,000
Santiago,	60,000	Bath,	50,000
Perth,	60,000	Nottingham,	50,000
Wilna,	60,000	Constantina,	50,000
Cabul,	60,000	Cairwan,	50,000
Khokhan,	60,000	Gondar,	50,000
Samarcand,	60,000	Ava,	50,000
Resht,	60,000	Rampore,	50,000
Casween,	60,000	Mysore,	50,000
Diarbekir,	60,000	Burdwar,	50,000
Karahissar,	60,000	Boli,	50,000
Mosul,	60,000	Hamah,	50,000
Bassora,	60,000		

If it be said, that the discoveries of the polarity of the magnetic needle, the continent of America, and a water passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, have changed the character of foreign commerce, and placed the towns engaged in it, in a much more favorable condition, than those of the same class previous to those events, it may be replied, that the introduction of steam in coast and river navigation, and of canals and railroads, to connect and bring into easy communication the most distant portions of the most extended continents, together with a wonderfully improved system of road-making, are still more potent causes for the advancement of internal trade.

The introduction of steamboats on rivers, and the construction of canals, railways, and McAdamized roads, being of recent date, have not yet had time to produce the great results which they are inevitably destined to effect. The last ten years have been devoted to the construction of those labor-saving instruments of commerce, during which period, more has been done to facilitate internal trade, than had been effected for the thousands of years since the creation of man. These great machines are but just beginning to be used; but who will cast his vision so far into the future, and embrace with it a horizon so wide, as to comprehend their effects within the North American Valley, when their energies shall have been brought to bear over all its surface? In comparing the external with the internal commerce of other parts of the world, it should also be borne in mind, that, while many countries have territories bordering the ocean greatly superior to our Atlantic slope, no one government has an interior at all worthy a comparison with ours.

It will be observed, that, in speaking of the natural facilities for trade in "the North American Valley," I have left out of view the four or five thousand miles of rich and accessible coasts of our great lakes, and their connecting straits. The trade of these inland seas, and its connection with that of the Mississippi Valley, are deemed to be subjects too important to be treated only incidentally in an article of so general a nature as this. At some other time, (if they are not previously discussed by an abler hand,) I shall probably communicate some facts and observations thereupon.

The subject of our internal trade cannot but be viewed as of vast importance; and the writer is as well aware as the most fastidious reader can be, that the foregoing remarks upon it have fallen far short of its merits; but his object will have been accomplished, if his views, as herein expressed, serve to awaken the attention of reflecting men, and to urge them to a more thorough examination of its bearing on the prosperity and happiness of our glorious republic.

Maumee, Ohio.

J. W. S.

To the low-minded, the slightest necessity becomes an invincible necessity.—*Burke.*

A PORTRAIT.

I know not what that artist's name,
 Though high upon the scroll of fame,
 Whose glowing pencil loved to paint
 Its portraits in that pensive mood,
 Which sometimes makes us deem a saint
 From Heaven before the canvass stood.
 The cheek reclines upon the hand,
 The snowy fingers wandering
 Midst raven tresses, gently fann'd
 By the light zephyr's fairy wing.
 And, fairer than the drifted snow,
 A polish'd arm is seen below
 Whose fallen drapery displays
 The circling current's azure maze,
 Playing beneath a covering,
 More fragile than an insect's wing.

Such,—and the thought came sweetly o'er me,—
 Such is the portrait now before me.
 The eye was calm, and full, and dark,
 And though its fire was well repress'd,
 I thought there was a lingering spark,
 Which passion long subdued confem'd.
 I mean not passion, such as earth
 May claim for every vulgar eye;
 But that high feeling which bath birth
 In the soul's conscious dignity:
 That hidden spirit which can throw
 Its fire into the gentlest smile,
 And make the heart that seeks it know
 A something more than love the while.
 For there was that around her thrown,
 Which is not oft to mortals given,
 As though her spirit scorn'd to own
 That with itself it e'er had striven.

I marked the lip, which, tremblingly,
 Now seemed to smile or seemed to chide,
 Just as the deep and melting eye,
 Floating above it, should decide.
 And there was something in its glance
 Which fix'd the heart where'er it found it,
 As fearful, if it should advance,
 To break the magic spell that bound it.

* * * * *

She seemed not listless of the scene,
 But I could gather from her mien,
 That her free spirit long'd to fly
 Far from its dull monotony,
 To mingle in a higher sphere
 Than fate hath cast around us here.
 The purple current was not seen
 Distinctly on her cheek, but then
 I thought the paleness of that cheek
 Gave deeper lustre to an eye
 Whose liquid light was wont to break
 On all around so meltingly,
 That e'en the languor of its glance
 But added to the fairy spell

Which bound the gazer in a trance
 Deeper than pen of mine may tell.
 Hers seemed a very woman's soul,
 And well she knew that bearing high.

* * * * *

ARTHUR.

ON THE DEATH OF MY GOLD-FISH.

Gone, in thy golden prime,
 Dead, in this Autumn time!
 Death should have left thee still to be
 Sharer of lonely hours with me.
 But stealing, unseen, the earth around,
 Death walks alike on the deep profound,
 And over the hills where the sunbeams fall,
 Touching, and tingling, and blighting all.

And thee,—bright tinted skimmer
 Of the lake's light curling wave;
 Thou golden-spangled swimmer,
 I bear thee to thy grave;
 Down in the pebbles of the free
 And shadow'd stream, 'neath the beechen tree.—
 Where the golden shells, in the day's decline,
 Around the place of thy rest shall shine,
 And the dancing waves, and the wind's low song,
 Go sweeping and sounding the whole day long.
 Thy splendor-shedding livery won
 A favorite's name for thee:
 I deemed not that the dust so soon
 Upon its sheen would be.

Away, afar, on a stranger's shore,
 Away from thy bright birth-lake,
 Thy glistening scales shall dance no more,
 Nor thy fins of silver shake.
 Rude hands have prison'd thee, and dimm'd
 The lustre of thy hues, that gleam'd
 So magically, with varied tint,
 Like sparkling gems in Jewell'd flint.

And now thy life has pass'd away,
 As 'twere a dream, a star-light ray,
 A glimpse of beauty—a gleam of light—
 A rain-bow brilliance,—or the sight
 Of some fair vision—or the glow
 Of fire-flies, as through night they go.
 Beautiful thou wast while living,
 Beautiful thou art in death.

Pleasure-loving, pleasure giving—
 Fleeting as a passing breath.

O man's a selfish being! Birds that pour
 Their gleeful notes the wild woods o'er—
 The twinkling swimmer, that lightly wins
 Its way through the waters with flashing fins—
 The forest beast—the wild and tame—
 All yield their freedom to his claim;
 And wronged, and bound by human right,
 And plunder'd of their wild birth-right,
 For his cupidity or pleasure,
 Spend wearily their life's brief measure.

J. W. W.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION*

To us the most interesting portion in the first-named of these publications, is the account Mr. Porter gives of the progress of our means of transportation, chiefly within the last twenty or thirty years. The world has seen nothing like it before; and we can scarcely expect that it ever will again, since the period includes, among other things, the entire history of the practical application of steam to navigation. Much the same may be said of the railways, for, as Mr. Porter remarks, those which existed previous to 1800 were, without exception, private undertakings, and comparatively small ones, each being "confined to the use of the establishment—generally a colliery—in which it occurred;" the public works are all creations of the present century. In 1801, the first Act of Parliament for the construction of a public railway was passed. Since that time, nearly two hundred have followed it; and among these enterprises there are three, of which alone the estimated cost—and they are expected to be finished during the present season—amounts to about *nine millions sterling!*

On the water, the triumphs of modern art and enterprise have been still more conspicuous. Thirty years ago, Fulton, after witnessing Mr. Miller's experiments on the Forth and Clyde Canal, succeeded in really establishing a steam-boat on the river Hudson, between New-York and Albany, a distance of about 150 miles. His speed was only six or seven miles the hour; but how astounding must it have

been to the unbelieving and jesting crowds on the river-side who witnessed the commencement of the project, when they were compelled to acknowledge its execution. We have heard it lately stated that, of the two members of a leading New-York firm in these times, one started for Albany and the other for Bristol on the same day—each by sailing-packet—and, each being sixteen days on the voyage, the passage to Europe was accomplished in the same time with that between the "commercial metropolis" of the new world and the legislative capital of the same State. Mr. Porter enumerates thirty-nine steam-boats as now belonging to the port of New-York. Our own inquiries may be more recent, and a year or two is a matter of some moment in these matters, especially in America, where the whole aspect of their kaleidoscope society changes as it were at a jar, almost while the book of the man who undertakes to describe it is going through the press: we should set down about sixty steamboats for New-York. A daily journal from that busy emporium, now before us, speaks of the starting of some ten or a dozen, for Albany, at the same hour, and of an equal number seen meanwhile crossing the water in various other directions: most of them, be it considered, boats that may well be called "floating palaces." And again, looking to the interior of that country—a country that would seem almost to have been made for steam-boat navigation, even more than steam-navigation for it—what a spectacle do we there behold of victorious science, energy, and art, making, it would seem, their proud triumphal marches their "progresses!" Instinct with all but life,

"Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Splash, splash, across the sea;"

every where rejoicingly rushing on, as if, with all their flying flags and noisy engines of speed, themselves to celebrate the advent of that civilization which they do

*The leading article in the Select Miscellany of our last number, our readers will recollect, was on the subject of the Steam-Boat. As was intimated in our note upon that article, we here present the able article of the Foreign Quarterly, on the subject of Atlantic Steam Navigation, constituting a review of three several works, two of which were written by G. R. Porter, and one by S. Revans.—EDS. HESPERIAN.

so much to extend. There are now about forty *American* steam-boats on Lake Erie alone. On the Mississippi waters, where, twenty years since, there was no such thing as a regular *line* known, there are now 300 boats at the smallest calculation; we have, indeed, seen the number rated nearly twice as high. Twenty-five years ago, the adventurer who thought of ascending the mighty stream of the "*Father of Waters*" prepared himself for a sort of campaign. His packet might tarry at some village on the banks, for wood and water, or a frolic, longer than he would now be in the entire voyage from New-Orleans to Cincinnati. The distance up from Louisville to the city just named, (where it is no unusual thing to see twenty or thirty steam-boats lying together)—itself, one may say, a product of this same steam-navigation—is about 150 miles, and is commonly accomplished, we believe, like the same distance between New-York and Albany, in ten hours. We have before us an authentic paragraph announcing the arrival of a boat in twenty-six hours down to Cincinnati, from Wheeling, 400 miles, on the other side. What a conception do even these trifles give us of the importance of the revolution introduced by the use of steam in navigation, and especially to a population and a country having at once such necessities and such capacities for it as those of the United States.

Returning homeward, in this island, where in 1812 we had but a single steam-boat—a small shabby concern called the *Comet*, running between Glasgow and Greenock—in 1836 there were 388. Mr. Porter estimates the whole number in the British empire at 500; but he does not take notice of Government steamers, and the general catalogue must have been largely increased since his tables were made out. The immense amount of "*duty*" done by these craft—the vast share they have thus suddenly taken up of the commerce of the country—is in a far greater ratio to that of other navigations than even these numbers indicate; for, while the latter is of necessity subject to great delays and long periods of idleness, it is of the very nature of the former never to lie still. It was testified, two years since, before a committee of the House of Commons, that more than a million of passengers, including those to and from Gravesend,

passed Blackwall annually in steam-vessels; and it is a good illustration of one of the multifarious, social, and economical effects of the introduction of this grand invention, that probably ninety-nine hundredths of this multitude are induced to all this locomotion by the mere facility of it; the amount of the journeying by land, up and down the Thames, being, meanwhile rather increased than lessened. The whole character of a nation may well be essentially affected by such an operation as this going on at once, as it is, in every part of its dominions. There are, at this hour, scarcely two ports in the United Kingdom, of any consideration, between which steam-boats do not regularly ply. In 1818, the most sanguine never dreamed of their being available for much more than inland navigation, with here and there a little circumspect sallying out and skirmishing along the curves of the coast, (something after the style of the ancients.) Who could then have conceived that, in 1838, the time-honored and world-renowned dynasty of *sailing* navigation would have been so ruthlessly overthrown by these most irresistible of all revolutionists; that not for purposes of travel only, but, in a great measure, for those of trade, (in all the least bulky articles of commerce,) the new system should have entirely usurped the place of the old? Who could have believed that, by this medium, would be maintained our regular communication with all the neighboring ports on the continent, and through them with Europe at large? that every week at least—in some cases, daily—London boats would be visiting Hamburg, Holland, Belgium, the French coast, Lisbon, and Cadiz? that steam-ships would have compassed, on one hand, the whole 10,000 miles of the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, while overland advices, by help of the same marvelous agency, were traveling from London to Bombay in between forty and fifty days? that, adding a bit of a railroad between Cairo and Suez, (eight miles,) and driving the dromedaries off the line, (Porter, p. 55,) people would be "*calculating*" upon sending light goods from Bombay to Marseilles in thirty days? and that, finally, the same dauntless, "*triply-mailed*," enterprise which has wrought all these wonders, more and more impatient of any limits to its range round the globe, more and more emboldened by its success,

should rush forth at length on the broad Atlantic itself, reducing by one-half, at a single move, the long, long, laborious distance which Columbus found, and which has ever since continued, between the Old World and the New?

The effect of this achievement is by no means easily to be described or foreseen. Even the Americans, with all their reputation as a self-possessed and considering people, have displayed unwonted raptures and antics on occasion of the first arrival of the *Sirius* and *Great Western* at New York—quite as much so as our Bristol neighbors on their return; and we are not sure that either party is to be blamed for it. We are not sure that the former are far out of their 'reckoning' when they speak of this as a new epoch in the history of the world. We can enter into the feelings of the myriads who crowded the wharfs at New York when the English boats were hourly expected—when, finally, after days of almost breathless watching, (which, to fearful spirits, might well have afforded some pretext for disbelieving the new scheme—some excuse for casting even ridicule on it after all,) at length, on the morning of *St. George's Day*, the doubts, the fears, the scorn, were alike destined to be removed for ever from the mind of every living creature (even, we dare say—but let us say it with due deference—from that of Dr. Lardner himself:) for now appears a long dim train of distant smoke, in a somewhat unaccustomed direction;—it rises and lowers presently, like a genius in the Arabian Nights, portending something prodigious;—by-and-bye, the black prow of a huge steam-boat dashes round the point of some green island in that beautiful harbor—

'Against the wind, against the tide,
Steadying with upright keel.'

It was worth something to be a passenger in one of these fortunate boats at this moment. We have before us the journal kept by one of the favored few on board the *Great Western*. From the time of crossing the bar of the harbor, all her 'poles' were set aloft, and flags gaily streaming at each,—the foreign ensign at the gaff, and at the fore a combination of the British and American,—and "at 3 p. m. (the narrative continues) we passed the narrows, opening the bay of New York, sails all furled, and the engines at their topmost speed. The city reposed in the

distance—scarcely discernable. As we proceeded, an exciting scene awaited us: coming abreast of Bradlow's Island, we were saluted by the fort with twenty-six guns (the number of the States;)—we were taking a festive glass on deck. The health of the British Queen had just been proposed—the toast drunk—and, amid the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The effect was electrical;—down came the colors, and a burst of exultation arose, in the midst of which the President's health was proposed. The city now grew distinct: masts, buildings, spires, trees, streets were discerned;—the wharfs appeared, black with myriads of the population hurrying down, at the signal of the telegraph, to every point of view. And then came shoals of boats—the whole harbor covered with them;—and now the new-comer reaches the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in North River, gay with flowing steamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, paddle-boxes, rigging, masthead high. We passed round her, giving and receiving three hearty cheers;—then turned towards the battery. Here myriads again were collected;—boats crowded round us in countless confusion;—flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long, enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done."

So much for the first transports; we cannot doubt that time, experience, and reflection will confirm the general estimate of the importance of this achievement, which, we may say, is now barely beginning to be made, and that chiefly in a mere mercantile and immediate view. This view itself, however, it must be allowed—waiving for the present all farther projections into futurity—is sufficiently exciting, especially to the Americans, who in many respects have more to gain by the new arrangement than ourselves. The intelligence from the Old World, for example, must of necessity be of more general, various, and lively interest to them, than that of the New World to us. The balance of resources, indeed, is immensely in our favor. Not only does America occupy the western hemisphere by herself, while all the other continents are pitched against her in ours, but on that

side civilization has yet made so little progress, things are so literally *new*, that the "United States of America" might, with some plausibility, assume to be "America" at large, according to the complimentary phraseology usual amongst us. The feeling with which we (unless on extraordinary occasions) watch for news from America, is exceedingly different from that with which foreign tidings are awaited by the people of the United States, whose situation, nationally, in this respect, may be almost compared with that of an individual exiled—as poor Crusoe says, "out of society's reach." Of the interest *we* have in *them*, indeed, too much can hardly be said. The great effort implied in this steam achievement itself, and the extraordinary sensation which the issue of it has excited, sufficiently proclaim a just appreciation of the vast commercial importance, at least to us, of the movement in question; and it could not be otherwise between two countries sustaining mercantile associations—to say not a word of any other consideration—of a character so unprecedented and unrivalled. This appears clearly enough in Mr. Porter's memoir, which we have not yet referred to, "presented to the Statistical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science," at their Liverpool meeting. Take our exports of manufactured goods, for example. Few persons, probably, have an accurate understanding of the extent with which "America"—*alias* the United States—is our customer in this great department of our trade. Mr. Porter gives all the annual returns from 1805 to 1836, excepting only those for the years 1812 and 1813, (war time, and therefore of less importance,) the records of which were destroyed at the burning of the London custom-house. The result is, that of our products in 1835, the United States took more than ten and a half millions out of a total of forty-seven millions; and in 1836, nearly twelve and a half millions out of fifty-three; so that the proportion of our export trade with this one party to our whole export trade was, in the former year, 22.31 per cent., and in the latter, 23.28. Over-trading there might be in this—undoubtedly there was—but that does not essentially affect the argument on the mercantile interest of the connection between the two countries; unfortunately, it has greatly increased it during the last two years, though

not in the most agreeable way to either party, we presume.

Again, look at the importation of a single American article, their cotton—a matter indirectly, as well as directly, momentous to us from its effect in increasing the power of our customer to *consume our products*, as well as in enabling us to produce them. Well might the world wonder at the appearance of a phenomenon so new in trade, as the vast demand we have mentioned for British manufactures in the market of a single community, one so comparatively unknown to *them* in the same relations, so remote from ourselves, so much disposed and so well qualified, as one might be excused for surmising at first thought, rather to endeavor to rival us, in some respects, than to co-operate with us in any; and, moreover, (comparatively again,) so young, so small, and so poor—well might other nations, we say, wonder at this phenomenon, did not the explanation of it appear in *another*—another *wonder*, indeed—yet certainly an explanation. History furnishes no parallel to the case of the cotton trade of the United States, as regards the immense importance of that trade considered in connection with the rapidity of its progress. This is too familiar a subject to be dwelt on. We will only remind our readers, as Mr. Porter reminds *us*, that, in 1791, the whole export from that country was less than 200,000 pounds; and that, 1787 was the earliest year in which *any* of their home growth seems to have been exported. It was but little before this date, that the first or second Congress concluded to lay a small duty on the importation of the *foreign* article—for it is well known the provinces had been in the habit of importing it, more or less, from the West Indies for a century previous to that time)—with the view of "*trying the experiment*," as the southern members expressed it, whether this plant might not be made to flourish, "*as some persons imagined*," on their own soil. Still, the five bags, which constituted the whole export in 1785, and the six in 1786, would appear to have been of foreign growth. It was after this, if we rightly remember, that a few bags of *American* growth were seized at the custom-house in Liverpool, as not being what the master of the vessel pretended they were, so incredible was it *that cotton should come from the United States!* And now half a century has elapsed, and what do we see? The average an-

nual importation of this article into Great Britain, during the last ten years, has exceeded two hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds, the value of which (Mém. p. 7) cannot be less than seven and a half millions sterling per annum; while, in 1836, the amount was above two hundred and eighty-nine millions, probably producing, at the average price of the season, more than ten millions sterling. At this date, we think it was calculated we were taking thirteen thousand bales weekly, or nearly two thousand daily, of this same experimental and contraband article; a third part of *our* whole exports, on the other hand, being meanwhile made of this material, in a variety of processes, employing or subsisting about one million of our population!

Of the vast and increasing interest of our ship-owners in the American trade, we need only say that, in 1836, our navigation entered the ports of the United States to the amount of 547,606 tons, and that this amount was in the ratio of 43.62 per cent. to the American tonnage during the same time, while all other foreign navigation amounted to only 132,607. There is no fear then of our underrating the value of our commercial connection with such a country as this, or of our connections with it of every other kind, as indirectly tending to the same end. We have entered thus much into these statistics, to show that we do not forget them when we say that, nevertheless, the American interest is, on the whole, vastly greater in us and in the Old World than ours, *on the whole*, can be in them and the New; and that, therefore, their interest in the establishment of Atlantic steam navigation is proportionably greater than ours.

On the other hand, though England is undoubtedly the most interesting of foreign countries to the Americans, in other points of view as well as in a mercantile, it is, by no means, so in a corresponding proportion. All Europe—all Christendom—exists from them. Even their commerce, with its characteristic energy, perseverance, and “calculation,” had gone forth, like our own, into almost all lands, civilized or savage, “*veering*,” as Mr. Burke said so long ago of the Nantucket whalemén, “*every sea with its keel*.” But theirs is not a commercial interest alone: it is not mere silks, and wines, and fruits, and jewellery, and ivory, and tea, that the Americans

watch for from France, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain—from Egypt, the Ionian Isles, and Smyrna—from China, and the East Indies, and the “King of Muscat,” and his mightiness the Emperor “Bob Jacket,” head chief of the Fandangoes, near the borders of their fast-spreading colonial settlements on the western African coast—in return for the produce of their seas and rivers, their forests and agriculture, their soap and tallow-candles, their snuff and tobacco, their pork, shingles, flour, flax-seed,* rice, and ice,† and their infant, but not inconsiderable, manufactures withal—cutlery, machinery, and cotton itself included.‡

Brother Jonathan is a business man, no doubt; he looks pretty well to the main chance; nor is he greatly shocked or put to inconvenience by any of the ordinary methods of money-making which fall in his way. In these particulars, be it observed, he “favors” old John himself. If the Americans are not literally as much as we are “a nation of shopkeepers,” it is partly, we conjecture, because they reckon some other things just as profitable; and not so very different are they after all; we do not refer now to wooden-nutmeg making, or white oak cheeses, by any means, but to *trapping*, sending out *ice*, and a most fantastic variety of those “Yankee notions,” so called by themselves, suitable, undoubtedly, to the circumstances of the communities and countries in which they originate and to which they are destined; in a word, wherever money is to be

*See the “American Almanac” for 1837. The seed exported in 1836 amounted to more than \$450,000; snuff and tobacco, \$360,000; soap and tallow-candles, \$500,000. These may be called trifling items separately, but the marvel is, to see what an aggregate is made out of such trifles. Under the head of manufactures, for instance, are “combs and buttons, about \$100,000, and manufactures of glass, about \$80,000.”

†It is notorious that great quantities of ice have been exported of late, particularly from Boston to Calcutta.

‡The export of cotton manufactures, in 1836, was nearly three millions of dollars. As to the cutlery, we mention it rather as a curiosity; but, although there is but one sword factory in the United States, no small part of the weapons wrought at this establishment are sent into Mexico, Texas, and the South American States. It is a little remarkable, too, that American machinery should be going abroad. Counting, as far as we can learn, upon economy on their side, and bad legislation on ours, estimates are already made of sending five millions of dollars worth of machinery, yearly, to Egypt alone!

made, there are they as sure to be gathered together as young eagles over a carcass. No obstacle stands long in their way; no distance, difficulty, or disaster turns them aside. Mr. Clay, in one of his speeches, relates an anecdote of the master of a vessel, who sorely embarrassed the people of the custom-house at Leghorn by presenting ship-papers made out at Cincinnati, a port some 2,000 miles up the Mississippi, and one of its branches*. Not many years ago, the commander of a Russian exploring ship in the Antarctic seas, coming on the coast of a remote and solitary island, was proceeding, as a matter of course, to take possession in the name of the Czar, when lo! a sharp-built little sloop, of some sixty tons, made her appearance round a point of the island, and hailed him to ask if he wished for a pilot? It was a Connecticut "skipper," who had cruised off that way to "seek his fortune;" the person is now well known here as captain of one of the most splendid of those fine ships, the New-York "liners."

As a driving, penetrating, indefatigable, business people, the Americans have a name literally all over the world, they are emphatically the "*universal* Yankee nation." And yet we say—prominent as this part of their character is, considerable as the interests are to which we have called a passing attention—it is not these alone they have in view. Unquestionably young Jonathan (as well as old John) thinks of something besides packing his ice and his pork, and getting the equivalent therefor. The Americans are not all merchants, and the merchants are not all mere mercantile men. They, in common with the whole nation, with the entire continent, have a vital, an exquisite interest in the Old World, and in the whole of it, and in all its history, fortunes, and proceedings—interests, social, literary, scientific—interests, political and religious. No great movement can take place among us which they must not feel in every nerve of the body politic of the States, sooner or later, more or less; and though distance (now reduced by one-half, however,) and isolation, and peculiar institutions, may seem almost to make them, in some respects, an independent world by themselves, on the other

hand, these very circumstances enhance, in the American mind, the freshness and the depth of the interest they have in their connection with the old world, and the visitations they are in the habit of getting from it. In past, and especially in excited times, looking over files of their newspapers, and noting the conspicuous place occupied merely by a new "arrival from Europe"—long waited for with breathless eagerness, perhaps by a whole nation, as it were on tiptoe, like the Athenians, for "some new thing"—and then, by dismal lamentations over the lack of such intelligence, (owing to the essential deficiencies of the species of navigation now about to be superseded by steam)—we have come sometimes to the conclusion that the local situation of our now trans-Atlantic neighbors, as regards the rest of christendom, must give an especial raciness to American existence. Here, and everywhere else in the Old World, we lie so compactly together, and the modes of intercommunication are so thoroughly settled, and we understand, observe, and almost anticipate each other so well and sharply, and so continually withal, that a great part of our luxurious, intellectual, moral interest in each other's affairs, as a matter of intelligence and sensation, is frittered away by the regularity, frequency, and familiarity of the manner in which those affairs are considered. We get most of our "foreignism" by retail, and are prepared for receiving it beforehand, besides. There are no "*electric effects*," as our American passenger calls them; no "*sensations number one*," as Mr. Fennimore Cooper has it, with us. Our electricity comes on gently, by *points*; theirs, in *shocks*. Let any one look over a file of American papers, published during any part of the French revolution, or of that grand drama which the nations of Europe enacted under the management of Napoleon—let him see the phrensy of curiosity, excited to its utmost, during long delays, and the phrensy of some other excitement, raging as madly in consequence of news at length received—a month's intelligence perhaps—a month of such a history as was that; all which, meanwhile, we, not unconcernedly, indeed, had yet been getting piecemeal, almost hour by hour. Whether the greater despatch of news, now about to be effected by the Atlantic steamboats, will essentially modify this state of things, may admit of some de-

* We have before us a letter from Illinois, which speaks of their "importing direct to Alton, the capital of that State, 1,500 miles up the Mississippi."

bate. Should it be carried very much farther than we at present witness or anticipate, the result is clear enough—the Americans would become Europeans. We remember certain ominous hints of Dr. Lardner's on this head. "Philosophy," he says, in his book on the steam-engine, "already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism; and many causes combine to justify the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared; and that the steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe, will cease to have existence, except in the page of history."

This is looking far ahead, especially for one who has disputed till this moment the practicability of what was accomplished twenty years since (as we shall show)—the passage of the Atlantic by steam. But great men have made great mistakes before this; and we are not sure but the learned doctor may be in this passage making amends for being thus caught napping, by avowing, at the same time, as in the paragraph just quoted, how wide awake he can be when occasion requires—going ahead of the age on one tack as much as he was drifted behind it on the other. At all events, these mysterious predictions may be fulfilled. Let us disbelieve nothing. All preceding generations having missed it, by disbelieving. They "swear terribly" at New-York, we see even now, of sending a ship over the ocean by instigation of a barrel of blue vitriol. It is generally understood that the only reason why the Yankees allowed us to be first in this late enterprise was, next to their "hard times" just now, the fact that they did undertake, at New-York, a grand boat, on a new plan, which was to use but about one-fifth of the usual quantity of fuel. It was a mistake, no doubt, in a case which was experimental enough at best; but it shows what the spirit of our, and especially their, generation is.

Let us, we say again, be prepared for anything, and surprised at nothing—"grand patent double tubular boilers," or quicksil-

ver steamboats, or iron ones, or blue vitriol, or "hidden powers," or whatever else it may be; "keep moving," at any rate, is the motto of the age. And we repeat, under these circumstances, and knowing especially the now roused emulation and unsatiable restlessness of our kinsmen in the west, it is not for us to say to what extent the distance and time which separate us from them may be reduced. We only warn them that they must take the consequences, if they make them. They must consent hereafter to become neighbors, and to feel so. They must give up a portion of their dignified isolation—their solitary, Indian independence—their wild enjoyment of the country, as it were of the world—their unmolested, uncrowded, primitive provincialism (as some would call it)—and without, the luxury of getting even a fortnight's news at one time, and of being uncertain when even that budget may come. Steam, to say nothing of "electricity or magnetism," is no respecter of romance; it reduces things to an appalling regularity. The British and American Steam Company, who have just launched at Blackwall's a ship thirty-eight feet longer than any in her majesty's navy, with accommodations (as they advertise) for five hundred passengers, notify us, moreover, that next year they mean to have boats like this running on either side the 1st and 16th of every month. This is but one company—one which has not yet moved, we believe; for we understand the Sirius to have been sent out by another, and the Great Western, it is well known, belongs to Bristol. Both these, undoubtedly, intend to keep the field, and to meet all competition with spirit. Bristol is said to have already invested a million sterling, and there can be no doubt that the renowned old city of Cabot, though dozing a little of late years over a sort of aldermanic repletion, yet possesses the means, and we dare say the spirit, which more than four centuries since sent out merchant ships of the burden of 900 tons. Glasgow, too, will no doubt bestir herself. And, above all, we must leave room for Liverpool: the sole marvel is, that Liverpool has waited so long—a secret only to be explained by the extent of the interest there invested in the "American liners." We see that a company is now started at that port, who announce immediate operations. At New-York again—where the same remark just

made of Liverpool applies—even during the short stay of the first steamboats, a scheme was started of a joint-stock of a million and a half of dollars, in which, by the way, it was stated the Bristol Company (with a liberal view to the interest of that port) would participate to the extent of about one-sixth.

Then we have noticed a movement at Philadelphia—a sort of Bristol to New York—a quiet, Quakerish, clean, right-angled “City of Brotherly Love” and long purses;—but in population also the second place in the Union, and now, be it observed, placed by this new agency on a footing with its domestic rival and its foreign correspondents, extremely different from what it has been heretofore. We mention this case in illustration of our remark on the innumerable alterations in existing arrangements of commerce, little thought of at first even by the parties concerned, which nevertheless may confidently be expected to develop themselves almost at once. There has been no lack of capital in Philadelphia. Just the reverse. It is, as we hinted, quite the American Bristol in this way, as New-York is the Liverpool in every other. To English travelers it has always looked like a rendezvous of people living on a capital accumulated *New-York*—such is one’s impression of the hot bustle and haggard excitement of the latter city, when we enter it after leaving the staid gait and sleek cheeks of the former. Neither is Mr. Penn’s capital wanting in his own energy or emulation—all soberly—silently—as they go about it, and keep at it—like him. Their celebrated water-works are the finest system of the sort in the world; and the “Keystone State,” whose career is largely controlled by this place, has engaged within ten years more extensively in the immense enterprise of internal improvements than any other in the Union;—not excepting even New-York—which has a single canal, the longest already, except the Chinese, in the world (363 miles), now about to be enlarged at the cost of at least ten million dollars more, together with a rail-road from New-York city to Lake Erie, more than 500 miles;—or Illinois, which at this moment has ten million dollars appropriated to works of internal improvement. What, then, has kept Philadelphia in the shade, as regards foreign commerce? Why have five millions out of ten of our exports to the whole United

States, gone into the port of New-York alone? Why has New-York, on the other hand, been employed to send us so large a part of the cotton grown by the southern States? Why has she monopolised, and held without an effort, almost the whole of the business carried on by the “Liners”—having at this moment, we think, four lines at least to Liverpool, one to London (*via* Portsmouth) and one to Havre—comprising in all some forty or fifty of these splendid packets—while Philadelphia has but one meagre line to Liverpool, which consists of a vessel in each month? Cities, too, not above 120 miles apart—a distance reduced to seven hours by steam. *Steam!* “Ay, there’s the rub.” New-York is a sea-port. Philadelphia lies some distance up the curves of a river. And this, under the old regime, has been sufficient to ensure this vast diversity of results. A ship which had crossed the ocean in twenty days might often be ten more in getting up the river. We know how this once was in the shorter, straighter, and wider stream of the Thames. It, however, would never do for those who had New-York merchants and the finest merchant-ships ever known on the seas for their rivals; competition was so out of the question that it was never thought of. Philadelphia for the first ten years folded her arms over the matter, and then went to making 600 miles of rail-roads and 1000 of canals, by way of diversion. Now what happens when this new movement is announced? We can almost imagine an audible chuckle out of the body politic of the Quaker city. What is to prevent a fair competition now? What account is to be made of a curve or two in a river, with steamers 300 feet long, and a speed of fifteen miles an hour, as practical people, best versed in this matter, expect to see them within very few years? And indeed the American boats have been running at much more than this rate on the *Hudson* for years. Thus will this steam in commerce, like gunpowder in battle, put people upon fair terms;—like steam itself, we might say, introduced thoroughly into war;—say plenty of Perkins’s guns, for example, gracefully set out upon either side* of a

*A late Baltimore paper, speaking of the Sultan steam-frigate, says: “With one thousand tons burthen, propelled by engines capable of exerting 900-horse power, moving at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, presenting a small surface above

field of combat, or along the sides of two lines of your ugly new-fangled steam-ships, with a burthen of two or three thousand tons.

But we have gone somewhat astray—and yet not so widely neither. We were speaking, however, of the first sensation the achievement has produced—and which, we venture to predict, will, at some future day, be a matter of no little historical curiosity. The New-York editors seem scarcely able to contain themselves. "Side by side at last with the Old World," says one. "Now then for the Coronation," cry half-a-dozen more. And then the files of European Journals unrolled! Fifteen days from Bristol—sixteen from London—eighteen from Paris—less than a month from Constantinople—from Bombay itself only between sixty and seventy days! A Norfolk (Virginian) editor remarks that *they* are now as near England as they were the greater part of last winter to Detroit; and a Bostonian, we suppose, might say much the same as to New-Orleans. A revolution this indeed, such as the world rarely sees even in our changeful age;—a revolution thoroughly overturning the old systems of most of the business world at least—yet effected, as it were, instantaneously, and without the loss of a drop of blood. The Americans themselves, not more in the transports of their exultation over the first thought of the effects of it, than in their admiration of the thing itself, and of the style in which it was carried through, seem to have been too much otherwise excited to feel their wonted chagrin at appearing to be ever taken by surprise in matters of practical adventure. Nay, cherishing, we do believe, the honor of their fatherland next to that of their own (for we have often noticed that, although Jonathan gives us a gruff, grumbling, family growl of a lecture now and then—partly, perhaps, to prove himself our descendant—he is never easy in seeing it done by *anybody else*.) they quite "forget their sorrow in their pride." No wonder they have

water to hostile cannon, armed with 68-pounders, and enabled, by the distance at which she can hull an enemy, without exposure to a return fire, she is invaluable in harbor defense, and, if the system is carried out, will render useless further expenditure on fortifications."—And again, "a few months impart knowledge and experience, and when twenty additional steam-batteries of increased size, say 1500 tons each, are constructed, our sea-coast will be invulnerable."

done so; no wonder that a hundred thousand New-Yorkers turned out on the 7th of May to behold the departure of the "Great Western" on her first voyage homeward, and to cheer the brave ship on her way; no wonder, again, that when, at the end of a fortnight, she hoisted the British colors in King's Road, the burghers of old Bristol, roused at length from their Rip Van Winkle nap of a half a century, broke out with firing cannons, and raising flags, and bell-ringing, and vehement eating of turtle! Here, at length was an "electric effect" in England—a sensation number two, at the least. One of the passengers in this ship brought over a splendid bouquet of American flowers, which he was able to present to the lady of Mr. Manager Claxton—it seems, almost as fresh as if the dew were still on the leaves; and, again, at the jubilant dinner of the burghers on the 24th, specimens of flax and cotton-yarn were exhibited, manufactured in *the new Bristol factory* (a sign of the times that too,) which had only been shipped in the raw state, in America, on the seventeenth or eighteenth day before. Some one has predicted that, presently, we shall have Covent Garden market stocked by the other continent. As to the floral department, there may be something in it, for aught we know—and, indeed, in some others too; for, if the "Liners" could bring *the Duke* a present of fresh forest venison from his western admirers, we certainly get a clear vision here of divers good things yet to come. We say nothing, however, even of Yankee ice, dropped at sunrise, in dog-days, upon every door-step in London as in Boston—not one word; "nil admirari," we repeat, is our motto; 'keep cool,' that is—ice or no ice—dog-days and all.

But, transports and jesting aside, let us summarily consider a few of the more obvious consequences of some moment which may be expected to spring immediately from the achievement of which we have spoken; to some of them we have already made a hasty allusion.

The improvement of the instrument itself by which this work has been done may be counted on, perhaps, as the first. Without being over-sanguine on the subject, it is reasonable to bear in mind that, while sailing-vessels have been in existence, and been more or less making progress as specimens of art, during thousands of years, we are still in the infancy of steam-naviga-

tion. It is only thirty years since Fulton ascended the Hudson with his boat. In 1810 there was no such thing in all England; and so late as 1820 there were but thirty-five. The most important improvements, also, have been *very* recently introduced; and, without particularising these, it is sufficient to say that the learned Dr. Dionysius Lardner's miscalculations on this subject of Atlantic navigation, have evidently been caused by almost wholly overlooking these same improvements even so far as some past years are concerned (and a year in such a progress as this agent is making is not a matter to be overlooked,) or regarding them too much as mere speculations, not likely, or not yet fully proved, to be capable of great practical effects (as they have already been;) while, as relates to what may yet be established, though now it is but experimental, or what may be discovered, of which now nobody dreams, the calculations in question have apparently left no leeway for the ingenuity of our successors, or even our contemporaries. It was taken for granted that all had been done which could be done—that there were not even any "*hidden powers*" hereafter to be brought to bear upon steam-navigation—as well as upon other things—and to supersede steam itself altogether. How grand a mistake this was we need not say: let us beware of its being made again. Indeed, there is little danger of it, since scarcely a week now passes without the appearance of some new scheme. We have a case in point before us as we write, in the account given by the daily papers of a model-boat, lately constructed on the plan of doing away with the use of paddle-boxes—a most cumbrous, clumsy, and uncouth appendage to the vessel as everybody knows—by what is called a patent propeller. Hall's condensers, again, will have a fair trial on the rout. It is well known that he claims with these to increase the speed of a boat, one-fifth, at least, beyond its capacity with common machinery; and we see that a quicksilver boat, on the plan of Mr. Howard, is going out to America from Liverpool for a trial. We do not say what faith we have in these schemes, or many others that might be named: we mention them as illustrations of the restless, contriving, venturing spirit of the times, especially in this almost new department of action, excitement, keen competition, and

high hope. It cannot be doubted, we think, that the passage of the Atlantic by steam will, even in the coming ten years, be brought to a state of (so to speak) artistic luxury and perfection of which those who have started the enterprise themselves little think. The characteristic spirit of the two great nations chiefly interested is now fairly roused to a generous emulation, as it never was roused before; and all that science, skill, enterprise, patriotism, genius, or a love of money, or a love of distinction, can accomplish, in such communities, on a subject-matter offering almost unparalleled temptation and stimulus to them all, we shall now be sure to have.

The extension of steam navigation to other new, vast, and most important regions of the globe, where it has hitherto been unknown, with corresponding influences wherever it is introduced, is a sequel, and an early one, to the present and fast-coming state of things on the Atlantic, as much so as is the continued improvement of this medium of transportation,—the one follows, as of course, from the other. Steam navigation will be extended, because it will be improved: it will be hereafter, in other words, as it has been heretofore. Ten years ago, or five years, or two, the notion of navigating the Atlantic by steam, as a permanent, practical, profitable thing, as a trade, we mean—had never entered the public mind, if it had that of individuals. And there was a good reason for it: Fulton's boat would have cut but a sorry figure steering for Bristol instead of Albany; and some of the much more modern, but now quite obsolete craft, employed within four years by the Admiralty, and upon whose performances demonstrations of the impracticability of the Atlantic scheme has been more or less based—these craft might have fared little better than Fulton's, had they rashly attempted what, by better vessels, has been now attained. Indeed—setting aside improvements—supposing us to stop short where we now are—just ready to begin, that is—nothing could prevent the extension of the plan, as it stands, all over the nations of the globe, to an indefinite, and now, almost incredible extent. It requires no gift of prophecy to see that such, speedily, will be one of the effects of the grand point gained within the last three months. The mere announcement of that scheme was sufficient almost for this.

From the date of that announcement, and of the excitement, discussion, speculation, and ambition, which it awakened, it mattered comparatively little to the world at large, whether the Atlantic project itself was executed at once or not. The movement, at all events, was begun.—The grand idea of the *revolution* had entered into the public mind, and taken deep hold of it, and created a thirst for execution which nothing but execution could satisfy, or can. As matters have turned out, undoubtedly, the public conception and determination are immensely confirmed. The idlest reader of even the daily journals cannot fail to see this. The community teems with projects for the extension of steam commerce and trade in all directions. Some of these must be crude and shallow, for various reasons: such is the necessary fruit of a sudden excitement. But the excitement will soon subside, while the inducement and the opportunities will remain, and become daily more and more urgent and distinct. This revolution is one of all others that cannot go backwards. It must advance with an energy kindred, in the moral world, to that of the physical power itself on which it is founded—an energy to which history affords no parallel. It is scarcely too much, we believe, to say that the whole race of man is destined to see and feel the phenomena and the influence of its all-conquering progress from clime to clime.

So much for the improvement and extension of this instrumentality itself. And now, what of its use?—to what purposes will it be available?—what changes will it work in existing arrangements other than its own? Here we come to questions of some “pith and moment.” We cannot go into them in an article like this, with any pretense of an adequate discussion, even could it be expected to be in the power, or the expectation of any party, in the present stage of such an enterprise, to do justice to the theme. Let us glance, however at a few points—rather in the way of illustrating the impracticability of the subject, than of fairly discussing it.

As regards, then, what may be called the mere mercantile interests concerned—and chiefly the immediate (not prospective) ones—between the two countries, particularly, which seem to have taken up the enterprise in good earnest. These, of course, will experience in this, as in every

department, its first and greatest effects. To a vast extent, steam-vessels will take the place of sailing vessels, and that at once. This is not a case, be it understood, in which most people can do as they please. A gentleman, taking a honey-moon excursion with his bride, may possibly prefer some other conveyance to a stage-coach, or even a rail-road—and he may even be allowed to humor himself in his fancy; but not so the merchant, his agents, his letters, or many of his goods. What one does must be done by all. The whole of the mercantile world, (with scarcely noticeable exceptions,) will from this moment adopt the new conveyance, so far as accommodation is provided for them; their entire correspondence must go the same way. The *Great Western*, on her first trip, has brought home twenty thousand letters—perhaps three times as many as any sailing packet on the same route ever carried.

The reason of this transfer in each case, is too obvious for explanation; but it may not be known to all of our readers to what a degree the uncertainty, as well as the length, of a sailing voyage to New-York, as compared with a *steamed* one, is an argument for this arrangement, and a proof of the necessity of its universal adoption.—From the very high and well deserved reputation of the “liners,” the most perfect conveyance of the kind, and the greatest advance in merchant navigation ever known up to the spring of 1838—it is perhaps a common impression, that a passage between France or England and the United States, in one of those superb vessels, might be counted on as much for a tolerably well-settled period of time, as for the comforts and luxuries to be enjoyed in the course of it, or for the nautical management. The fact is entirely otherwise, as every man in the business well knows.—Some seasons are more unfavorable in this respect than others, and the winter months are none of the best, we allow. Neither is the return-voyage as uncertain or so long, we should remark, as the voyage out:—it is notorious that the “liners” have always had smaller fare coming than going, in about the proportion of twenty-eight guineas to thirty-five, and that even the steam-boats (without so much reason for it) have thus far continued the custom. But to take a case at hand. During the last winter, at the very time when we were continual-

ly getting "late" American intelligence, by unusually short and quite regular passages—the corresponding packets, going westward, were encountering the full face of the same winds and currents by which those coming eastward were propelled. All the "liners" which left the three European packet-ports during six weeks were baffled and beat about in such a manner, that at one time, about eighteen of them were due at New-York; and thirty out of fifty belonging to that port, were then supposed to be on the ocean, working their way home. The average length of this passage is about thirty-two days. One of the Liverpool ships, which sailed January 4, was spoken, fifty-five days out, in long. 43, some 1000 miles from her destination; the others were fifty, sixty, or even seventy days on the voyage. That this is no fault of the packets, we need not say: in fact, how they make headway at all is the wonder. Consider, for instance, this paragraph, which we take from a New-York journal of the period referred to:

"We have been shown a chart on which the track of the Cambridge was pricked off, coming from Liverpool, and it is a matter of some astonishment how the ship has reached port at all. She sailed from Liverpool on the 16th January, and on the 29th was in the longitude of 38. From that day till the 27th of February, she encountered continued westerly winds, sometimes blowing a severe gale; and for the last seventeen days she made but about five hundred miles of westing. During that time she crossed the gulf-stream three times, was for sixteen days to the southward and eastward of Sable island, and a part of the time could make no better than a S. S. E. course. The distance between Liverpool and this port is about 3,080 miles, but the Cambridge has, on this passage, sailed upwards of 5,000. She has proved one of the staunchest vessels which ever breasted the ocean wave. A copy of the track (which looks very much like a spider's web) may be seen," etc.

Few sailing ships, if any, we presume, would have done so well under these circumstances as a "liner." We observed about this very period, in the ship-lists, that a vessel from Demarara, bound for Halifax, was blown into Liverpool, (March 20th,) *having been driven out of her course the entire breadth of the Atlantic Ocean!* It is very seldom we hear of a "liner" re-

turning into port without making her voyage, but with other vessels it is of common occurrence on this rout. Ships are out sometimes six weeks, and even more, trying to make head-way westward, and obliged to come back and begin again after all. It is not many years since, a Belfast craft, bound for New-Brunswick, returned to port, at the end of two months' voyage, after having got within 100 miles of her destination!

Here, again, is a striking illustration from one of the provincial journals, referring to the last winter:

"We cannot more clearly show the uncertainty of passages across the Atlantic, than by stating that the *Inconstant* frigate, left Cork, on the 6th of January, and returned to Plymouth, on the 24th of February, having been to Halifax in that time, forty-nine days. At the same period, the *Samson*, New-York packet, which left Portsmouth on the 5th January, was sixty-two days getting to New-York; and the *President*, which left on the 12th January, was fifty-seven days in reaching that capital: some days, therefore, must elapse, before we may expect the return of the *Pique* frigate, which left Cork on the 23d January, as she may have been upwards of sixty days making her outward passage, and may also be detained by severe weather in Halifax harbor."

Some readers, little versed in currents of wind or water, and other contingencies incidental to the navigation of this rout—some of them quite peculiar to it—might be ready to infer from this statement the reverse of what we have just said. But much more striking cases of the same kind have often occurred, as, for example, where the difference between two packets of leaving the *same* port in the evening of one day, or the morning of the next one, has caused quite as great a diversity as any mentioned above in the length of the voyage. Two ships may even sail at the same moment from New-York, and one shall presently—in the gulf-stream or elsewhere—fall into some flaw of wind or straggling current, the effect of which shall be that the far better sailer of the two reaches Liverpool a week in the rear of her rival. We do not say this is usual, but that there is such a liability. As for the general uncertainty of the length of the voyage, that is notorious.

In the ordinary passenger-ships (com-

monly called "transient" vessels) as well as other merchant-craft, going westward particularly, while now and then a fortunate one may beat even the "liners," (as has been done this season,) passages of even distressing length may occur, far beyond anything of the sort which has ever happened to them. In February, 1837, the British ship *Diamond* arrived at New-York from Liverpool, have been 100 days from port to port. There were 180 passengers, of whom seventeen died, not from any disorder, but from mere starvation. The principal suffering was among the steerage passengers, the crew having been put upon allowance and supplied to the last with food, though in small quantities. The description of the appearance of these poor wretches on their arrival, given by an eye-witness, is heart-rending—our informant himself had lived nine days on potato-peelings soaked in his scanty allowance of water. For any ordinary voyage the supplies in this case were abundant. Some, who had extra quantities, sold out, it seems, "to their less provident fellow-passengers, first at moderate rates, but, as the scarcity more fully developed itself, at enhanced prices, until finally half a sovereign was asked for a pint of meal. Before the arrival of the vessel a sovereign has been offered and refused for a potatoe, as it was roasting before the fire."

Once more: the bark *Ellen*, from Leghorn, with a cargo valued at a hundred thousand dollars, after a perilous voyage of 103 days—her crew having subsisted for fifteen days on macaroni and sweet oil—arrived within three or four miles of Sandy Hook on the 1st of January last, and hoisted signals. "After waiting four hours, in five fathoms water, and finding no pilot, she was obliged to stand off to sea, and in consequence of the storm which came on, with the disabled state of the crew, she was the sport of the winds, in the severe state of the weather, without fuel, and short of provisions, for an entire month!" Such is the general uncertainty, together with the contingent hardships, which belong to the old mode of navigating the Atlantic. Nor have we alluded to a tithe of them: this last account, for instance, shows plainly the delay and damage which may follow from the failure of pilotage at a particular place or time, which failure, for various reasons, must

happen sometimes with these vessels, though it scarcely ever could, or would be of much moment if it did, if steam were used. Before coming to pilotage, too, it often occurs, even with the "liners," that great difficulty is experienced in making port, owing to the necessity perhaps of changing directions in order to get in, or to a sudden shift of wind, or a calm, forsooth! Packets have arrived off Cape Clear from New-York in ten or twelve days, and then been nearly or quite as much more in making Liverpool—and the same as to Havre—all this time, to say nothing of the delectable situation of the passengers as far as comfort goes, the whole floating correspondence of the two great commercial communities concerned—it may be at a period of most critical importance—bobbing up and down, and off and on, almost within sight of the shore. It reminds us of a remark made the other day, at the opening of the Great Western Railroad to Maidenhead: a gentleman present said that within twenty years he remembered waiting for twenty-two mails at one time from Holyhead, a distance of some sixty miles from his own town! The unfortunate breaking-up of the great American merchants in London, last year, was immediately brought on by delays of packets, by which large remittances had been made to them, and which were hourly looked for during the prevalence of extraordinary east winds for something like two months. It seems really incredible, indeed, looking back now on what has been suffered in this way, that the remedy for it should have been so long postponed. That the remedy will be heartily used, now that we have it, no man in his senses can doubt.

How far this must be done at once between ourselves and the Americans, we have shown in some detail. Almost all mercantile travel and correspondence must be transferred at once. All light, rich, and seasonable merchandise must speedily go in the same way; it will never do for one man's silks, as the fashionable season comes on, to be sixty days on the voyage, while his neighbor's are fourteen; neither will it do to buy long in anticipation of the market. As to travel and business not mercantile, these, like the heavy articles of commerce, will linger, more or less, for some time, with the "liners" and other sailing-craft. Some people, on sea

as well as land, are shy of your new-fangled steam things to this day, and would rather stick by even a two-horse coach, a French diligence, a Mississippi ark, or a Newcastle coal-sloop, than trust themselves to the tender mercies of this second "infernal machine" in any of its shapes, especially for the awful distance of 3000 miles. We respect the caution of this class, but they will gradually disappear, and so will those who profess to prefer a *longer* passage, and abhor doing things in a hurry, as much as if they were on half-pay. In fact, there will remain, speedily, no opportunity for the indulgence of these fears, whims, or tastes. We shall have to do, like the merchants, what everybody else does.

To be sure, *accidents* will occur!—more or less these are to be expected, as things are at present. By-and-bye we trust—among our "improvements"—this liability will be very essentially lessened; meanwhile, however, we anticipate some trouble. The competition will soon be of the keenest description;—the race-ground is most luxurious;—the prize tempting;—and even passengers themselves too often enter so much into these feelings as to become greatly chargeable with the blame which is commonly laid on others. We confess we are alluding to the case of the Americans rather than to our own; and we hesitate the less to acknowledge it as we consider that their own interest, even more than ours, in the steam-navigation of the Atlantic, is likely to be effected by what we must take leave to call the abominable and disgraceful recklessness in the management of this kind of vessels, which prevails to such an appalling extent among them. We are aware that it is *not* a universal, a national trait, as some late writers have asserted broadly. The New-England and New-York boats rarely meet with an accident, though they adopt the high-pressure system like the others, and run at the greatest rate of speed which is known; neither is the community at large either of the South or West directly blameable. The horrid disasters we hear of every few months or oftener,—peculiar to the United States, and to this part of them in their awful extent—and by which it is estimated at least a *thousand lives a-year* are lost—these are almost always caused immediately by gross misconduct on the part of a few persons in authority, who,

for the sake of a race with a rival, or with some other pretext equally cogent, run the most imminent hazards without the slightest hesitation. We have seen accounts of these races on the western rivers for a distance of a *hundred miles* or more; much of the time neck and neck—the whole ship's company on either side meanwhile desperately engaged, and wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement in the murderous struggle. In this way the *Ben Sherrod* got a-fire on the Mississippi, two years ago, when hundreds of passengers perished: and such is the secret of most of the "*accidents*" which, in nine cases out of ten, are no accidents at all, but ought to be criminally visited by the law of the land as much as murder in any *retail* shape. We have heard an American friend of ours alledge that no countryman of his would hesitate running the risk of his life for the sake of getting—*anywhere*—half an hour before—*anybody else*. Matthews, we remember, made it apparent, in his way, that the Yankees do everything in "*twenty minutes*." These are caricatures of course—the one no more than the other; but both, we fear, are too well based on fact. The Americans carry their energy a little too far; they retain too much still of the wild impetuosity of youth; they want a new infusion of old John's steady and regular blood. We like not such driving fashions—such helter-skelter haste—in steamboats especially—on Atlantic voyages least of all. Congress we see has the matter in hand, and we trust it will be with effect: and meanwhile—as even legislation (especially in that country) will not do everything without public opinion; as the managers and masters of steamboats, who have very often been set on, and always tolerated, may also be awed by that public to whom they owe their character and their bread—we earnestly hope that the general voice may make itself heard; and trust that arrangements of the most solid and effective nature may be promptly adopted.

Thus much for a plain hint, which, we are sure, must be taken in good part; for, when we hear, by a single arrival, of one hundred and seventy human beings destroyed in one boat, and one hundred and twenty in another, it is high time for all parties who have to do and deal with such a catastrophe-working community—and are likely to have much *more*—to speak out. And yet, we were going on to say,

when this hint occurred to us, that, accidents or no accidents, nothing apparently can stand in the way of the complete triumph of the new dynasty of the seas. Even granting—which God forbid! that these disasters are to be regularly continued on board the boats from one side—just as regularly, as if, like friction in machinery, they were an indispensable incident to the navigation—still, we English can patronise British boats which *do not* blow up three hundred people every three months—while the Americans, on the other hand, can, if they so choose, go on being blown up just as before. If they have more accidents, so have they less fear. "Practice makes perfect." "There is nothing like taking things coolly"—even hot water, or steam. And, as this is their system at home, so may it be abroad. As they are the great steaming people of the age, surely this trifle of merely crossing three thousand miles over sea, instead of running about as far up a river, will never alarm them.*

Of course, those magnificent "liners" of which we have spoken respectfully so often (for we know them well,) will speedily "fall from their high estate." Thinking of the proud part they have played now for some twenty years, of the great reputation they had fairly gained, of the eminent commercial services they have rendered during far the most important period of our connection with the United States, we cannot see them thus made, as it were, instantaneously obsolete, without almost such a sensation of regret as might be due to living creatures—old, faithful, sensitive servants—dishonored, mortified, and basely set aside! We have in mind now sundry dry paragraphs of a line and a half, which have appeared in the daily papers of late, much like this:

"Two packets, the *North American* and *Siddons*, have arrived at Liverpool, bringing old dates from New-York!"

Presently they will cease to be named at all. And look at the "Great Western," the inhuman monster, on her first three days out, *overhauling* a brave old "liner;" *seven* days from Liverpool; with the black ball, "the badge of all her tribe," in her

fore-topsail; under top-gallant sails, careering and plunging to a lively foam and a fair wind. But all would not do as once it might have done. We quote again from the *Passenger's Journal*:—"This new-comer is none of your old sort. See how she comes vaporing up, flapping her huge wheels like an eagle's wings, and snorting, as it were, with the thought of victory and the sight of game. She comes on apace. All her colors are strung out. The ship is almost caught, but she leaps a-head and escapes once more. The steamer, with a dignified air of conscious supremacy, disdaining pursuit, wheels round windward, and passes the "liner" on the other side, with "three hearty cheers." Then dashing a-head, as if satisfied, she hauls in her *toggery*, and presses her helm hard a-star-board, and the "liner"—the brave old "liner"—is no more seen. Her owners will scarcely know her when she reaches port at last. She brings no news. She will soon bear no letters—no specie. Nobody will watch for her, nor speak of her. Alas! her day has gone by. Who can think of her sufferings without a sigh?"

But the steamers will have not merely all that is worth having (to them) of the business of the "liners." Their effect on the *amount* of business must be considered. On this point our notions, at present, must be vague; but it is easy to foretell that the usual operation of increased facilities in the locomotion of persons and the transactions of trade will be felt in this case—and that most remarkably. We have seen that a few millions of passengers yearly go up or down the Thames, since steamboats have plied on it: the traveling by the first boat established between Edinburgh and London was greater, it is said, than that by all other conveyances together—during even the first year. Mr. Porter states that it has almost invariably happened, where railroads for passengers have been opened, that "*the amount of traveling between the extremities of the line has been quadrupled.*" (p. 68.) The income from this source has enabled the Liverpool and Manchester Company to meet many extraordinary expenses, and still regularly divide 10 per cent. on the capital, although the cost of construction was more than double the sum first allowed for it. So we believe it will be, and much more, between America and Europe. We shall associate with each other as in

*A steamboat ascended the Mississippi and Ohio, a few weeks since—sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred miles in six days and seventeen hours—as we learn from a gentleman then on the spot.

neighboring counties. Our tourists will visit Niagara in swarms, as they now do Loch Lomond. People will travel who never did before: it will be literally easier, and *take less time*, as some one has said, to travel than to stay at home.

All this is *trade*, of course, to certain parties, as far as it goes. The effect of the new movement on the amount of business at large is less easily foreseen: on its better arrangement, however, in most important particulars, it is so obvious as to require few remarks. Let us take one striking paragraph from Mr. Revans's pamphlet, as an apt illustration of the harvest of speculations that are now to be looked for. The drift of it is evident, and requires no explanation:—

"By counter-exchange is meant drawing bills upon America. At present all the exchange transactions between the countries have their source in America; and offering bills on America in our exchange market would be novel, and would create much surprise, though exchange is sold day by day upon France, Holland, and other countries. We have counter-exchange with most civilized foreign countries. Considering the magnitude of our transactions with America, the intelligence of its people, and the high point to which credit has attained there, it does surprise persons not conversant with the practice of that trade when they are informed that the shipper from this country to America does not enjoy the advantage and security of a counter-exchange. Were the people of the United States a community utterly without the habit of commercial punctuality, there might appear to be a reason against counter-exchange. But the very nature of our commercial connection with that country is proof that such is not the belief. An immense portion of shipments are made upon credit—while otherwise goods would only be shipped upon capital—and sold on arrival, either for cash or in immediate barter for other goods. Even in such a trade as now supposed, counter-exchange might possibly be introduced with advantage. Then doubts might, however, fairly be raised of the propriety of making shipments on exchange drawn on countries in which commercial transactions were in the infant state here supposed. But when we consider the commercial spirit of the Americans—its origin, and the facilities for the

punctual performance of contracts, no doubt, that will bear examination, can be offered against the propriety of the introduction of counter-exchanges, though neglected to be introduced to the present moment. It is remarkable that there should have been no counter-exchange to this period. Possibly it may be accounted for in the fact of the United States having, comparatively speaking, so very recently ceased being English colonies."—*Revans*, pp. 15, 16.

We should suppose that Mr. Revans might have regarded the absence of a settled mode of regular and certain conveyance between the two countries as another, if not a stronger, reason for this state of things. At all events, it can hardly be doubted that the establishment of such a conveyance will operate immediately to put this important business of exchange in a better way. Heretofore, no merchant could foresee when any mercantile paper, committed to a packet, would reach its destination. Intended to go in thirty days, it might be twice that time on the way; the first paper forwarded might be last received. So of specie again; so of correspondence of every description. The totally new *regime* of punctuality, harmony, confidence, and facility, introduced into every imaginable department of business by the establishment of steam navigation, must be about as evident at a glance as any discussion, in the present state of things, could possibly make it.

Far less can we enter into the great and exciting consideration at once suggested by a view of the less mercantile and more general bearings of the scheme. The increased and improved travel and trade themselves, indeed, which we have counted on, cannot but have a vast moral effect. Continual, easy, and extensive personal intercourse, and closer and closer commercial connection, must infallibly impart a new tone to public feeling in each country towards the other; and at the same time render it equally the interest and inclination of both to cultivate relations worthy of the character, the power, the common bonds of blood, and the intimate inter-dependence of two such peoples. And so it must be with other nations—with Christendom at large. Europe and America, especially, will become, not neighbors only, but good ones. We shall exercise a strong influence over each other;

influences extremely different indeed, but salutary, we cannot but believe, to all concerned. The Old World is rich with its own peculiar resources, literary, scientific, political, and moral. The New World, with less accumulation, boasts of being more spirited, racy, adventurous, and experimental. The one holds in her hands the wealth of the days gone by; the other is rather intrusted with the key of the future. Each deserves close observation, considerate deference, and deep study of the other. And this, with all its effects, is what we are now to have. Heretofore, individuals only, here and there, have known and communed with individuals. Hereafter, nations, races, continents, will stand in the same relation. They will, let us hope, throw their muskets and their bows and arrows behind them, and approach each other; a thousand prejudices will be given up, and a thousand fresh ties of interest and influence arise between them, as seeing, at length, eye to eye, they take each other by the hand, and swear that henceforth the crude, puerile, and savage ignorance, indifference, alienation, or hostility of other ages shall be no more.

A word of explanation on one historical point of some interest—which it is well should be settled in season—and we have done. We have alluded to the fact that the late passage of the Atlantic by steam was, by no means, the first achievement of the kind. When we have spoken of the success of these new boats in strong terms, it has not been with the thought of encouraging such an impression; and we certainly do not think it of the least moment, so far as British honor is concerned, that such an impression should prevail. All admit that the mere fact of a solitary steam vessel crossing the ocean some twenty years ago—whether by steam, or by sails, or both, and with whatever purpose in view—is of little importance as compared with the undertaking and establishment of such an enterprise, in such manner as to make it the grand, regular medium of communication, and the growing source of immense results, never before dreamed of, between America and Europe. This is the credit claimed, in the present instance, by British courage, energy, and skill. This the Americans allow us; and they may afford to do it. They have, themselves, even in the same field, done enough to con-

tent ambition. They have taken up this scheme, in its present stage, with their usual spirit, and without a moment's hesitation or delay. Unseasonable circumstances in their pecuniary situation, more perhaps than any thing else, may have prevented them from snatching this last honor from British hands. The conception itself was no new, crude, chimerical notion to them.

They have been too much accustomed to steam movements on a grand scale to be taken by surprise with this. Not only did Fitch, of Philadelphia, half a century ago, predict, with perfect confidence, the establishment of Atlantic steam navigation; but performances of substantially much the same character, as regards risk, have, for many years, been actually going on before the eyes of the American public, (as, indeed, to some extent also of ours.) A few months since, we noticed this paragraph in a New-York journal:

"The British steamer, 'Sir Lionel Smith,' for which so much anxiety has been felt, reached this port yesterday, in fifteen days from St. Thomas."

Along the extensive coasts, and up the vast rivers of the United States, the nature of their steam operations is well known. At New-Orleans they were talking, a year or two since, (as well as at New-York,) of establishing this connection with Europe by steam, and the project seemed to have been abandoned merely on account of the "crisis." A British passage across was made last winter by the "City of Kingston," intended for a Jamaica and Carthage mail-packet, we think. She, too, was much talked of as the first which had crossed. It seems, however, that she put in at Madeira on her way. It is also well ascertained that three steam vessels, at least, had crossed, all the way, before her. Two of these were the Royal William, built at Quebec, for the trade between that port and Halifax, which was sold some years ago to the crown of Portugal for £12,000, (and which we ourselves happened to see in Boston harbor, five or six years ago, when just arrived from Liverpool via Halifax;) and the Cape Breton, which was built at Greenock or Glasgow, and sent out to Pictou, for the use of a mining company. But the vessel to which the real honor of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was the Savannah, thus alluded to in the Times, May 11, 1819:

"*Great experiment.*—A new steam-vessel, of 300 tons, has been built at New-York, for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct."

And she did reach Liverpool accordingly, on the 20th of June—coming, moreover, direct from Savannah, in twenty-six days. We have seen it stated that this vessel used her steam only when she failed to make four knots the hour by sailing; but these particulars, as we said before, are hardly worthy of notice. After a somewhat enthusiastic reception at Liverpool, she proceeded to Stockholm, where Bernadotte went on board, and made the captain sundry presents, significant of his royal gratification. The Emperor of Russia visited her also at Cronstadt, and gave his host a silver tea-kettle, which he retains, as a trophy of his adventure, to this day.

To these, we believe, might be added the Curaçoa, which is said to have gone over direct from Holland to Surinam, in 1828, making the voyage from off Dover in twenty-four days.

And this, as far as we know, is the whole history of Atlantic steam navigation. Its history, a hundred years hence, will be more worth telling—though, perhaps, it may contain nothing more interesting to the men of those times than the early experiments of which we have now finished a humble sketch.

HORRIBLE RUSTIC SPORTS IN FRANCE.

"The *soule*," says M. Souvestre, "is an enormous ball of leather, filled with bran, which is thrown into the air and fought for by the players, who are divided into two parties." The victory rests with the party who can carry off the *soule* into a different township from that where the game has commenced. A *soule* in Morbihan is not a common amusement; it is a fiery and dramatic game, where people fight and strangle each other, and break necks—a game which permits a man to kill an enemy, without losing benefit of clergy, provided one takes care to strike him, as if by mistake, and with an *unlucky blow*. Hence, God knows what a fete a *soule* is for the country! It is a day of plenary indulgence, granted to assassination. "And who is there that has not

some one to kill?" as one of the famous *souleurs* said to me one day. Frequently a town enters the list against a rural population, and then the sport is envenomed with all the height of the peasant against the citizens; it is then no longer a strife of rival parties; it is a tournament of opinions, decided by fist and nails. When the day and the place of a *soule* have been fixed, you see old men, women, and children, flocking to the spot from every side, greedy of the spectacle. These are the vanguard, par courtesy, of the combatants. The latter next arrive in numerous bands, the greater part dressed in clothes bound with care round their bodies, so as to offer nothing to the grasp of their antagonist, and having round their loins a strap, tightly buckled, to make them run the quicker. The gait of the peasant is generally wary and slow; that of the townsfolk, lively, fiery, and bold. The *souleurs* once assembled, the conditions of the game are proclaimed with a loud voice; the prize which shall be awarded to the winner is pointed out, then the two parties retire to an equal distance from the certain point where the *soule* is thrown, and the game immediately begins. It is at first carried on by the weakest players; the strong keep aloof. They look on, with crossed arms, throwing out to the combatants encouragement or hisses, but they take no part in the *melée*, save by, from time to time, bearing with the strength of their hands upon some knot of players, so as to drive them ten paces off to roll in the dust, one over the other. But, little by little, these preludes excite them, and whip their blood up. The *soule*, taken and retaken, is already far from the place where it was launched. The outskirts of the township are near; all feel the time is come to interfere. The most impatient himself goes; the first blow is given, and then a cry is raised; all join the fight, and push and stike; nothing more is heard but complaints, curses, threats, the rude and dull sound of fists punishing flesh! Blood soon flows, and at its sight a sort of frenzied intoxication possesses the *souleurs*. The spirit of a herd of wild deer seems to awaken in the hearts of these men; the thirst for murder seizes them by the throat—drives them on—blinds them. They are mingled confusedly; they press on each other; they writhe the one above the other; in an instant the players form only

one single body, above which may be seen arms rising and falling incessantly, like the hammers of a paper-mill. At a great distance, faces, pale or bronzed, show themselves, disappear, then rise again, bloody and marbled with blows. In proportion as this strange mass struggles and heaves, it is seen to melt and diminish, because the weaker get struck down, and they continue over their bodies; generally the last combatants on the two sides meet face to face, half dead with fatigue and pain. It is then that he who has some strength escapes with the *soule*. Feebly pursued by his exhausted rivals, he has soon reached the neighboring communes, and thus obtained the prize so fiercely disputed.

This last flight, however, is not always without danger. The obstinate hatred of an enemy sometimes renders it fatal, as was proved by Francois de Pontivy, commonly called the *Souleur*. Francois had gained the utmost reputation in the game, and had rendered himself famous among the peasants of all the neighboring townships. In his house, hung and arranged against his chimney, were all the *soules* which he had gained; and he would show them with the same pride as a Mohican, when displaying the scalps of his enemies hung round his wigwam. Even when age had diminished the strength of Francois, he adorned his house every year with some new trophy. One man alone had, for a long time, disputed the superiority of this great *souleur*. This was one Ivon Marker, a peasant of Kergrist. But Francois had broken his ribs at a *soule* held at Neuliac, in 1810, and Ivon died in consequence. His son, Pierre Marker, had succeeded to the pretensions of his father without being more fortunate. Francois had left him minus an eye at the *soule* of Dleguerrec, and broken two teeth from him at that of Seglein. Since that time, Pierre had sworn to avenge himself. A *soule* was held at Stival, and the two antagonists repaired thither; every thing went on at first just as usual. Francois, however, noticed, with surprise, that Pierre avoided approaching him during the *melée*. He had called to him with a mock courtesy, "Come hither, chouan! that I may have thy other eye!" The peasant made no answer, and had still held himself aloof. But once, towards the close of the day, Francois, who had been thrown down, was

aware at the same instant of the two iron shod shabots trampling upon his stomach, and had caught a glimpse of Pierre's eyeless socket bending over him frightfully. Thanks, however, to his own good strength, and that of his friends, he was presently set on his feet again. Ere long, night-fall came. The larger number of *souleurs*, worn out with fatigue, withdrew from the game; some of the keenest still disputing the prize, man with man. Francois availed himself of this instant to seize the *soule*, and make his escape across the country. They pursued him for a while, but he gained the open fields, and soon was out of sight of the peasants. For a few minutes more, their shouts reached him through the dusk of the evening—then they changed their direction, grew more distant, and were lost. Every one considered the *soule* as won, and gave up. The man of Pontivy stopped for a moment to take breath, for his body was bruised and in pain. Never had *soule* been so obstinately disputed. After having tried to quiet the throbbings of his chest by stretching himself on the cold ground, Francois got up, and began once more to run towards a brook which divided the townships of Stival and Pontivy. Already he saw the willows which fringed it—his heart began to beat with joy—when he heard behind him that peculiar, soft noise, which is made by a man running barefoot; he looked back and saw, in the obscurity of the hollow path, a shadow advancing rapidly towards him.

The old *souleur* then began to be afraid, for he knew that he was now too feeble to defend himself, and he was too far off to hope for the assistance of his own people. He resolved to fly; and mustering whatever strength was left in his stiffening limbs, bent his course towards the brook; but the sound of his pursuer came nearer and nearer, and in another instant, he heard the short, quick breath of his antagonist close at his heels. One last effort—he has reached the willow trees—his foot is already in the water. At this moment, there is a cry in his ear—a cry which he knows well. Francois would have crossed with a single bound the short space yet remaining to be crossed, but incapacitated by fatigue, he fell heavily on the sharp pebbles which form the bed of the rivulet. Coming to himself, he feels a knee on his chest, and the face of Pierre close to his

own, with that wild solitary eye, and that mouth, smiling grimly!—toothless! With an instinctive struggle, Francois stretched forth his hand toward the left bank—for this bank is in the township of Pontivy. Can he but touch it he is safe: but the peasant has seized that hand in his iron grasp. "Thou art in Stival, bourgeois. I have the right over thee!" "Let me go, chouan!" cried the artizan. "Give me the soule!" "Take it, and now let me go!" "There is yet something thou owest me, bourgeois!" "I owe thee?" "Thine eye!" screamed Pierre; "thine eye!" and he clutched the left eye of Francois till it leaped from its socket. "Leave me, assassin!" cried the Pontivian. "Thou shalt first pay me thy teeth, bourgeois," and the teeth of Francois were crushed down his throat. A furious madness seemed then to possess the peasant. Holding beneath his left arm the head of Francois, he began to beat it, as with a hammer, with his sabot, which he held in his right hand. This must have gone on for sometime, for in the morning Francois was found at the brook side, without sign of life or consciousness. Such, however, was the strength of the souleur, that he was partially restored, but it was necessary to trepan him, and from that day forth he was a one-eyed idiot.—Pierre, brought before a court of justice, defended himself, in answer to the questions of the judge, by simply saying, that Francois was in Stival when he had overtaken him, and that it was thus that they played at the soule. He was acquitted, but the soules were prohibited for some years afterwards.—*London and Westminster Review.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

I AM sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience.

Inquietudes of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all our inclinations and passions, the winds and tide that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.

POOR SMIKE.*

THE wretched creature, Smike, since the night Nicholas had spoken kindly to him in the school-room, had followed him to and fro with an ever restless desire to serve or help him, anticipating such little wants as his humble ability could supply, and content only to be near him. He would sit beside him for hours, looking patiently into his face, and a word would brighten up his care-worn visage, and call into it a passing gleam even of happiness. He was an altered being; he had an object now, and that object was to show his attachment to the only person—that person a stranger—who had treated him, not to say with kindness, but like a human creature.

Upon this poor being all the spleen and ill-humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were unceasingly bestowed. Drudgery would have been nothing—he was well used to that. Buffetings inflicted without cause would have been equally a matter of course, for to them also he had served a long and weary apprenticeship; but it was no sooner observed that he had become attached to Nicholas, than stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his only portion. Squeers was jealous of the influence which his man had so soon acquired, and his family hated him, and Smike paid for both. Nicholas saw it, and ground his teeth at every repetition of the savage and cowardly attack.

He had arranged a few regular lessons for the boys, and one night as he paced up and down the dismal school-room, his swollen heart almost bursting to think that his protection and countenance should have increased the misery of the wretched being whose peculiar destitution had awakened his pity, he paused mechanically in a dark corner where sat the object of his thoughts.

The poor soul was poring hard over a

* This is a powerfully wrought passage, from Mr. Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby." As introductory to the incidents, it should be observed, that Squeers is an English pedagogue, who reigns with the most tyrannical sway over a boarding school for boys; that Nickleby is an usher in the school, and that Smike is a poor pupil, who pays for his tuition by acting as a *drudge* about the establishment. As in nearly all of "Boz's" writings, there is much of high-coloring here; but the delineation is pathetic to a degree unusual in depicting similar scenes.—ED. HESPERIAN.

tattered book with the traces of recent tears still upon his face, vainly endeavoring to master some task which a child of nine years old, possessed of ordinary powers, could have conquered with ease, but which to the addled brain of the crushed boy of nineteen was a sealed and hopeless mystery. Yet there he sat, patiently conning the page again and again, stimulated by no boyish ambition, for he was the common jest and scoff even of the uncouth objects that congregated about him, but inspired by the one eager desire to please his solitary friend.

Nicholas laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I can't do it," said the dejected creature, looking up with bitter disappointment in every feature. "No, no."

"Do not try," replied Nicholas.

The boy shook his head, and closing the book with a sigh, looked vacantly round, and laid his head upon his arm. He was weeping.

"Do not for God's sake," said Nicholas, in an agitated voice; "I cannot bear to see you."

"They are more hard with me than ever," sobbed the boy.

"I know it," rejoined Nicholas. "They are."

"But for you," said the outcast, "I should die. They would kill me; they would, I know they would."

"You will do better, poor fellow," replied Nicholas, shaking his head mournfully, "when I am gone."

"Gone!" cried the other, looking intently in his face.

"Softly!" rejoined Nicholas. "Yes."

"Are you going?" demanded the boy, in an earnest whisper.

"I cannot say," replied Nicholas, "I was speaking more to my own thoughts than to you."

"Tell me," said the boy imploringly, "Oh do tell me, *will* you go—*will* you?"

"I shall be driven to that at last!" said Nicholas. "The world is before me, after all."

"Tell me," urged Smike, "is the world as bad and dismal as this place?"

"Heaven forbid," replied Nicholas, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, "its hardest, coarsest toil, were happiness to this."

"Should I ever meet you there?" demanded the boy, speaking with unusual wildness and volubility.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, willing to soothe him.

"No, no!" said the other, clasping him by the hand. "Should I—should I—tell me that again. Say I should be sure to find you."

"You would," replied Nicholas, with the same humane intention, "and I would help and aid you, and not bring fresh sorrow on you as I have done here."

The boy caught both the young man's hands passionately in his, and hugging them to his breast, uttered a few broken sounds which were unintelligible. Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner. * * *

The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas, raising himself upon his arm, looked among the prostrate forms which on every side surrounded him, as though in search of some particular object.

It needed a quick eye to detect from among the huddled mass of sleepers, the form of any given individual. As they lay closely packed together, covered, for warmth's sake, with their patched and ragged clothes, little could be distinguished but the sharp outlines of pale faces, over which the sombre light shed the same dull heavy color, with here and there a gaunt arm thrust forth: its thinness hidden by no covering, but fully exposed to view in all its shrunken ugliness. There were some who, lying on their backs with upturned faces and clenched hands, just visible in the leaden light, bore more the aspect of dead bodies than of living creatures, and there were others coiled up into strange and fantastic postures, such as might have been taken for the uneasy efforts of pain to gain some temporary relief, rather than the freaks of slumber. A few—and these were among the youngest of the children—slept peacefully on with smiles upon their faces, dreaming perhaps of home; but ever and again a deep and heavy sigh, breaking the stillness of the room, announced that some new sleeper had awakened to the misery of another day, and, as morning took the place of night, the smiles gradually faded away with the friendly darkness which had given them birth.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on earth in the night season, and melt away in the first

beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.

Nicholas looked upon the sleepers, at first with the air of one who gazes upon a scene which, though familiar to him, has lost none of its sorrowful effect in consequence, and afterwards, with a more intense and searching scrutiny, as a man would who missed something his eye was accustomed to meet, and had expected to rest upon. He was still occupied in this search, and had half risen from his bed in the eagerness of his quest, when the voice of Squeers was heard calling from the bottom of the stairs.

"Now then," cried that gentleman, "are you going to sleep all day up there—"

"You lazy hounds?" added Mrs. Squeers, finishing the sentence, and producing at the same time a sharp sound like that which is occasioned by the lacing of stays.

"We shall be down directly, Sir," replied Nicholas.

"Down directly!" said Squeers. "Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked hurriedly round again, but made no answer.

"Smike!" shouted Squeers.

"Do you want your head broke in a fresh place, Smike?" demanded his amiable lady in the same key.

Still there was no reply, and still Nicholas stared about him, as did the greater part of the boys who were by this time roused.

"Confound his impudence," muttered Squeers, rapping on the stair-rail impatiently with his cane. "Nickelby."

"Well, Sir."

"Send that obstinate scoundrel down; don't you hear me calling?"

"He is not here, Sir?" replied Nicholas.

"Don't tell me a lie," retorted the school-master. "He is."

"He is not," retorted Nicholas angrily; "don't tell me one."

"We shall soon see that," said Mr. Squeers, rushing up stairs. "I'll find him, I warrant you."

With which assurance Mr. Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where the lean body of the drudge was usually stretched at night.

The cane descended harmlessly upon the ground. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean?" said Squeers, turning round with a very pale face. "Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night," replied Nicholas.

"Come," said Squeers, evidently frightened, though he endeavored to look otherwise, "you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond, for aught I know," rejoined Nicholas in a low voice, and fixing his eyes full on the master's face.

"D—n you, what do you mean by that?" retorted Squeers in great perturbation. And without waiting for a reply, he inquired of the boys whether any one among them knew anything of their missing school-mate.

There was a general hum of anxious denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say (as, indeed, everybody thought)—

"Please, Sir, I think Smike's run away, Sir."

"Ha!" cried Squeers, turning sharp round; "Who said that?"

"Tomkins, please Sir," rejoined a chorus of voices. Mr. Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and at one dive caught a very little boy habited still in his night gear, and the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was as yet uncertain whether he was about to be punished or rewarded for the suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

"You think he has run away, do you, Sir?" demanded Squeers.

"Yes, please Sir," replied the little boy.

"And what, Sir," said Squeers, catching the little boy suddenly by the arms and whisking up his drapery in a most dexterous manner, "what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment? Eh, Sir?"

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers, throwing himself into the most favorable attitude for exercising his strength, beat him till the little urchin in his writhings actually rolled out of his hands, when he mercifully allowed him to roll away as he best could.

"There," said Squeers. "Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him."

There was of course a profound silence, during which Nicholas showed his disgust as plainly as looks could show it.

"Well, Nickleby," said Squeers, eyeing him maliciously. "You think he has run away, I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely" replied Nicholas, in a very quiet manner.

"Oh, you do, do you?" sneered Squeers. "May be you know he has?"

"I know nothing of the kind."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?" sneered Squeers.

"He did not," replied Nicholas; "I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have warned you in time."

"Which no doubt you would have been devilish sorry to do," said Squeers in a taunting fashion.

"I should, indeed," replied Nicholas. "You interpret my feelings with great accuracy."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs, but now losing all patience, she hastily assumed her night-jacket and made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to do?" said the lady, as the boys fell off right and left, to save her the trouble of clearing a passage with her brawny arms. "What on earth are you a talking to him for, Squeery!"

"Why, my dear," said Squeers, "the fact is, that Smike is not to be found."

"Well, I know that," said the lady, "and where's the wonder? If you get a parcel of proud-stomached teachers that set the young dogs a rebelling, what else can you look for? Now, young man, you have just the kindness to take yourself off to the school-room, and take the boys off with you; and don't stir out of there till you have leave given you, or you and I may fall out in a way that'll spoil your beauty, handsome as you think yourself, and so I tell you."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, smiling.

"Yes; and indeed and indeed, again, Mister Jackanapes," said the excited lady; "and I wouldn't keep such as you in the house another hour, if I had my way."

"Nor would you, if I had mine," replied Nicholas. "Now boys."

"Ah! now boys," said Mrs. Squeers, mimicking, as nearly as she could, the voice and manner of the usher. "Follow your leader, boys, and take pattern by Smike,

if you dare. See what he'll get for himself when he is brought back; and mind I tell you that you shall have as bad, and twice as bad, if you so much as open your mouths about him."

"If I catch him," said Squeers, "I'll only stop short of flaying him alive, I give you notice, boys."

"If you catch him," retorted Mrs. Squeers contemptuously, "you are sure to; you can't help it, if you go the right way to work. Come, away with you!"

With these words, Mrs. Squeers dismissed the boys; and, after a little light skirmishing with those in the rear, who were pressing forward to get out of the way, but were detained for a few moments by the throng in front, succeeded in clearing the room, when she confronted her spouse alone.

"He is off," said Mrs. Squeers. "The cow-house and stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs any where, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road, too."

"Why must he?" inquired Squeers.

"Stupid!" said Mrs. Squeers, angrily. "He hadn't any money, had he?"

"Never had a penny of his own in his whole life, that I know of," replied Squeers,

"To be sure," rejoined Mrs. Squeers, "and he didn't take any thing to eat with him, that I'll answer for. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Squeers.

"Then, of course," said Mrs. S., "he must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road."

"That's true," exclaimed Squeers, clapping his hands.

"True! Yes; but you would never have thought of it for all that, if I hadn't said so," replied his wife. "Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise, and go the other, what, with keeping our eyes open, and asking questions, one or the other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him."

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay. After a very hasty breakfast, and the prosecution of some inquiries in the village, the result of which seemed to show that he was on the right track, Squeers started forth in the pony chaise, intent upon discovery and vengeance. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Squeers, arrayed in the white top-coat, and tied up in various

shawls and handkerchiefs, issued forth in another chaise and another direction, taking with her a good sized bludgeon, several odd pieces of strong cord, and a stout laboring man; all provided and carried upon the expedition with the sole object of assisting in the capture, and (once caught) insuring the safe custody of the unfortunate Smike.

Nicholas remained behind, in a tumult of feeling, sensible that whatever might be the upshot of the boy's flight, nothing but painful and deplorable consequences were likely to ensue from it. Death from want and exposure to the weather, was the best that could be expected from the protracted wandering of so poor and helpless a creature, alone and unfriended, through a country of which he was wholly ignorant. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this fate, and a return to the tender mercies of the Yorkshire school, but the unhappy being had established a hold upon his sympathy and compassion, which made his heart ache at the prospect of the suffering he was destined to undergo. He lingered on in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of next day, when Squeers returned alone and unsuccessful.

"No news of the scamp," said the schoolmaster, who had evidently been stretching his legs, on the old principle, not a few times during the journey. "I'll have consolation for this out of somebody, Nickleby, if Mrs. Squeers don't hunt him down, so I give you warning."

"It is not in my power to console you, sir," said Nicholas. "It is nothing to me."

"Isn't it?" said Squeers, in a threatening manner. "We shall see."

"We shall," rejoined Nicholas.

"Here's the poney run right off his legs, and me obliged to come home with a hack cob, that'll cost fifteen shillings, besides other expenses," said Squeers; "who's to pay for that, do you hear?"

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent.

"I'll have it out of somebody, I tell you," said Squeers, his usual harsh, crafty manner changed to open bullying. "None of your whining vaporings here, Mr. Puppy, but be off to your kennel, for its past your bed time. Come; get out."

Nicholas bit his lip, and knit his hands involuntarily, for his finger-ends tingled to avenge the insult, but remembering that

the man was drunk, and that it could come to little but a noisy brawl, he contented himself with darting a contemptuous look at the tyrant, and walked as majestically as he could up stairs, not a little nettled, however, to observe that Miss Squeers and Master Squeers, and the servant girl, were enjoying the scene from a snug corner—the two former indulging in many edifying remarks about the presumption of poor upstarts—which occasioned a vast deal of laughter, in which even the most miserable of all miserable servant girls joined; while Nicholas, stung to the quick, drew over his head such bed-clothes as he had, and sternly resolved that the outstanding account between himself and Mr. Squeers should be settled rather more speedily than the latter anticipated.

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake, when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard; and, in exultation, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was, in itself, a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike; so bedabbled with mud and rain, so haggard and worn, and wild, that, but for his garments being such as no scarecrow was ever seen to wear, he might have been doubtful, even then, of his identity.

"Lift him out," said Squeers, after he had literally feasted his eyes in silence upon the culprit. "Bring him in, bring him in."

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers, as her husband proffered his assistance. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord, and Smike, to all appearance, more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him in presence of the assembled school.

Upon a hasty consideration of the circumstances, it may be matter of surprise to some persons, that Mr. and Mrs. Squeers should have taken so much trouble to repossess themselves of an incumbrance, of which it was their wont to complain so

loudly; but their surprise will cease when they are informed that the manifold services of the drudge, if performed by any body else, would have cost the establishment some ten or twelve shillings per week in the shape of wages; and, furthermore, that all runaways were, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of at Do-theboys Hall, inasmuch, as in consequence of the limited extent of its attractions, there was but little inducement, beyond the powerful impulse of fear, for any pupil, provided with the usual number of legs and the power of using them, to remain.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph, ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner, and further strengthened himself by an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a countenance of portentous import, and a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new—in short, purchased that morning expressly for the occasion.

"Is every boy here?" asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice.

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself, and every eye dropped and every head cowered down as he did so.

"Each boy keep his place," said Squeers, administering his favorite blow to the desk, and regarding, with gloomy satisfaction, the universal start which it never failed to occasion. "Nickleby, to your desk, Sir!"

It was remarked by more than one small observer, that there was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face, but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply; and Squeers, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant, and a look of most comprehensive despotism on the boys, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been, had he boasted such a decoration.

In any other place, the appearance of the wretched, jaded, spiritless object, would

have occasioned a murmur of compassion and remonstrance. It had some effect even there; for the lookers-on moved uneasily in their seats, and a few of the boldest ventured to steal looks at each other, expressive of indignation and pity.

They were lost on Squeers, however, whose gaze was fastened on the luckless Smike, as he inquired, according to custom in such cases, whether he had any thing to say for himself.

"Nothing, I suppose," said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Smike glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

"Have you any thing to say?" demanded Squeers again: giving his right arm two or three flourishes, to try its power and suppleness, "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, Sir," cried Smike.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers.—"Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mrs. Squeers, "that's a good 'un."

"I was driven to do it," said Smike, faintly, and casting another imploring look about him.

"Driven to do it, were you?" said Squeers, "Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose—eh?"

"A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog," exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; "what does he mean by that?"

"Stand aside, my dear," replied Squeers, "we'll try and find out."

Mrs. Squeers being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body—he was wincing from the lash, and uttering a scream of pain—it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!" in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward.—"This must not go on."

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast, and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not!" repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and sciz-ing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch!" rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on."

"Stand back!" cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practiced on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head."

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face, with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys—with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear—moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavored

to drag him from his infuriated adversary; while Miss Squeers, who had been peeping through the key-hole, in expectation of a very different scene, darted in at the very beginning of the attack, and after launching a shower of inkstands at the usher's head, beat Nicholas to her heart's content, animating herself at every blow with the recollection of his having refused her proffered love, and thus imparting additional strength to an arm which (as she took after her mother in this respect) was at no time one of the weakest.

Nicholas, in the full torrent of his violence, felt the blows no more than if they had been dealt with feathers; but becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak besides, he threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained to his satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead, (upon which point he had some unpleasant doubts at first,) Nicholas left his family to restore him, and retired to consider what course he had better adopt.—He looked anxiously round for Smike as he left the room, but he was nowhere to be seen.

After a brief consideration, he packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and shortly afterwards struck into the road which led to Greta bridge.

When he had cooled sufficiently to be enabled to give his present circumstances some little reflection, they did not appear in a very encouraging light, for he had only four shillings and a few pence in his pocket, and was something more than two hundred and fifty miles from London, whither he resolved to direct his steps, that he might ascertain, among other things, what account of the morning's proceedings Mr. Squeers transmitted to his most affectionate uncle.

Lifting up his eyes, as he arrived at the conclusion that there was no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, he beheld a horseman coming towards him, whom, on his nearer approach he discovered, to his

infinite chagrin, to be no other than Mr. John Browdie, who, clad in cords and leather leggings, was urging his animal forward by means of a thick ash stick, which seemed to have been recently cut from some stout sapling.

"I am in no mood for more noise and riot," thought Nicholas, "and yet, do what I will, I shall have an altercation with this honest blockhead, and perhaps a blow or two from yonder staff."

In truth there appeared some reason to expect that such a result would follow from the encounter, for John Browdie no sooner saw Nicholas advancing, than he reined in his horse by the footpath, and waited until such time as he should come up; looking, meantime, very sternly between the horse's ears at Nicholas, as he came on at his leisure.

"Servant, young gentleman," said John.

"Yours," said Nicholas.

"Weel, we ha' met at last," said John, making the stirrup ring under a smart touch of the ash stick.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, hesitating.—"Come," he said frankly, after a moment's pause, "we parted on very good terms, the last time we met. It was my fault, I believe; but I had no intention of offending you, and no idea that I was doing so. I was very sorry for it afterwards. Will you shake hands?"

"Shake hands!" cried the good-humored Yorkshireman; "ah, that I weel;" at the same time he bent down from the saddle, and gave Nicholas's fist a huge wrench; "but wa'at be the matther with the feace, mun? It be all broken, loike."

"It is cut," said Nicholas, turning scarlet,— "a blow; but I returned it to the giver, and with good interest, too."

"Nea, did'ee though?" exclaimed John Browdie. "Well deane, I like 'un for thot."

"The fact is," said Nicholas, not very well knowing how to make the avowal—"the fact is, that I've been ill-treated."

"Noa," interposed John Browdie, in a tone of compassion; for he was a giant in strength and stature, and Nicholas very likely in his eyes, seemed a mere dwarf; "deant say thot."

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, "by that man Squeers, and I have beaten him soundly, and am leaving this place in consequence."

"What!" cried John Browdie, with such

an ecstatic shout, that the horse quite shyed at it. "Beatten the schoolmaesther! Ho! ho! ho! Beatten the schoolmaesther! Whoever heard o' the loike o' that, noo! Give us the hond agean, yoongster. Beatten a schoolmaesther! Dang it, I loove the for't."

With these expressions of delight, John Browdie laughed and laughed again—so loud that the echoes far and wide sent back nothing but jovial peals of merriment—and shook Nicholas by the hand, meanwhile, no less heartily. When his mirth had subsided, he inquired what Nicholas meant to do. On his informing him, to go straight to London, he shook his head doubtfully, and inquired if he knew how much the coaches charged to carry passengers so far.

"No, I do not," said Nicholas; "but it is of no great consequence to me, for I intend walking."

"Gang awa' to Lunnun afoot!" cried John, in amazement.

"Every step of the way," replied Nicholas. "I should be many steps further on by this time, and so good bye."

"Nay, noo," replied the honest countrymen, reining in his impatient horse, "stan' still, tellie. Hoo much cash hast thee gotten?"

"Not much," said Nicholas, coloring, "but I can make it enough. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

John Browdie made no verbal answer to this remark, but, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out an old purse of soiled leather, and insisted that Nicholas should borrow from him whatever he required for his present necessities.

"Dea'nt be afeard, mun," he said; tak' eneaft to carry the whoam. Thee'llt pay me yan day, a' warrant."

Nicholas could by no means be prevailed on to borrow more than a sovereign, with which loan, Mr. Browdie, after many entreaties that he would accept of more, (observing with a touch of Yorkshire caution, that if he didn't spend it all, he could put the surplus by, till he had an opportunity of remitting it carriage free,) was fain to content himself.

"Tak' that bit o' timber to help thee on wi' mun," he added, pressing his stick on Nicholas, and giving his hand another squeeze; "keep a good heart, and bless thee. Beatten a schoolmaesther! 'Cod! it's the best thing I've heerd this twonty year."

So saying, and indulging, with more delicacy than could have been expected from him, in another series of loud laughs, for the purpose of avoiding the thanks which Nicholas poured forth, John Browdie set spurs to his horse, and went off at a smart canter, looking back from time to time as Nicholas stood gazing after him; and waving his hand cheerily, as if to encourage him on his way. Nicholas watched the horse and rider until they disappeared over the brow of a distant hill, and then set forward on his journey.

He did not travel far that afternoon, for by this time, it was nearly dark, and there had been a heavy fall of snow, which not only rendered the way toilsome, but the track uncertain and difficult to find after daylight, save by experienced wayfarers. He lay that night at a cottage, where beds were let at a cheap rate to the more humble class of travelers; and, rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. Passing through that town in search of some resting-place, he stumbled upon an empty barn, within a couple of hundred yards of the road side, in a warm corner of which he stretched his weary limbs, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, and tried to recollect his dreams, which had been all connected with his recent sojourn at Dotheboys Hall, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared—not with the most composed countenance possible—at some motionless object, which seemed to be stationed within a few yards in front of him.

"Strange!" cried Nicholas; "can this be some lingering creation of the visions that have scarcely left me! It cannot be real—and yet I—I am awake. Smike?"

The form moved, rose, advanced, and dropped upon its knees at his feet. It was Smike, indeed.

"Why do you kneel to me?" said Nicholas, hastily raising him.

"To go with you—any where—every where—to the world's end—to the churchyard grave," replied Smike, clinging to his hand. "Let me, oh do let me. You are my home—my kind friend—take me with you, pray."

"I am a friend who can do little for you," said Nicholas, kindly. "How came you here?"

He had followed him, it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halt-

ed for refreshment; and had feared to appear before, lest he should be sent back. He had not intended to appear before him now, but Nicholas had awakened more suddenly than he looked for, and he had no time to conceal himself.

"Poor fellow!" said Nicholas, "your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself."

"May I—may I go with you?" asked Smike, timidly. "I will be your faithful, hard-working servant, I will, indeed. I want no clothes," added the poor creature, drawing his rags together; "these will do very well. I only want to be near you."

"And you shall," cried Nicholas. "And the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come."

With these words, he strapped his burden on his shoulders, and, taking his stick in hand, extended the other to his delighted charge, and they passed out of the old barn together.

VERSES

TO A LATE AND BEAUTIFUL FALL FLOWER.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

RICH, golden-hued, and fair!
Beautiful gem 'mid the surrounding blight!
Cheerfully wav'st thou there,
A blessing to the sight:
And lavishly dost thy sweets dispense—
A balmy pleasure to the longing sense.

When the fair buds of spring
Have burst, and bloom'd, and faded from the eye,
And the rich blossoming
Of summer hath pass'd by,
Thou com'st, 'mid chilling sleet, and winds that blight,
Gladdening the gloom—a star in Sorrows' night.

Thus when youth's smooth, and fair,
And rose-leaf tinted cheek hath pass'd away;
And the rich, glossy hair,
Is dim, and thin, and grey;
And Time's fierce storms, and Age's wintry wind,
Have scathed the body, and just spared the mind:

Then, 'mid the general gloom,
Bursts forth a light to guide the weary on,
Joyfully, to the tomb,
Where life's long march is done:
Light of the soul! that, from its heavenly height,
Disperses the darknesses of the gathering night.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROBERTS'S EMBASSY.

Embassy to the Eastern Courts of Cochin-China, Siam and Muscat; in the U. States' Sloop of War Peacock, David Geisinger, Commander, during the years 1832-'3-'4. By EDMUND ROBERTS. 8vo. pp. 432.—New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1837.

THE author of this work, our readers are probably aware, was sent, by the Government of the United States, in the capacity of a confidential agent, to the courts of Cochin-China, Siam and Muscat, for the purpose of endeavoring to effect treaties with those powers, tending to enlarge and protect American commerce. This was desirable, on account of the superior commercial advantages enjoyed by other nations,—particularly the English,—among the native powers bordering on the Indian ocean. One chief reason of this state of affairs, was the difference between the duties paid by the respective western nations, tending to discourage American commerce. Even in China our commerce is comparatively limited. In the years 1832 and 1833, Mr. Roberts estimates our imports at eight millions, three hundred and sixty-two thousand, nine hundred and seventy one dollars: exports, eight millions, three hundred and seventy-two thousand, one hundred and seventy-five dollars,—while, at the same time, the English trade was as follows: imports, twenty-two millions, three hundred and four thousand, seven hundred and fifty-three dollars; exports, eighteen millions, three hundred and thirty-two thousand, seven hundred and sixty dollars.

The mission to Cochin-China was unsuccessfully terminated, after a tedious correspondence, because the envoy did not feel himself at liberty to comply with the degrading preliminary formalities which were required by the Cochin-Chinese ministers.

Proceeding to the Court of Siam, the

embassy was favorably received, and finally succeeded in accomplishing the desired commercial regulations. By the treaties effected here, and subsequently at Muscat, the export and import duties on American commerce were reduced about fifteen per cent. Some of the difficulties which had previously existed in relation to our trade with Siam, and which have been removed by the treaty, are stated in substance as follows:

The American merchant was not allowed to sell to a private individual the cargo he imported, nor purchase a return cargo. The exclusive right of purchase and sale was claimed by the King, in both cases.—The best parts of the imported cargoes were taken by him, at his own valuation, and always at a rate far below the market value. He also arbitrarily fixed the prices of articles which were required by vessels, to make up their return cargoes, and no private individual dared to compete with him either in buying or selling. In consequence of this the American merchant not only did not obtain a fair value for his merchandize, but was compelled to pay from twenty to thirty per cent more for the produce of the country, than he could have purchased it for from individuals.

Vessels were often delayed from two or four months beyond the stipulated time, thereby sustaining losses for charter fees, interest, etc. amounting to several thousand dollars in each case; and in addition to this each merchant was obliged to take payment in inferior articles, at the highest market value of the best articles. The duties on imports were constantly fluctuating. Post charges, and other exactions were also fluctuating, but generally amounted to not less than three and a half dollars per ton. In addition to all this, presents were not only expected but exacted by all persons in authority, from the king to the lowest custom-house offi-

cer. Few vessels having valuable cargoes, paid less than a thousand dollars in this way.

The difference in the amount of exactions on a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons burden, before and after the treaty, is estimated at thirty-one thousand dollars. This proves the mission to have been an important one, even if it had been productive of no other results. But the treaty which was effected with the Sultan of Muscat was also a matter of importance, as will be shown by the following:—

"The sole object of our visit to Muscat, was to effect a commercial treaty with his highness Syed Syeed bin Sultan, and to obtain a reduction of the duties and port charges, heretofore paid on our commerce, so as to place it upon a footing with the most favored nations. The sultan appointed an audience in the afternoon of the day subsequent to our arrival. I landed, in company with Captain Geisinger and Lieutenant-Commandant Shields, of the Boxer. We found the sultan, with his eldest son, the Governor of Burha, and ten gentlemen, composing his divan or council, sitting in the veranda, facing the harbor. The governor and the counsellors were sitting on chairs facing each other, and the sultan was seated about ten or twelve feet from them in a corner. He immediately arose, on our entrance, and walked to the edge of the raised floor, between the courtiers, and received us very graciously, shaking us by the hand. Here was to be seen no abasing crawling, and crouching, and 'knocking head,' like a parcel of slaves; but all was manly, and every one stood on his feet. The usual congratulatory compliments and inquiries were made; and coffee and sherbet were introduced. I was seated near to, and on the right hand of his highness; and we entered into a private conversation, through the interpreter, Captain Calfau, relative to the object of the mission, (after having presented my credentials.) The sultan at once acceded to my wishes, by admitting our commerce into his ports upon the same terms of his most favored friends, the British, to wit, by paying a duty of five per cent. on the cargo landed, and free from every other charge whatever, either on imports or exports, or even the charge of pilotage. When the fifth article of the proposed treaty was read, which related to shipwrecked seamen, he at once objected to that part of it relating to a remuneration for expenses, which would be necessarily incurred in supporting and forwarding them to the United States, and said, the article he wished so altered as to make it incumbent upon him to protect, maintain, and return them to their own country, free of every charge. He remarked, that it would be contrary to the usage of the Arabs, and to the rights of hospitality, which have ever been practised among them; and this clause was also inserted at his request. The sultan is of a mild and peaceable demeanor, of unquestionable bravery, as was evinced during the Wahabee war, where he was severely wounded in endeavoring to save an English artilleryman. He is a strict lover of justice, possessing a humane disposition, and greatly beloved by his subjects. He possesses just

and liberal views in regard to commerce, not only throwing no obstacles in the way to impede its advancement, but encouraging foreigners as well as his own subjects.

"The sultan of Muscat is a very powerful prince; he possesses a more efficient naval force than all the native princes combined from the cape of Good Hope to Japan. His resources are more than adequate to his wants; they are derived from commerce, owning himself a great number of merchant vessels; from duties on foreign merchandise, and from tribute-money, and presents received from various princes, all of which produce a large sum; a small tithe also is taken on wheat and dates, but more on houses or lands.

"His possessions in Africa, stretch from cape Delgado to cape Guardafui; and from cape Aden, in Arabia, to Ras el Haud, and from Ras el Haud they extend along the northern coast of Arabia (or the coast Aman) to the entrance of the Persian gulf; and he claims also all the seacoast and islands within the Persian gulf, including the Bahrein islands, and pearl-fishery contiguous to them, with the northern part of the gulf as low down as Seindy. It is true, that only a small part of this immense territory is garrisoned by his troops, but all is tributary to him.

"In Africa, he owns the ports of Monghow, or Mongallow, Lyndy, Quiloa, (Keelwah,) Melinda, Lamo, Patta, Brava, Magadosha, (alias Magadshé), and the valuable islands of Monfeea, or Maféa, Zanzibar, Pemba, Socotra, alias Socotera, etc., etc.

"From Africa are exported gum-copal, aloes, gum-arabic, columbo-root, and a great variety of drugs. Ivory, tortoise-shell, rhinoceros horns, hides, bees-wax, cocoa-nut oil, rice, millet, ghee, etc.

"The exports from Muscat are wheat, dates, horses, raisins, salt, dried fish, and a great variety of drugs, etc. Muscat, being the key to the Persian gulf, is a place of great resort, in the winter months, for vessels from the Persian gulf and the western parts of India.

"The productions of Africa, of the Red sea, the coast of Arabia, and the countries bordering on the Persian gulf, may be had here.

"Their vessels trade not only to the countries named, but also to Guzerat, Surat, Demau, Bombay, Bay of Bengal, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, the Mauritius, the Comoro islands, to Madagascar, and the Portuguese possessions in East Africa; bringing Indian, African, and European articles.

"The number of vessels employed on these voyages I was unable to ascertain with any degree of exactness; but no number named was less than two thousand; of this, a very large proportion are small craft, having but a few ships and brigs. The naval force of the sultan is very respectable in point of numbers, and they are daily becoming better ship sailors.

"The officers practise the lunar observations, and possess excellent chronometers. His force is sufficient to give him entire control over all the ports in East Africa, the Red sea, the coast of Abyssinia, and the Persian gulf. He has an abundance of sailors; and although he has but a small number of regular troops, yet he can command any number of Bedouin (Bedwin) Arabs he may want, by furnishing them with provisions and clothing. This force consists of between seventy and eighty sail of vessels, carrying from four to seventy-four

guns. I have added a statement which shows the names of his largest vessels, with the names of some of the smaller classes; the rate of each; where built, and where stationed in the month of October last, as given by Captain Seydein Calfaun, the sultan's English interpreter and translator, and a naval commander.

"Previous to the conclusion of the treaty, American vessels paid generally seven and a half per cent. upon imports, and seven and a half per cent. upon exports, with anchorage money and presents. The governor of the outports claimed the right of pre-emption in both cases, and they resorted to the most nefarious practices to accumulate wealth.

"The commerce of the United States, under the treaty, is entirely freed from all inconvenient restrictions, and pays but *one charge*, namely, *five per cent.* on all *merchandise landed*, and it is freed from the charge of pilotage, as every port has pilots which are kept in pay by the sultan."

Mr. Roberts's book abounds with descriptions of manners, customs, works of art, natural scenery, climate, productions, etc., which are very interesting; relating, as they do, to countries with which at least a portion of his readers must be very imperfectly acquainted. According to his showing, the mass of the inhabitants of China are more degraded than we had supposed them to be. Buddhism, the prevailing religion, recognizes total apathy with regard to all worldly things, as being the most fit means for facilitating the progress of the believer towards the eternal Nirvana, or nonentity into which he is to be absorbed after he shall have arrived at the blessed mansions of Budha. The priests of Budha, "are a very despised class, and spring chiefly from the lowest and most ignorant of the people. Their morals are notoriously bad, and pinching poverty has made them cringing and servile."

"Those temples which are well endowed by their founders are crowded with priests, so that only a few among the higher order of them can be rich. Stupidity, with a few exceptions, is their reigning characteristic; neither skill nor learning is to be found among them. Budha seems to have intimated that stupidity brings the votary nearer to the blissful state of apathy, and therefore a knowledge of his institutions is considered as the only requisite to form an accomplished priest. The Buddhists have no schools or seminaries, for the instruction of their believers, seldom strive for literary honors, and are even excluded from the list of candidates, so long as they remain priests. Few among them are serious in the practice of their own religion; they are, in the

most complete sense of the words sullen and misanthropic, and live a very secluded life. But religious abstraction and deep contemplation, with utter oblivion of existence seem to be out of vogue. The halls of contemplation are the haunts of every vice. Such effects must follow where the mind is unoccupied, and the hands unemployed in any good work." This religion is further described as being one "which strikes at the root of human society, in enjoining celibacy as the nearest approach to perfection, and in commanding its disciples to abandon relatives and friends, without fulfilling their duties as citizens, parents and children."

Among their superstitious practices, which are almost incredibly numerous, Mr. Roberts enumerates, and particularly describes, that of the worship of ancestors, which appears to be observed by all classes with great parade and zeal, by visiting the tombs at least twice in the year, and their offering the same sacrifices, and performing the same ceremonies generally, which are employed in the worship of the heavenly powers. Another cause of general degradation is the low estimation in which females are held:

"It has been justly remarked, that a nation's civilization may be estimated by the rank which females hold in society. If the civilization of China be judged of by this test, she is far from occupying that place which she so strongly claims. Females have always been regarded with contempt by the Chinese. Their ancient sages seem to have considered them scarcely worthy of their attention. The sum of the duties they require of them is, to submit to the will of their masters. The lady, say they, who is to be betrothed to a husband, ought to follow blindly the wishes of her parents, yielding implicit obedience to their will. From the moment when she is joined in wedlock, she ceases to exist; her whole being is absorbed in that of her lord; she ought to know nothing but his will, and to deny herself in order to please him. Pan-hwny-pan, who is much admired as an historian, composed a book of instructions for her own sex, in which she treats of their proper station in society, the deportment they should exhibit, and the duties they ought to perform. She teaches them that they 'hold the lowest rank among mankind, and that employments the least honorable, ought to be, and in fact are, their lot.' She inculcates entire submission to their husbands, and tells them, in very plain terms, that they ought to become abject slaves, in order to become good wives. We cannot expect that these doctrines, inculcated as they are by a *lady*, who ought to advocate the cause of her sex, and by one held in so high repute as is Pan-hwny-pan, will be overlooked by the 'lords of creation'; especially as they accord so perfectly with their domineering disposition in China."

From this, it results that infanticide is sometimes practised, their birth being looked upon by parents as an actual calamity.

In reference to the opium trade, and its deleterious influence upon the multitude, Mr. Roberts says:

"To show the destructive tendency of this trade, in every point of view, to the Chinese empire, a statement is herewith presented, setting forth the alarming increase of the imports from 1817 to 1833:

"In the season ending in 1817, three thousand two hundred and ten chests of Patna, Benares, and Malva opium, containing one hundred and five cattie, or one hundred and forty pounds each chest, were imported, which sold for the sum of three millions six hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars; in the season ending in 1833, fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-two chests from India were imported, which sold for thirteen millions seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety dollars; the whole value of the known importations, during the time named, being seventeen years only, was the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty millions one hundred and thirty-four thousand six hundred and sixty-eight dollars; the number of smokers, allowing three candareens, of 17.40 grains troy, per day to each, had increased from about one hundred thousand to about one million four hundred and seventy-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-six. If, to the quantity already stated, there is added the importation of Turkey opium, of which we have no regular account, as well as the quantity smuggled by Chinese junks from Singapore, etc., all of which may be fairly estimated at one-third more, the number of chests imported in the year 1833, would be about twenty-one thousand, which probably sold for the sum of twenty millions of dollars; the number of smokers may be estimated at nearly two millions. The crude opium undergoes a very expensive process by boiling, or seething and straining, not less than twice, before it is fit for use; it is then made into small pills, or put into the pipe in a semi-fluid state, and taken off, at two or three whiffs, the smoke being vented very slowly through the nostrils, the recipient lying, at the same time, in a recumbent posture. Although the Chinese are well aware of its baneful effects, and that it is yearly draining the country of the value of many millions of dollars, yet they say, 'it is a Josh Pigeon,' (meaning that God hath so decreed it,) and they cannot prevent it. A chest of opium, which cost eight hundred dollars, is said to quadruple in price, when prepared for use.

"Opium is vended as openly as teas, by the foreign merchants; the quantity disposed of, and on hand, and the average price, are printed and published monthly, and are in the possession of every dealer; and the chits, or orders given on the commanders of the ships, are generally sold like scrip, to a great number of persons on speculation, before the delivery is finally completed.

"The tremendous and horrible effects upon the personal appearance of its votaries, may be seen daily, about the suburbs of Canton; and of all the pitiable objects the eye ever saw, a confirmed opi-

um-smoker is apparently the most degraded and worthless. When he has once passed the rubicon, reformation seems to be impossible; the sting of death, which is sin, has seized upon him, his feet are already within the precincts of the grave, and he has sunk like Lucifer, "never to rise again." When the effect has subsided, an emaciated, nerveless wretch is seen, with a cadaverous skin, eyeballs wildly protruding from their sockets, the step faltering, the voice weak and feeble, and the countenance idiotic; but when an opium-smoker lies under the baneful influence of the narcotic, the images which flit before his diseased imagination are exquisite, brilliant, heavenly; it is the Nepenthe, prepared by the hands of the fair Helen, which so exhilarated the spirits of all who had the happiness to partake of it, that all care was banished, for the time being, from their benighted recollections."

Add to the foregoing the fact that slavery exists in its worst features, and we have still only a part of the causes which tend to degrade the condition of the Chinese.

In connection with all these facts it is somewhat curious to find presented an elaborate literary system; a very brief account of which we will here endeavor to condense from the work before us. The highest places and honors of the government are bestowed as the rewards of literary excellence. There are high literary examinations, for the whole empire, which take place at Peking, triennially. Preliminary examinations are likewise held, triennially, in the provinces, and none but those who are successful in these, are permitted to appear as candidates at the examination for the empire. The examinations in the provincial cities are productive of intense excitement. At Canton each examination is conducted by two distinguished officers, who are sent from Peking by the the Emperor, for the express purpose. These are assisted by ten of the chief officers of the province. The officers, inspectors, guards, candidates, and attendants, generally amount to the number of ten thousand. They meet at the Kung-yuen, a building erected expressly for the purpose. It contains a sufficient number of departments to accommodate all the candidates separately. On each occasion there assemble in Canton between seven and eight thousand competitors. They are all called *sew-tsae*, a title corresponding to that of Master of Arts. They are all enrolled by the Literary Chancellor of the province. Each student undergoes a series of trials, during a number of days. On the first day of examination, three themes are presented to them.

These are selected from the "Four Books," and they are required to give the "meaning and scope" of each. A subject is also given, on which they are required to compose a poem, in rhyme. On the second day five themes are given, from the "Five Classics;" and on the third five questions, concerning the history, or political economy of the country.

The themes must be sententious, and have a profound and refined meaning; those for poetry, grave and important; those on political economy, really important. The characters used in themes and essays, must not exceed a certain number, and each student is required to state how many characters have been altered or blotted out in each production. If the number exceed one hundred the writer is *tsee-chuh*, "pasted out," which means that he is to be excluded from that year's examination for having violated the rules; and his name is pasted up at the gate of the hall. An hundred, or more, persons are usually thus punished for breaking this or some other regulation. Drunkenness, and all disorderly behavior are prohibited; as likewise all intercourse of civility, interchange of letters, food, etc. Any attempt on the part of any student to carry to the hall of examination, any miniature copy of the classics, or any prepared essay, brings with it degradation from the rank of *sew-tsae*, secures a wooden collar, and forever incapacitates him to stand as a candidate for literary honors; and the father and tutor of the delinquent are both liable to punishment. A watch of officers and soldiers is kept up day and night, for the purpose of enforcing all the numerous rules and regulations which are adopted to prevent fraudulent practices on the part of the candidates or their friends.

Of all the candidates, only seventy-one can obtain the degree of Kew-jing. At the close of the examination three guns are fired; and the Foo-yuen comes forth with a proclamation containing the names of the successful candidates, which is immediately pasted up. Ho then advances, bows three times, towards the names of the "promoted men," (*hin-jir*), and finally retires, under a salute of three guns. The many return disappointed to their homes, while the few who have been successful are immeasurably congratulated, and their names and essays sent up to the Emperor at Peking.

The whole ceremonial is closed by a splendid and costly banquet, which is prepared for the "promoted men" at the expense of the government.

From the additional view which the work under consideration has afforded us, of the internal operations of the "Celestial Empire," we are more than ever convinced of the fact that a right religion is indispensable to the full development, and prosperity of any and every community of men. By this we mean, a religion which looks to the enlightenment of men, and the promotion of their temporal as well as their eternal interests. No general prosperity can accrue where the mass are ignorant; and it is therefore that the religion of China, which looks not to enlightenment, has sunk its votaries in ignorance and immorality. Abstract philosophy may civilize and moralize a few, under any state of government or religion, but it can never become efficient with the multitude. Even literature, we find, is not encouraged among the Chinese for the benefit of the people at large, but for the purpose of procuring efficient men for the support of the despotism under which the people live.

We shall give a few additional extracts from Mr. Roberts's book, in our miscellaneous department, if we can find room for them.

BABYLON.

Babylon: a Poem. By C. W. EVEREST. pp. 48, 8vo. Hartford: Canfield & Robbins. 1838.

Of all the curious conceptions into which men of intellect are occasionally led—or rather into which they occasionally run, as it would seem, deliberately—none are to us more curious, than those which have relation to poetry. Many persons seem to suppose that every written form of words, the tendency of which is to produce in the mind emotions any way akin to the sublime or the beautiful, must necessarily be considered poetry. For instance, scarce a single finely written passage can be selected from the romances of Scott or Bulwer, which has not somewhere been pronounced to be pure poetry. Now, however difficult it may be to state, in explicit words, what poetry is, or to define clearly the distinction between prose and poetry, still we demur to this notion, for the reason

that, if we receive it as orthodox, we shall have virtually decided that every accomplished prose writer is a poet.

On the other hand, the pleasure imparted to almost every ear by rhythm and rhyme, seems to have led a multitude of persons to suppose that wherever these are to be found true poetry is found.

Of these two kinds of *poetry*, so called, there is, at present, an overwhelming abundance. And the reason is tolerably clear. Instead of striving, by means of the beautiful in thought, and the musical in verse, to embody that subtle and indescribable *feeling*, without which essential poetry cannot be, the authoring finds it much more easy to attain to notoriety—his *summum bonum*—by effecting a good understanding with the *criticling*, and thus securing, against the time of need, any required quantity of puffatory servility; the latter personage being a kind of hot-bed literary fungus, whose head, if it have thought, and whose soul, if it have music, would seem to have derived the fashion of the one from the mawkish bombast of some school-boy spouting club, and of the other from the “sound and fury of calithumpian serenades;” while his critical judgment has been *ripened*, by due course of *tickling*, into a mere index of his personal likes and dislikes.

Perhaps we ought here to ask pardon of Mr. Everest, for making his poem the occasion of such remarks as the preceding. We suppose, however, he will agree with us in thinking that the “spirit of abomination,” to which we have alluded, and which is so extensively pervading and desecrating our infant literature, should be anathematized on all occasions, “in season and out of season.”

“Babylon” is a narrative poem, of some six hundred lines, chiefly in the spenserian stanza. The versification is smooth and agreeable. Accuracy of accent, without which no verse can be perfect, and which is sometimes very much neglected by our most gifted writers, has here been carefully observed. There are occasional passages in which the thought is obscure; but this will be, in some degree, excused by those who understand the difficulty of this stanza. The ablest writers in the language, Byron, Shelley, even Spenser himself, have been, partially, trammelled by it.

We quote a couple of stanzas, descriptive of the state of Babylon, at the close of

the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, as a specimen of Mr. Everest’s management of the spenserian:

“And science came, a pilgrim, to her walls,
And learned Magi, from the distant shore:
There the Chaldean, in her nursing halls,
Devied o’er his mystic, astrologic lore:
And wealth to genius oped her glittering store:
In learning’s, honor’s, grandeur’s varying scene,
She brooked no rival, no companion bore:
But peerless, lone, in proud, imperial mein,
Like mighty Juno swayed—Earth’s universal queen.

“Alas for human greatness! and alas
For glory’s splendor on a mortal brow!
The stateliest realms must down to ruin pass,
And mightiest monarchs to a mightier bow:
Alas, will death ne’er spare a gallant foe?
Vain, vain, to hope for mercy from his might:
He laid great Babylon’s noblest monarch low,
And veiled her glory’s beam in boding Night,
While eastward Victory’s star took its eternal flight.”

There are occasional strains introduced, which differ, in measure, from the main body of the poem. Of these, we think the following, entitled “the Hebrew Maid’s Lament,” is the finest:

“Oh, sweet o’er Judah’s distant hills
The wandering zephyr mourning sighs;
And sweetly gush the chrysalis rills,
And sparkle ’neath the tranquil skies:
And light waves, in the moon’s bright beam,
Along the blue Lake’s beach deplore;
And Jordan rolls his hallowed stream
All silent by the lonely shore!

“Oh, sad o’er Salem’s mournful walls
The mantling ivy’s tendrils cling:
There, lone, the solemn night-bird calls,
There folds the bat his blighting wing!
And o’er the temple’s crumbling stones
The loathsome serpent leads her young—
And dreary desolation moans,
Where erst the songs of gladness rung!”

Mr. Everest has published a number of fugitive pieces in several of the periodicals of the day, some of which are of much beauty. He is a young poet of promise; and if he persevere in the difficult art he has attempted, he will, without doubt, win distinction. Had we more space at our command, we should feel it a duty to direct his attention to some of the infelicities of his present poem; after which, we might well afford to extend to him many words of encouragement, on the strength of the occasional lines of extreme picturesque beauty and poetic excellence, which appear throughout his “Babylon.”

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

WHEN the notion of multiplying common schools to such an extent as to bring them within the reach of the whole community, first began to be talked of, it was looked upon doubtfully by a majority of the people, and by very many with feelings of actual hostility. The gradual increase, however, of the belief that general enlightenment is the only mode by which it is possible to attain to the great consummation of human development, namely, the greatest good to the greatest number, has cleared the way of nearly all such difficulties, and we now can write it down as our perfect conviction, that the time will soon arrive when nearly every child in our whole country will be educated, according to the method of the common schools.

This great point being settled, it becomes important to make some inquiry as to what the method of the common schools shall be. Probably no one will deny that, even in the *best* regulated common school in the country, the time and labor expended are in great disproportion to the progress actually made, or in other words, unreasonably exceed the quantum of knowledge actually imparted to the pupils.

A system which will render the acquisition of knowledge a constant source of pleasure to the young learner, seems now to be a desideratum. This, we believe, can never be effected, unless the understanding be enlightened, at the same time that the memory is stored. Learning words and sounds by rote, without knowing wherefore—without ideas, becomes an intolerable drudgery to the young mind, and a greater or less degree of disinclination to all application of the kind is almost invariably the result. We have heard many persons express a certain degree of disrelish for the perusal of different books, which the utmost exertion of their reason could never effectually overcome, and which resulted from the fact of their having been compelled, in childhood, to mouth them over and over, *à la* Parrot, without understanding their import.

But if we leave this objection out of sight, the practice is still objectionable, on account of the great waste of time which it occasions. Words

and sounds are first to be learned, at a great expense of time; and then the ideas which attach to those words and sounds are to be learned, at a great additional expense. Another difficulty is, that the ideas which children do receive, are, for the most part, uninterestingly conveyed to them; in consequence of which, no permanent impression is made. And this is bad, exceedingly; because, of all the stages of life, theirs is most favorable for enduring impressions, provided the instruction from which those impressions result is conveyed in a manner calculated to interest the young mind. We think we speak understandingly, just here. When chattering at our parent's knee, in our childhood, before we had acquired the art of reading, we were told, in a brief way, about scripture history, about the names and movements of the stars, about some of the outlines of geography, and history, and about some of the beautiful creations of poetry and romance. Since that most blessed time, by reading and study, we have carefully and laboriously gone over the same ground, and, according to the measure of our capacity, have striven to grasp those subjects. But in point of vividness and durability, the impressions of our more mature years are almost as nothing in comparison with those which we received when our life was in its spring-time freshness; when men, and trees, and flowers, and the moving clouds and waters, seemed to be full of gladness, as they were of mystery.

As far as the *rote* system is concerned, many of our teachers are worthy to be stationed as rattan-wielders among the worshippers of Confucius themselves. There "every lesson must be committed perfectly to memory, and the lad who fails in this, is obliged to bow down, and learn it upon his knees; those who are the most incorrigible are made to kneel on gravel, small stones, or something of the kind, in order to enhance their punishment. The *San-tse-king*, the famous 'three character classics,' is the first book which is put into the hands of the learners. Though written expressly for infant minds, it is scarcely better fitted for them than the propositions of Euclid would be, were they thrown into rhyme. But, 'it is not to be understood' at first; and the

tyro, when he can rehearse it from beginning to end, takes up the 'Four books' and masters them in the same manner. Thus far the young learners go without understanding aught, or but little, of what they recite; and here those who are not destined to a literary course, after having learned to write a few characters, must close their education. The others now commence the commentary on the 'Four books,' and commit it to memory in the same way; and then pass on to the other classics."

We trust that in this land and age of improvement we shall soon have done with teaching tongues to con over words mechanically, as the fingers are taught to run upon the keys of the piano, while the understanding is permitted, in military parlance, to "stand at ease." A new description of school books, adapted to the changed mode of teaching which we anticipate, will bootless the question "to plagiarize, or not to plagiarize?" which seems to have become somewhat troublesome among the school-book makers of the present time.

Those who coincide with us in opinion, will be pleased with such remarks as these: "It was once said by Diderot, that 'the best way to educate a child is, to tell it stories, and let it tell stories to you.'" There is so much true philosophy in this remark, that we feel inclined to extend it a little.

There is a school-room education, and an ambulating, or walking education; the one is obtained out of the book, or on the bench; the other, from walking among, and talking of, things. And we believe that this out-door instruction has been too much neglected; education having been conducted on the principle of looking out of the window at things, instead of visiting objects, and learning their properties and uses.

The student, for example, looking out of his college window at the horse, can give five or six names to the animal; one in Latin, one in Greek, another in German, another in French, etc. The stable boy can give but one name; yet which knows most of the properties, nature, disposition, and uses of the horse?

Education consists too much in merely *naming* things, when it should relate more to their properties and uses. It should connect words with ideas, and ideas, as much as the nature of the subject will allow of, with objects.

If we instruct children orally, while visiting nature, words, ideas, and objects will naturally be more in connection with each other than the school-room lesson can make them. And the teacher should take occasion to instruct in the fields, in ship-yards, in the crowded streets, and

in the pathway of canals and rail-roads. He should talk on all these subjects, and elicit from the children their own impressions, inquiries, and reflections. He should talk and walk, and let the children talk and walk more, in the process of education, than has been the practice with the majority of teachers.

But our chief object in writing the foregoing, has been to prepare the way for the following article, on the same subject, written by that zealous and efficient friend of education, Mr. Holbrook.

"**NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.**—In the last message from De Witt Clinton, to the Legislature of New-York, he remarked, that with a proper system of education, and correct modes of teaching, all our children might become familiar with the physical sciences, botany, mineralogy, the various classes of animals, natural philosophy, astronomy, the fundamental principles of agriculture and political economy, and with much in history and biography, without any additional expense of time or money for their instruction. The soundness and truth of this remark has since been fully proved by the system of education in Prussia and other German States, as it has by schools for deaf mutes and the blind in this country.

"The following facts also show that the same remark may be fully sustained as a plain deduction of reasoning.

"1. Spelling-books in common use, contain from ten to fifteen thousand words. To learn the orthography of each word by the dint of memory, founded on the arrangement or relative position of the letters, must require as much time and effort as to learn the names, properties and uses of ten plants, minerals, animals, or shells; or ten principles in chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, agriculture, or political economy; or the same number of facts in history or biography. Consequently, while a child is committing to memory the words in a spelling book, he might learn a hundred thousand of the objects, principles, or facts above referred to.

"2. The time, paper, ink, and quills, ordinarily used by children in school, in copy-writing, would be sufficient for writing the names, with brief descriptions of the objects, principles and facts.

"3. The time spent in reciting lessons from reading-books, if devoted to the reading and study of the Bible, works on science, history, etc., would be sufficient for examining with some care and for some critical reading of, at least one author, on each of the subjects above mentioned.

"4. The time usually spent in memorizing grammar lessons, would be sufficient for practical and critical exercises in descriptions and narrations, relating to the objects of nature and art,

with scenery, operations and events, witnessed by children during the period of their school days and years.

"5. By this practical, rational, and consequently interesting, course of exercises, in spelling, writing, reading and grammar, it must be evident to every one, that children would become more familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with these mechanical parts of education, than they could possibly be by a mere repetition of them for days, months and years, like so many parrots, without any knowledge of their meaning, sense or use.

"In proof of the correctness of the above statements, I beg leave to mention that I have had occasion to know many thousand children who have learnt the names, and something of the properties of from twenty to thirty objects in one hour, many of whom had probably spent, not only days and weeks, but months, if not years, in learning the twenty-six letters of the alphabet; and after all, they probably did not obtain one distinct rational idea, from what was considered their instruction, though it is true, they must have received many from their sports, and from their walks to and from school.

"To secure the important objects specified by the distinguished statesman and philosopher above named, and now realized by the subjects of some absolute monarchs, the following provisions are desirable, perhaps essential:

"1. Encouragement and aid to children in studying the volume of nature, with which all are delighted, and which they commence reading when they first open their eyes upon the light of heaven.

"2. Assistance in collecting, arranging, and exchanging with others, specimens of minerals, plants, shells, drawings, mechanism, needle-work, etc. etc., for the contents of 'Family Cabinets.'

"3. The formation of 'School Cabinets,' in all the seventy thousand schools in our country, and exchanges with each other in works of nature and art.

"4. The early and daily use of slates for drawing objects of nature and art, such as the simple figures of geometry, viz: triangles, squares, hexagons, and circles; horses, dogs, birds, fishes, and insects; hatchets, knives, pitchers, shovels, etc.

"5. Writing words or names of things, as dog, cat, hat, oak, rose, mica, lime, slate, etc., in connection with the things themselves, or pictures of them, drawn by the children.

"Following the pictures and names of objects, brief and familiar descriptions of them, first on slates, and then on paper, by lead-pencils, followed by pens.

"6. Simple instruments for visible illustrations,

both in families and schools, viz: a globe, geometrical solids, levers, pulleys, screws, maps, and other drawings or prints, etc.

"7. Frequent walks in the fields and gardens, over hedges or mountains, by rivulets, or brooks, through markets, on wharves, in mechanics' shops, marble and granite yards, aided and encouraged by the presence and instruction of a teacher, parent, older brother or sister, or some other protector.

"8. Small, simple, and familiar books, describing the objects, principles, or operations they have witnessed by their lessons in the book of nature. With these, some of the beautiful and interesting passages from the Bible, selected from the gospels, the psalms, proverbs, or the historical sketches of the Old Testament, are peculiarly appropriate and delightful to children.

"9. Larger and more systematic works, sciences, arts, history, biography, and the Bible more fully, with abstracts, reflections, or drawings of things and incidents, learnt from the first elements and mature study.

"10. Releasing children, principally or entirely, from the incongruous, unmeaning, and irksome masses found in spelling-books, reading-books, and grammars, now consuming the greatest part of the precious time of children allotted to their education.

"As a course of juvenile instruction, similar to that here pointed out, must commend itself to the common sense of every one; and as it is fully tried and corroborated by experiments, both in Europe and America, it is, at least, worthy of trial by every parent and teacher in our Republican nation."

EDUCATION CONVENTION.

THE regular annual meeting of the Education Convention for the State of Ohio, will be held in Columbus, on Wednesday, the 26th of December next. Let this not be forgotten by the friends of popular education throughout the State. The proceedings will be of a very entertaining character, and have an important bearing upon the interests of our common schools. A lecture is expected, during the sitting of the Convention, from President M'GUFFEY of Cincinnati, on the Influence of Common School Instruction; from SAMUEL LEWIS, Esq., State Superintendent, an exposition of the present state of the common schools of Ohio; from Dr. STOWE and President M'GUFFEY of Cincinnati, and Mr. M. G. WILLIAMS of Springfield, reports on Normal Schools; from Mr. WILLIAM B. VANHOOK of Hamilton, a report upon the means which the State can appropriate for the support of Normal Schools; from N. DOUGLASS,

Esq., of Chillicothe, the Rev. J. Hoge of Columbus, and Mr. J. C. Robinson of Urbana, a report on the available funds which may be applied by law to the support of Common Schools in the State; from Mr. J. D. Weston of Massillon, a report on the influence of Common Schools upon the interests of literature and science; and from Professor Smith of Columbus, a plan for establishing and conducting the District Schools in the new settlements of the West. It is also expected that many subjects of practical utility to teachers, male and female, will be discussed during the Convention.

"INTERNAL TRADE."

THE article upon this subject, extending from our forty-second to our forty-ninth page, is one of much interest and importance. It comes from a gentleman of acute understanding and enlarged views, who thoroughly comprehends the matter he has in hand; and on this account, as well as by the boldness of its positions and the readiness and force by which they are maintained, commends itself to general and particular attention. The assumption, in the commencement, that within one hundred years from the present time Cincinnati will be the largest city in the United States, and the largest in the world by the year two thousand, will at first excite a smile, and perhaps bring a word of pity for the delusion or credulity of the writer, from most readers; but such persons will soon find, that they have a man of facts and figures to deal with, who has many and strong reasons for the faith which is in him.

The importance of the Internal Trade of the Mississippi Valley, was ably discussed, by the present writer, in the first volume of the *Hesperian*, and will be continued by him at some future time. His original contributions are among the most valuable which we receive, and they may always be relied upon as the results of observation, research, and reflection. We hope his present paper will be the means of inducing others, capable of imparting instruction on this and kindred subjects, to give the public the benefit of their thought and experience, through our pages. In Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, and others of the Western States, as has been frequently remarked in the eastern papers since the commencement of our enterprise, there are numerous minds of the first order, who need but speak through some widely-circulated periodical, to exert an immense influence upon this important section of our extended country, and through it upon the whole Union. Such a periodical is the *HESPERIAN*; and its pages are opened for all discussions, which

tend to develop our physical resources, or improve our moral and social condition.

PAMPHLETS.

AMONG a goodly number of pamphlets upon our table, are an "Address delivered before the Graduates of the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, August 8th, 1838, by JOHN J. McRAE, Esq.;" "Some of the Poetical Fragments of a Washingtonian;" "An address delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Oxford, at the request of the Oxford Temperance Society, August 2, 1838, by H. B. MAYO, Esq.;" "The Educational Disseminator, published at Cincinnati, by U. P. JAMES;" "The *Ægis*, published at Louisville, by DWIGHT HOLCOMB;" and a "Discourse on the Instability and Changes of Earth, delivered in the Chapel of Miami University, July 15th, 1838, by Professor J. W. SCOTT." Such of these pamphlets as may, upon perusal, be deemed worthy of particular notice, shall receive further attention.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE Editorial Department proper of the *HESPERIAN*, for the present month, is neither so extensive nor so diversified as it is intended that it shall generally be. The Literary Notices are fewer by far than they have ever been before, and the Budget is unusually deficient in variety. The almost numberless matters demanding our personal attention at the commencement of a new volume, and a temporary absence from our post, have prevented us from bestowing the usual attention upon these portions of the magazine.

ERRATA.

OWING to the absence of the usual proof-reader, a number of provoking errors have crept into some of the articles of our present issue. The most important of these are pointed out below:

Page 5, 18th line from the top, for "that has yet developed itself into," read *that have yet developed themselves into*, et cetera.

Page 11, 8th line from the top, for "but in some other," read *demanding his adoption of some other*, etc.

Same page, 23d line, for "this mode of questioning is not," read *these modes of questioning are not*, etc.

Page 17, 19th line from the bottom, for "that served in his civil establishment," read *this is his civic establishment*, etc.

Page 50, 25th line of "The Gold-fish," for "danced," read *glanced*; and, 47th line, for "human right," read *human might*.

THE HESPERIAN;
A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME II.

DECEMBER, 1838.

NUMBER II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE primary objects of the HESPERIAN, are identical with those of the leading magazines of the day: viz. 1. To disseminate useful information among the people, in the form of general Essays and popular Sketches; 2. to gratify the taste, common to a large portion of every community, for good periodical literature, by supplying it with well-wrought Tales of a wholesome character, choice Poems by contemporary authors, interesting Biographical Sketches of good and eminent men, entertaining Narratives of foreign and home Travel, elegant descriptions of picturesque Scenery, and faithful accounts of past and current Adventure and Discovery; 3. to assist in bettering the condition of Society, by elevating the tone of its thinking, and feeling, and speaking, and writing; and, 4. to watch the portals of the Temple of Literature, with a vigilant eye, that as little as possible may issue therefrom without rebuke and exposure, which has any other tendency than to purify and exalt in heart and mind, instruct in the duties of life, and strengthen in the performance of good works. These are the primary objects of the publication; and to these mainly will it ever be devoted.

The HESPERIAN differs from most other magazines, in this, that it contains a department for

Selections, which is filled from month to month with extracts from the best of the current periodicals of Great Britain and the United States, and from the new publications in general literature which are every day issuing from the book press of the Country. With a knowledge of this fact, and from an examination of the numbers of the work which have already been published, every one can form a pretty correct idea of the character and quality of the reading matter which will continue to appear in its pages, from month to month.

CONDITIONS.—THE HESPERIAN is printed on paper of superior quality, with new and beautiful type, of the long-primer and brevier sizes. A number is published on the first day of each month, containing from eighty to ninety royal octavo pages of letter-press, well covered, stitched and trimmed, so as to make two handsome volumes a year, of five hundred pages each. The annual subscription is *Five Dollars*, payable invariably at the time of subscribing: the work to be mailed punctually, done up in substantial wrappers, for any post office in the United States to which it may be ordered.

Applications for the work to be addressed to the publisher, at Columbus, Ohio.

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OUR FILE.

ARTICLES bearing the following titles, are on file for our next number. Other contributions from their authors will be acceptable. "The Pirates of the Pacific." "The Prison of Life." "Man without Money." "My Beautiful—My Own?" "The Ohio River." "The Murderer's Dirge."

We reluctantly decline the publication of the sketch entitled "Laura Worcester." It has good points—the sentiments which pervade it have our hearty approval—and its few defects are such as could be remedied by a careful revision. Nevertheless, we are constrained to lay it by, for reasons which, had its fair author entrusted us with her name, we could soon convince her were good and sufficient.

The note, under date of October 25, introducing

certain verses transmitted to us for the select department of the HESPERIAN, leads us to think that *in prose* the writer's success would be such as to meet our approbation and afford pleasure to our readers. His verses, however, though abounding in good thoughts, are considered far too imperfect for publication in our pages.

There is poetry in the lines headed "Ambition;" but their sentiments are of such questionable morality, that we cannot be instrumental in their dissemination.

Articles bearing the following titles, are respectfully declined. "The Student." "Bring Roses." "The Child of Beauty and the Zephyr." "On tolling a bell for the Dead." "Prejudice." "The Farewell."

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

NUMBER II.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND EARLY MEN OF
KENTUCKY.

THROUGHOUT the United States, generally, the most erroneous notions prevail with respect to the character of the first settlers of Kentucky; and, by several of the American novelists, the most ridiculous uses have been made of the fine materials for fiction, which lie scattered over nearly the whole extent of that region of daring adventure and romantic incident. The common idea seems to be, that the first wanderers to Kentucky were a simple, ignorant, low-bred, good-for-nothing set of fellows, who left the frontiers and sterile places of the old States, where a considerable amount of labor was necessary to secure a livelihood, and sought the new and fertile country southeast of the Ohio river and northwest of the Cumberland mountains, where corn would produce bread for them with simply the labor of planting, and where the achievements of their guns would supply them with meat and clothing; a set of men who, with that instinct which belongs to the beaver, built a number of log cabins on the banks of some secluded stream, which they surrounded with palisades for the better protection of their wives and children, and then went wandering about, with guns on their shoulders, or traps under their arms, leading a solitary, listless, *ruminating* life, till aroused by the appearance of danger, or a sudden attack from unseen enemies, when instantly they approved themselves the bravest

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of warriors, and the most expert of strategists. The romancers, who have attempted to describe their habits of life and delineate their characters, catching this last idea, and imagining things probable of the country they were in, have drawn the one in lines the most grotesque and absurd, and colored the other with a pencil dipped in all hues but the right. To them the early Pioneers appear to have been people of a character demi-devil, demi-savage, not only without the remains of former civilization, but without even the recollection that they had been born and bred where people were, at the least, measurably sane, somewhat religiously inclined, and, for the most, civilly behaved.

Both of these conceptions of the character of the Pioneer Fathers are, to a certain extent, correct as regards *individuals* among them; but the pictures which have often been given us, even when held up beside such *individuals*, will prove to be exaggerations in more respects than one. Daniel Boone is an individual instance of a man plunging into the depths of an unknown wilderness, shunning rather than seeking contact with his kind, his gun and trap the only companions of his solitude, and wandering about thus for months,

"No mark upon the tree, nor print, nor track,
To lead him forward, or to guide him back,"

contented and happy; yet, for all this, if those who knew him well had any true conception of his character, Boone was a man of ambition, and shrewdness, and energy, and fine social qualities, and extreme

sagacity. And individual instances there *may* have been—though even this possibility is not sustained by the primitive histories of those times—of men who were so far *outré* to the usual course of their kind, as to have afforded originals for the *Sam Huggs*, the *Nimrod Wildfires*, the *Ralph Stackpoles*, the *Tom Bruces*, and the *Earth-quakes*, which so abound in most of those fictions whose *locale* is the Western Country. But that naturalist who should attempt, by ever so minute a description of a pied blackbird, to give his readers a correct idea of the *Gracula Ferruginea* of ornithologists, would not more utterly fail of accomplishing his object, than have the authors whose creations we have named, by delineating such individual instances—by holding up, as it were, such *outré* specimens of an original class—failed to convey any thing like an accurate impression of the habits, customs, and general character of the Western Pioneers.

Daniel Boone, and those who accompanied him into the wildernesses of Kentucky, had been little more than hunters in their original homes, on the frontiers of North Carolina; and, with the exception of their leader, but little more than hunters did they continue after their emigration. The most glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the country northwest of the Laurel Ridge, had reached their ears from Finley and his companions; and they shouldered their guns, strapped their wallets upon their backs, and wandered through the Cumberland Gap into the dense forests, and thick brakes, and beautiful plains which soon opened upon their visions, more to indulge a habit of roving, and gratify an excited curiosity, than from any other motive; and, arrived upon the head-waters of the Kentucky, they built themselves rude log cabins, and spent most of their lives in hunting and eating, and fighting marauding bands of Indians. Of a similar character were the earliest Virginians, who penetrated these wildernesses. The very first, indeed, who wandered from the parent state over the Laurel Ridge, down into the unknown regions on its northwest, came avowedly as hunters and trappers; and such of them as escaped the tomahawk of the Indian, with very few exceptions, remained hunters and trappers till their deaths.

But this first class of Pioneers was not either numerous enough, or influential e-

nough, to stamp its character upon the after-coming hundreds; and the second class of immigrants to Kentucky was composed of very different materials. Small farmers from North Carolina, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, for the most part, constituted this; and these daring adventurers brought with them intelligent and aspiring minds, industrious and persevering habits, a few of the comforts of civilized life, and some of the implements of husbandry. A number of them were men who had received the rudiments of an English education, and not a few of them had been reared up in the spirit, and a sincere observance of the forms, of religious worship. Many, perhaps most of them, were from the frontier settlements of the States named; and these combined the habits of the hunter and agriculturist, and possessed, with no inconsiderable knowledge of partially refined life, all that boldness and energy, which subsequently became so distinctive a trait of the character of the Early Settlers.

This second class of the Pioneers, or at least the mass of those who constituted it, sought the plains, and forests, and streams of Kentucky, not to indulge any inclination for listless ramblings; nor as hunters or trappers; nor yet for the purpose of gratifying an awakened curiosity: they came deliberately, soberly, thoughtfully, *in search of a home*, determined, from the outset, to win one, or perish in the attempt; they came to cast their lot in a land that was new, to better their worldly condition by the acquisition of demesnes, to build up a new commonwealth in an unpeopled region; they came with their wives, and their children, and their kindred, from places where the toil of the hand, and the sweat of the brow, could hardly supply them with bread, to a land in which ordinary industry would, almost at once, furnish all the necessaries of life, and where it was plain well-directed effort would ultimately secure it ease, its dignity, and its refinements. Poor in the Past, and with scarce a hope, without a change of place, of a better condition of earthly existence, either for themselves or their offspring, they saw themselves, *with* that change, rich in the Future, and looked forward with certainty to a time when their children, if not themselves, would be in a condition improved beyond compare.

There was also a third class of Pioneers, who in several respects differed as

much from either the first or the second class, as these differed from each other. This class was composed, in great part, of men who came to Kentucky after the way had been in some measure prepared for immigrants, and yet before the setting in of that tide of population which, a year or two after the close of the American Revolution, poured so rapidly into these fertile regions from several of the Atlantic States. In this class of immigrants, there were many gentlemen of education, refinement, and no inconsiderable wealth; some of whom came to Kentucky as surveyors, others as commissioners from the parent State, and others again as land speculators; but most of them as *bona fide* immigrants, determined to pitch their tents in the Great West, at once to become units of a new people, and to grow into affluence, and consideration, and renown, with the growth of a young and vigorous commonwealth.

Such were the founders of Kentucky; and in them, we behold the elements of a society inferior, in all the essentials of goodness and greatness, to none in the world. First came the hunter and trapper, to trace the river courses, and spy out the choice spots of the land; then came the small farmer and the hardy adventurer, to cultivate the rich plains discovered, and lay the neocluses of the towns and cities, which were so soon, and so rapidly, to spring up; and then came the surveyor, to mark the boundaries of individual possessions and give civil shape and strength to the unformed mass, the speculator to impart a new activity and keenness to the minds of men, and the chivalrous and educated gentleman, to infuse into the crude materials here collected together, the feelings and sentiments of refined existence, and to mould them into forms of conventional beauty and social excellence. Kentucky now began to have a *society*, in which were the sinews of war, the power of production, and the genius of improvement; and from this time, though still harrassed, as she had been from the beginning, by the inroads of a brave and determined enemy on her north, her advancement was regular and rapid.

A brief sketch of several of the more prominent of the early men of Kentucky, with some account of the foundation and progress of the early settlements, would seem to be the best means of arriving at a

correct knowledge of the character of the Pioneers; and this is what is contemplated in the present article. The period of time which will thus be covered, will extend from the first permanent foothold of white men in Kentucky, to the year 1782, when the expedition of Colonel George Rogers Clarke, against the Indian towns on the Scioto and Miami rivers, put a stop to the inroads of the savages from the north, and their attacks upon the young settlements. This year was likewise marked by the erection of the three western counties of Virginia into the "District of Kentucky;" by a very considerable increase of population; by the arrival, in their respective counties, of the gentlemen who had, the previous year, been appointed surveyors by the Governor of Virginia; and by more of the bustle and activity of civilized life, than had before been known upon this important frontier. From this year may, indeed, be dated the civil existence of Kentucky. Hitherto, she had been filled with small communities of independent adventurers, who knew the restraints of no laws but those of nature; who looked to success in the hunt for supplies of meat, and raised bread with rifles hung upon their backs; who took up arms voluntarily, and without concert, upon the approach of an invading foe; who, of their own accord, leagued together for offensive operations against a common enemy, whenever the emergency seemed to demand such a movement, and disbanded themselves, and returned to their homes, whenever their retaliation was thought ample, or the blood of their butchered kindred had been deeply avenged. But from this time they ceased to be independent communities. The arm of the law was now extended over them, to protect, to restrain, and to unite; the military power was regularly organized; courts were established for the trial of offenders, and the adjustment of differences; the boundaries of individual possessions were marked and made palpable, and individual rights were rendered secure. Gradually, reliance upon the skill of the hunter became less; the rifle of the plowman was taken from his back, and suspended by the rafters or over the door of his humble, but happy home; the superior tone and dignity imparted to every human being by the knowledge that he is a freeman, and cultivates his own domains, became apparent throughout the "District;" busy ham-

lets took the places of the rude Stations, by the rolling and the rushing streams; rich pastures and cultivated fields smiled to heaven from the bosom of the broad plains; the words of Christ were repeated in the wide wilderness, as solemnly as they had once been uttered in the groves of Olivet, or beneath the cedars of Lebanon; and the psalms of David, new-born in many a worshipping heart, rolled up from "God's First Temples" to the overhanging sky.

The original condition of the Pioneers was now a thing of the past. From this time, immigrants poured into the dense forests by scores, and spread themselves over the fertile plains of Kentucky; trade and commerce made their appearance; speculation likewise came along; the approaches of the spirit of party were felt; and the "District" soon began to catch something of the tone, and put on not a few of the airs, of the original States. But the three classes of Pioneers who have been described, had so well and thoroughly laid the foundations of the new commonwealth, that they were not to be disturbed by the eleventh-hour comers. Those daring, and high-toned, and chivalrous men, therefore, infused into all classes the spirit which animated their own breasts, and imparted to the mass of the first inhabitants of Kentucky, that exalted character of hospitality, bravery and patriotism, which so greatly distinguished them through the troublous period that succeeded, and which is, at this time, so eminently characteristic of their descendants.

In preparing to sketch this original condition of the Pioneers, I have carefully examined the several general histories of Kentucky, and the various individual memoirs which have been published of the most distinguished of her early men; and upon all these sources I shall freely draw for facts, and sometimes for language, without any further acknowledgment.

The story of the wanderings in the wilderness of Kentucky, of McBride in 1754, Walker in 1758, and Finley in 1767, has been often repeated, and is not necessary to the purposes of this article. The accounts of the first visit to these regions of Daniel Boone and his "Carolina Adventurers," and James Knox and his "Virginia Long Hunters," in 1769, are as familiar to the American reader as any portion of our early history. Between 1769 and 1773, various associations of men were

formed, in Virginia and North Carolina, for visiting the newly discovered regions, and locating lands; and several daring adventurers, at different times during this period, penetrated to the head-waters of the Licking river, and did some surveying; but it was not till the year 1774, that the whites obtained any permanent foothold in Kentucky. From this year, therefore, properly dates the commencement of the Early Settlements of the State.

The first great impetus given to adventure in Kentucky, was by the bounty in western lands, given by Virginia to the officers and soldiers of her own troops who had served in the British army, in the old war in Canada between the English and French. These lands were to be surveyed on the Ohio river and its tributaries, by the claimants thus created, who had the privilege of selecting them wherever they pleased within the prescribed regions. The first locations were made upon the Great Kenhawa, in the year 1772, and the next on the south side of the Ohio itself, the following year. During this year, likewise, extensive tracts of land were located on the north fork of the Licking, and surveys made of several salt licks, and other choice spots. But 1774 was more signalized than had been any preceding year, by the arrival, in the new "land of promise," of the claimants to portions of its territory, and the execution of surveys. Among the hardy adventurers who descended the Ohio this year, and penetrated to the interior of Kentucky by the river of that name, was James Harrod, who led a party of Virginians from the shores of the Monongahela. He disembarked at a point still known, I believe, as "Harrod's Landing," and, crossing the country in a direction nearly west, paused in the midst of a beautiful and fertile region, and *built the first log cabin* ever erected in Kentucky, on or near the site of the present town of Harrodsburg. This was in the spring, or early part of the summer, of 1774. Mr. Harrod could not have remained long in Kentucky, as we find him a volunteer in Dunmore's Expedition, and bravely fighting at the Battle of the Point, in October of that year. When the objects of this expedition had been accomplished, and the troops raised for it were disbanded, many of the men returned to their homes by the way of Kentucky, and gave their neighbors such glowing accounts of this region, that

hundreds were fired with the desire of visiting it. Peace having been established with the Northwestern Indians by Governor Dunmore, and the people of Virginia having obtained more full, clear, and accurate information, with regard to Kentucky, than they had previously possessed, various small parties were formed, and repaired to the new region, for the purpose of selecting tracts of land for present "improvement" and future settlement. These improvements were made without intention of continued occupancy, and consisted, principally, in erecting a temporary shelter of poles and bark, cutting down the undergrowth of the forest, and girdling the larger trees. Upon the approach of winter, these adventurers, with very few exceptions, left their names upon here and there a tree, to mark their locations, and returned to their homes.

The adventurers of this year contributed, by extolling the new country, and extending information concerning its soil and natural productions, to raise up others for the next; and the same kind of visits, locations and improvements, were made throughout the summer of 1775. During this year, however, a few permanent settlements were effected, and two or three "Stations" built. Boonesborough, Harrodsburgh, and Logansfort, were the principal of these; but doubts are entertained as to which of these three was first in order of erection. As this is a matter of interest to the western reader, and one which has recently caused some discussion in the Kentucky newspapers, it may be well enough to bring together in one paragraph, what is contained in the several histories of those times, with regard to the subject. Mr. Marshall* simply says, that "being arrived on the bank of the river, [Kentucky,] in April, 1775, Boone, with the survivors of his followers, began to erect a fort at a salt spring, or lick, where Boonesborough now stands;" and that "Harrodsburgh, and Logan's-camp, afterwards called St. Asaphs," were permanently settled the same year. Mr. Butler,† in alluding to Boone's party, says, that "by the 1st of April, they began to erect the fort, which was afterwards called Boonesborough;" again, on the next page, "but it was not until the 14th of June, 1775, that

the first fort of the white man was built in Kentucky." At page thirty, occur the following passages: "*During the winter of '75-6, was begun the fort of Harrodstown, of such enduring importance in the early difficulties of Kentucky.*" "It was not finished until the ensuing season." "From this period may be dated the permanent settlement of Harrodsburgh. *About the same time, Col. Benjamin Logan, of Virginia, established Logan's fort, about a mile west of the present town of Stanford, in Lincoln county. The precise date of this establishment cannot be ascertained; but Col. Floyd speaks of its being known as a Station, or fortified settlement, in May, 1775.*" Mr. McClung,‡ in his Sketch of the Life of Colonel Logan, says: "In '75, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became particularly distinguished." "Having remained in Kentucky, in a very exposed situation, until the spring of '76, he returned for his family, and brought them out to a small settlement, called Logan's fort, not far from Harrodsburgh."

There are some not unimportant discrepancies in these several accounts, and each is marked by singular indefiniteness of language. According to the authority first cited, Boone's Station was commenced in April, 1775; and this does not conflict with Mr. Butler's assertion, that "the first fort of the whiteman in Kentucky was built [meaning finished] in June, 1775." But Mr. Marshall describes "permanent settlements" at Harrodsburgh and Logansfort the same year, whereas Mr. Butler begins Harrod's Station "during the winter of '75-76," and finishes it "the ensuing season." Logan's Station, according to Mr. Butler, was "established" "about the same time;" that is, in '75 or '76; and this agrees pretty well with Mr. McClung's statement, that Colonel Logan returned to Virginia from Kentucky in "the spring of '76," and moved his family "out to a small settlement, named Logan's Fort." But the "correspondence of Colonel John Floyd," an intelligent and exact man, "with Colonel William Preston," still preserved by Nathaniel Hart, Esq., of Woodford county, here interposes; and we are told that Logansfort was "known as a Station, or fortified settlement," as early as "May, 1775." This makes it the first Station of the three, in the order of their

* Marshall's Kentucky, vol. 1, page 22.

† Butler's Kentucky, first edition, page 27.

‡ Sketches of Western Adventure, page 126.

erection, instead of contemporary with the other two, as Mr. Marshall has it, or the *last* of the three, as represented by Mr. Butler.

It will be important hereafter, when the People of Kentucky begin to celebrate in a proper manner the anniversary-day of the First Permanent Settlement made in their noble commonwealth, that the doubts which these discrepancies create should be resolved. Gentlemen upon the ground, where the few remaining of the daring Pioneers may still be consulted, should let no time pass without making every effort to ascertain the truth. The probability seems to be, from the various statements in the several Histories of Kentucky and Biographies of the Pioneers which have been published, that Boone's Station, erected between the first of April and the fourteenth of June, 1775, was the first permanent settlement made within the boundaries of what now constitutes the State. Of the other two Stations, it seems reasonable to suppose that Logan's was built first, as, according to Marshall, he started for Kentucky early in the year 1775, accompanied by two or three slaves, met Boone and his party in Powell's Valley, traveled with them to the site which had been selected for Boone's Station, there left them and wandered on with his slaves for two or three days in a direction nearly west, where he established himself, was soon joined by one William Galaspy, raised a small crop of corn, and, according to McClung, remained till the ensuing spring, (1776,) when he returned to Virginia for his family, and moved them out

to his "settlement." Harrod's Station, if Mr. Butler's account be correct, was *begun* "during the winter of '75-76" and *finished* "the ensuing season," and was therefore the *third* erected.—In the order here assumed, if not established, I now proceed with some account of these early settlements and their founders. In this, my principal authority will be the primitive annalist of Kentucky, HUMPHREY MARSHALL,* of whose chronological account of the first white settlements, I shall avail myself somewhat extensively.

The high-wrought descriptions of the country northwest of the Laurel Ridge, which were given by Daniel Boone upon his return to North Carolina after his first long visit to Kentucky, circulated with great rapidity throughout the entire State, exciting the avarice of speculators and inflaming the imaginations of nearly all classes of the people. The organization of several companies, for the purpose of pushing adventure in the new regions and acquiring rights to land, was immediately attempted; but that which commenced under the auspices of Colonel Richard Henderson, a gentleman of education and means, soon engaged public attention by the extent and boldness of its scheme, and the energy of its movements, and either frightened from their purpose, or attracted to its own ranks, the principal of those individuals who had at first been active in endeavoring to form other associations.

The whole of that vast extent of country lying within the natural boundaries constituted by the Ohio, Kentucky, and

* This venerable gentleman is still living near Lexington, Kentucky, a hale and hearty man, at the age of eighty years. Some twenty-two months ago, his bodily as well as mental faculties, with the exception of a slight hardness of hearing, were quite unimpaired; and he walked as erect as any of his grand-children, and conversed with the writer about the Early Times in the West with great animation, appearing to enjoy his lengthened life with much zest, and to throw his now tranquil mind back upon the turbulent past with great interest. The first edition of Mr. Marshall's History of Kentucky was published as far back as 1812, in a single volume. A new edition, enlarged to two volumes, was prepared for the press in 1823 and '24, and published at Frankfort the latter year. The author was an active participator in much of what makes up the great bulk of his History. Some important occurrences are therefore, perhaps, recorded more in the spirit of the zealous partizan, than in that of the dispassionate and impartial historian. The work, nevertheless, is one of much interest and

value, and contains accounts of the Early Settlements and Early Men of Kentucky, more full and minute than can be found anywhere else. It is my only authority for some particulars of the sketches which follow; and in a number of instances, in appropriating the fact, I have availed myself of almost the very language of its original narrator. This general acknowledgment is made, as being preferable to the confusion of many quotation-marks, and the multiplication of references.

Though a homely and often very inelegant style characterized the productions of Mr. Marshall's pen, it yet possessed graphic powers of a very high order, and generally described things with a vigor and conciseness that at this time render his pages extremely fascinating. Of a daring spirit, a strong understanding, and a commanding person, Mr. M. was a fine specimen of the *younger* Pioneers of the third class; and of him may now be appropriately repeated, what was well said of Lafayette on his visit to this country as the "Nation's Guest,"—he has lived to see *Posterity*.

Cumberland rivers, was at this time claimed by a portion of the Cherokee Indians, who resided within the limits of North-Carolina; and the scheme of Henderson and Company was nothing less than to take possession of this immense territory, under color of a purchase from those Indians, which they intended to make, and the preliminary negotiations for which were opened with the Cherokees, through the agency of Daniel Boone, as soon as the company was fully organized. Boone's mission to the Indians having been attended with complete success, and the result thereof being conveyed to the company, Colonel Henderson at once started for Fort Wataga, on a branch of the Holston river, fully authorized to effect the purchase; and here, on the 17th of March, 1775, he met the Indians in solemn council, delivered them a satisfactory consideration in merchandise, and received a deed signed by their Head Chiefs.

The purchase made, the next important step was to take possession of the territory thus acquired. The proprietors were not slow to do this; but immediately collected a small company of brave and hardy men, which they sent into Kentucky, under the direction of the experienced and fearless woodsman Boone, to open a road from the Holston to the Kentucky river, and erect a Station at the mouth of Otter-creek upon this latter.—After a laborious and hazardous march through the wilderness, during which four men were killed and five others wounded by trailing and skulking parties of hostile Indians, Boone and his company reached the banks of the Kentucky on the first of April, and descending this some fifteen miles, encamped upon the spot where Boonesborough now stands. Here the bushes were at once cut down, the ground leveled, the nearest trees felled, the foundations laid for a fort, and the FIRST SETTLEMENT of Kentucky commenced.

The buildings necessary for the accommodation and safety of the little colony, and of the relatives and friends by whom they expected to be joined during the summer and fall, were completed about the middle of June; and soon after this time Colonel Henderson, Mr. John Luttrell, and Mr. Nathaniel Hart, three of the Proprietors, arrived at the Station, which was now named Boonesborough, in compliment to the intrepid Pioneer. These gentle-

men* brought out with them between thirty and forty new settlers, a goodly number of pack-horses, and some of the necessaries of civilized life; and the Station, upon which various improvements were soon made, at once became quite a bustling, life-like, important *military* place.—Much pleased with the manner in which he had commenced the settlement of a new commonwealth, and laid the foundations of what he doubted not was soon to become a great city, Boone took a part of his men and returned to North Carolina, for the purpose of setting an example to others, by moving out his own family.

The daring Pioneer was now in high

* The entire firm of Henderson and Company, consisted of eight gentlemen, citizens of North Carolina, viz: Richard Henderson, William Johnston, Nathaniel Hart, John Luttrell, David Hart, John Williams, James Hogg, and Leonard H. Bullock. Their grand object was the establishment of a Proprietary Government in Kentucky; and, notwithstanding the unpopularity of this measure among the great mass of the Pioneers, they opened offices in North Carolina and Kentucky, conveyed numerous tracts of the territory they had purchased of the Indians, to settlers, who bound themselves not only to the payment of a certain rent "yearly and forever," but also to re-convey to said Proprietors, "one moiety or half part of all gold, silver, copper, lead or sulphur mines," which might be discovered upon the premises so acquired, partially formed their Proprietary Government, enacted a few laws, and were rapidly approaching a full organization, when their whole magnificent scheme was frustrated by the Legislature of Virginia.

The best, and only complete history of the transactions of Henderson and Company, in founding the "Transylvania Colony," is contained in Mr. James Hall's "Sketches of the West;" and from this, the following paragraphs are extracted:—"The attempt to establish a proprietary government received no sanction from the State of Virginia, or from Congress, nor does it appear to have been heartily supported by any portion of the people over whom it was proposed to be extended. To a part of the inhabitants it was decidedly unacceptable, and this party increased rapidly, as the opinions of the Revolution became more and more widely disseminated. The new government never went into operation, nor was ever formally acknowledged by the people; and the State of Virginia never ceased to exercise her right of sovereignty, when occasions for legislation presented. Colonel Henderson and his partners, finding it impracticable to sustain themselves, in the executive station which they had assumed, and in which the settlers seemed indisposed to support them, very soon abandoned the idea of claiming any political rank, in virtue of their purchase, and appear to have employed themselves thereafter in endeavoring to procure the acknowledgment of their title to the land as owners. Even this, however, was denied them by the State of Virginia, whose politicians, wisely

spirits, and more than ever enraptured with the deep forests and rich plains of Kentucky. He sounded their praises without intermission among the settlers on Clinch river, and soon induced a number of persons to agree to accompany him on his return to Boonesborough. He then went about making his domestic arrangements, for a final removal from Carolina, with great energy; and these being soon completed, in September or October he turned his back upon his old home forever, and started with his family and a few followers, towards that which his unsurpassed daring and rude skill had prepared for them in a new land. In Powell's Valley, he found Hugh McGary, Richard Hogan, and

foreseeing the evil of so gigantic a monopoly, and the anti-republican tendency of the great landed estates which would be established in a few families by this procedure, promptly refused to sanction any of the acts of the proprietors or people of Transylvania, or to admit the validity of any title to the soil not emanating from the parent State. Among a number of resolutions, and other expressions of opinion, on the part of Virginia, we find the following declaration, which briefly includes the result of the whole discussion:

"In the House of Delegates, Wednesday, the 4th of November, 1778—

"Resolved, That all purchases of land, made or to be made, of the Indians, within the chartered bounds of this commonwealth, as described by the constitution or form of government, by any private persons not authorized by public authority, are void.

"Resolved, That the purchases heretofore made by Richard Henderson and Company, of that tract of land called Transylvania, within this commonwealth, of the Cherokee Indians, is void: but as the said Richard Henderson and Company have been at very great expense in making the said purchase, and in settling the said lands, by which this commonwealth is likely to receive great advantage, by increasing its inhabitants, and establishing a barrier against the Indians, it is just and reasonable to allow the said Richard Henderson and Company a compensation for their trouble and expense.

"Tuesday, November 17th, 1788: 'Agreed to by the Senate.'"

Thus vanished the splendid dreams of the Lords Proprietors of Transylvania. Henderson and Company greatly misconceived the spirit of the Pioneers, if they supposed that these men, seeking the broad West for liberty and independence, would have remained long in a state of vassalage, had they succeeded in establishing their Proprietary Government. The scheme was doomed to an early dissolution, by its very nature. Henderson and Company, however, unquestionably did much towards giving an impetus to emigration west, and rendered important services in the early settlement of Kentucky; and were well entitled to the handsome tract of land which was subsequently granted them, by Virginia, on the waters of Green River.

Thomas Denton, with their families and followers, awaiting his arrival. His companions, as now increased, amounted to twenty-six men, four women, and four or five boys and girls, perhaps half-grown; and placing himself at the head of this interesting little colony, he proudly led it through the Cumberland Gap, into the wilderness beyond, where it was destined to be the germ of a great State.

When this party had arrived at the head of Dick's River, M'Gary, Denton and Hogan, with their families and a few followers, separated themselves from the rest, and struck through the forest for the spot where Harrod and his Monongahelians had built their cabin the year before. Boone, with the main body of the party, continued his original course, and in due time arrived safely at Boonesborough; "and Mrs. Boone and her daughter," it is always recorded with an air of pleasant exultation, by the admirers of the old Pioneer, "were the earliest white women in the region, and the first of their sex and color that ever stood upon the banks of the wild and beautiful Kentucky."

During the latter part of the year 1775, a great many adventurers and surveyors, principally from Virginia and North-Carolina, made their appearance in different parts of Kentucky; and for all such Boonesborough was a place of general rendezvous. Some united themselves to Boone's colony, and remained permanently at his Station; others clustered around Harrod's Old Cabin, and the Fort which had by this time been erected by Logan, and made "improvements" in the vicinity of each; but most of them returned to their several homes, after having made such locations and surveys as they thought proper.—Among those by whom Boone was visited in the course of this year, were several men who had subsequently rendered very important services in the settlement of the West, and attained great and deserved celebrity: such were Simon Kenton, John Floyd, the four brothers McAfee, and so forth. A tolerably good road, sufficient for the passage of pack-horses in single file, had been opened from the settlements on the Holston to Boonesborough, by the party which Boone led out early in the spring; and this now became the thoroughfare for other adventurers, a number of whom removed their families from North-Carolina to Kentucky, and settled at Boonesborough, during the fall and winter of this

year. Colonel Richard Calloway was one of these, and there were others of equal respectability.

The winter and spring were passed by the little colony of Boonesborough, in hunting, fishing, clearing the lands immediately contiguous to the Station, and putting in crops of corn. The colonists were molested but once by their enemies during the winter, when one man was killed by a small band of marauding Indians, who suddenly appeared in the vicinity, and as suddenly departed. In the middle summer month, an incident of a thrilling character occurred, which cast a deep but only momentary shadow upon the little society of Boonesborough. This was the capture, by some skulking Indians belonging to a numerous band who were now prowling through the woods and brakes of Kentucky, and occasionally approaching the settlements for the purpose of plunder, of three young females, members of the families of Boone and Calloway. This incident, which has been taken as the groundwork of two or three western fictions, and also had thrown around it all the warm coloring of romance, by writers professing to deal only with the authentic, is thus briefly related in the papers of Colonel John Floyd, as quoted by Mr. Butler:—"On the 7th of July, 1776, the Indians took out of a canoe which was in the river, within sight of Boonesborough, Miss Betsey Calloway, her sister Frances, and a daughter of Daniel Boone. The last two were about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and the other grown. The affair happened late in the afternoon, and the spoilers left the canoe on the opposite side of the river from us, which prevented our getting over for some time to pursue them. Next morning by daylight we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them by walking some distance apart through the thickest cane they could find. We observed their course, however, and on which side we had left their sign, and traveled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo-path. Pursuing this for the distance of about ten miles, we overtook them just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners without giving their captors time

to murder them after they should discover us, than to kill the Indians. We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of our party fired, and then all rushed upon them, which prevented their carrying any thing away except one shot-gun without any ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through; the one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was very thick with cane; and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making any further search. We sent them off without their mockasons, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

No other incident is recorded as having disturbed the tranquility of Boonesborough during that year. An occasional immigrant added a new member to its little society, who assisted in the labors of the hardy colonists on the surrounding grounds. But its numbers received no considerable increase till the following summer, when (25th July, 1777,) a party of immigrants from North-Carolina, consisting of forty-five men, arrived in the country, and took up their first abode in the wilderness at Boonesborough. This was a fortunate circumstance for that Station, and great cause of rejoicing among all the settlements, for there were none of them that had not been much molested by the Indians since the opening of spring, and one or two of them had undergone long and regular Indian sieges. Boonesborough had been surrounded, by about one hundred of the enemy, as early as the middle of April, and fiercely attacked. But the Indians were so warmly received by the garrison, on this occasion, that they in a very little time withdrew, having killed one of the settlers, and wounded four others. Their own loss could not be ascertained. Increased to two hundred warriors, this party had returned to the attack of Boonesborough on the Fourth-of-July. On the present occasion, having sent detachments to alarm and annoy the neighboring settlements, in order that no reinforcements should be sent to Boonesborough, the Indians encamped about this place, with the object of attempting its reduction by a regular siege. After a close and vigorous attack for two days and nights, in which they succeeded in killing but one man

and wounding four others, the Indians, losing all hope of success, suddenly, and with great clamor, raised the siege, and disappeared in the adjacent forest. Their own loss was seven warriors, whose fall was noted from the fort.

After this attack, Boonesborough was disturbed no more by the Indians during the year. Had it been, after the arrival of the immigrants above referred to, it would, in all probability, have taught its indefatigable enemies a lesson such as they had never then received at the hands of the Kentuckians. But, notwithstanding these two considerable attacks, and the "signs" of Indians in the surrounding forests for the whole summer, the men continued to clear the lands adjacent to the Station, and to cultivate corn and garden vegetables—some always keeping a vigilant lookout while the others labored. For supplies of meat, they depended upon the forests, each of the men taking his turn as a hunter, at great hazard.

In the early part of the succeeding winter, a circumstance occurred which deeply clouded the prospects of Boonesborough, and even caused a few of the earliest of its inhabitants to leave it and return to North Carolina. This was the capture (15th of February, 1778,) of Daniel Boone and twenty-seven of his men by a party of Indians, who surprised them while making salt at the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking river, for the use of the several settlements. These Indians had been sent to Kentucky by the Shawanees, for the purpose of reconnoitering the settlements, and taking a prisoner or two, to supply the Ohio tribes with such information as they needed before starting upon a formidable invasion of Kentucky, which they meditated making early in the spring. Elated with their success, they returned at once to the principal town of the Shawanees, on the Little Miami, treating their prisoners, during a march of three days in very cold and inclement weather, as well as they fared themselves, as regarded fire and provisions. Boone and his companions were kept in captivity by the Indians, closely watched for several weeks, when the old Pioneer and ten of his men were conducted to Detroit, then a British garrison, and all but Boone presented to the commandant, by whom they were well treated. For the old Pioneer himself, the Indians had conceived a particular liking; and they

stubbornly refused to give him up, though several gentlemen of Detroit were very anxious that they should leave him, and the commandant offered to ransom him by a liberal sum. He was, therefore, compelled to accompany them back to their town on the Little Miami, which they reached after a march of fifteen days.

Boone was here adopted, as a son, into one of the principal families; and, judiciously accommodating himself to his new condition, he rapidly won upon the regard of the Indians, and soon secured their confidence. They challenged him to a trial of skill at their shooting-matches, invited him to accompany them on their hunting excursions, bestowed particular notice upon him in various ways, and always treated him with much consideration. As regarded merely his physical comfort, Boone's situation was, at this time, rather enviable than otherwise; but he felt a depressing anxiety with regard to his wife and children, and doubted the safety and prosperity of the Station, without his own watchfulness and superintendence. He therefore determined to escape from his captors at the earliest possible period, and very impatiently awaited an opportunity for accomplishing this purpose. Early in June, a party of Indians went to the Scioto licks to make salt: Boone was taken with them, but kept so constantly employed at the kettles, that he found no chance of escaping. Having sufficiently supplied themselves with the desired article, the party returned; and at the Chillicothe town Boone found four hundred and fifty Indian warriors, armed well and painted in a most frightful manner, ready to march against Boonesborough: this was on the fifteenth or sixteenth of the month. Boone now saw the absolute necessity of escaping at once, and determined to make the attempt without delay. He rose at the usual time the next morning, and went out as upon a hunt. His object was to give his wary masters the slip, in such a manner as would be least likely to excite their suspicions, and be the longest in determining them upon a pursuit. No sooner was he at such a distance from the town as would prevent observation of his movements, than he struck out rapidly in the direction of Boonesborough. So great was his anxiety, that he stopped not to kill any thing to eat; but performed the journey—a distance of one hundred and sixty miles—in less than five

days, upon one meal, which, before starting, he had concealed in his blanket. On arriving at Boonesborough, he found the fort, as he had feared he should, in a bad state for defense; but his activity soon strengthened it, and his courage at once re-inspired the sinking hearts of the garrison. Every thing was immediately put in a proper condition for a vigorous defense, and all became impatient for intelligence of the movements of the enemy.

A few days after Boone's escape from the Indians, one of his fellow-prisoners succeeded likewise in eluding their vigilance, and made his way safely and expeditiously to Boonesborough. This man arrived at the Station at a time when the garrison were hourly expecting the appearance of the enemy, and reported that, on account of Boone's elopement, the Indians had postponed their meditated invasion of the settled regions for three weeks. It was discovered, however, that they had their spies in the country, watching the movements of the different garrisons; and this rendered the settlers wary and active, and gave all the Stations time and opportunity to strengthen themselves, and make every preparation for a powerful resistance of what, they could not but believe, was to be a long and great effort to drive them from the land, and utterly destroy their habitations.

Week passed after week, but no enemy appeared. The state of anxiety and watchfulness, in which the garrison at Boonesborough had, for so long a time, been kept, was becoming irksome, and the men were beginning to relax in their vigilance. This Boone observed, and it determined him to undertake an expedition, which he had probably been meditating for some time. On the 1st of August, therefore, with a company of nineteen of the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, he left the fort with the intention of marching against and surprising one of the Indian towns on the Scioto. He advanced rapidly, but with great caution, and had reached a point within four or five miles of the town destined to taste of his vengeance, when he met its warriors, thirty in number, on their way to join the main Indian force, then on its march towards Boonesborough. An action immediately commenced, which terminated in the flight of the Indians, who lost one man, and had two others wounded. Boone received no injury, but took three

horses, and all the "plunder" of the war party. He then despatched two spies to the Indian town, who returned with the intelligence that it was evacuated. On the receipt of this information, he started for Boonesborough with all possible haste, hoping to reach the Station before the enemy, that he might give warning of their approach, and strengthen its numbers. He passed the main body of the Indians on the sixth day of his march, and on the seventh reached Boonesborough. On the eighth, the enemy's force marched up, with British colors flying, and invested the place. The Indian army was commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Canadian Frenchmen, and several distinguished chiefs, and was the most formidable force which had ever yet invaded the settlements. The commander summoned the garrison to surrender "in the name of his Britannic Majesty." Boone and his men, perilous as was their situation, received the summons without apparent alarm, and requested a couple of days for the consideration of what should be done. This was granted; and Boone summoned his brave companions to council: *but fifty men appeared!* Yet these fifty, after a due consideration of the terms of capitulation proposed, and with the knowledge that they were surrounded by savage and remorseless enemies to the number of about *five hundred*, determined, unanimously, to "*defend the fort as long as a man of them lived!*"

The two days having expired, Boone announced this determination from one of the bastions, and thanked the British commander for the notice given of his intended attack, and the time allowed the garrison for preparing to defend the Station. This reply to his summons was entirely unexpected by Duquesne, and he heard it with evident disappointment. Other terms were immediately proposed by him, which "sounded so gratefully in the ears" of the garrison, that Boone agreed to treat; and with eight of his companions, left the fort for this purpose. It was soon manifest, however, by the conduct of the Indians, that a snare had been laid for them; and escaping from their wily foes by a sudden effort, they re-entered the palisades, closed the gates, and betook themselves to the bastions.*

* Boone has been much censured for his conduct in this affair. McClung pronounces "the

A hot attack upon the fort now instantly commenced; but the fire of the Indians was returned from the garrison with such unexpected briskness and fatal precision, that the besiegers were compelled to fall back. They then sheltered themselves behind the nearest trees and stumps, and continued the attack with more caution. Losing a number of men himself, and perceiving no falling off in the strength or the marksmanship of the garrison, Duquesne resorted to an expedient which promised greater success. The fort stood upon the bank of the river, about sixty yards from its margin; and the purpose of the commander of the Indians was to undermine this, and blow up the garrison. Duquesne was pushing the mine under the fort with energy, when his operations were discovered by the besieged. The miners precipitated the earth which they excavated into the river; and Boone, perceiving that the water was muddy below the fort, while it was clear above, instantly divined the

whole a stupid and shallow artifice," in which "there seems to have been a contest between him and Duquesne, as to which should display the greater quantum of shallowness;" and Butler chimes in with these denunciations. Marshall's account of the matter is as follows: "The parties being prepared for the treaty, the conferences were opened within sixty yards of the fort gate. The articles, being few, were soon digested, and signed in the presence of many Indians, who, although they said nothing, stood or stalked about with an appearance of solicitude. And this was the moment for crowning the stratagem with success. Boone and his companions were told by the leaders of the adverse side, that among Indians it was customary, on such occasions, to evince the sincerity of their intentions, by two Indians shaking each white man by the hand. This was also assented to, and immediately two Indians approached each of the nine white men, and taking his hand, instantly grappled him, with intent to drag him off a prisoner. On this occasion, the defensive instinct required not the aid of deliberation—but each man, by an instantaneous effort, extricated himself, and sought his safety in the fort. The Indians, recovering from the surprise consequent upon their disappointment, discharged a heavy fire on the fugitives, who all escaped unhurt, except one that was wounded."

It cannot be denied, that Boone's usual sagacity seems to have deserted him here, nor that his knowledge of Indian character appears for the moment very superficial. But all the accounts which have been written of the transaction are very meagre and unsatisfactory; and while we are presented with so few of the *facts* of the case, from which to form an opinion, we should be careful in expressing one, and very slow to censure a man whose penetration was so deep, and whose sagacity was so seldom at fault.

cause, and at once ordered a deep trench to be cut inside the fort, to counteract the work of the enemy. As the earth was dug up, it was thrown over the wall of the fort, in the face of the besieging commander. Duquesne was thus informed that his design had been discovered; and being convinced of the futility of any further attempts of that kind, he discontinued his mining operations, and once more renewed the attack upon the Station, in the manner of a regular Indian siege. His success, however, was no better than it had been before; the loss appeared to be all upon his side; his stock of provisions was nearly exhausted; and on the morning of the twentieth, having for nine days tried the bravery of his savage force, and tasked his own ingenuity to its utmost, he raised the siege, and abandoned the grand object of the expedition. During this siege, "the most formidable," says Mr. Marshall, "that had ever taken place in Kentucky, from the number of Indians, the skill of the commanders, and the force countenances and savage dispositions of the warriors," only two men belonging to the Station were killed, and four others wounded. Duquesne lost thirty-seven men, and had many wounded, who, according to the invariable usage of the Indians, were immediately borne from the scene of action.*

Boonesborough was never again disturbed, by any formidable body of Indians. New Stations were springing up every year between it and the Ohio river, and to pass beyond these for the purpose of striking a blow at an older and stronger enemy, was a piece of folly of which the Indians were never known to be guilty. During Boone's captivity among the Shawanees, his family, supposing that he had been killed, had left the Station and returned to their relatives and friends in North Carolina; and as early in the autumn as he could well leave, the brave and hardy warrior started to move them out again to Kentucky. He returned to the settlement with them early the next summer, and set a good example to his companions, by industriously cultivating his farm, and volunteering his assistance, whenever it seemed needed, to the many

* "After the siege was raised, the people picked up, near the fort walls, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of leaden bullets, which had fallen, besides those which stuck in the logs and palisades."—*Marshall's Kentucky*.

immigrants who were now pouring into the country, and erecting new Stations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough. He was a good, as well as a great man, in his sphere; and for his many and important services in the early settlements of Kentucky, he well deserved the title of Patriarch which was bestowed upon him during his life, and all the praises that have been sung to his memory since his death.

This paper will be concluded in our next number, with an account of the Settlements of Logan, Harrod, Bryant, and others, and such sketches of their indomitable founders as may best serve to illustrate our main subject—the Character of the Pioneers.

W. D. G.

THE SEA KING.

A Sea King on the Danish shore,
When the old time went by,
Launched his rude ship for reckless deeds
Beneath a foreign sky.
And oft on Albion's richer coast,
Where Saxon Harold reigned,
With a fierce foe's marauding hate,
Wild warfare he maintained.

From hamlets still, and humble vale,
Their wealth he reft away,
And shamed not with his blood-red steel
To wake the deadly fray.
But once, within an islet's bay,
While summer twilight spread
A curtain o'er the glorious sun,
Who sank to ocean's bed,

He paused amidst his savage trade,
And gazed on earth and sea,
While, o'er his head, a nest of doves
Hung, in a linden tree;
They coo'd and murmured o'er their young,
A loving, mournful strain,
And still the chirping brood essayed
The same soft tones again.

The Sea King on the rocky beach,
Declined his head to hear,
And started, on his iron brow
To feel a trickling tear.
He mused upon his lonely home
Beyond the foaming main,
For nature kindled in his breast
At that fond dovelet's strain.

He listened till the lay declined,
And slumber o'er them stole,

"Hows, hows, sweet hows!" methought they sang:
It entered to his soul.
He lingered till the morn came forth,
With radiance pure and pale,
And then his hardy crew he roused,
"Up! up! and spread the sail."

"Now, whither goest thou, master bold?"
No word the Sea King spake,
But at the helm all night he stood,
Till ruddy morn did break.
"See, captain, yon unguarded isle!
Those cattle are our prey;"
Dark grew their brows, and fierce their speech:
No word he deigned to say.

Right onward, o'er the swelling wave,
With steady prow he bore,
Nor staid until he anchor'd fast
By Denmark's wave-wash'd shore.
"Farewell, farewell, brave men, and true,
Well have you serv'd my need;
Divide the spoils as best ye may,
Rich boon for daring deed."

He shook them by the harden'd hand,
And on his journey sped,
Nor linger'd, till through shades he saw
His long-forsaken shed.
Forth came the babe, that when he left,
Lay on its mother's knee;
She rais'd a stranger's wondering cry—
A fair-hair'd girl was she.

His far-off voice that mother knew,
And shriek'd in speechless joy,
While, proudly, toward his arms she drew
His bashful, stripling boy.
They bade the fire of pine burn bright,
The smoking board they spread;
And bless'd and welcom'd him as one
Returning from the dead.

He cleans'd him of the pirate's sin,
He donn'd the peasant's stole,
And nightly from his labors came,
With music in his soul.
"Father! what mean those words you speak,
Oft in your broken sleep?
The doves! the doves! you murmuring cry,
And then in dreams you weep.

"Father, you've told us many a tale
Of storm, and battle wild—
Tell us the story of the doves."
The peasant-father smiled,—
"Go, daughter, lure a dove to build
Her nest in yonder tree—
And thou shalt know what tender spell
Hath lured me home to thee."

L. H. B.

Hartford: Conn.

ESSAY ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

THE dominion of the Moors, who for seven hundred years maintained possession of the most delightful and fertile part of Spain, constitutes a brilliant portion of the civil and literary history of that country. The history of that celebrated people, compared with that of other nations, is but little known, yet it is full of romantic interest. We are attracted by the taste and magnificence displayed by the Moorish monarchs, in the pomp and splendor of their courts, and in the works of art which adorned their capitals of Cordova and Granada. With all our religious feelings and prejudices, we cannot but admire the daring and brilliant deeds of arms, and the chivalric bearing which marked their warlike career in their long and bloody contests with the Christians; but, above all, the high state of literature and science among them, at a period when the rest of Europe was in a state of comparative ignorance. Infidels as they were in religion, they possessed more refinement of manners, more liberal courtesy, and far more intellectual cultivation, than the most civilized Christian nations, to whom a purer faith had been delivered. To some minds this may appear a bold assertion, but we are fully sustained in it by the history of the times, unless, indeed, all history be a compound of truth and fiction, and the materials so mingled as to be difficult of separation.

Contemporary historians concur in representing literature and science in Christian Europe, as in a most degenerate state, while the broad banner of learning was proudly displayed by the followers of the false prophet of Mecca. While the little learning of the former was wasted in frivolous disputes, or in dry and unintelligible dissertations upon questions in theology, the latter were penetrating the mysteries of science, or cultivating the garden of polite literature. While Christian councils denounced, in formal decrees, the literature of the ancient sages who had reflected so much luster on the "land of battle and of song," the Mahometan philosophers studied the works of, and composed commentaries upon, the sublime mysteries of Plato and Aristotle, and their poets soared on fancy's wings into the regions of romance; the grave doctrines of the one

were softened by the imaginative creations of the other. Amid the tumults of foreign wars and domestic insurrections, the Moorish monarchs of Spain, with few exceptions, exhibited a strong attachment to the interests of learning, and gave to it a vigorous and generous impulse, by the erection and endowment of colleges and inferior schools, the promotion of public libraries, and a munificent patronage of learned men. The contrast is most striking between the literary condition of Christian Europe and Mahometan Spain, particularly from the beginning of the ninth to the close of the eleventh century. During this period the former was an intellectual desert, where the mind was uncultivated and permitted to run to waste; the latter was a blooming and fruitful oasis, where the tree of knowledge grew and flourished, and scattered abroad its fruits and its fragrance. In the one country there were no liberal patrons, who held out inducements to cultivate the garden of literature; in the other its advantages were fully appreciated, and learning was compensated with a generous hand. The contemplation of the intellectual condition of Europe, during this age of darkness, excites, even at this day, emotions of melancholy, more especially when the mind recalls the Augustan age, and that which immediately preceded it, when literature stood proudly erect and triumphant, throwing additional glory upon the "Eternal City," already renowned for arts and arms.

Without attempting to trace the progress of literature among the Arabians of the East, from whom the Moors of Spain derived their knowledge, or to explain the causes which led to so remarkable an event, as its liberal encouragement and extensive cultivation—remarkable, because of the nature of the government, and the principles of Mahometanism,—I will confine myself to a few remarks which will, perhaps, render more intelligible, the brief sketch I propose to present in this article, of the literature of the Spanish Arabs, or, as they are otherwise called, the Moors of Spain.

Before the era of Mahomet, and for some time after, the knowledge of the Arabians was limited. It was principally confined to poetry,* in which some of their poets attained to no small degree of excel-

* The curious reader will find a number of specimens of early Arabian poetry in the works of Sir William Jones.

lence; in the physical or experimental sciences, they had made but little progress. The knowledge they possessed seems to have been confined to a very small circle, as it is said that when the Koran was published, which was after the death of Mahomet, the great mass of the people were so ignorant—at least, the arts of reading and writing had made so little progress among them,—that in the district of Yemen, one of the most populous and flourishing of Arabia, very few were able to read it. It was not until after the death of the Prophet, when the tide of victory had overturned nations, and established the empire of Arabia, that any considerable advances were made, or much literary distinction attained. Their intercourse with other nations introduced new tastes and new feelings, and stirred up their ambition to excel in science and literature, as they excelled in arms. A spirit of emulation and a desire for literary distinction, was still further excited by the ambition of imitating the style of the Koran, which is said to be written in the purest Arabic, and is regarded as the finest specimen of Arabian literature. Orthodox Musselmén regard it as dictated by the divine mind, and readily assent to the declaration of the Koran itself, that “men and genii could not produce a book like unto it, although the one assisted the other.” In Sale’s translation of this celebrated book, the unprejudiced reader will find many passages of eminent beauty, and even sublimity, characteristic of the peculiar style of eastern writers.

When the advancement of literature had thus taken hold of the minds of the Arabians, they pursued it with ardor, and the improvement of the language became an object of interest and importance, and to this object the efforts of grammarians were directed. It was established on a permanent basis, and the language has, probably, experienced as few changes from the introduction of foreign words and idioms, as any other living language. In this revival of Arabian learning, the cultivation of poetry was a favorite pursuit, and the poet was treated with marked respect. With the Arabians a talent for poetry was considered as indicative of a high degree of genius, and success in the art as the highest effort of intellect. Nor were they alone in this estimate of mental power. The Greeks and Romans put the same high value on poetic excellence. The glory of

Homer, Eschylus, Euripides and Sophocles, among the Greeks, and of Virgil and Horace, among the Romans, threw into shade a host of writers in other departments of learning, more useful but less captivating. The number of Arabian poets who grace the annals of their literature, if we may believe those who are skilled in oriental learning, far exceeded that of any other nation. This devotion to the muses may be attributed to the unrivalled power of song, which affects the rude as well as the cultivated mind. The natural scenery by which they were surrounded, and which they so well described, may also have had its influence in turning their minds to this particular department of literature. Cultivated fields, and enamelled meadows, glowing and sparkling with the gems of vegetable creation, together with a brilliant sky, and an atmosphere loaded with the perfumes of a thousand flowers, exert an influence upon the imagination unfelt in cold, unfruitful and barren regions. To the poetic mind there is inspiration in every aspect of nature, and the imagination delights to revel in her charms, and call up gorgeous images from the sublime and beautiful of nature’s works.

“Nature! great Nature!

How mighty, how majestic are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

That sees astonished, and astonished sing!”

The brightest period in the history of Arabian literature may be placed between the reign of Abbas, the founder of the dynasty of the Abbassides, in the year 749, and that of Al-Motassem, the successor of Al-Mamon, A. D. 833, although it flourished, in a greater or less degree, until near the close of the thirteenth century, when the last of the Abbassides yielded to the power of the Turks. During the period alluded to, literature attained an elevation and magnificence, though far short of its present “high and palmy state,” which excited the wonder of surrounding nations, who could scarcely conceive by what process a nation of infidels, deprived of the light of christianity, could ascend so high upon the ladder of learning. The schools of Bagdad, Bassora, and other cities, became so celebrated, that they were resorted to, not only by Mahometans, but by christians, who returned to their native land to enlighten it with the learning they had acquired. A reference to the history of the times, will show how much superi-

or in intellectual cultivation were the followers of Mahomet to the people of Christendom, with all the advantages they may be supposed to have enjoyed. They possessed no superior natural endowment; the whole secret of their superiority consisted in the fact that, among them, learning was held in higher estimation. Liberal rewards were granted to such as discovered valuable manuscripts, or translated into the vernacular tongue the works of ancient writers; and thus were collected and preserved the most esteemed works of antiquity in different departments of science and literature, which otherwise would probably have been entirely lost. Men of learning were held in such high estimation, that they were called, in the language of their own writers, "Luminaries that dispel darkness—lords of human kind—of whom, when the world becomes destitute, it will again sink into barbarism." This lofty character, overdrawn as it may appear, was not undeserved in the age to which it was applied. "Lords of the human kind," the influence of their learning and intelligence was extensively felt; they raised the veil which obscured the minds of men, and convinced them that intellect was the beneficent gift of the Creator, to be employed for high and noble purposes. They established the empire of light and knowledge, which extended into every quarter, and eventually found its way into benighted Europe, through the influence of the Spanish Arabs.

About the beginning of the eighth century, the Arabians made themselves masters of Africa bordering on the Mediterranean. Prompted by the lust of conquest, and the ambition of spreading the religion of their Prophet, or invited by the disaffected among the Goths, they passed over into Spain, and planted their standard on the Rock of Gibraltar. To repel this invasion, which threatened annihilation to his kingdom, King Roderic assembled an army of ninety thousand men, and encountered the invaders on the plains of Xeres, about two leagues from Cadiz, where was fought the celebrated battle, which resulted in the defeat of Roderic, and decided the fate of the Gothic empire in Spain. A succession of victories attended the arms of Musa and Tarick, the Moorish generals, and, in a short time, nearly the whole of Spain acknowledged the authority of the Caliph of the East.

To the skill of a general, Musa, the Viceroy of the Caliph, united the policy of the statesman. In order to secure his conquests, and conciliate the vanquished, he granted them the free exercise of their religion and laws, on condition that they paid to the Caliph the same tribute they rendered their former sovereigns. In the treaty between the son of Musa and Theodorick, the successor of Roderic, it was stipulated that "no injury should be offered to life or property, the wives and children, the religion, and temples of the Christians." The moderation thus exhibited by the conquerors, in a great measure reconciled the Spaniards to the Moorish rule, and softened the rigor usually attendant upon conquest. While the ensign of Mahomet was displayed as the symbol of power, the Moslem and the Christian, if they did not worship in the same temples, offered their prayers, and practiced the rites of their respective religions, in the same cities.

After the departure of Musa, who was deprived of his command by the Caliph, Spain was governed by a succession of emirs or governors, who derived their authority from, and were dependent upon, the Eastern Caliphate, until the year 756, when Abderahman, one of the Omniades, who escaped the massacre of his family, landed on the coast of Andalusia, and was proclaimed not only king of Spain, but Caliph of the West. By this event, Spain was declared independent of the Caliphate of the East. Abderahman established the seat of his empire at Cordova; and during his reign, he sustained his throne with glory, and governed with so strict a regard to religion and justice, as to obtain the surname of the *Just*. He died A. D. 787, having exercised the sovereign authority thirty-one years. "The chief features of his character were honor, generosity, and intrepidity, with a deeply-rooted regard for the interests of justice and religion. His views, for a Musselman, were enlightened, and his sentiments liberal. Misfortune had been his teacher, and he profited by its lessons."* Educated in all the learning of the East, he had imbibed a taste for literature, and was himself a poet; hence he was an encourager of literature and learned men, and founded colleges and schools, in which the various branches of litera-

*History of Spain and Portugal, vol. 1, p. 227.

ture and science were taught, many of the inferior schools were free to those who chose to resort to them. In the promotion of learning, his own example had a great influence, which was extensively felt, notwithstanding the troublesome state of the times. Under his liberal sway, Cordova became the seat of learning and the arts, of magnificence and pleasure, by which means he contributed to refine the manners, not only of his own countrymen, but the native Spaniards, who, under the Gothic kings, were rude and illiterate. He embellished the city of Cordova with a splendid palace, and delightful gardens, and began the great mosque, now the cathedral of Cordova, which is still the wonder of travelers. The example of Abderahman was not lost upon his successors, and the throne of Cordova was filled by a succession of princes, until the division of the kingdom, who were liberal patrons of literature. The reigns, however, of Abderahman III, Al-Hakem II, and the regency of Al-Manzor, during the minority of Al-Hixem II, were most distinguished for the encouragement of literature and its liberal protection, and the elevated character of the schools and scholars of the time. This period has been called the "golden age of Moorish literature," an appellation to which it is justly entitled, when the number of authors who graced its annals, and the variety of subjects upon which they wrote, is considered.

Al Hakem, although absolute and tyrannical, was remarkable for his zeal in the cause of learning. Of this monarch, the author of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" remarks: "He was one of those rare beings who have employed the awful engine of despotism in promoting the happiness and intelligence of his species. In his elegant tastes and appetite for knowledge and munificent patronage, he may be compared with the best of the Medici." Like the Medici, he expended vast sums in purchasing rare and curious books, and when he could not purchase a book, he caused it to be transcribed. He thus collected a library of six hundred thousand volumes, the unfinished catalogue of which extended to forty-four volumes—an immense collection, when it is remembered that all books were then in manuscript. The influence of the event extended to the provinces, and the walis or governors emulated their sovereign in their patron-

age of literature and their liberal rewards to learned men. The results of such munificence would necessarily be an increased literary taste, and, consequently, a more extensive diffusion of knowledge. Wherever polite and elegant literature is esteemed, and its professors honored, the attention of men will be turned towards it, and talents will be called into active exercise in its behalf, where, under other circumstances, they would have been divided into other channels. This brilliant period of the Moorish literature precisely corresponds, to use the language of the elegant writer above referred to, "with that of the deepest barbarism of Europe; when a library of three or four hundred volumes was a magnificent endowment for the richest monastery; when scarcely a priest south of the Thames could translate Latin into his mother tongue; when not a single philosopher was to be met with in Italy, save only the French Pope Silvester II, who drew his knowledge from the schools of the Spanish Arabs, and was esteemed a necromancer for his pains."*

The literature of the Moors of Spain embraced the whole circle of science, as well as polite literature; and in nearly every city, universities, colleges, and schools were founded and sustained, by royal and private munificence, and public libraries were numerous. So universal was the taste for learning, that, at the close of the eleventh century, there was a university in the capital city of each province, whose chairs were filled by learned and able professors; and there were several public libraries, in which were to be found the works of upwards of four hundred native writers of reputation, besides an immense collection of the works of foreign authors. At the close of the twelfth century, the city of Granada contained two universities, two royal colleges, and a large number of inferior schools, where the common branches of learning were taught. With such facilities for the acquirement of knowledge, it is not wonderful that it should be widely diffused, and the Spanish Moors should be superior in intellectual cultivation to their christian neighbors, who enjoyed no such privileges or advantages, and who were kept in ignorance by the selfish policy of a

* History of Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. 1, page 286.

dominant priesthood. It is true, that Charlemagne, in France, who was contemporary with the famous Haroun Al-Raschid, Caliph of the East, and Al-Hakem I, and Abderahman II, Caliphs of the West, established universities and colleges in various parts of his empire, and endeavored, by his personal example, to inspire his subjects with a taste for learning; but neither his power nor his example could awaken a literary spirit, or arouse their rude minds to mental exertion. The nobles were too strongly addicted to war and warlike amusements, to surrender them for the calm pursuits of literature. The clergy discouraged the extension of that knowledge which might overturn their power, by teaching men to think for themselves. Such apprehensions did not disturb the more liberal and enlightened Caliphs of the West, who permitted knowledge to be freely communicated. The doctrines of the ancient philosophers, however they might operate against the prevailing religion, were taught without restraint and communicated without reserve.

The physical and experimental sciences were pursued with ardor, as being intimately connected with man's comfort and happiness. The examination of the properties of the various productions of nature in the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, produced habits of reflection and investigation which, while they enlarged the mind, removed the prejudices which are the usual concomitants of ignorance. The zeal with which the physical sciences were cultivated, led to many important results, and interesting discoveries, of which philosophers in after times liberally availed themselves. If chemistry did not originate with the Arabians, the science was greatly improved by their experiments and discoveries. They were addicted to alchemy, but this very addiction to what is considered, in these more enlightened times, a visionary pursuit, led to the advancement of true chemical science, and the discovery of many remedies in medicine. The alchemists spent much time in vain attempts to discover the philosopher's stone, by which they hoped to be able to transmute base metals into gold. Although they failed in the main object, the system of experiments they adopted disclosed the essential properties of various materials, of which they were previously ignorant. Thus, also, the observa-

tions of astrologers upon the motions and appearances of the heavenly bodies, led to such discoveries, as to bring to perfection the present system of astronomy. To aid them in observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, they invented some instruments, and greatly improved others. That the philosophers of the age were sometimes visionary in their theories and speculations, is no evidence of their want of sagacity; their speculations, visionary as they may appear, evince that they possessed inquiring minds; that they were not restrained in their investigations by received and established systems. Theories may sometimes appear to have very slight foundations, and yet result in important consequences. When Fulton first conceived the idea of navigating our rapid streams with boats propelled by steam, he was regarded as an idle dreamer, but his theory has become sound philosophy, and his dream a proud reality.

The favorite study of the Spanish Arabs was philosophy. To its grave pursuits, a great number of their most distinguished men devoted themselves, and acquired high reputation. They studied profoundly the philosophical systems of the ancient teachers of the Greek schools, more particularly of Aristotle and Plato; and as many christians drew lessons of wisdom from the schools of Cordova and Granada, they also became the favorite systems in other parts of Europe, and had no little influence in corrupting the sublime and simple faith of the teacher of Nazareth. Among the Moors, the philosophy of Aristotle was the subject of commentary upon commentary. *Averroes*, a distinguished philosopher of the twelfth century, and a native of Cordova, was so enthusiastic in his admiration of the Stagyrity, that nearly his whole life was employed in the study of his works, and in unfolding his mysteries. He says of him, that "he was created and given to the world by Divine Providence, that we might see in him how much it was possible for man to know." This opinion of one of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, was common to nearly all the Mahometan philosophers and teachers.

Mahometan Spain could boast of a numerous list of grammarians, rhetoricians, astronomers and mathematicians, at a time when these sciences were almost unknown in the rest of Europe. "To render their works more attractive, not a few of these

treatises were composed in verse. Thus we have a poem on Algebra; another on the ordinary rules of Arithmetic; another on Judicial Astronomy; a fourth on Astronomy, a fifth on the power of numbers, and a sixth on the most recondite properties of the cone and its sections.* To their numerous works on all these subjects, Christian Europe was greatly indebted, when learning revived; and the minds of men were diverted from trifling and unprofitable theological controversies, and directed to courses of study which expanded genius, and gave life and vigor to intellectual development. Subjects, before unknown, were presented for contemplation and study, and siezed upon with avidity, and perused with diligence, until they again appeared with renovated splendor.

The list of historians is numerous; but few, if any, attained to any degree of eminence in this branch of literature. The best of them are said to be without much method; their works are mere registers of facts, without the moral or philosophical reflections, or interesting details, which render historical narrative so attractive. "In the whole range of historic literature," says the author of the *History of Spain and Portugal*, "there are few compositions so meager and so repulsive as those by the Moors of Spain." In the history of their literature it is somewhat remarkable, that they acquired so little reputation as historians, when they had before them, as models of imitation, the works of Herodotus, Xenophon and Thucydides. In this respect, they fell short of their Arabian ancestors, in whose annals we find the names of many historians who were distinguished for elegance and energy of style, and profundity of thought, and who regarded historical composition as among the most important of literary efforts.

The number of poets was greater than in all the contemporary nations of Europe united. Many of their greatest monarchs wooed the muses with success; and they encouraged in others that talent in which they delighted themselves; hence more men of genius cultivated poetry than any other branch of polite literature. The power of song, as before remarked, is universal; its magic influence is felt in every condition of life; and as long as its power is felt, in moving the affections, and stir-

ring up the passions, it will continue to be cultivated. The poetry of the Moors, however, was principally confined to odes, elegies, satires and songs. The epic muse, as far as we have been able to discover, was never invoked; nevertheless, among the literary treasures of the Escorial, there may yet be found some poem worthy to be classed among the higher and nobler aspirations of the muse. The continual contests with the Spaniards, and the warlike achievements of their knights, were worthy of being celebrated in the loftiest strains; and their rich and beautiful, expressive and sonorous language, was admirably adapted to aid the muse's highest and noblest flight.

I have thus presented an imperfect sketch of the state of literature among the Moors of Spain, and endeavored to exhibit the elevation to which it attained under the rule of Moslem, while it was not only depressed, but nearly extinct under the empire of christianity. To enter into details would fill a volume. The low state of learning in Christian Europe was certainly not owing to inferiority of intellect, or the want of means to advance its interests. The subjects for intellectual cultivation were abundant, and there was wealth enough, if even a small portion had been directed into the right channel, to have endowed colleges and other institutions of learning, and rendered Christian Europe the light of the world. But in this age of darkness, no liberal hand was extended to aid the scholar in his literary labors, or cheer him forward in his elegant pursuits.

The great causes of this neglect of learning, and its consequent depression, may be found in the influence of the clergy, the defects of the existing governments, and the rude habits of the people. One of the leading causes was the disinclination of the clergy to the diffusion of knowledge, lest their own power and influence should be lessened. The influence of this body of men was extensively felt in all the operations of government, as well as the conduct of private affairs. The confessors of kings were not unfrequently their prime ministers; and while they controlled the consciences of their sovereigns, they directed the affairs of state. They rendered every measure of government subservient to the interests of the church. Dependent upon the See of Rome, by their united efforts they so managed, as to con-

* *History of Spain and Portugal*, vol. iv. p. 46.

centrate, in the person of the Roman Pontiff, that immense power which made the pontifical throne so formidable. Had the influence of the clergy been directed to the advancement of knowledge, how different would have been the aspect of the intellectual world, during the period which has been appropriately called the "dark ages." Unfortunately, however, for the cause of literature and science, they were governed by other views. Instead of being the humble preachers of a simple faith, they aspired to be rulers; and in their desire to unite the temporal and spiritual power, they forgot, or overlooked, the precepts of their Master, who taught that his "kingdom was not of this world." They well knew that the power which they loved would be shaken by the advances of literature and the progress of intelligence; hence their interests prompted them to discourage every effort for either purpose. Besides the influence of the clergy, the nature of the existing governments retarded the progress of learning. Most of them were founded by violence, and sustained by the sword; and the necessity of being continually engaged in war, or prepared for its exigencies, occupied so much of the attention of princes and nobles, and, of course, of their vassals, that they had but little leisure, even if they had the taste or inclination, to devote to literary pursuits, which were regarded as too effeminate. When the Troubadours appeared in the eleventh century, and wandered

"——— from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal ———"

the warlike nobles were content to listen to their strains, without feeling any desire to emulate their powers. Unlike the Moorish warriors, it was seldom that among Christian knights the poet's bay was found entwined with the warrior's laurel.

W. T.

THE POET.

His paths are on the high and holy mountains,
Where nature revels and the wild winds play—
He slakes his thirst at Thought's exhaustless fountains,
Where, to his fancy, nymphs Parnassian stray.
There is a cloudless clime, far, far away,
Beyond the eagle's most aspiring flight,
Where oft his spirit wanders when the day

Fades from the sky, and drinks in deep delight
Where forms ideal rove and win his wondering sight.

His heart rejoiceth when the stirring chime
Of tempests breaks upon his eager ear,
And braided lightnings, gambolling sublime,
In solemn grandeur to his eye appear:
Amid the elemental strife and stir
His spirit on majestic wing can soar,
Like the proud bird of Andes' heights, and hear
Music in storms; and mingling with their roar,
His own deep mind its strength in kindred tones can pour.

He holds communion with the mighty dead
Whose names are fadeless on the list of fame;
Those sons of light, who by Ambition led,
The curse of death and darkness overcame.
He feels the dross-consuming, quenchless flame,
And longs with them in light to be enshrined—
To leave on earth one other glorious name,
Which, starlike, in the firmament of mind
Shall glow where clouds oblivious never shade nor blind.

He strikes the harp and weaves his thrilling song
While midnight's murmurs softly round him sweep;
Dreaming of glory's chaplet, while the throng
Of burning stars their vigils o'er him keep.
O'er scenes of old, where oft the Muses weep
On broken altars and deserted groves,
His fancy wanders drinking in the deep
Low tones of other years, or raptured roves
Where Learning held her courts and poets sang their loves.

To one who to such thoughts has given his soul,
How vacant seem the hours in folly spent!
A power within him, and beyond control,
Proclaims far thence must be his banishment.
With nobler themes his visions must be blest—
On other fields his laurels must be won—
His hopes must scale the crystal battlement
Where Mind hath reared her everlasting throne,
And Genius hails the light of an all genial zone.

Oh, how shall he round whose aspiring brow
Have often floated visions all divine,
Forego such glories, and in suppliance bow
Where throng the million at a lowlier shrine?
Can he forget his nature, and decline
From starry heights unto the valley's shade?
Shall his home be the cloud, while o'er him shine
The lights he loves, and where his spirit strayed
When life was in its morn and hopes around him played?

No—better far to him the gulleless songs
Of the gay birds that hymn the praise of spring;
The melody which to the breeze belongs,
And the glad sounds which o'er the waters ring.
His heart is mateless when it doth not cling
To stars—to mountains—to the deep blue sea—
To woman and her loveliness, which fling
The light of heaven on earth—and to the free
Wild haunts where Nature dwells and woos idolatry.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER XI:

A Texas Farmer—Deer of Texas—Journey through the Country—An Incident—The San Bernard—Night Traveling—The Colorado.

It was a refreshing sight in the morning, to survey the appearances of comfort and independence which the industry of our host had prepared for himself and family. His place really looked like a farm with all its appurtenances. I do not know that it would be necessary to go into a detailed description, any further than to observe, that some twenty or thirty acres of prairie upon the banks of the stream were inclosed, in which were potatoes, melons, most of the garden vegetables, and corn, all of which promised an abundant harvest. Sixty bushels of the latter to the acre, would be a fair estimate of the probable production.

The appearance of every kind of stock about the premises, among which were hogs, sheep, cattle and horses, were additional evidences of the industrious and prosperous farmer. His house is what might be called the second step of the pioneer towards a comfortable habitation, which will be readily understood by those who are aware, that with the early settler, a cabin comes first, then the hewed log, well chunked and daubed, and last the finished frame or brick.

After breakfast we set out for our baggage, which we found unmolested. In the direction which we traveled on our return, it is about fourteen miles from the Bernard to the Brassos. The land upon both of these streams is good, but the intermediate country is flat, full of marshes, and almost entirely without timber.

At the hour of twelve o'clock, we arrived at the house of our friend, which stands upon the edge of the Brassos timber. But the country here, as well as every where else, was alive with deer.—The great abundance of this kind of game has been a subject of wonder to all those who have traveled through Texas. They start up around the traveler in droves, and he may see as many as fifty or a hundred at once, scampering over the plain. It is rare sport, on a good horse, to pursue them over the prairie, when there is nothing to obstruct the chase. At this time the fawns were about six weeks old, and

were seen, in great numbers, bouncing through the grass after their dams. They are easily caught with dogs, and many of them fall victims to the wolves, which prowl over the country in great numbers, and whose howl is often the only sound to break the stillness of night, as the traveler rides over the prairie, or lies himself down upon the green earth to sleep.

Great havoc has been made among the deer of Texas, within a few years, by the settlers, as many depend upon this source for the principal part of their living. I have heard of some, who made hunting a business, that have killed as high as fifteen hundred during one year; and I had the assurance of an old and respectable gentleman, that he has shot as many as six without moving from his tracks. I give these statements as I got them, which I am disposed to credit, not only from the respectability of those from whom I procured them, but from the results of my own observations. But the deer of Texas are not so large as those which are found in the Northern and Middle States of this country.

There was a degree of comfort about the house of our friend, that was hardly to be expected from one who so far preferred the woods, that it was no uncommon occurrence with him to go out in the evening and hunt, and encamp within sight of his own chimney-tops. Santa Anna, in his rout, passed by the house, which he found deserted, and in a spirit of braggadocio, wrote above the door with chalk, the day and year he passed with his army. I was prevented, only by the want of something to do it with, from writing beneath, the day and year of his defeat. After additional evidences of our friend's kindness, at the dinner-table, we departed, with his most special directions for finding our way.

Our horses had eaten nothing since morning, and, after traveling ten miles, we turned them upon the prairie; and, in the meantime, set about putting our guns and pistols in order, as we were now in that part of the country where it was possible we might encounter some maulauding party of Indians. It was with great difficulty that we got shade enough to screen us from the scorching sun.

Mounted, and ready for action, we traveled on, but were soon convinced that we were again lost. Not knowing how to remedy our situation, we kept on, until we came to a beaten road, which we followed

several miles, when we met two persons on the way to San Philipè De Austin. From them we got directions to find our road, which was lost not so much from carelessness on our part, as from the wrong directions of our old friend upon the Brassos.

During the afternoon we spied two persons ascending a hill-side, or rather swell of the prairy, three quarters of a mile in advance; and, from their appearance every way, we had a right to conclude they were Indians. We discovered each other about the same time, which created a momentary embarrassment with all as to the course proper to be pursued. If we had a right to take them for Indians from their general appearance, we were now satisfied from their conduct, that we had not been mistaken. They hastened their steps to the top of the hill, and there, as seemed to us, stationed themselves behind some bushes that grew in small dense clusters. Our situation created a momentary embarrassment. After a moment's pause, we galloped off to our left around the foot of the hill, keeping out of the reach of harm, with a view either to charge in their rear, or come into the road some distance beyond, and resume our journey. But when we were fairly on their flank, my companion, who was surcharged with fight, gave the order to charge, when we both wheeled, and riding a few yards towards the summit, stopped. At that instant my companion presented his rifle at the body of one of them, which was visible in the bushes, when both of our supposed foes sprang up, and as they raised their hands, in token of submission and mercy, we discovered them to be Mexicans. They were two of Santa Anna's troops, who had been taken prisoners, and by the permission of the government of Texas, were now, in poverty and wretchedness, making their toilsome way home to some part of Mexico. We had mutually scared each other, for it seems that our conduct induced them to act in a way that strengthened the conclusion we formed from their general appearance.

It was a wonderful relief to them to know that we intended them no harm, as it was to us that there was no further occasion for the exercise of our valor.

As the sun was setting, we crossed the San Bernard at a point where there was no timber. This, indeed, was scarce as far as we could see up and down the stream. The quantity of water was inconsiderable,

as it did not extend much above the pastern-joints of our horses; but the bottom of the stream is solid and pebbled. It was our intention, by riding late at night, to reach the banks of the Colorado, which was about fifteen miles from the Bernard. About eight o'clock at night we entered the timber of the Colorado. It was not until ten o'clock that my companion was satisfied to a certainty that our unpropitious stars had again put us off our true course. But we rode on and on, with our poor horses almost jaded to death, until two o'clock in the morning. We now felt apprehensive that the rapid pace at which we had been traveling, had brought us in the neighborhood of Bastrop, a small town high up the Colorado, where the Indians of late had made such demonstrations, as threw the whole country into alarm. That we should have come to so singular a conclusion can only be accounted for, from the fact of our extreme ignorance of the country.

We, however, concluded to stop and give our horses some rest; but, as a precaution, rode some distance from the road. After resting an hour, we were again mounted, with a determination to pursue our road, under the belief that it must lead to some stream, or to the open prairy; at either of which places we could form a better idea of our situation than in the timber. We rode an hour longer, when we stopped in utter despair. The road appeared to lead no where, and to end no where. Here we remained until the day began to dawn, when we concluded to retrace our steps, as the readiest means of recovering our lost way. But we had not gone more than a mile until we came to a small cabin on the road-side, which we had entirely overlooked in the dark, surrounded by a number of horses. We hailed, and were answered by a voice which had a charm, that no music has the power to produce. As Manfred stood upon the cliff, no doubt his fevered brain was soothed, as he heard the sweet sound of the shepherd's pipe in the deep valley beneath; but how impotent are such notes, even under circumstances selected by the poet to give them greatest effect, when compared with the tones of the human voice, which speak peace and welcome in the wilderness to the benighted and weary traveler.

We learned that we were then in Cum-

ming's Creek settlement, and about four miles from the point on the Colorado towards which he had been aiming. Apprehensive that our company had or would soon leave us, as we were now one day behind the agreed time, we pushed on for the river. We came upon the banks of the Colorado at the falls, about one hundred miles or more from its mouth. There was no boat, and this left us no alternative but to ford or swim. The current was so rapid, and the banks upon the opposite side so steep and difficult to ascend, that I felt doubtful whether it was possible for my horse, now wearied and exhausted from the action of the previous day and night, to encounter it without being swept below the falls.

We found the water of less depth than we had expected, not rising above the skirts of the saddle, until we got near the opposite bank, when it deepened eighteen or twenty inches, the principal part of it taking this direction with the velocity of a tail-race. As I found my horse going, I turned his head to the current, when he was thrown sideways upon the bank. I now crawled off and held him against the stream until he rallied his strength sufficiently to spring upon dry land. Columbus was in sight when we ascended the banks.

CHAPTER XII.

Retrospect—Colorado—Columbus—Springs—Wells—Live Oak—Preparations for our Journey—Plan of Travel—Mexicans—Fraud.

FROM the time we left the house of our old friend upon the Brassos, until we arrived upon the banks of the Colorado, we must, from the circuitous direction which we traveled, have passed over at least forty miles. For the first fifteen miles, to the Bernard, the whole face of the country was irregular and broken into short swells, with no timber but occasional clusters of ragged and indifferent oak.

The soil, in most places, had a red tinge, and did not appear to answer as well for grass as the country between the Brassos and San Jacinto.

Owing to the broken surface of the country, the rains have washed deep holes in many places, which at this season are full of water, as they are for the greater portion of the year. Nature has wisely

provided such pools for the benefit of the traveler, and the animals which roam over the plain.

The soil upon the Bernard where we crossed, would, in some countries, be called good; and doubtless is so, when you get to such portions of it as are not destitute of timber. The country from the Bernard to where we entered the timbers of the Colorado, could be considered as nothing more than good grass land. But from the edge of the woods to Cumming's creek, the soil is sandy, loose, and unproductive. The timber consists principally of a small kind of oak, called the post oak. The land between Cumming's creek and the Colorado is fertile, and well supplied with all such timber as is met with upon the Brassos.

There is such uniformity in the country between the Brassos and the Colorado, that, if the reader has a distinct idea of it between any two points, he may form a correct conclusion as to the remainder, if he will keep in mind that, as he approaches the gulf, the land is wet, and the reverse as he ascends.

The Colorado heads in the northwestern part of the coast, and after running between four and five hundred miles nearly parallel with the Brassos, empties into Matagorda bay. The fall in this river is much more considerable than that of the Brassos, owing to the mountainous and rolling country through which it passes. The many obstructions in the bed of the stream, formed by rocks which extend from shore to shore, the first of which is one hundred miles from its mouth, will render it of little advantage to the country for steamboat navigation. But during the rainy season, when the water is high, it may, perhaps, so far as rocks form an impediment, be ascended several hundred miles. The banks of this river are from ten to thirty feet in height throughout its whole extent, but are not sufficient, at all times, to confine its waters to the natural channel. At no place where I have seen this river, did it much, if any, exceed one hundred yards in width. The Colorado has a number of tributaries, but none of them are of much importance. The timber, as has before been observed, is similar to that found upon the Brassos; and, as is frequently the case upon all the rivers of this country, it is often confined to one bank of the stream. The harbor, at its mouth, is considered one among the

best in Texas. The water on the bar, at its place of greatest depth, varies from ten to twelve feet. There may not be as much good land upon the banks of this stream as is found along the course of the Brassos; yet while there is a large portion equally fertile, the whole country is decidedly the more healthy of the two. Both corn and cotton do well upon the Colorado. The want of rain during the summer is sometimes even here felt and regarded as a serious injury.

When we reached Columbus, we found that two of the company had arrived two days before. As our horses were much jaded, it was thought advisable to remain a few days to recruit, and give the only member of our company who was missing an opportunity of joining us.

Columbus, a small town, consisting of two public houses, two small stores, and a half dozen shanties, stands upon the west side of the Colorado river, about one hundred miles from its mouth. The bank of the stream at this point is nearly destitute of timber. The prairie immediately about the place is extensive, high, and beautiful, and the soil, especially up and down the river, for some distance out, is highly productive. Corn and cotton were both growing in the neighborhood, and augmented well notwithstanding they suffered from long-continued drought. The former might yield fifty bushels to the acre. The situation of this place is decidedly more desirable than any I had yet seen for a town, as it, more than any other, unites a healthy atmosphere with agricultural and commercial advantages.

It will undoubtedly be the head of navigation for many years, as the falls in the river, just above the town, cannot be avoided without an immense expenditure of labor and money.

Since the expulsion of the Mexicans, quite a settlement has been made in the vicinity of Columbus, consisting of twenty or thirty families, who, in their collected strength, aided by the citizens of the town, think themselves able to resist any predatory or general attack of the Indians. The people in this settlement had more the appearance of industry than any I had yet seen, and, with the exception of gambling, the besetting sin here as everywhere else in Texas, there would be little to complain of more than is common among men anywhere.

I here saw, what is not usual in Texas, at least in such portions as it has been my fortune to visit, viz: a number of large springs, which issued from the banks of the river. The water is pleasant, but not so cool and fresh as is common to springs of a higher latitude. I am told such springs are common along the whole course of this river. They exist also along the Brassos, and upon the rivers in the eastern part of the country; but they are found mostly upon the streams, and may be said to be very scarce in Texas.

Good water may be had almost anywhere by digging from fifteen to forty feet; but there is a stratum of rotten limestone to be found in many places, which imparts to it a disagreeable, sickening taste. In all the wells I saw dug in the country, after getting below the soil, which varies in depth from one to five feet, there is a beautiful red clay, variegated with occasional streaks of yellow, which is no doubt capable of being formed into the finest ware. This kind of substance is general, and, in the eastern part of Texas, the red tinge is so obvious upon the surface, that the country has received the name of the Red Lands.

I now for the first time saw the live oak, which grows upon the edge of the town. The statesman here, when he sets about estimating the resources of Texas, usually puts down the great abundance of this kind of timber, as one of the principal sources of her wealth. The President, in his message to Congress, at the commencement of its May session, expressed an opinion, unaccompanied with doubt, that four-fifths of the live oak of the world, grew in Texas. I do not know, I am sure, what amount of this timber grows in other countries, neither have I been able to learn exactly how the President ascertained the fact, but I have reason to conclude, from what I have seen of the quantity of live oak here, supposing the President's statement to be correct, that it is exceedingly scarce in other portions of the world. I saw none upon the Brassos, although trees of it are scattered up and down the river; some of them, as I have been told, of a large size. Few, if any, are found in the eastern part of Texas. They are mostly seen west and south of the Brassos; and while I state, as fact, that during my travels I have seen but few of these trees anywhere, I do not wish to be understood

to deny all that has been said about the live oak of the country. To say the least of it, I have been unfortunate in not seeing as many as most people, who speak and write about Texas.

If the reader has a wish to form some idea of the appearance of the live oak, let him imagine a tree with a trunk of from one to four feet in diameter, and ten or twelve feet in length, ramifying at that height in all directions; the branches stretching out to such an extent, as to measure more than sixty feet in circumference about the top, and bowed and twisted in every curve and angle. One is spoken of near Bolivar, which is said to measure seventeen feet in circumference about the trunk, which is thirty feet in length. All I have to say is, that I never saw this or any other near so large. In my attempt to describe the tree, I rely entirely upon my own observations.

On the evening of the second day after our arrival in Columbus, the only one of our company who was missing, made his appearance. His horse was tired, and it was necessary that we should yet wait a day or two for the animal to rest. In the mean time, all began to prepare for war. Rifles and pistols were put in order, bullets run, and powder distributed. Our wallets were filled with dodgers, and every thing attended to, necessary for a regular Indian campaign. A course, too, was laid down to regulate our conduct, so as to avoid danger to ourselves, and especially to our horses, during the night, the time when there was the greatest reason for fear. The plan was the same that is most in practice, by those who are in the frequent habit of traveling from the coast to the interior. It is to stop about dark, build up a fire, and prepare something to eat; to remain in this situation until ten o'clock; then, after replenishing the fire, to depart with great secrecy, and travel eight or ten miles on the course. To make assurance doubly sure, it is then customary to ride three or four miles either to the right or left, and go quickly to sleep. But it is common, after all this precaution, for the party to take turns in watching during the night.

I have been frequently amused to hear how, notwithstanding all this precaution, the wily Indian will keep the trail, and steal away horses which have been secured, with great ease, near the encamp-

ment. When he thinks it dangerous to venture too near, he makes a singular noise usually in imitation of some wild animal, to frighten the horses, and make them break the ropes by which they are secured. Should he succeed in this, he stands a chance to catch them as they scamper through the woods. I should observe that, on our way to San Antonio, we did not always observe the precautions above. A number of discharged Mexican prisoners had been collecting for some days, from every part of the country, until they amounted to near forty; and these were making similar preparations with ourselves to meet the dangers of the unsettled country. A prospect of once more seeing their native land, made their hearts glad with joy. Great credit is due the government and the people of Texas, for the course that has been adopted towards these unhappy men. The massacre of Fanning and his men, and the fate of those who defended the Alamo, were both fresh in the minds of the people, and it is to be credited to their forbearance, that the law of retaliation was not put in force against those who disregarded in war, all the established usages of the civilized world.

The kindness of the citizens had furnished the company which was now preparing to proceed to Mexico, a number of muskets, to kill game, and defend themselves in case of attack, as well as many other things that would be required on the way. Some were busy in furbishing guns, some in scouring old swords, and others in preparing cartridges. Some, who appeared to belong to the commissary department, were engaged in grinding corn upon small hand-mills, and providing what other stores the poverty of the place could supply. What excited a smile in the midst of all this bustle, was the interest with which a number of small wooden images were regarded, whose tutelary influence was to be especially invoked when danger was greatest. In crossing streams, or passing such places as would be suitable for an ambuscade, those whose commission it was to bear the sacred ensigns, were to be placed in advance, and if it so happened that the enemy proved too much for the saints, the musketeers, who took their stations in the rear, were to come to the rescue.

Without wishing to reflect in the least upon the practices of the mother church,

it cannot be denied, that there is a degrading superstition ingrained into the Mexican character, usually ascribed to her influence, that will always make the people objects of ridicule, if not contempt. Santa Ana was so well aware of this weakness of his countrymen, that he had medals struck, before his invasion of Texas, stamped with suitable emblems from scripture; one of which he presented to each of his soldiers, requiring of them an oath, to be taken upon the sacred symbol, that he would not prove recreant to the flag, or unmindful of the honor of his country. These medals received the blessings of the priest, and the soldier was taught to believe that they would prove a talisman in the hour of battle, and danger generally, to those who discharged their duty as brave men, while they would be the means of bringing certain destruction upon others, who, in the fear of the enemy, became unmindful of their oaths.

CHAPTER XIII.

Merchant of San Antonio—Country from Columbus to the La Baca—The La Baca—A Prospect—Country to the Guadalupe—Gonzales—An Original—Bee Hunt—Philosophy—Fissures in the Earth—Sheep Country.

ALL things being ready, on the sixth of June we renewed our journey. Eighteen or twenty miles travel brought us upon the banks of the Navedad, a small clear stream, which, after meandering one hundred miles through a broken country, over a bed of limestone and gravel, empties into the La Baca, twelve miles above the head of Matagorda bay. We here overtook the Mexicans, who had started on the evening of the previous day. There was among them a merchantman of San Antonio, who took advantage of the return of his countrymen, to convey his goods in safety to the interior. His goods were packed upon a half dozen mules, in such bulks, that the animal was scarcely visible, but moved on, unmanaged by a bridle, and at entire liberty, with steady and careful steps. The mules, from their sedate gait, seemed to think that they had not only taken the weight, but the responsibility of their burden, and were answerable for every thing which was lost or put out of its proper place. Those among men, who are disposed to take the responsibility, may learn

wisdom from the example of so obstinate an animal even as the mule.

A short distance beyond the Navedad, it was a question whether we had not lost our way; and as the matter was by no means clear, we agreed to recross the stream, and make inquiries of the merchant, who was well acquainted with the country. We met the Mexicans on the edge of the stream, who, when they saw us coming, concluded that we had met with a party of Indians, and had fallen back for reinforcements. Confusion and alarm prevailed, until we had time to explain. Having received such information as we required, we proceeded, and after forty miles' travel during the day, encamped upon the bank of the La Baca.

The plain upon which Columbus stands continued about two miles in the direction we traveled, when the country assumed an entirely different aspect. The whole was more elevated, broken, of a loose, sandy, unproductive soil, and covered with small, stunted oak. The land was of this description, with but little variation, until we reached the Navedad, where the soil was good, and the timber, for a short distance upon the banks, large and abundant. There is some good land, I am informed, along the course of this stream. The sandy, uneven oak land again commenced a short distance on the west side of the Navedad, and continued to Scull creek, a distance of ten miles, when the prairie, rather more broken than usual, commenced and continued to the La Baca. The whole country from Scull creek, where Desha committed his last murder, to within a short distance of Columbus, with the exception of that portion of it which lies immediately one or two other quite small runs, can certainly upon the margin of the Navedad, and tainly never be appropriated, to any great extent, to agricultural purposes of any kind; and as it is generally indifferent grass-land, must be regarded in a measure useless, unless the small oak with which it abounds, can give it some value.

From Scull creek to the La Baca, the land is good for grass, but not equal, in this particular, to the prairies in the neighborhood of the Brassos. In fact, the grass which grows upon the prairies west of the Colorado, is not so heavy as that farther east, owing to a greater scarcity of rain; but in proportion as it is less luxuriant, it is perhaps more nutritious. The La Baca,

at the point where we encamped, could be considered nothing more than a small creek, which at this time had ceased to run, the water standing in deep holes. About one hundred miles below, or perhaps less, it enters the head of Matagorda bay, after running through a large portion of good country. There was no timber at this point, on either side of the river, immediately upon the banks. On its northeast side, a short distance off, the small oak appeared and ran in that direction for a number of miles. But, on the south side of the stream, the prairie commenced, and extended in that direction and west as far as the eye could see.

On this night, we were not molested by musketoes or insects of any kind, except the ant, which is a most formidable enemy to the repose of the traveler. Part of the company stood guard during the night, while the balance went to sleep. I was among the number of the first watch, but saw no occasion for alarm, as was the case throughout the night. On my return, I stopped at the same place during the heat of the day, in company with those who were learned in Indian signs. A smoke which was seen to ascend among the oaks, about a mile distant, but which disappeared in a few moments, was a proof the savages had been in the neighborhood, and that we had discovered each other about the same time from similar signs.

Judging from the number of our horses upon the prairie, they concluded that our number was greater than it was, and thought it prudent to decamp. We took an early start in the morning, and during the first part of the day, passed through the most delightful section of country that I had yet seen in Texas. It consisted of rolling prairie, with some eminences of considerable elevation, and was cut up with several creeks; but which, at this time, afforded no water, but such as stood in holes in the beds. Timber worth naming, however, was out of the question, only as we could see an occasional grove of scrub oak. The soil looked rich and fertile. During the day, I had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most delightful prospects within the limits of the republic. As the traveler ascends to the top of an eminence, he is surprised to see spread out before him an extended landscape, dotted with small islands of oak, which rose above each other as the country ascends towards the west,

until, meeting the horizon, the whole forms a vast and imposing amphitheatre. There is space sufficient between these clusters to see the green sward beneath, over which the spotted fawn and its dam sport, with frolicsome glee, to give life to the scene. The whole is a happy combination of the beautiful and sublime. During the latter part of the day we passed over but little else than the sandy oak country, except that part of our rout which lay upon Peach creek, an inconsiderable run, but where there is a strip of superior land, with a reasonable portion of timber. Three miles from the old town of Gonzales, to our great surprise we found a family, who, a few weeks before, had moved to this place, and planted a few acres of corn. We here learned that two other families had lately returned to Saint Marks, a few miles above Gonzales. For the purpose of getting some information as to the best place to ford Guadalupe, now only three miles a head, we were compelled to ride some distance out of our way to this little settlement.

We arrived about sundown, and concluded to remain, not only during the night, but the following day, to give our horses a chance to recruit upon the musket grass, which grows abundantly upon the Guadalupe and its tributaries. This grass deserves a special notice, as it is another evidence of the attention of the Creator to the wants of man. Owing to the drought, which is sometimes severely felt at this distance west, the grass of the lower country, which requires considerable moisture, does not flourish well; its place is supplied by the musket, a small, delicate grass, much like the blue grass of the United States, which grows upon the dry and feverish plain in despite of every thing, and furnishes the most nutritious pasture for horses and cattle. From this point, where the great drought commences, the musket appears, and increases in the same degree that the former is felt. Some little is seen about the Colorado, and much of it at San Antonio de Bexar. Horses are extremely fond of it; and I have been informed, which I see no reason to doubt, that, when heated, they will founder as quickly upon this grass as they would upon oats or corn.

Wherever this grass grows, is found a shrub, called the musket bush, something like the smallest locust in the shape of its leaves, and the thorn with which it is co-

vered, but too small for any use except firewood.

As told, we found two families at this place, but one of them had come here within a few days, from a few miles above on the St. Marks. The person who had taken this precaution, informed us that, while planting corn, he discovered that he was watched by a party of Indians, who were dodging through the country. Unwilling to contend where the odds against him were likely to be great, he hurried off with his family, which consisted of a wife and a number of small children, to the house of his next neighbor. There can be no doubt but that the people of this little settlement, if it deserves this name, owed their safety to the fact of the Indians being engaged at this time in carrying on war against the people high up the Colorado. It was supposed that the party that was seen skulking were spying about to ascertain whether the settlers upon the St. Marks had returned to their homes preparatory to a general attack. The Government, during the summer, was so well aware of the exposed situation of the pioneers upon the St. Marks, that some efforts were made to station a small military force in the vicinity for their protection. But the Government was conducted so feebly, or was so poor, that even so small a matter as this in point of cost, and yet so necessary, was entirely overlooked or neglected after the first impulse had subsided. We encamped for the night upon the banks of the St. Marks. On the next day, I had an opportunity of informing myself of the character of the surrounding country.

The Guadalupe is between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles in length, and discharges itself, after running through the most fertile and healthy portion of Texas, into Espiritu Santo bay. As this river affords no facility for commerce, the same objection exists against it that is common to nearly all the streams of the country. It cannot compare, in the quantity of water it discharges, with either the Brassos or the Colorado, and may be regarded as one of the secondary streams of Texas. The soil upon this river, as well as its tributary, the St. Marks, which united two miles below our encampment, is equal to any in fertility from the Sabine to the Rio Grande; and as the country is even more healthy than that upon the Colorado,

it must be esteemed one of the most desirable portions of the republic. As the oak land commences three miles from its eastern bank, and a broken country, of a red, unproductive earth, about the same distance from its western bank, the valley of the Guadalupe at the point I crossed did not exceed six miles in breadth.

This stream is well supplied with timber, especially the walnut, from a quarter to six miles from its banks. But the growth is often confined to one side of the river. While I remark that there is yet some good land upon the Guadalupe and its tributaries, which is subject to entry, I should add that, from Houston to this place, there is little of value upon the water-courses that has not been taken. The banks of the Guadalupe are steep and high, but subject to overflow, and its water is of a muddy cast. Gonzales stood upon the southeastern margin of the stream. It was reduced to ashes by the orders of General Houston, on his retreat from the place before the army of Mexico. It was here that the army of Texas heard, for the first time, of the fall of the Alamo, from a female, who escaped across the country to bring the disastrous intelligence. The news diffused a panic through the ranks of the patriots, who fancied they saw their own destruction in the fate of the fallen. Retreat now commenced, and only ceased when death became more tolerable than the sufferings which attended the steps of the flying army.

At the commencement of the revolution there were some handsome improvements in the neighborhood of Gonzales, which gave it somewhat the appearance of an old settled country. The citizens of the town and country assembled, during the summer, at Houston, with the intention, so soon as they had collected in a proper number, to return to their homes upon the banks of the Guadalupe.

During the day, we were pressed by a person, of singular and marked character, and who, at the age of seventy, retained all the boyish feelings of youth, to go with him to a field in the forks of the stream to see a specimen of growing corn: it was really good, and looked quite as promising as any I had ever seen in the rich lands of Kentucky or Ohio. If report is well founded, the old man had banished himself from a comfortable home on the banks of the Mississippi, to wander upon the outskirts of

Texas, from motives of personal security. From long established habit it would be impossible for him to express a sentence upon any subject, no matter how free from all excitement, without uttering as many oaths as there were necessary and intelligible words. Each sentence was prefaced by a singularly connected string of profanity, which compelled the listener to wait a considerable time before he could form any idea what was to follow. He informed me that he had not slept in a house for a number of years, and when asked the reason, replied by saying, that he could not do so without "catching a cold."

In the after part of the day, we formed a company to hunt for bee trees, which are very abundant in every part of Texas. The great quantity of flowers of all kinds which grow in many places, especially west of the Colorado, give the prairies more the appearance of a cultivated garden than a wild field of nature, and afford a fine range for the busy bee. We had not traveled far until a tree was discovered; it was soon upon the ground; but our expectations were not realized in the small amount of honey it afforded. The night was enlivened by the music of a cracked fiddle, in the hands of a negro lad, while two or three small sooties kicked up a dust about them. There is nothing, said a philosopher, no matter how bad, out of which the wise man may not draw some consolation, and nothing so good but that the fool can find in it some food for despair. The negroes, who were the property of one of the settlers, seemed to understand the philosopher, and showed a disposition to commute the dangers and difficulties of their lives for the pleasures of the laugh and the dance.

The next morning, we procured a guide to point out the safest and most practicable place to ford the Guadalupe. At the place we crossed, two miles below Gonzales, the river was sixty yards wide, with a rapid current, which made the attempt seem one of danger. It was not so deep as we apprehended, and all reached the opposite banks without swimming our horses. As I observed before, the soil after you get a few miles west of the Guadalupe is red, and the surface of the earth opened in large seams or cracks, from long continued drought and extreme heat of the sun. It should be remarked here, that

such portions of Texas as I have seen, and I am authorized to add nearly all other parts of it, are split into large fissures during the months of summer.

The heavy rains which fall in the lower countries beat the earth into a cake, which, under the action of the sun, cracks open so soon as the moisture has passed off by evaporation. But as you recede from the gulf, and the rains become less frequent, the earth is scorched by continued and intense heat, which sucks up every particle of moisture, and splits it into seams, sometimes three and four inches in length and depth.

Beneath the red earth of which I spoke above, which continued for several miles, and the sandy timber land, which we entered during the latter part of the day, there is a portion of country which is well supplied with grass, considering the drought that prevails this distance west, and which has the advantage of the small oak timber, and a number of clear streams or runs. This portion of the country is doubtless well adapted for stock of all kinds. If sheep would be profitable anywhere in Texas, I should suppose that the country of which I have just spoken would answer as well as any other; but the reader must know that though sheep multiply as fast here as they do further north, the wool, from the character of the climate, loses its fine staple, and never can be of any great benefit as a material for manufacture.

As it was getting dark, and we began to look about for a place to encamp, we discovered a number of horses some distance on our left. After a moment's scrutiny, we saw a number of persons dodging about in the grass and small timber: we took them for Indians, without any mistake. So far as we were concerned, we were willing to make the child's bargain with our enemies; and for fear they would be unwilling to accept of the terms of such a treaty, we increased our speed to get beyond their reach. From an apprehension of a night attack, we pushed on beyond the Seawillow, a small running stream, and encamped about one o'clock four miles beyond, after riding a mile or two on our right off the road. We observed the precaution not to go to sleep, all at the same time. During the day and night we traveled the distance of fifty miles.

For the first seven miles after we disco-

vered, what we at least supposed to be Indians, the road was so sandy that our horses at each step sunk to their pastern-joints. The country then became alternately prairie and oak land, no portion of it ever intended to come under the dominion of the plow, which may be applied, as a general remark, to all the land from the Guadalupe to the valley of the San Antonio river. Stock may flourish well upon the musket-grass.

The next morning, we were within fifteen miles of the end of our journey, and took an early start to reach our destination before the heat of the day. At eleven o'clock, we came to the Salow, a small running stream, but with quite a small portion of timber. The country between the Seawillow and Salow is mostly prairie, but better supplied with oak timber than this description of land generally. From the Salow to the valley of the San Antonio river, the country is broken into irregular swells, burned red with heat, and with nothing but the musket bush to save it from the aspect of a dreary desert. There was something in the barren and parched appearance of every thing which met the eye, that associated the whole country with the idea I had formed of some parts of Syria from the descriptions of travelers, and especially that portion of it that lies contiguous to Jerusalem.

As we ascended an eminence which commanded a prospect of the valley of the river, the far-famed San Antonio De Bexar, like a city of white marble, broke upon the view. The traveler, who has been for several days making his toilsome way through an unsettled country, where there is nothing for the eye to rest upon but the extended plain, or occasional groves of oak, when he comes to this spot, and sees a city suddenly spread out before him, is not prepared to realize the prospect. There is something in the fresh and beautiful appearance of the valley, covered with works of art, that reminds one of Washington Irving's description of the green valleys of Granada. About twelve o'clock, we reached the city, and found quarters at the house of an American. Never were pilgrims to the shrine of Mecca more delighted to reach the tomb of their Prophet, than was our little company of adventurers to find itself at the end of its long and toilsome journey.

R.

BOYHOOD; OR, THE TRUANT MESSENGER.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"Unto the wondering spirit of a boy,
How mighty and how lovely are the vast
And varied works of Nature. In his breast,
Warm and susceptible, a flood of light
Streams from the visible glory, till he leaps
And shouts with the intensest joy—the while
Forgetting all things else."—*Erato*.

It was a fair morning in the opening autumn of 1828—clear cool, and bracing. Ike Island had sunken, withing the last hour, into a dreamy slumber, by the couch of his afflicted grandfather, where he had passed the night; and now, just as the sun was coming up goldenly, his troubled sleep was broken by the familiar call of the invalid:

"Ike, my lad!"

"I am here, sir; how do you feel now, grandfather?"

"Better and better!" was the response of the patriarch, "but very thirsty." In a moment a glass of delicious water was placed in his attenuated hand. "Capital drink! Thoo's bin a good help to me, my lad, in this time of need. Has te slept well?" Ike answered in the affirmative.

"I've bin thinkin of thee poor moother, Ike, who's sick oot in't Western coountry. She says she nobbut wants to see her bairns safe wi' me and thee, and to look on't moontains agane; poor thing! Coom! no sniffin', be like a mon. I's sure he looks like Rachel owver and owver; coom, my lad, gie the old grandad a smack;" and the trembling lips of the youth were presented timidly to those of his beloved benefactor. "There noo! When I get well, and thee moother gets better, thoo shall gang wi' me oot ti't West, and bring 'em all back yam; and the first bright day we'll all go fishin' together." Ike's visage brightened as the old man spoke.

"Go tell Randill to feed t'old meer;" the order was promptly obeyed, whereupon the lad returned and reported accordingly.

"Thoo mun gang oop ti't moontains, to thee aunts, and bring them all doon yam. I'se sadly afeerd I'se boon to hae one o' me bad spells to-night!"

"Why, you're getting well, grandfather," said Ike.

"Me health mends too fast to be good. Bring 'em all doon to-day—bairns and a'. Its nobbut aboon ten miles ti't place.

When thoo gets ti't of the ridge, let 't'old meer deerect hersel', she'll tak tha safe. And be back before soon-doon. I have a forbodin' that I sha' not see anoother morn; and a dream last night as mooch: and I mun get my house in order. Does te heed and mind what I tells tha?" Ike, after an expression of his disbelief in midnight phantazies, replied,

"I'll try, sir."

"And call on't way, and send t' Turk doctor doon. Wha kens boot he may do soomnot yet?"

It was evident that the old man's live-oak constitution had protested against the long-continued process of mineralization to which it had been subjected; and this determined him to a forced hope in the efficacy of a more primitive doctrine. The Turk doctor's remedies were simply the decoctions and compounds of a number of outlandish herbs and roots, the success of which depended mainly on their administration at the proper phase of the moon.

"How old is t'e, Ike."

"Nearly fourteen summers strong, sir."

"My word, but thoo's a small 'un. Has Jane made the clos'?"

"Yes, sir, she finished 'em last night."

"Well, gang the ways, and fix oop. Git thee brekwast, and start on thee journey, and don't fall oot on the way."

The old gentleman actually left his room, and cheerfully assisted in arranging the preliminaries of the embassy. Every thing necessary for the success of the errand being prepared, Ike Island was ready for his first trip over the mountains. Indeed, he had seldom been beyond the suburbs of his native village. No wonder that his heart bounded at the prospect of a romantic journey, on the beauties of which his anticipations were already luxuriating.

Accoutred in a drab-colored suit of substantial linsey-woolsey, apparently designed for an elder brother—with a new white wool hat on his head, a clean bandanna round his neck, and a shining pair of brogans, each tied with a double bow-knot, on his feet; and mounted on a sagacious bay mare, a present from his grandsire, and of the same age as himself, with a bald face and a nick-tail, our little fellow shone particularly conspicuous as he joyously cantered

"All down the long lane."

The morning had brightened into a lovely day; and the soft voluptuous haze of the atmosphere—the love-inspiring breath of the noiseless breeze—the first autumnal touches on the distant forest, together with the unmeasured warblings of a thousand birds—the committees of arrangement of the forest-tribes, preparing for their fall migrations,—with insensible fascination diverted the thoughts of the youth from the object of his mission, and opened his mind to romantic reflections. His sunburnt cheek brightened into a joyous glow, and his dilated eye fully expressed the rapture of his wandering fancy. The gait of old Daze was slackened into a sober pace, and Ike Island was too happily employed in the inspection of the wonders around him, to note the unslackened footsteps of Time.

The flight of a solitary blue-bird, with her low plaintive monosyllable, uttered like a sigh for the departure of summer—the eccentric reconnoissance of the old decaying trunk by the indefatigable sap-sucker—the musical cackle of the cock-of-the-woods—the trumpet-tongue of the blue-jay—the whistle of the field-lark—the drumming of the partridge—were sights and sounds all fraught with eloquence or delight. Now his attention was directed to a flock of pigeons, startled from an adjoining buckwheat stubble by the sportsman's fuzee; then his eye was attracted by a battalion of vultures, sleepily performing their airy gyrations around the misty top of their native cliff. High o'er the sparkling water-fall, with wild anxiety, he marked the industrious fish-hawk—now balanced on his fluttering wings, choosing his victim in the waves below, and now, like a thunderbolt, descending on his prize. But the progress that Ike made in his journey, was shameful and unpromising. He lost half an hour in witnessing the process of a lynching, administered to a day-bewildered owl, by a noisy mob of cowardly crows; and as much time was expended in killing a sluggish copper-head, which he luckily detected trailing its unseemly personage across the road. At the sight of a deer, he fancied himself on the wide prairies of the far West, in full pursuit of a thousand; determined to be the proprietor of a rifle, and commenced the arrangement of his finances accordingly. Anon, an impudent rabbit flitted across his path, and then followed the disposition of his dead-falls, snares, and gum-traps.—

These speculations were interrupted by a rustle on the opposite side of the way, and, turning his head instinctively, he beheld, with the mysterious ecstasy of the unfolding sentiment, a budding country lass, beautiful with health, and in all the witching simplicity of innocence arrayed; but the hallucination lasted only to the mountain's top.

Pending all this waste of time, the reflective organs of old Daze were as busy as those of her master. But her cogitations were of a more substantial caste. Here was a field of inviting clover, in which a dozen colts and fillies gambolled, bearing her memory back to the period when she, too, was a thoughtless young filly, and fed and capered the live-long day, upon the blossomed lawn. Here was a stack of hay or oats—there, in bold relief, the yellow ears of corn, protruding from the chinks of the granary, tantalized her appetite, but from which, with seeming indifference, she turned her eye, as if conscious of their mockery.

Ike Island stood upon the mountain's top. In lisping childhood, when beneath the spangled summer canopy, his mother's finger pointed to him the various squadrons of the shining host, he had fancied that his native valley was the world; that the far blue mountains God had drawn around it, were the firm abutments of the ethereal arch; that, then, if standing in his present place, when the harmonious myriads of rejoicing stars gladdened the midnight sky, he could look through earth's transparent dome, and see the spirits of departed playmates, a happy company of white-robed cherubim, and lay his ear against the door of Heaven and hear the angels sing.

He stood upon the mountain's top; and Israel's leader, when on Pisgah's brow he felt among his whitened locks the welcoming zephyrs of the promised land, in whispers tell the Father's blessing, and with filial rapture fed his desert-wearied eye on Canaan's vine-crowned hills and teeming vales, felt not a keener transport than the boy, nor gazed upon a richer sight.

He stood upon the mountain's top—and for the first time. How the warm blood rushed through his veins! How his wild heart throbbed with joy at a glance of the broad living map before him!

Heavens! what a goodly scene below:
A garden spread on either hand,

Whose winding rivers seemed to flow,
Like veins of silver through the land;
While like a towering azure wall,
The glorious mountains circled all.

Thirty miles to the eastward, in chastened sublimity, the many-colored fields and forest-shades of the lofty Blue Ridge, stretching away beyond the vision, were hung up, a magnificent landscape on the face of the sky, with here and there a loftier peak turbaned by a roll of glittering clouds. Beneath him, under the mellowed sheen of an autumnal sun, lay the garden of the State—the wide-expanded Valley of Virginia—beautifully variegated with scattered cots and villages, sweetly reposing as flocks upon their quiet pastures: with its alternate fields of green and gold, and rainbow-colored woods—with its numberless rivers, creeks, and rills, glittering along their “winding way”—all at a glance he saw. To the westward, in awful grandeur—in grand confusion—mountain succeeding and interlapping mountain—peak above peak—with a fearful ecstasy, he surveyed the unmapped labyrinth of the eternal Alleghenies—the first ridge of a dark brown, the second of a deep blue, the third a shade lighter, their color thus diminishing in the perspective, until the far off grand dividing line, dimly towering o'er the rest, rose against the distant horizon like an ominous cloud, whose undulating top seemed like a meteor's trail, or a faint penciling, tremblingly drawn upon the dimmer azure of the celestial plane.

Reluctantly quitting his enchanting elevation, Ike descended into the opposite valley, through which a crystal stream boisterously rushed along. Crossing a ford of this stream, he espied, a short distance below, three little ragged, hatless, barefoot, tow-wigged mountaineers, sitting on a flat rock, overhanging a dark and placid hole, intently eyeing the point of a sapling, which the largest of the trio held motionless over the center of the pool. A number of indolent hounds were scattered promiscuously on a thick bed of leaves immediately in the rear—and in the midst of the pack a pair of mangled rabbits hung suspended in the red berries of a dogwood tree. Ike Island, fastening old Daze to a chestnut bough, ran eagerly among the group and inquired if they had any bait.

“Yes,” answered one of the brotherhood; “but we haint got no line but a pas-sle of waxends tied together, with a bent wire for a hook.”

"Hush, Bob!" cried the fisherman, and drawing his pole, a fine trout floundered a moment on the surface, and snapping the brittle cord, made a triumphant somerset, and plunged beneath the sparkling bubbles. A brisk discussion ensued, during which the luckless angler turned to Ike with a sorry face and a long lazy tear on each cheek, despondingly inquiring

"Haint you got no line, sir?"

Ike pulled forth and displayed a new yellow one, ornamented with two delicate hooks and a row of buckshot. The treasure being thoroughly inspected, he proposed catching them fish for half an hour, as a consideration for the necessary bait; to which proposition they unanimously assented. And here, for two long, invaluable hours, sat the inconsiderate Ike, lifting the speckled swimmers from their wondering fells in the clear element, and landing them on the rocky platform, with a sweep of the hand truly scientific. Ike was wrapping up his line, when the three brothers, rushing simultaneously before him, ordered its delivery. Sternly placing it in his pocket, he drew out his barlow-knife, opening and brandishing it, and tossing their string of fish into the stream, retrograded toward his mare. Fearful of their throats, they wisely desisted from hostilities, and suffered him to depart unrobbed, and themselves unrevenged.

Ike Island's eye here caught the sun stealthily sliding down the firmament. It already glimmered through the trees on the comb of the western mountain. He thought of his message to the Turk Doctor, and bitterly, of its non-fulfilment; but endeavored to draw consolation from the hope that the good Samaritan might perchance be in town during the day. He stood a moment in anxious remorse, and as the winds muttered through the lofty pines around him, he heard his judgment in their solemn voices. Lustily applying a keen twig to the flanks of old Daze, he urged his headlong way. He became momentarily embarrassed at the point of intersection of a number of horse-paths. Recklessly making a choice, he dashed through the receding timber for half a mile with the velocity of an Arab. Here his passage was disputed by the trunk of a fallen hemlock. Old Daze leaped it at a hint, and onward still he dashed. Calculating every minute to see the smoke of his aunt's habitation, his hopes began to revive,

when, to the utter confusion of the bewildered Ike, the identical tree that he had passed an hour before, again lay in his track. He hopelessly crossed into another road, leading an opposite direction, and onward urged his willing, yet infirm old steed, with a wicked and savage remorse, and—again the old hemlock lay before him, in mockery of his delusion.

Ike now thought of the morning's advice; "let t' old meer hev the way;" and reclining at length upon her warm back, gave her the reins accordingly. Darkly the night came down, and gloom was hovering over the forest valleys, when the howl of a hungry wolf, just emerging from the chink of an adjacent cliff, caused such a reverberation among the mountains, that our adventurer fancied a herd of monsters were eagerly rushing from this preconcerted signal, to participate in the sport of picking his tender limbs. Meantime old Daze with persevering patience was bearing her master through a dense growth of laurels and stunted oaks, whose scraggy limbs made barbarous mutilation of his new apparel, and by which his shrinking skin suffered a most unpleasant excoriation. But the sagacious old mare, in a reflective trot, still pursued the mysterious tenor of her way. The congealing dews were falling chillingly around, and with the increasing cold and darkness, darker waxed the despair of our repentant express. He was now borne through a tangled mass of over-arching vines and briars, down the channel of a chattering brook, then up and along a steep acclivity, safely over the friable foot-hold around its craggy projections, and down again, almost perpendicularly to another stream. Despite however his unenviable position, Ike clung to the mane of his beast with the tenacity of a burr.

Old Daze was carefully groping through the intricacies of a gloomy path, leading into a ravine gloomier still, when the accumulating goblins that flitted before her rider's optics, were happily dispersed by the witching music of a woman's voice:

"It came to his ear like the memory of the day that was gone,"

charming the echoes of the sombre mountains into melody, and falling on his senses like a reprieve. And now that his fears were dispelled, he sank into a fitful slumber; for exhausted nature had hushed the

troubles of his mind, and was soothing him, softly as a mother's song, into the refreshment of repose. The enchanting harmony, fainter and more faintly growing, at last died away, and the scene before the dreaming boy rapidly and imperceptibly changed. He stood at the bed-side of his dying grandsire, imploring pardon for his misdemeanor. He felt the alleviation of a full forgiveness, and with a saintly faith listened to his guardian's blessing on the "rising lad." He was watching, with deepening agony, the fearful flickerings of life's expiring flame, when the charming tones that rocked him into the dream dispelled the web-work of the vision.

At the homestead, matters had assumed the symptoms of an approaching crisis. The half delirious old man was sleeping. Randill had been despatched for the Turk Doctor and the truant messenger, and the household were assembled in the patient's room; some discussing the nature and probable effects of his malady, and others engaged in illiberal conjectures, as to the probable fate of Ike and old Daze.

"Ah! mun!" said aunt Katy, a vigorous colored matron of eighty-four winters. "He's stop to conja! he'll be a witch ef he live. He can tell when it's gwine to rain jist same as Almynick. 'Tother day he walk wi' me round de co'n fiel', and den went in de co'na ob de fence, and pick up a dog-rib, and make rings in de dus—den he make a long ma'k, and count all de rings, and den he say, says he, aunt Katy, de's so thousand co'n hill in dat fiel'. He's stop to conja, I knows he is."

"Yes," spoke an envious uncle; "he's n lazy blockhead. That time he was sent to bring the midwife to Mr. Barnes, a pack of fox-hunters crossed his way, and he joins in, and never came back till the child was christened. How could the old man trust him after that?"

"Oh!" said a good-natured aunt; "that's not half as bad a trick as he served us. John had gone off, and we sent for Ike to go t'it mill wi' a bag o' corn. He started; but don't lane some lads were drivin' a rabbit cross the field. He fastens't horse t'it fence, and goes over t'if 'em. He didn't return by night; so Robert went doon't lane, and there't horse was fast, ant' hogs eating up the last of the corn; bag tore all to pieces."

"He's an ornery fellow," interrupted a Dutch neighbor. "Send him off on an

arrant in te tay time, and he'll always chist pe pack some time in te night. You know once de widow Santmiers liv't by herself in te pine hills. Ike was ridin' py her house one mornin', and it was kittin a fire like. He starts off to'rds town in a callop; but right tare py te pig frok-pont in Miller's fielt, he heard all de froks singing 'bloody-lowns!' and tare he stopped, and talked, and laughed, to te pull-froks, till her house purnt town. Tat's a kospel fact."

"Ike was fixed one time," said a friendly cousin. "He was, late one afternoon, this-fall-four-years, sent down to bring Peter Sperry's girls to a quilting; but, Aunt Katy, you know the time; you tell it."

"Yes, massa Jeems, I tink ob de time same as if 'istr'dy. Ike was sent down, late one afternoon, in de ebening like, to fotch Mr. Spay's darters up to mossa's quiltin. He take his hatchet and some apples and twine strings wid him; and off he sta'ts, singin' bout de 'days ob bonny boon.' He gits down to de thicket on de hill fernenst de deep hollow wha da hauls all de dead hosses, and da he goes to settin ob he sna's. Byme by da'k cum. Still he was in de thicket sho enuff, bendin a pine pole down to fix his sna', when all at once a scritch-owill skreem up in de tree top; and he tho't it was de ghost ob an old hoas nickerin' up in de big pine. He lets go de pole; de pole slap him under de jowl, and sprawl him on de yarth flat as a beef; and da we found him wid his jaw mos haff broke—somebody's at de do!"—and Aunt Katy, upon opening it, gave admission to the Turk Doctor, a lank, sallow-faced man, in antique costume, with a long-nine tucked beneath his hat-band, a bunch of dried weeds under his left arm, and a serpentine cane pinioned by the other.

To return to poor Ike. The old mare had found her way to the house of his aunt, minus her rider, he having fallen off some distance behind, where he lay asleep, benumbed, in a deep gulley among the leaves. Here he was discovered, and taken away to a comfortable bed. The sun was again brightly rising, when he was awakened by the sweet voice that had lulled him into his freshening sleep, softly inquiring,

"How are you, cousin? You look as if you had been among the bears."

Ike was stammering at an answer, when Randill entered the room. "How is you, Mass' Ike? I thought de ba's eat you up.

Yur's yur hat all bloody. De Lo'd above knows how you come to be found not kill."

"How is grandfather, Randill?"

"Is same as you lef' 'im nose. But he says he gwine hav a spell, he knows, to-night 'll keaw 'im off. De feva make him light-headed. I'se sont te Turk doctor down, and he'll take de spell off ou him fo long."

"Why, Randill, I drempt he was dying."

"Dat's a good sign, sa, de full ob de moon," responded the negro.

"Have you told Aunt about it?" asked Ike.

"Yes, sa. She sa she aint gwine down yit—kaze too late ef its gwine come true. She gwine wait hear agin fo she go; but you may depen', sa, ef ole massa git oba dis, yo hide suffa's."

"I don't care for that, Randall, if he only lives."

"Yes, sa, you may well say dat, fo' sartin. You wont be long bout deso parts when he go to he long home."

"Come, Randill, let's be off," and without breakfast, Ike staggered to the stable, told the old mare his decision, and set out with the favorite servant, on his return. Arrived at home, he found his grandfather convalescent, sitting in his easy chair, smoking the Turk doctor's magical pipe. Ike submitted his apology without hesitation, and received a pardon sans proviso.

"Thoo's had a sad time on't, my lad," said the old gentleman, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "thoo's bin severely chastened for thee sloothfulness; and I's sure thoo may thank thee coosin for thee life. I should like to see thee a bishop or a legislaterman yan day; but I'se sadly afraid thoo'l never be good for owt, as lang as there's a bird in the sky, or a fish in the stream."

G. B. W.

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

The green hills of my father-land
In dreams still greet my view;
I see once more the wave-girt strand—
The ocean-depth of blue—
The sky—the glorious sky, outspread
Above their calm repose—
The river, o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows—

The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray—
The sun-light resting on the flowers—
The birds that sing among the bowers,
Thro' all the summer-day.

Land of my birth!—mine early love!
Once more thine airs I breathe!
I see thy proud hills tower above—
Thy green vales sleep beneath—
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
All rise before mine eyes,
The dawn of morning on thy hills,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies,—
Thy forests, from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth,
Glad'ning the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silence
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
As lovely as of yore!
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door!
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
As when I used to train them there,
In the dear olden time!
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose gentle memory doth bring
So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,
A change o'er hall and hearth!
Faces and footsteps new and strange,
About my place of birth!
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanished is the beacon light
That cheered my morning sky!
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
And rock, and murmuring stream,
That wore such glorious beauty then,
Would seem, should I return again,
The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since, in the far-off West,
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
My heart hath found its rest.
I mourn not for the hills and streams
That chained my steps so long,
Yet still I see them in my dreams,
And hail them in my song;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well remembered lays
Of my green mountain home.

New Albany: Ia.

Vtola.

RESPECTABILITY.

It is a custom with religionists, when declaiming against vice, to hold up to view the terrors of a *future* state which await evil doers. I object not to this; but as there are many who, from education, or the neglect of it, or from some other cause, will not be terrified into a love of virtue, I propose philosophizing a little on a certain evil, which works great deformity in the human character; and, by exhibiting that deformity as it is manifested *in this life*, present an additional inducement to the lover of virtue for virtue's sake to shun its original cause, viz. an overweening desire to be thought *respectable*.

What costly sacrifices do we not daily behold offered up to the god *Respectability*—this “graven image” of man's own fashioning! The kindest and sweetest affections of the soul, the dearest relationships of kindred blood, health, comfort, and even the bare necessities of life, are not unfrequently offered at its unhallowed shrine. It has been the curse of ages, and has formed the chief desire, the ruling passion of many a man, destined by nature and by nature's God, to feel the strong incentives of a much nobler, purer passion.

We will not here stop to examine any of those countless shallow arts and tricks, which so constantly and untiringly engage little minds, in the way of studied manners, dress, furniture, etc., for the purpose of concealing the naked deformity of their hearts and emptiness of their minds, but will proceed to view the *effects* of the evil complained of, as they are exhibited in the more advanced and mature mind, where the character has been completely formed, and the habits have become fixed and inflexible. For this purpose, let us turn our attention to that would-be-great personage who, by his self-confident tone of voice, and the apparent zeal which he manifests for the interests of society and his country, would have us believe him above the common order of men. He is now on the subject of politics; (a prolific theme, indeed, but whose fruit is not yet worth the gathering;) hear him, how fluently he discourses concerning the “leading measures of the administration,” and the positive good or evil effects which will certainly grow out of this or that course of policy; how roughly he handles the characters, and asperses the motives, of the

foremost men in his country's service; and how ardently he desires the “elevation of the great mass of the people, in order,” as he says, “that they might know how to choose their public servants.” Truly, if sound and appearance could make a patriot, we have here one of the first order. But, alas for human frailty! he only desires to be thought *respectable*! The simplest mind in that “great mass,” which he regards with such compassion, might put him to shame, were he capable of such feeling, by a comparison of morals and intellect. He has no *real* knowledge of any of the subjects he so freely discusses. A mere smattering of stereotyped phrases, which he has gathered from the party newspapers, constitutes his entire stock of political science; and what is far worse, he has no desire to learn and to qualify himself for the proper and just discussion of these highly interesting and appropriate subjects, so dear to every really respectable American. No; he has seduced himself into the belief that he is already competent to pronounce on them all; consequently, the door of his mind is closed, perhaps forever, to all true knowledge and just feeling on those subjects. But we will leave him, a *very respectable man*.

A similar disposition to the above is not unfrequently manifest in the literary aspirant for *respectability*. If he can but make a few observations on any of the abstruse sciences, on history, or the arts, and thereby gain the admiration and applause of the illiterate, his ambition is gratified, and in his self-complacent mood, he may introduce one to his well furnished apartments and costly library, conversing fluently, the while, of taste, refinement, genius, etc. He may even be able to oppress his auditor with the vast amount of facts he has acquired in his memory; while, at the same time, he is incapable of discerning one solitary moral or spiritual truth from among the many which lie concealed in each and every one of those interesting facts with which he is so familiar. This is a consequence of his elate feeling. His vain conceit has so blinded his mental and moral vision, that he is not able to perceive the celestial light which is mirrored forth in every natural and historical truth; much less can he feel the genial glow of heat, by which, while the mind is cheered, a heavenly warmth is imparted to the inmost soul of the humble and devout seeker

of those "hidden treasures." Natural truths are like the mineral ores we dig out of the earth, which contain within them the various useful and precious metals; and happy is he who has spiritually learned the process of their refinement. But he who is content with merely being thought *respectable* among men, stops far short of this great and high end of all learning.

There is yet another class of worshippers of this false god, who carry their idolatrous practices to a still higher sphere than either of the above, and exhibit them in the sanctified garb of religion. To distinguish these idolaters from the true worshipper, may sometimes be a difficult task; yet they may be known, and are known, by their "much speaking," not always in words perhaps, but by their peculiar affectation of great dignity and purity, and their marked condescension and extreme suavity of manner. Should any thing new be presented for their consideration, forthwith they "take the highest seat," and pronounce upon its merits before they have given themselves an opportunity of fairly examining its character or qualities; and unless it promises to agree with the popular voice, or coincide with the peculiar prejudices of their sect, it is cast from them as unworthy of consideration. In this manner, they often treat the most important, valuable, and vital truths. A rational inquirer they studiously avoid, lest a ray of light should pierce through the chink-holes of their dogmatic fabric, and reveal the awful darkness that reigns within. Thus, they exclude themselves from the delights of rational intercourse with those who use their understandings for the discernment of truth; and instead of such ennobling, vivifying enjoyments, they seek and find pleasure in the implicit homage which their superficial arts can draw from the weak and simple minded, as well as in the smiles and false protestations of regard from the cunningly vicious of mankind. In this way, they come at last to despise all truth that will not serve to gratify their unbounded vanity.

These are but some of the dark shades of character, which have their cause in the vice of seeking the mere esteem of the world; for this, as well as every other passion, becomes a vice, when it is not governed by a love of truth for a useful and good end.

But let it not be thought, because the

world's opinion is not a proper motive of action, that it is, therefore, to be despised. Far from it. The esteem of our fellow men is to be sought on all occasions; and none value so highly the good opinion of others as does the truly respectable man. But how, and for what purpose? He does not seek their esteem by a complaisant smile of approbation at their follies and vices; nor by a fawning, sycophantic demeanor to those in stations superior to his own; nor by a premature assent to, or hasty condemnation of, any new idea or doctrine, because such idea or doctrine may be popular or unpopular with his neighbors and associates. No; he seeks the approbation of his fellow men, by a careful examination into his real condition, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually; for the purpose of removing, or helping him to pass, the obstacles that may lie in the way of his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual happiness. Nothing short of a spirit like this can, or ought to be, considered respectable; and they who are not striving to cultivate such a spirit within themselves, are destined to live strangers to the purest happiness that can possibly animate the human soul.

It is true, that we are not so much under the influence of the evil here treated of in this our new country, and more particularly in this western portion of it, as is society in Europe, where the high rank of titled nobility, ecclesiastical dignities, and the fashionable glare of wealth, exert their influences upon the growing mind; but there is yet enough of it to deserve attention. Who is there that can say he has not felt its influence? Nay, further, where is the man who dares to say, in truth, that he has not yielded to its influence? If there be a man who cannot recall to mind some period of his life, when about to perform a positive duty, the question "*what will the world say of me?*" did not rise in his mind, and weaken, if not thwart, his first design: if, I say, there be such a man, let him know that he has yet to make the first effort towards attaining a true dignity of character, such as will stand the test of severe trial.

We boast of our political freedom—and it is a gracious boon when rightly appreciated, but of little worth without moral and spiritual freedom: indeed, the very end for which political freedom was conferred, can be no other than the means of

attaining this higher freedom. If this be true, our boast is vain, while we are the bondsmen of unworthy motives. We say, also, that we have a free Press. Can the Press be free, when it bows, with most implicit reverence, to popular clamor, and makes no account of those essential truths which alone constitute free principles? It is Truth which breaks the fetters of all slavery, and it alone can preserve the freedom of the free? Shall, then, the conductors of the Press, that strongest instrument of a free government, idolize public opinion, that ever-changing thing, of which some would make a god? Not so, I trust; Americans have nobler ends in view. The pilgrim fathers sought not a wilderness for such a purpose; nor will their sons, after having converted that wilderness into a blooming garden, erect therein a heathen temple! Let, then, the conductors of the Press learn to feel that they are the responsible agents, to whom is intrusted a power far more potent, for good or for evil, than the sceptres of kings! If they are but true to their trust, all popular vices, of whatever character, must quail beneath their righteous frown. But, on the other hand, should they fail in presenting and elucidating the highest and purest motives of action, the dark characters, which are but faintly sketched above, will swarm our land, and drive from its fair face the last vestige of true patriotism, virtue, and religion!

We will not, however, indulge fears of so dire a catastrophe, although the times may wear a threatening aspect. We have full faith that He who rules the destinies of nations will not again permit so awful a scourge to teach man his duty. By means of the Press, the Past has been brought home to our Present, so that we may hear her many lessons, and listen to her powerfully-eloquent appeals. The Past and the Present show us plainly the truth of what the preachers have been telling us concerning the Future to be doubly true. The preachers tell us that a judgment and a state of bliss, or woe, await us far away in the distant, undefined Future: whereas we now may know that that judgment and that bliss or woe are also present with us. Nay, the judgment is past! in that all motives which are good and true, are forever judged to produce, *in their operation*, a manifest instant blessing, with multiplied increase in a compound ratio, perpetually; and all

evil and false motives are likewise forever judged to produce, in their operation, precisely the reverse, in a like ratio. Let him who doubts the truth of this, make the experiment, as that is the test of all philosophy. But let him begin his experiments with the Good and True; and doubtless he will soon become an enlightened philosopher, and will not care to try the opposite. By this means, and this only, can we know and understand for ourselves the revealed truth, that the motive which ascends no higher than the approbation of the world, is accursed—yea, thrice accursed—accursed in its beginning, in its goings forth, and in its final end and results. Let it, then, be driven from the Press as a most unworthy counsellor; let it be driven from our land as unworthy to dwell in an American bosom; let us drive it from our hearts, as unfit for that exalted state, to which every manifestation of Divine goodness invites us to ascend.

Columbus: O.

J. W.

THE GERMAN'S BIRD.

"I noticed a young German emigrant. Although clad in a rough garb, he had evidently known better days; and his manner and address contrasted strongly with the deportment of the mass of his countrymen by whom he was surrounded. He appeared to be perpetually absorbed in thought, and there was a deep settled melancholy about him, which interested me in his movements. His sole companion was a bird, a native of the far-off 'Vaterland,' which he occasionally addressed in the plaintive notes of his native tongue."—*Flint's Travels*.

Bird of my country! sing again
The song of childhood's years,
For I would gladly wake the train
Of "Mem'ry and of tears."

Thou tell'st me of my distant home,
Upon the rolling Rhine,
Far o'er the ocean's dappled foam,
Where years of joy were mine.

Thou sing'st the songs which youth beguiled,
When flowers grew round my way,
And long-loved friends around me smiled,
Through many an olden day.

Thou, when all other friends forsoke,
Still joy'st with me to roam,
And ever with thy music wake
Fond memories of my home.

Hamilton: O.

E. R. C.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE LEGEND

OF MERRY THE MINER: A CHAPTER FROM PETER THE PILGRIM.*

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

THE central region of the United States, embracing the district of East Tennessee, and the adjacent mountain countries of Georgia, Virginia, and North Carolina, is less known to Americans generally, than the remotest nooks of Florida, or the North-West Territory. At a distance from the great routs of travel, without navigable rivers, presenting on every side a frowning barrier of wild and savage mountains, heaped in continuous and inextricable confusion, over its whole surface; a portion of it, too, still in the hands of its original possessors, it has repelled, rather than invited, visitation; and retains an air of solitude and seclusion, which will vanish only when the engineer has tracked its glens and gorges with paths of iron, and flying locomotives thunder along its ridges. When that period shall have arrived, it will perhaps be discovered, that no part of the United States offers greater attractions to the lovers of the picturesque and the wonderful, that none opens a grander display of scenery, or richer exchange of curiosities. Then, too, perhaps—if the bursting of the world into his sequestered valley, should arise some sleepy Tennessean from inglorious inacti-

vity, infuse into his breast a little pride of country, a little shame that a clime so fair and beneficent should want a historian, that a state so powerful and distinguished should have produced no son able or willing to write the records of her days of trial and adventure—it will be found that no part of the country possesses a greater or more interesting fund even of legendary and historic incident. The sparklings of the lost Pleiad of American States—the little republic of *Frankland*, that scintillated a moment on that ridgy horizon, and then was extinguished forever—and the campaigns of the gallant Sevier, are worthy to be chronicled with the strangest vicissitudes, and the bravest achievements of that eventful era.

The "rarities," as the old geographers would have termed them, of this mountain-land, comprise water-falls—the Tuc-coa, and the Falling Water, for example, with others, perhaps, as grand and as lovely; whirlpools and sinking rivers; cliffs and caverns; and the still more interesting memorials of antiquity—the mounds and fortifications; the painted cliffs; the rocks, on which the eye, or the imagination, traces the foot-prints of shodden horses, and even the tracks of wheeled carriages; the grave-yards of pigmies and giants, whence have been dug so many thousand bones of Manikins of two feet in stature, and Patagonians of eight; the axes, and other implements of copper, brass, iron, silver; the coins; the walled wells; the old gold mines, with furnaces and crucibles; the yellow-haired mummies; and other vestiges of the unknown and perished races of men, that once possessed, it would seem, the whole Mississippi Valley.

Of these relics, many are found in the caves, which, besides the above-mentioned yellow-haired mummies, and Cyclopean skeletons, (for the big bones are usually, though not exclusively, found in caverns,) are, in some cases, reported to possess still

*"Peter Pilgrim" is the name bestowed upon his latest literary offspring, by that deservedly popular American Novelist, the author of "Calavar," "The Infidel," "The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow," etc. "Merry the Miner" is an extract from the work, for which we are indebted to *The New-Yorker*. This story is a little tedious at first, and drags rather heavily; but in the end it will be found to be an exquisite production, of a character as unexpected from anything in the opening pages, as the entire management of the happy conceit is masterly. Long as it is, we venture to recommend its perusal to the veriest utilitarian who reads this magazine.—ED. HESPERIAN.

more astonishing monuments of the primeval world—petrified *men*—stony warriors and hunters of the days of Nimrod, who, with dog and spear, chased the *megalonix* into his hole, and there perished with him; or antediluvian gold-miners that plied their trade in these darksome retreats, and in unholy passion, “forgot themselves to marble,” or were transformed by the demons of the mine, into their own effigies.

Such wild stories, frequently revived and passing from mouth to mouth, with various additions or diminutions, though regarded as novelties, or suspected, must, in some way or other, owe their origin to one common source, to some fragmentary hint or distorted reminiscence of the ancient, veritable, but now almost forgotten legend of *Merry the Miner*—a wight, of whose adventures I have been at the pains to inquire and record every particular that is now remembered.

Of the birth-place and early adventures of this remarkable personage, nothing is known; even his “given” name has been lost, his sur-name only surviving, with the suffix that supplies the place of the lost portion. He first appeared, at a very early day, in one of the extreme eastern counties of Tennessee, a settler like others, as it seemed; for he had a wife and family, with whom he seated himself, or perhaps *squatted*, upon a farm that might, though none of the richest, have yielded him a comfortable subsistence, had he taken the pains to cultivate it.

But Merry, it soon appeared, had other thoughts and objects; for, having completed a rude cabin sufficient to shelter his children, cleared for them a few acres of ground, and helped them to set it in corn, for the winter’s subsistence, he straightway seemed to discharge from his mind all farther care of them, and began to ramble up and down the mountains, a bag slung upon one shoulder, a rifle on the other, remaining absent from home generally all day long, and sometimes a week together. At first, he was supposed by his few neighbors, who noted his proceedings, to be absent on hunting expeditions, until it was observed that he seldom returned so well provided with game, as with fragments of stone and minerals, with which useless commodities his sack was usually well filled.

This produced questions, and questions brought replies: and Merry, who, though

absorbed by his pursuits, was not of a selfish or uncommunicative disposition, gave them to understand that he had better game in view than bear, elk, or deer; in short, that he was hunting for gold—with which precious metal, he averred, these very mountains abounded; a fact which he declared, with a great deal of wild enthusiasm, he was very sure of; for, first, an old Cherokee Indian had told him so when he was a boy; secondly, a great scholar had assured him of the same thing, declaring that the Spaniards had once, in the days of De Soto, been at the mountain mines and worked them, till the Indians drove them away, or killed them; thirdly, his father, who had in his time been an Indian trader, and made a fortune thereby, was of the same opinion, because of the jealousy of the Indians, who would never suffer a white man to examine too closely into their soil for minerals; and, finally, because every one knew there were bits of gold sometimes found in Virginia and the Carolinas, along the rivers that flowed from the mountains, from which it was plain the gold must have been washed down from the mountains. To this he added, that he had himself been for ten years or more hunting for the precious place of deposit, and it was, therefore, but reasonable to suppose that he must soon succeed in finding it. He had often discovered places where there was a little gold to be gathered, but it was very little; and he should not stop short till he had lighted on the true mines that had been worked of old by the Spaniards, the discovery of which would certainly be a fortune to him.

This representation had its effect upon Merry’s friends, who, being shown a store of minerals, gathered by himself in different places, and abounding, as he said, in lead, copper, and other ignoble metals, together with sundry touchstones, a blow-pipe, a bottle of acid, and other simple implements of the art metallurgic, of which he had in some way learned the use, were very ready to assist him in a pursuit that promised to lead to fortune; and, for a few months, the whole neighborhood was rambling with him over the hills, in search of hidden treasures.

As no gold was, however, found, nor indeed the least sign of any, the enthusiasm for gold hunting soon abated in all but Merry himself, who, at first deserted by his friends, was at last derided by them as

a crack-brained schemer, whose efforts were more likely to ruin a fortune than to make one.

And, indeed, it appeared, from some expressions of Merry's wife, who by no means relished her husband's neglect of his family and affairs, that he had already, or his family for him, paid dear for his gold mine, having been originally the possessor of a sufficient and comfortable estate, a good patrimonial farm, and slaves to till it—all of which had slipped through his fingers in the course of his ten years' wanderings.

Desertion and derision, however, produced no change in honest Merry, who, having remained long enough in his first seat to explore every nook and cranny among the adjacent hills, and satisfy himself that the object of his search was not there, drew up his stakes one fine morning, removed his habitation some fifty or sixty miles further west, and there, having constructed another cabin, and cleared another field, recommenced his explorations precisely as he had done before, and with exactly the same results—except that on this, as well as on all future occasions, his character having traveled before him, he found no neighbors willing to unite with him in his enterprise. But this was an affair of no consequence to Merry the Miner, who, equable and contented on all subjects except that of his gold mine, was equally satisfied to share his hopes and labors with them, or to enjoy them alone. Nor did the ridicule and general contempt under which he fell, much affect him: "By and by," said he, "I shall find a gold mine, and then they will treat me well enough."

The reproaches of his dear spouse were not always received with the same equanimity; but the practice which caused them was the surest means to avoid them; and accordingly, some of the uncharitable have hinted, that if his golden monomania had not been enough to drive him from his habitation, the lectures of his helpmate would have been cause sufficient.

Again unsuccessful, again the untiring Merry changed his quarters; and this he continued to do year after year, until he had consumed ten more years in the unavailing search. By this time, his spirit was fainting a little within him, and doubts began to oppress him sore. Gray hairs were thickening on his temples, and his

fortune was not yet made; on the contrary, poverty, after many premonitory knocks, had passed his door, and taken the best seat on his hearth. His children had grown up; and grown up unaccustomed to rule, at least for the five last years; for, five years before, Merry had followed his wife to the grave; after which her children took matters into their own hands, and grew up the way they liked best. One after another, they dropped away from their father to seek their fortunes, until at last one only of all remained, his youngest daughter—who was handsome, and, as Merry thought, good, for she was faithful when the rest were found wanting. "Very well," said Merry, as he again trudged to the mountains one bright morning; "when I find a gold mine, she shall know what it is to be a good daughter, for she shall have it all to herself. No, not all," he muttered; "for the rest will come back, and they must have something, to know their father was hunting gold not for himself, but for them. But Susie, my darling Susie, shall have the most of it, because she was faithful to her father."

When Merry returned again from the mountains, his darling Susie was gone—gone with a villain, for whom she had forsaken her parent. Merry sat down in his deserted cabin, and there remained for a week, content, for the first time in twenty years, to remain at home, when home had nothing more to attract him.

On the seventh day, Merry again seized his sack and rifle, and whistling to his dog Snapper—for so he called him—an ugly, starveling cur, that had long been his companion, and now was the only living thing upon whose fidelity he knew he could rely, made his way up the wild little valley in which his cabin stood, following the course of the brawling river that watered it. This river, fed by a hundred brooks that came clattering down the sides of the mountain, in whose cloven and contorted flank the little vale was but one of many embayed recesses—Merry had often before thrived, examining its different forks up to their springs; where, upon his principle of belief, that when gold is found in a river it must have been washed down from its sources, he always seemed to think there was the best prospect of discovering his long-sought mine. He had thus followed them all, or thought he had done so; and having found them all equally destitute of

treasure, he would himself, perhaps, have been puzzled to say why he now set out again in the same direction. Another person, however, might have found a sufficient explanation in the agitation of mind of the poor wanderer, whose every look and step bore witness to the disorder of his spirits.

Up this rivulet, then, he wandered, without well knowing or noting whither; clampering up the ledgy banks of one of its chief springs, now nearly dried up, which he began, after a time, to have a vague suspicion he had never before explored. It had a new, fresh look about it that gradually wrought upon his attention, and was fast awakening him from abstraction, when his reverie was further put to flight by Snapper, the dog, who set up a yelp or howl, Merry knew not which, but it sounded very wild and mournful in that desolate place, and fell to scratching in the shingly bed of the torrent, as if disinterring a rat or some other object of equal interest, ever and anon looking round to his master, as if to invite him to his assistance.

Merry approached and took from under the paw of the dog a bit of stone, or sparry concretion, of a very odd appearance, having a kind of rude resemblance to a thumb and fingers grasping something between them, and that something exhibiting, at a broken corner, a certain yellow gleam that made Merry the Miner's heart leap within him.

With the little hammer drawn from his bag, he broke off the ragged superfluities incrusting what seemed a metallic core, an edge of which he straitway rubbed on his flinty touchstone. It left a yellow trace, as clear and brilliant as heart could desire. Merry drew out a vial of acid, and his hand trembled as he applied it to the yellow trace: the yellow trace vanished; no! it was the dimness that came over the miner's eyes; the yellow trace remained as bright and as beautiful as before. He dipped the corner of the mineral into the acid; it hissed, and fumed, and bubbled; but the yellow speck became the broader and brighter. It was gold, then—"gold, yellow, glittering, precious, gold!" and Merry—but hark! Snapper howls again, and again tears up the pebbles of the brook! Merry clapped his prize into his sack, and clambered up higher after the dog, admiring at his own happiness in possessing an animal of such marvelous

sagacity; perhaps wondering, too, how such an ugly brute should know pebbles of gold from any others, and more especially, how he should know his master was seeking after them.

But Merry the Miner's mind was too full of more important matters to question or wonder long over the mystery. Snapper had scratched from the shingle another specimen, and one far more satisfactory and valuable than the former—a lump of virgin gold as big as a pigeon's egg, and looking not unlike one, except that it was marked all over with strange figures and fantastic shapes, so that Merry almost doubted whether it was not a work of art, instead of a freak of nature. But while he was doubting, Snapper scratched again, and Merry picked up another piece; and then another, and another; in all, five or six pieces, though none of them at all comparable in size and value with the two pieces first stumbled on.

But had they been less numerous or less precious than they were, Merry would have rejoiced none the less. He had struck the path of fortune at last, and knew the goal could not now be far off. Too eager to waste time in hunting what he doubted not was a mere subordinate and chance deposit of fragments washed down from above, he gave over the search, to continue his explorations up towards the source of the brook.

As he rose, eager and exulting, his eye fell by chance upon the little valley in which he lived, now far below, and upon his distant and deserted cabin. He sat down and wept. What did gold avail him *now*? He had found the long desired treasure; but his children were lost to him forever. For this, then, he had bartered them away—squandered the rich treasures of their love; and, worse than all, the rich treasures of honor and virtue, of reputation and happiness, that should have formed their inheritance.

Many a man has felt, and many will feel, like Merry the Miner, when, after a life of gold hunting, whether in the field or the counting-room, in the land-office or the stock-market, the prize is won, and *they* lost who might have been good and happy without it.

Bitter were the thoughts of Merry, and he looked upon his prizes with the feelings of a Timon. He cursed them; nay, he snatched them up with a desperate intent to

hurl them away; when Snapper fetched another howl, and—and Merry the Miner forgot his anger and his grief. He clapped the golden fragments into his sack, added another piece of gold to his store, and, having now lost sight of his cottage, followed with Snapper up the mountain brook, exploring with eager care, and impatient to arrive at its golden springs.

The way was long, the path was wild, and the sun was in the meridian when Merry reached the apparent source of the streamlet; and he was then in the heart of a mountain wilderness as wild, as desolate, as solitary as imagination ever painted. High in air, shut up among ridges that sloped up to heaven all around him, bristled over with black firs or speckled with gray rocks and precipices, no companions but his dog, and the eagles that sometimes swooped down from adjacent peaks to view the invader of their realm, Merry might have felt the elation inspired by a scene so august and lonely, had not the feeling of the mine-hunter swallowed up every other. His good luck had departed from him; he had trudged miles without finding any further traces of gold, or indeed anything at all remarkable, save fragments of spar and stalagmitic concretions, in which fancy traced a thousand resemblances to objects he had left in the world behind him, as well as to others that existed only in the world of dreams. Those, interesting as they might have proved on another occasion, Merry would now have joyfully exchanged for a single bit of gold, the smallest that miner ever picked out of earth. But the gold had vanished, and Merry arrived at the head of his rivulet only to be persuaded he had arrived in vain.

A deep and narrow ravine, up which he scrambled with infinite labor and pain, and down which the feeble and dwindling waters seemed to find it as difficult to flow, for lazily, and with complaining murmurs, they dropped from rock to rock, creeping and moaning among obstructions, over which, it was plain, at other seasons, a torrent came bounding and roaring like a lion after his prey—its lofty walls growing loftier as the miner advanced, and flinging a gray and smoky midnight over all below, was suddenly terminated by a precipice, from whose inaccessible heights the stream fell in a dreary, ever pattering, but meager shower, while a still feebler

runnel oozed from a chasm in the precipice, as if flowing from a spring in the heart of the mountain.

Upon examining this ravine a little—there came from it a faint, icy breath of air—Merry was surprised to find it the entrance of a cavern—a huge, yawning antré as black as death, and gloomy, and ruinous, and mouldering as a sepulchre of a thousand years. Merry cared not a whit for caverns, great or small; and as the feeble ray of light admitted from the ravine did not penetrate beyond a few feet, and disclosed a formidable labyrinth of rocks and stalagmites covering the watery floor, he felt no great desire to disturb its solemn privacy. But Merry was heated and wearied by his toilsome ascent of the mountain, and the cool air of the cavern tempted him to enjoy a moment of repose. He sat down upon a rock and endeavored with his eyes to fathom its hidden recesses, but in vain. Nothing was to be seen but the formidable rocks and stalactites, and they all vague, shadowy and undistinguishable. But the ray of light, imperfectly disclosing the darksome labyrinth, revealed, almost under his feet, another object neither formidable nor repulsive—a little topaz-hued star glistening on the floor, from which Merry eagerly snatched it up, and carried it to the light of day. It was gold—a rounded mass, inferior in size only to the pigeon's egg, and bright and pure as gold could be.

In a moment the cavern had lost its funereal gloom, and shone upon Merry's imagination a place of light and loveliness, fit for the residence of the gnome-king. The trunk of a mountain pine, shivered by a tempest, had fallen into the ravine, where it still lay, a magazine of ready-made torches provided for any one willing to enter the mystic abyss.

With the hatchet, which always formed a part of his equipments, Merry easily succeeded in riving off a bundle of resinous splinters. A flint and steel afforded the means of striking a light; and, flambeau in hand, his gun left, as an encumbrance, in the ravine, Merry immediately crept through the tall, narrow fissure, into the cave; though his dog Snapper, daunted by its repulsive appearance, refused to follow him. He remained at its entrance, filling the air with doleful howlings, as his master vanished in the gloom; and with these ominous sounds in his ears, multiplied and

variously uttered as they were, by the echoes of the cave, Merry bade farewell to his companion and the world of light.

Even with the torch flaming in his hand, Merry's eyes failed to reach the boundaries of the cave, its walls being no where visible except immediately behind him, where they parted away, right and left, from the entrance—itself a blind, twisted gap, perceptible only at the distance of a few feet—to be almost immediately lost in darkness. Nothing, indeed, could be well said to be visible except a few rugged pillars rising here and there among rocks and spars of all imaginable sizes, piled and tumbled together in inconceivable confusion, and presenting such fantastic shapes as both kindled the imagination and struck the spirit with awe. To Merry, who paused for a moment aghast, it seemed as if each rock was composed of animals, or parts of animals, each a congeries of limbs, heads, trunks, skeletons, cemented or incrustated together in one hideous organic mass. Here glared the head of a panther from among the ribs of an elephant; there an alligator peeped from the back of a horse; here a boa-constrictor writhed under the shattered body of an ox; and there a great sea-fish opened her yawning jaws, in which bears and monkeys made their den. Nay, Merry even fancied that, imbedded in these frightful concretions, he could behold the limbs and heads of human beings, the former crushed and sprawling, the latter staring ghastfully out with eyes of stone.

While Merry paused a moment, confounded by these strange appearances, and doubtful whether to proceed in search of the golden stream, which was now lost among the rocky apparitions, he heard it faintly murmuring in the distance, at a point to which he did not hesitate to direct his steps, and where he had soon the satisfaction to discover it flowing down a broad staircase of rocks, as regular almost as if cut by the hands of man.

Here Merry again paused, nay, recoiled a moment in consternation; for upon that staircase stood the gigantic figure of a man, grim, shadowy, terrible—his countenance, as far as a countenance could be seen that was, like his whole body, incrustated over with stone, convulsed with some nameless agony, and his attitude, which was that of flight, of flight arrested by a sudden spell, that had bound his limbs as with fetters of

iron, expressive of a deep but majestic despair. A tunic, sustained by a broad baldric; sandals, or what seemed sandals, on his feet; and in his hand the massive hilt of a sword, whose blade had long since rotted away, were the only accoutrements on a shape, in whose very nakedness there was something august and commanding.

Merry's hair bristled as he surveyed the stony phantom; but by and by, convinced it was no living creature, and moved by curiosity, he approached, and even mustered courage to touch the unconscious frame. It was, as it seemed, a figure of stone, but how formed Merry the Miner was not learned enough to tell; but as he felt the vast limbs, foully sheeted over with spar, a rough and rigid coat formed by the drippings and deposits of centuries, he could not but fancy a human body was sepulchered within.

Merry the Miner forgot his gold and his hopes of gold. Wonder and curiosity absorbed his spirit. He thought now only of investigating a mystery so strange and so new, of prosecuting still further a discovery whose first fruits were so astonishing. He ascended the wet and mouldering stair-case. Twenty steps brought him to its summit, where stood another colossal figure struggling in the grasp of a third that lay upon its face, half buried under a mound of stalagmite that had grown around it, its arms twined round his legs, its hair, long and flowing like the locks of a woman, trodden under his feet, with which he seemed endeavoring to spurn the prostrate shape away. It was a ghastly picture of terror overpowering the feeble and un-manning the strong, of selfishness converting woman's love and man's devotion into frenzied contention and brutal hate.

But a new spectacle drew Merry's eyes from this unnatural group. The last step of the stair-case was ascended, and there yawned upon him a new cave, vaster than that he left below, and filled with specters more wonderful and appalling; rank upon rank, crowd upon crowd, multitude upon multitude, they burst upon his view, the stony effigies and relics of pre-Adamitic ages, the remains and representatives of all races that had lived and perished. It was a world of stone—a petrified world; and Merry felt, as the clang of his footsteps awoke the funereal echoes of the place, and one after one the fearful shapes started into view, that he trod upon accursed

ground, among the doomed inhabitants of a demolished sphere.

Were these, then, things of flesh? things that had lived, and breathed, and walked the earth? these things of bulk so enormous, of shapes so strange and fearful? Ay, here they were—creatures that *had* lived, and breathed, and walked the earth—all in their general sepulcher, not clad alone in the ordinary vestures of decay, in bones and ashes, but in form as when they lived, in body, and, it seemed, almost in substance, but grown over each with a mantle of stone, a rime of rock, that converted all into monumental statuary. Here they were, all in wild confusion, all flying in terror from a destiny which had nevertheless overtaken them, and all expressing, in their positions, the agony of annihilation. It was a fearful picture of fate, a grand and terrible, yet mournful, revelation of the last moment of a world's perdition.

Merry's flesh again crept on his bones; but he remembered all was stone around him, and advanced, looking with mingled fear and admiration upon the varied figures occupying this subterranean world, where all was left as in the moment of destruction, save that the rocks which had fallen and covered all with a new firmament, had here and there dropped to the floor, forming piles and mounds that crushed hundreds of animals beneath them, and in other places had poured floods of petrifying moisture that converted groups of bodies into mountains of spar. Here, among strange plants and trees of primeval forests, whose trunks formed stalactitic pillars supporting the roof, Merry beheld the magnificent monsters first revealed to human eye by the labors of the geologist, though revealed only in fragments—the Mastodon, with his mighty tusks, huge and strong enough to toss a mountain into the air; the Megatherium, with claws to tear up trees, and armor upon his back to sustain them in the fall; the tremendous Dinotherium, with teeth that dredged the bottoms of lakes and rivers, and, hooked to some overhanging rock or tree, supported the watery slug-gard in his sleep; the great Saurians—huge and hideously formed reptiles, to which the crocodiles and anacondas of our own day were as earthworms and lizards; with the primordial horse, ox, rhinoceros, and other animals without number and without name; all huddled together, and

man, their enemy and master, with them, in a confusion of terror that reduced all to equality and fellowship in misery.

Through this vast hall, following the course of the brook, on which he relied to guide him back to the realms of day, Merry pursued his discovery, examining with interest the various shapes on either side. But by and by they ceased to appear: he had reached the end of the Hall of Flight.

A few steps conducted him into another chamber, where his eyes fell upon a sweet or scene. It was a shepherd watching his flocks, all, shepherd and flocks alike, of stone, and all seeming to have passed to death in a dreamy unconsciousness of their fate. Here terror and anguish were no longer seen; and Merry fancied he was about to behold the inhabitants of the ancient world in a better aspect, in their natural state and appearance as when they lived. "Yes," quoth he, well pleased with the prospect—for the universal agony he had passed through chilled him to the heart—"I have seen how they died; I shall now see, perhaps, how they lived."

And so he did; for having proceeded a few yards further, he found himself upon a huge subterranean plain, whereon were countless hosts of men, with sword and spear, arrow, javelin, and war-club, with horses and chariots, waging a furious battle—in the very midst of which their destiny, it seemed, had come upon them. As they were engaged, so they had perished, each his sword at his fellow's throat, trampling under foot and hoof, crushing with chariot wheels, thrusting with lances, piercing with darts and arrows, raging and destroying. Thus it was with them, even with eternity at their elbow, their world falling to pieces under their feet. Upon the borders of death, they were anticipating his coming; with one foot in the balance of judgment, they were dragging with them the blood of rapine and murder, to weigh them down in condemnation for ever.

"Ay!" quoth Merry the Miner, "and so they do in the world above! all busily engaged in cutting short for one another, the little moment of life assigned to them by nature—all madly eager adding gall and wormwood to the little cup of happiness their destiny allows them—all hot to prove their supremacy over the beasts of the field, by exceeding them in violence and enmity."

Through this midnight battle-field Merry made his way among mangled and disfigured corpses, retaining, even in stone, with the looks of the dying and of death, vestiges of the passions which impelled them to strife, and attended them in slaughter. Here was the fiery youth, urged by the love of glory—that love called noble and generous, though it aims at blood, and fills the world with orphans; there the veteran, to whom use had made slaughter an exciting pastime. Here was the soldier fighting for his sixpence; there the great captain leading up a thousand men to die in a ditch, that he might go down to future ages renowned in story. Here was seen the throttle of hate, the grasp of rage and desperation; there the wounded besought quarter which the victor denied, and here the victor, himself at last perishing, seemed to entreat of Heaven the mercy he had denied his fellows; while the contortions of agony and despair spoke to the late but unavailing remorses of the dying. In short it was a battle-field, in which Merry the Miner, as he himself hinted, in his half muttered apostrophe, saw nothing that he might not have seen in a “a foughten field” in the world above.*

LUCILLE MEYER.

“The chilling wind whistles along the wild moor.”

KIRK WHITE.

THERE is not, in all Scotland, a more barren stretch of flat country than the celebrated Carnworth Moor, which lies some twenty miles from Edinburgh. The eye of the traveler is unenlivened by any living or moving object, save, perchance, the startled blackcock, roused by his passage through the heather. Near the north-western extremity of this waste, is a solitary cottage, built upon a mass of rock, which, from all outward appearances, appertained to some shepherd who had chosen it for the convenience of tending his flock. Two individuals, of a much higher class, tenanted the little abode at

*One of those provoking mishaps, which the whole *craft typographical* are occasionally subjected to, but which we should despair of making the generality of our readers understand, has compelled us to take a slight liberty with Dr. BIAN, and divide his veritable historiette of Merry the Miner into two parts. The reader will find the conclusion, by turning over to page 145.

the period we speak of. The Chevalier Meyer, the eldest of these, was for many years secretary to Charles X, and, when that monarch took refuge in Scotland, was one of the few who accompanied him; some misunderstanding had arisen between them, and the chevalier, relieved from his attendance on fallen royalty, retired, with his only child, to Carnworth Moor. Lucille Meyer was just such a companion as could best soothe and please the retired moments of one whose whole life had been spent in public. She had just seen enough of English society to give her mind a more reflective and serious turn than usually belongs to the French. She was the *beau ideal* of a daughter or a wife: high-minded, yet not above the reduced circumstances by which she was surrounded; highly imaginative, yet accommodating herself to the iron realities of life; dignified, yet not haughty, Lucille united, in one person, no common variety of charms. Such were the inmates of this unpretending cottage. One dark and stormy evening in autumn, when the wind shook its walls, and the rain descended in torrents, a solitary sportsman, the only one, perhaps, on the moor, attracted by the glimmering light, knocked and solicited admission. None had ever crossed the door, save the inmates, since the chevalier had been there; but the night was too fearful to turn a stranger away. Norman McGregor, for that was the young man's name, soon discovered that his host was very far above the rank of a common shepherd. At supper, the chevalier's daughter joined them, and conversation beguiled the hours until midnight. They parted with mutual regret on the following morning, and the invitation of the Frenchman to renew the visit was eagerly accepted. The autumn was almost over, and Norman McGregor had become a daily visitant at the cottage. He would fain have believed that his calls there were merely made because it was on his way, or that he might enjoy the intellectual conversation of the retired Frenchman, but it was in vain; he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that there was a higher object of attraction—that he was, in short, in love.

One morning, when the chilly hand of winter was beginning to show itself, a courier from Holyrood delivered a letter to Meyer. It was a solicitation to undertake a mission to Paris, and required his instant

departure. The news fell upon McGregor like a death blow. He had pictured to himself the pleasure he should have in bringing the lonely ones into society; he had almost looked forward to the period when he might call Lucille his own; and now, to find the uplifted cup dashed from his lips, was bitterness he had never before experienced. Hope, however, that principle which will carry men through almost any trials, sustained him, and he parted from Lucille with the prospect of but a short separation. For some weeks letters regularly received from her informed our hero of their continued health, but long before the summer, those communications ceased, and the blighting influence of "hope deferred" became visible on the usually happy face of Norman McGregor. One lovely evening he stood at his window, which commanded a view of the expanse of the Forth. The street below was deserted, for the people had dispersed to the suburbs of Edinburgh; no living object presented itself to his restless gaze, and never had he felt so utterly lonely. The idol of his thoughts was before his mind's eye; the thought of the last meeting, of the whispered promise, of the exchange of hair, of the final embrace, of the long and lingering farewell, and the last flowing tears,

"Sprang to his eyes; in childish years,
But not since then, those eyes had wept;
It ceased his bosom, and he slept."

With the morning came the resolution to visit France, and seek out the absent ones. In accordance with this design, Norman soon found himself in Paris. A week was, however, spent in ineffectual search after the chevalier, and inquiries appeared to be useless.

More than a month had passed over McGregor since he had left Edinburgh, and he looked more like a walking ghost than the fine, hearty, young fellow who, a short time before, was the best shot on the moors. Returning from the theater late one evening, whither he had been, to leave no stone unturned for the discovery of Lucille, he passed the palace of the Louvre, from which streams of dazzling light were issuing. An old beggar, whose feelings, miserable as he looked, Norman envied, informed him that the King of the French entertained the noblesse at a masquerade. Hopeless as the chance seemed, McGregor determined to gain admittance. Hastily

procuring a domino, he presented himself at the gate, and, passing the guards, gained the saloon. Louis Philippe, with the true policy of a prince ascending the throne after a revolution, appeared divested of any personal state, and was in conversation with a large circle of guests. Norman wandered through the long suite of rooms, now and then peering under the masks of those who passed, but all in vain. At length, when the vast halls were nearly deserted, he turned to depart. As he slowly descended the grand staircase, step by step, and, before he had gained the first landing, a side door opened, and two figures appeared. Norman eyed the maskers intently; his attention was riveted on the shorter one: it was his own Lucille!

"———It was she,
But, oh! how altered; could it be?
You might have tried each azure vein
That wandered o'er her sunken brow."

As they hurried toward the postern, the chevalier enjoined silence. "If I am discovered here," he whispered, "my life will be the forfeit." The truth flashed on M'Gregor's mind at once. Engaged in the prosecution of a state intrigue, conceived by the Ex-King in the seclusion of Holyrood Palace, Meyer had ventured into the Louvre, and there, despite his mask, had been recognized.—Well acquainted with the internal arrangements of the abode that was once his royal master's, he had taken advantage of a secret stair, to avoid passing the guards stationed at the ante-room door. The activity of the French police was, however, so proverbial that, although his vigilance and foresight had provided a chariot and four well-chosen horses, he hardly hoped for an escape. In less time than it takes to write it, Norman, Lucille, and her father, were already dashing through the streets of Paris. On, on they flew,

"They passed the guards, the gate, the wall."

They gained the country, the road to Calais; still, their speed abated not; and the party were almost congratulating themselves upon their success, when a mounted horseman passed the carriage window like a shot. With a desperate lunge he succeeded in cutting part of the harness, and was about to detach the traces by the same means, when the well directed fire of the chevalier entered the body of the horse, and he fell dead, rolling over his dismayed

and now sorely wounded rider. Almost before the necessary repairs of the harness were completed, the keen eye of Meyer detected, by the grey morning light, a body of men advancing from Paris. The carriage was quickly on its way once more; a large bribe offered to the postilion, accompanied with sundry threats in case he relaxed his speed, had the wished for effect; and the happy party, relieved from immediate danger, at once embarked in a sloop on the eve of sailing.—After a short passage, they arrived at Dover, and, in a few days, were once more in Edinburgh.—Need we say, that Scotch roses soon supplanted the French lily on the face of Lucille?

Some one, or more, perhaps, of those who always read the newspapers night and morning may recollect an announcement, some few years ago, couched thus:—"Yesterday, at the Parish Church of Carnworth, Norman M'Gregor, Esq. to Lucille, only daughter of the Chevalier Meyer, Secretary to the ex-King of France. It is said, that Charles himself was present at the ceremony."

STUDIES.

THE more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we every where find of His wisdom who made it. If a discourse on the use of the parts of the body may be considered as a hymn to the Creator, the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to Him, nor unproductive to ourselves of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration, which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind; whilst, referring to Him whatever we find of right, or good, or fair, in ourselves, discovering His strength and wisdom even in our own weakness and imperfection, honoring them where we discover them clearly, and adorning their profundity where we are lost in our search, we may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I may dare to say so, in the counsels of the Almighty by a consideration of his works. The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us.—*Burke.*

TO A MIDNIGHT PHANTOM.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

PALE, melancholy one!
Why art thou lingering here?
Memorial of dark ages gone,
Herald of darkness near:
Thou stand'st immortal, undefiled—
Even thou, the unknown, the strange, the wild,
Spell-word of mortal fear.

Thou art a shadowy form,
A dreamlike thing of air;
My very sighs thy robes deform,
So frail, so passing fair—
Thy crown is of the fabled gems,
The bright ephemeral diadems
That unseen spirits wear.

Thou hast revealed to me
The lore of phantom song,
With thy wild, fearful melody,
Chiming the whole night long
Forebodings of untimely doom,
Of sorrowing years and dying gloom,
And unrequited wrong.

Through all the dreary night,
Thine icy hands, that now
Send to the brain their maddening blight,
Have pressed upon my brow—
My frenzied thoughts all wildly blend
With spell-wrought shapes that round me wend,
Or down in mockery bow.

Away, pale form, away—
The break of morn is nigh,
And far and dim, beyond the day
The eternal night-glooms lie:
Art thou a dweller in the dread
Assembly of the mouldering dead,
Or in the worlds on high?
Art thou of the blue waves,
Or of yon starry clime—
An inmate of the ocean graves,
Or of the heavens sublime?
Is thy mysterious place of rest
The eternal mansions of the blest,
Or the dim shores of time?

Hast thou forever won
A high and glorious name,
And proudly grasped and girdled on
The panoply of fame—
Or wanderest thou on weary wing,
A lonely and a nameless thing,
Unchangingly the same?

Thou answerest not. The sealed
And hidden things that lie
Beyond the grave, are unrevealed,
Unseen by mortal eye—
Thy dreamy home is all unknown,
For spirits freed by death alone
May win the viewless sky.

THE TULIP AND THE EGLANTINE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- The Tulip called to the Eglantine :
 "Good neighbor, I hope you see
 How the throngs that visit the garden come
 And pay their respects to me ?
 The florist bows to my elegant form,
 And praises my rainbow ray,
 Till I'm half afraid, through his raptur'd eyes,
 He'll be gazing his soul away."

"It may be so," said the Eglantine :
 "In a shadier nook I dwell,
 And what is passing among the great
 I cannot know so well ;
 But they speak of me as the Flower of Love ;
 And that low whispered name
 Is dearer to me and my infant buds,
 Than the loudest breath of fame."

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE WIFE ON
THE HUSBAND.

BY DOCTOR ABBOTT.

EVERY wife has it in her power to make her husband either better or worse. This result is accomplished, not merely by giving advice and instruction alone; both these have their influence; and, as means of improvement, should not be neglected; but it is by the general tone and spirit of her conversation, as manifesting the temper and disposition of the heart, that she makes the most abiding impression. These are modifying his character daily and hourly; sometimes even when absent.

It has been said of the wife of Jonathan Edwards that, by enabling him to put forth his powers unembarrassed, she conferred a greater benefit upon mankind, than all the female public characters that ever will live. A similar remark might be applied to the mother of almost every great and good man. Woman's true greatness consists, it seems to me, in rendering others useful, rather than in being directly useful herself; or, in other words, it is less her office to be seen and known in society, than to make others seen and known, and their influence felt.

I might give numerous examples and illustrations of the principle I am endeavoring to sustain, both in this country and elsewhere. I might speak of the mother and wife of Washington; of the mother of Dwight, Franklin, Wilberforce, Whitfield,

Timothy, and hundreds of others; for it was by the exercise of the duties, not only of the mother, but of the wife, that these illustrious characters were brought forth to the world. But I confine myself to a single instance; and that one, in which the influence upon the husband was direct.

The case to which I refer, is that of Sir James Macintosh, whose fame as a jurist, a statesman, and writer is well known, not only in Europe and America, but in India; and whose efforts in the cause of science and humanity have rarely been equaled. Few men have done more through the progress of a long life than he; and few have, at any rate, been more distinguished for extensive learning, large views, and liberal principles, in law, politics, and philosophy; but especially in his favorite department of the law. It was he on whom Sir Walter Scott said, on a certain occasion, that he made "the most brilliant speech ever heard at bar or in forum." Yet this great man, if we may believe his own story, owed no small share of his greatness to the assistance and influence of his wife. This, the following extract from a letter of his to a friend, describing her character after her decease, will most abundantly prove. The last clause includes, it will be seen, a passing tribute to another person, probably his mother, which doubtless will enhance the value of the extract which I have made, in exhibiting the influence of two females in the formation of character instead of but one.

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been made useful or cred-

itable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never, for a moment, forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentments, for which I quite too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments,) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant.

"Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas, (the choice of my youth, and partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days."

Who—what wife, especially—can read these paragraphs, without feeling a desire enkindled within her to be distinguished in the world, not so much in her own name, as by her influence on her husband, family, and, through them, on others? She thus becomes, not so much the instrument of human amelioration, as the moving agent.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

ALTHOUGH, to the unimaginative mind of a modern utilitarian, this subject may appear of very little or no importance, yet, to those who wisely seek an addition to their happiness by gleaning pleasure from everything around them, and making even the most trifling objects subservient to that end, a few remarks upon dress may not prove utterly uninteresting.

We are no great admirers of mere fashion, nor do we indeed think it worthy of further observance than such as will save us from the imputation of singularity. Fashion in dress has seldom anything to do with good taste; it is generally founded upon some preposterous idea, which circumstance or mere fancy—perhaps even a vulgar desire of attracting attention—has given birth to. It was the fancy of Queen Elizabeth to wear enormous ruffs round her neck, and in the times of our

grandfathers those ugly things called hoops became a portion of female apparel, originating, we believe, in the desire of certain females at court to conceal the frailty of their nature from public observation.

Now, Count D'Orsay, the Marquis of Waterford, or some other depraved and frivolous blockhead, has only to parade the streets in a new suit remarkable for its singularity, and everybody adopts it as the very *beau ideal* of dress. One season we see females walking about in bonnets large enough to admit of the wearer receiving a kiss without being perceived, and in a few months afterwards they become so small as to make us suspect that straw is an article of the greatest scarcity. Mere fashion delights generally in extremes, and therefore is utterly at variance with good taste. Our English style of dress is always particularly unbecoming, especially that of men—it is too close, compact, and business-like—there is nothing of the air of drapery about it; but then we are a bustling, money-getting nation, and cannot afford to have our movements impeded.

With due observance to the reigning mode, it is the duty of all who can afford it to dress well, and present an agreeable appearance to those about them; and care should be taken to choose such a style of apparel as will best answer that purpose. A very thin man with fleshless limbs, whose legs, when tricked out in white stockings, "look like No. 11 on a street door," should not be ambitious of sporting tights or knee-breeches; and a very fat, diminutive person, should eschew high stocks and frock-coats. Women of dark complexions never look well in white dresses, and those of fair delicate skin appear to more advantage in black. Thus, trivial as the subject may seem, if there be any object in dress beyond that of mere comfort and decency, it affords great scope for the display of taste and judgment in the suitability of the apparel to the person and circumstances of the wearer. Any peculiarity in apparel that attracts attention merely on account of its gaudiness or otherwise, is essentially vulgar, and may be considered as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual defect. Thus, we think, glaring colors in dress show bad taste—the desire of attracting attention—and a variety of colors is equal-

ly to be censured. There should be a uniformity and completeness (if we may use the word,) producing an agreeable harmony in the mind of the spectator; and if contrast be at all allowed, it should not be in so many ways as to perplex the eye. Variety of colors in dress, however chaste each color may be, is therefore in bad taste and betrays, we think, a want of refinement. A blue coat, yellow waistcoat and brown inexpressibles, are just the sort of display we here allude to, nor do we ever behold any person wearing them but we feel ourselves as fully capable of forming a correct judgment on the nature of his taste—and, to a certain extent, of his mind—as if we had been personally intimate with him for the whole of his life. Colors in male apparel—except such as claret, dark blue, or a rich deep brown—should always be avoided; green is decidedly a lively color—never looks well except in a sporting dress, and then only because it harmonizes with the pervading colors of rural scenery. Females generally look best in light-colored dresses—deep rich crimson, for instance—principally on account of the contrast with their complexions and the light and shade always exhibiting in folds of drapery. Men's dresses in the country—with the exception of frock-coats—are always inelegant and niggardly; for which reason it is, perhaps, that nothing suits us better than black.

Everything in the shape of mere finery and ornament is only allowable to females, and should be scrupulously avoided by the other sex, as out of character, and betokening a sort of mental weakness which delights in gewgaws and childish trifles. Shirt-studs and brooches, even though composed of the most costly diamonds, always seem to us foppish and effeminate in the extreme, and rings—except mourning rings, or those formed of the hair either of a friend or mistress—are mere emblems of vanity in the wearer.

Let all who are ambitious of making themselves agreeable in their personal appearance be careful to have their apparel fit well; show a moderate observance of the prevailing fashion, but at the same time varying it slightly, so as to suit the peculiarities of form and bodily figure. Let each part of the dress be, as artists say, in keeping with the rest, and let all attempts at display be utterly discarded—so will they show both good sense and

taste, and avoid being mistaken for one of the vulgar.—*Foreign Magazine.*

PIETY IN WOMEN.

BY MRS. FAMILIA W. BALL.

It is a matter of proud congratulation among women, that whatever extraordinary talents have been bestowed or pre-eminent powers developed in their sex, piety has ever been their concomitants. There is a native purity, a devoted tenderness in the heart of woman, which naturally leads her to christianity. On no other altar can she pour out all the pure aspirations of her nature. But the moment woman becomes depraved, that hour in which she ceases to be virtuous, she shrinks with nervous terror from the convictions of conscience, and listens to the bewildering voice of infidelity, in the vain hope of stifling the self-reproach which haunts her solitude. Then, and then only, if she has talents, they become perverted, and to "make the wrong appear the better reason" becomes the aim of all her efforts. Woe to the light-headed or conscience-stricken youth who listens to her sophistry and comes under the influence of her blandishments. The love of praise is a deep strong passion of our natures, and is productive of much good to society; but with her the very springs of her mind have been poisoned, and the fountain it sends forth is as deleterious as sparkling. She keenly feels the height from which she has fallen, and strives to seek in the flatteries of infidels a salve to heal the cureless wound. Her object is to create admiration, now that she can no longer inspire love; and she turns from her own sex and assumes the masculine coarseness of infidel philosophy, for the pure, meek and holy religion of the gospel. Thus she stands forth to the world an isolated object of contempt and pity, and cut off from all the sympathies of society, becomes a wandering meteor, destined finally to sink in the gulf of infamy.

But how bright the reverse of this picture! Look back upon the historic page and see woman proudly fulfilling her destiny. See Helena, the pious mother of Constantine, laying the foundation of a christian empire. Look at a British King christianizing and humanizing his subjects

under the influence of a pious Queen. And in more modern times, see the Augustan Queen of England, with the firmness of manhood, clearing away the superstitions with which time and weakness had obscured the light of religion, and at once reviving learning and christianity. But I need not go back. Look at Mary the mother of Washington, 'a devout woman,' and the preceptor of him who stands in bold relief on the record of time, above a host of heroes and conquerors, the boasted worshippers of an abstract virtue, but in reality the practical murderers of their species. He was as virtuous as he was great, and his pious mother taught him the true philosophy of greatness. I should transcend the limits of an essay, were I to point to the array of talented women who, in our own land, as well as in Great Britain, adorn the ranks of piety and literature.

And why should man who leans with such confiding trust upon woman's truth and fidelity, upon woman's holy tenderness and purity, for all that soothes and consoles and makes home happy—why should man seek to substitute in her heart for its innate elevation, the bewildering glare of unbelief? Is woman unhappy in her domestic relations? what allays the bitterness of discord? what like Religion, robs the reproach of its sting and substitutes the heart-touching prayer for the cold taunt? Is her husband a wanderer from the domestic hearth? what hinders her from a wish for retaliation, and what recalls him so soon as the settled conviction of his wife's virtue, guarded and sustained by her unwavering faith in another and more blessed state of existence where the wicked cease from troubling? O! sweep not from around the female heart the barriers which religion has reared by a cold deluge of infidel sophisms. Deny a part and you shake faith in the whole. Let her still shun vice, and hell, and still aspire after virtue and heaven. Teach her not to seek the contaminating influence of vice in this world, by inculcating the union of vice and virtue in heaven. Her Bible teaches that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is the distinguishing trait of a christian, and what man will displace it for the glittering bubble of licentious infidelity!

THE active men in the state are true samples of the mass.

THE SERFS OF RUSSIA.

THE following extract from Mr. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland," describes the condition of the serfs of Russia. These are represented to be not less degraded than the slaves in our Southern States in intellect, character, and personal bearing. The marks of physical and personal degradation were so glaring, the author says he was compelled to abandon certain theories, so common with his countrymen, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others.

"The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us, in the important particular, that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change master, but they cannot be torn from their connections or their birth-place. One-sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property, and subject to the absolute control of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to a hundred thousand; and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labor of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow, to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estate, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account, on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia; settles in a city, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence; but he is always subject to the control of his master. And I saw, at Moscow, an old mongik, who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth; and the

poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth, with a collar round his neck; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

"The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself, on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day or fête day of the church is a holiday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labors grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life, and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labor like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labor; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holy-days. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catharine II, that 'agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property.'

"It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or in case of invasion, raises, in a moment, a vast body of soldiers. Every person in Russia entitled to hold land, is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and, upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every portion of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed."

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned.—*Burke*.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

WE look, with wonder, at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us, of thousands of worlds and systems of worlds, weaving together their harmonious movements into one great whole. But the view of the hearts of men, furnished by history, considered as a combination of biographies, is immeasurably more awful and pathetic. Every water-drop of the millions in that dusky stream is a living heart, a world of worlds! How vast and strange, and sad and living a thing, he only knows at all, who has gained knowledge by labor, experience, and suffering; and he knows it not perfectly.

The fundamental affirmation of all reasonable, and, therefore, of all right, religion, the highest truths revealed to man, is this: that the infinite, eternal, and absolute Being wills all good, and only good; and that by good is meant, not merely whatever we dare to fancy that he might choose to will, but that which suits the wants, and completes, in the fullest form, the existence of all other beings. Every doctrine opposed to this is superstitious fanaticism or blasphemous scoffing.

How overpowering are the mingled murmur, clang, tramp, and rattle of a body of troops, with all their footsteps, horses, arms, artillery, and varied voices! How insignificant, compared with this uproar, the speech of a single mouth! Yet the whisper of one mouth sets in motion, and drives on to death and devastation twenty such bodies, comprising, perhaps, a hundred thousand human lives.

There are minds, or seem to be such, which we can only compare to a noble cathedral of vast size, beautiful proportions, and covered with graceful ornaments. Nothing that art can supply to devotion appears wanting, till we approach the great door and try to enter, when we find the seeming building only a solid rock outwardly carved into that appearance.

How many ought to feel, enjoy, and understand poetry, who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it, who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

They who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men, except those who make a trade of honoring Him. And how

many of the self-styled, world-applauded holy are mere traffickers in the temple, setting so much present self-denial against so much future enjoyment!

That men would be better than they are, if they always chose good instead of evil, is evident. But that they would be better, or, indeed, could have a rational existence, if they had not the power of choosing evil instead of good, is the most foolish and presumptuous of fancies.

Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them; while, in truth, the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face.

Many have the talents which would make them poets, if they had the genius. A few have the genius, yet want the talent.

No man is so born a poet, but that he needs to be regenerated into a poetic artist.

Speech is a pump by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought—whither it flows back again.

TO MARY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It is my love's last lay!—and soon
Its echoes will have died,
And thou wilt list its low, wild tones
No more—pale victim-bride!—
I would not, lovely one, that thou
Shouldst wrong the heart that deems thee now
Its glory and its pride!—
I would not thou shouldst dim with tears,
The vision of its better years.

And yet I love thee. Memory's voice,
Comes o'er me, like the tone
Of blossoms, when their dewy leaves
In autumn's night winds moan;
I love thee still—that look of thine
Deep in my spirit has its shrine,
And beautiful and lone—
And there it grows—that holy form—
The rainbow of life's evening storm.

And, dear one, when I gaze on thee,
So pallid, sweet and frail,
And muse upon thy cheek, I well
Can read its mournful tale;—
I know the dews of memory oft
Are falling, beautiful and soft,
Upon love's blossom pale—
I know that tears, thou fain wouldst hide,
Are on thy lids—sweet victim bride.

I too have wept. Yon moon's pale light
Has round my pillow strayed,
While I was mourning o'er the dreams
That blossom'd but to fade!—
The memory of each holy eve,
To which our burning spirits cleave,
Seems like some star's sweet shade,
That once shone bright and pure on high
But now has parted from the sky.

Immortal visions of my heart!—
Again, again, farewell!—
I will not listen to the tones
That, in wild music, swell
From the dim Past. Those tones now fade,
And leave me nothing but the shade,
The cypreas, and the knell!
Adieu—adieu—my task is done—
And now—God bless thee, gentle one.

MAN.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits, a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness, own
That mystery and marvel bind,
That lofty thing—the human mind.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride!
The gorgeous thronged—the desolate,
The seat of love, the lair of hate—
Self-stung, self-defined!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing
Worn by the scoffs of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven, in tears, to earth it stole,
That startling thing—the human soul!

And this is man! Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
While o'er his vision, drear and dim,
The wrecks of time are driven;
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the time or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven?
He bends the brow, he bows the knee,
"Creator Father! none but thee!"

LETTER WRITING.

BY THOMAS H. SHREVE.

THERE are very few persons who can write good letters. It has been observed by some one, that if a person will take the trouble to inspect the epistolary specimens of great men, he will be astonished at their general want of success. Swift, Gray, Cowper, and Byron, wrote excellent letters. Pope was particularly scrupulous about his epistles; and when he wrote, he did it with the expectation that the eye of the public was to scrutinize them: however, his letters are admitted by critics to be models of that species of composition. A man may be able to write a first rate essay for the public, and at the same time he may be a very heavy correspondent to his friends. A good letter, like a good dinner, must be made up of a palatable variety, and well seasoned. Essay writing will not answer for a letter; it is too abominably prosaic. Tenderness and sentimentality belongs exclusively to those happy persons who are up to the ears in love. The character of the person written to must be always kept in the eye; and we should not write above or below their capacity. Stiffness is horrible, and dignity should not be sought after; but if it come naturally, it should not be thrust aside.

We had the happiness once, of having a correspondent, who was a very witty fellow. We treasured his letters, and never thought committing such a sacrilege as consigning them to speedy martyrdom on the back-log. His first epistle convinced us that he was altogether a marvellous man. He had an immense deal of incident in every letter; and, as we were his friend, we sympathised very closely with him. He was a lucky man; he would run imminent danger of breaking his neck with a fiery charger, or, what was quite as bad, run great risk of breaking his heart with some seraphic lady, during the intervals of his letters. He would narrate his fortunes most pathetically to us, and we would congratulate him on his escape, in the genuine cant of dear friends. At length we found him out, and our vanity was most shockingly humiliated, when we discovered the truth, that, like all other ingenious writers of fiction, he had a way of setting at his table, and running just as many perils by field and flood as he thought would

answer his purpose. We cut the fellow forthwith, for he had most shamefully maltreated our credulity. He is at present engaged in a newspaper establishment eastward, as accident maker, and he daily astonishes his readers by detailing to them the misfortunes which befall honest persons thereabouts.

There should be no fiction in a letter, as the person written to believes every word which is said; and it is very wrong to impose upon their kind sympathies. If incidents must be had, you had much better have recourse to the method pursued by your grandmother, who used to tell of every remarkable circumstance which had occurred, time out of mind and recently, about the neighborhood. The generality of letters are much better than newspapers,—inasmuch as they contain all the interesting minutiae of the cases therein recorded, which newspapers do not. We have great reverence for one of those old-fashioned letters on foolscap, which is a kind of history of the sayings and doings of all the good folks in and about the vicinity of the writer. The contents prove, too, that your friend has devoted a great length of time to your gratification, and thereby offers the best possible evidence of the existence of feelings of pure regard for you. But one of these easily written affairs, in which the writer forgets every body and thing but himself, we are particularly careful to read with avidity, and then place upon the altar of our fire-place as a smoke-offering, while we solemnly pronounce a benediction on the head of our dearly beloved correspondent.

NATHAN HALE.

‘FALLING, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage; whosoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.’—WALKER.

THERE is a mournful pleasure in turning aside from the active duties of life—in forgetting its busy hum and bustle—to contemplate the lives of those who, having acted the parts assigned them usefully and honorably to themselves and their native land, have passed to the ‘undiscovered country.’

In examples worthy ever to be imitated and extolled, no land surpasses that of our

birth. Without seeking, then, in *foreign* climes, or reviewing foreign history, for fit subjects of eulogy, we need only revert to a period distinguished in our own, to find some of the noblest monuments of bravery, heroism, and virtue. The pages of Grecian or Roman history furnish us with no brighter examples of pure and elevated patriotism, of disinterested ambition, of devoted attachment to country and her best interests, than is to be found in that hour which 'tried men's souls'—the revolution of '76.

Upward of fifty years have now elapsed, since the American army, in the person of NATHAN HALE, lost one of its fairest flowers. For more than half a century, he has lain in his cold grave, neglected and forgotten; and while the names of many who have only *served* their country, have been trumpeted by the breath of Fame throughout the world, the name of him who *died* in its defence, has been suffered to fade away from the memories of his countrymen.

Born on the eve of that awful tempest which shook the old world to its very centre, he arrived at manhood just as its gathering clouds began to concentrate in their wrath. It was at this period in our country's history, that he closed his academic career; and, having graduated at a sister institution, it is from this hour we may date both his public and military career.

Endowed with a mind of no common mould, he had gathered from the paths of science her richest and sweetest flowers. Possessed of genius rarely bestowed, and rightly guided and directed by unusual taste and ardor in scientific attainment, he became distinguished as a scholar. Beloved by all who knew him, for those traits which never fail to excite esteem and affection, he was equally distinguished for the correctness of his morals, the innocence of his habits, and the purity of his principles.

In his manners, pleasing; in his disposition, mild and ingenuous; in his understanding, vigorous and powerful, he bade fair to arrive at an eminence which few of a similar age could hope to attain. Thus favored of heaven in the morning of life, no one ever commenced to tread its checkered path with brighter prospects. Assisted and encouraged in his career by the best wishes and heart-felt prayers of his associates and friends, he went forth to the

fulfilment of his high destiny. Alas! how little did he imagine that 'Disappointment had marked him for her own!'

The period had now arrived, when the secret fires, long struggling in the breasts of our fathers, burst from their confinement. The friends of liberty had begun to rally in her defence, and the slumbering spirits of her sons were aroused:

'Then said the mother to her son,
And pointed to his shield,
Come with it, when the battle's done,
Or on it, from the field!'

The daring spirits of the land had assembled, and their cry was heard rising high above the cannon's roar: '*Our country first—our country last—our country always!*' The voice of Nathan Hale was heard in that cry. He had seen his country's danger, and he was among the first to enlist in her defense. The flowery paths of science, intellectual honor, and advancement—self-interest, present happiness, and the endearments of home—were all forgotten, and merged in one feeling—love of country.

Having obtained a commission in the army, he commenced the active duties of a soldier, with the same vigor and activity which marked his character when engaged in the fields of literature. Prompt in every duty, his influence here was extensive as it had been in private life.

Passing over intervening events, we now arrive at one of the most critical epochs into which the American army had ever fallen; and it was during this period, that the fate of Hale was sealed. The battle of Long Island had been fought; and for a little time the guardian spirit of freedom seemed to have withdrawn its protecting hand. But it was only momentary. Under the guidance of the 'Father of his Country,' the army was led to a place of safety. To the prudence of Washington, under God, are the people of America indebted for the rescue of their army at this hour of its peril. Having retreated to New-York, it became a matter of moment to the commander-in-chief to ascertain the situation of the British forces; their strength, and their future movements. It were needless to specify the plan which was adopted to gain the information desired. It is already familiar to the reader. The desire of Washington being stated to his assembled officers, they retired to their meditations. Who among

them was willing to undertake a service so fraught with danger?

Among these officers, was Nathan Hale. After mature deliberation, impelled by a sense of duty, he resolved to undertake the task. Though urged by the pleadings of a friend, not to undertake a service so hazardous, his mind still remained fixed and steadfast; and no motive, however powerful, could induce him to neglect an opportunity to be useful to his country. Being told that his success was extremely doubtful, and his danger imminent, he replied, that, "conscious of all this, as he was, he could not consent to withhold his services." Accordingly, he passed over to the enemy, and succeeded in obtaining the desired information.

What must have been his feelings, now that he had performed his duty to his country? What emotions must have filled his bosom, at the thought of returning to his great commander, the immortal Washington, laden with the fruits of his daring enterprise? Indeed no reward was expected, none was offered, to him who should undertake this task. No bribe of promotion, no glorious prize, was held out in case of success; but all that could be gained, at most, was the approving smile of the Pater Patriæ, and the thanks of his countrymen! Such noble disinterestedness, such patriotic devotion, can only be found in the hearts of those who, like him, could appreciate the blessing of freedom.

But while such happy thoughts were passing in his mind; while his heart beat high with the expectation of a speedy return to his fellow soldiers, and his friends; a sudden cloud dimmed the bright vision. Arrested by the hand of the enemy, he was already beyond the reach of mercy. His object discovered, he frankly confessed it. The die was cast. He was tried and convicted; and now he stands upon the scaffold. Let us pause, and for a moment contemplate the awful scene which is so soon to close. Calm, collected, firm—no servile fear of death is marked upon his brow. Conscious of no guilt, how dignified his deportment!—how undaunted his courage! As he looks around upon the assembled multitude, who are gathered together to behold his departure from the world, and sees before him none but his enemies, he neither hesitates nor falters; but with an undaunted look, resolved to die for his country, he yields to the sacrifice.

As a dying request, he asks that a Bible may be furnished him. With a fiendish malice, this last dying prayer is refused; and his letters, which he desires may be conveyed to his mother and his friends, are destroyed. His last sad farewell they never will receive! Still firm amid all this cruelty, he utters no complaint; but as his eyes are turned for the last time toward the home of his birth, while a beam of patriotic fire kindles up his countenance, he exclaims: "*I only lament that I have but one life to lose for my country;*" and he dies, a martyr in the cause of liberty.

Such was the fate of HALE. Though no marble column rears its head, to tell that he died for the republic, yet on the hearts of his countrymen his name is engraved, in living characters. Let his memory be cherished. Let it be transmitted to the latest posterity. And long after the frailer monuments of marble and brass shall have crumbled into dust, his story shall survive.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE LEGEND

OF MERRY THE MINER: A CHAPTER FROM PETER THE PILGRIM.*

PART SECOND.

By and by Merry the Miner had passed through the fearful battle-field, glad to escape its shocking spectacles. He then entered a passage, looking like the broad street of a half ruined city, with houses on either side, some overthrown, some sheeted over with spar, but all wild, and antique, and strange looking, like the buried structures of Herculaneum, or still more the ancient subterranean cities of the East.

Here the first sight that struck Merry's eyes, was a knot of ferocious looking men, sitting around a slab of stone, gambling; at least, so they appeared to Merry, to whom the avaricious exultation of one, who held aloft what seemed a bag of coin just won; the despairing looks of a second, who clasped his hands in the frenzy of conscious ruin; the scowl of a third, who seemed also a loser; with the villany of a fourth, who, while appearing to sympathize on one side of his face with the winner, on the other with the losers, was slyly abstracting a second bag of money from

* For Part First, see page 127, present number.

the table; were proofs of the nature of their employment not to be mistaken.

Merry saw and felt the moral of the scene. He was struck with the brutal triumph of the winner, whose happiness was the misery of at least one other; with the humiliating grief of that other; with the frowning ferocity of the third man, who looked as if thirsting for the blood of the victor; above all, the base roguery of the fourth, who made no difficulty of stealing the treasure he could not otherwise hope to master.

Merry the Miner saw and felt all this; and could, had any one been by, have moralized very prettily on the debasing effects of avarice. But while he saw and felt, and was able to moralize, the very passion he saw thus variously personified, stole into his bosom; and he longed to possess the bags of coin, so temptingly displayed. He forgot that he was among the dead of a doomed world, and was again a gold-hunter. He snatched at the bag in the winner's hand; but bag and hand were alike marble. He drew his hammer, and with a blow shattered the arm of the gambler; and down it dropped, with dismal clanging, on the stone floor. Another blow crushed the hand and bag to pieces, and Merry's hopes were gratified. Out rolled upon the floor, a nest of antique golden coins, which Merry, after admiring a moment, clapped into his sack, among his other treasures. He then attacked the second bag, and after a deal of hammering, for it was fast cemented to the stone table, succeeded in breaking it also, and seizing its precious contents.

Merry proceeded onward, swelling with hope and joy. He had forgotten his wonder and curiosity about the ancient world, and its strange discovery; his thoughts were now, not of the sins and destruction of its people, but of their wealth, of which he deemed himself the heir apparent.

His next step brought him to a booth or shop, where stood—was it a money-changer, or an old-clothesman and pawn-broker? Merry could not tell, for the booth was half filled up with petrification, which encased the old man up to the middle, and held also a customer, a poor old tattered woman, glued to his shopboard; but it was quite evident the hoary sinner was cheating her—selling her the ragged mantle he held in his hand for twenty times its value, or buying it, if a buyer, at as great a profit.

"How strange and pitiable," quoth Merry the Miner, "that men should cheat for money—grind, fleece, cozen, rob—nay, rob even the poor!" With these words, he knocked from the shopman's girdle, where it hung suspended, a purse of gold, the only valuable in the booth, which, as Merry could discover, the petrified flood had not swallowed up.

The next sight struck him with horror. It was a footpad rifling the body of a man whom he had just murdered, by beating out his brains with a club.

"How vile," quoth Merry the Miner, "must be that love of gold which drives men to rob and murder!" Thus venting his indignation, he smote from the robber's fist the fruits of his double crime, and transferred them to his own pocket.

A few more steps, and Merry found himself in a market, or other public place, where, among a multitude of people chafing after pennies, with as much eagerness as if salvation were in them, sat judges upon tribunals, dealing out justice, and some of them, as Merry thought, dealing it out at a very good price. Certainly, he saw one very patriarchal looking old gentleman, fulminating the terrors of the law, with one hand outstretched against an unhappy complainant, whilst the other, extended behind him, was receiving a *douceur*, dropped into it by the richer defendant. At another tribunal stood a man, evidently a bankrupt, dragged by clamorous creditors before the tribunal, yet escaping their demands by an oath of destitution, which he confirmed by raising his hands to heaven, thereby disclosing a well crammed purse concealed under his mantle.

"And men will even commit perjury for money!" thought Merry, who, as he helped himself to the wages of corruption and perjury, began to feel somewhat uneasy at these exemplifications of the effects of the love of gold upon human nature. He turned to the market house, and there beheld a father selling his children into slavery, a mother bartering away her daughter for a price. In short, he saw enough to convince him that man's god was gold; and that of all gods it demanded the richest sacrifices of its votary—the sacrifice of his head and heart, of his honor, virtue, happiness—nay, of his soul itself.

Merry's uneasiness increased. "Truly," quoth he, "if men will do these things

for gold, it must be a cursed thing. How know I that it will not enchant *me* also into villany?" He began to ask himself whether *he* had never defrauded, robbed, murdered, borne false witness, or done other evil for lucre's sake. It was a great satisfaction to him, to be assured he had not, and to believe he never could. Nevertheless, he could not divest himself of a degree of consternation that fastened upon his spirit, while yielding himself to a passion whose debasing effects upon others he saw pictured around him, in acts of meanness and iniquity of every grade and dye.

He could not divest himself of his fear; but neither could he divest himself of his covetousness; and he accordingly went on his way, exploring the buried city, and ravishing the treasures of the dead, of which, having prodigious success, he soon collected more than he could carry, or his sack contain; so that he was obliged to empty it twice or thrice on the path, leaving shining heaps, which he designed removing afterwards at his leisure.

His success was the greater, for his having, after a time, hit upon a new branch of exploration. He had often looked with a curious eye upon the buildings that bounded the street on either side, huge, strange structures, here lying in ruins, there still standing, but almost lost under thick shrouds of spar. It struck him that if he could by any means make his way into the interior of these houses, he might light upon treasures of much more value than all the purses that he could hope to filch from the corpses in the street. Nor was he disappointed; for having at last found houses with penetrable doors, he entered them, looking with awe upon their stony inhabitants, some feasting, or seeming to feast, at rich tables—some sleeping the sleep of death, in couches of marble; and with a delight that soon banished his awe, upon the rich golden vessels and ornaments, the treasures of the banqueting room, for which there was no longer an owner.

Such visits into different houses, enabled him rapidly to increase the number of piles, by which he marked his way along the street, though, in his progress, he sometimes stepped into mansions, where nothing was gained but wisdom. Once he entered a huge building, in which he anticipated an unusual store of treasure; but

found himself in a prison filled with felons, expiating in chains crimes which, for aught he knew, the lust of pelf had driven them to commit. Another time, he got into a madhouse, where, among other bedlamites raving in stone, was doubtless the usual proportion of cases, where the loss of gold, or the fear of losing it, had converted the children of God into gibbering monkeys.

Again, he found himself in a madhouse of another kind, or rather madhouse and prison in one; a hall of legislation, where fools were destroying a nation, and knaves pilfering it, and both parties quarreling upon the question which best deserved the name of patriots.

Merry's next visit was into a mansion of greater importance than any yet entered. It was a royal palace, the court of a pre-Adamitic sovereign; where, among the ruins of his world, his kingdom, his house, sat the piece of hardened clay, that had held itself superior to other clay, which it had worried and agonized, trampled, racked, and decapitated, according to his sublime will and pleasure, and been allowed to do so by the other clay, the millions of pieces that owned its rule, because, of all, there was not one shrewd enough to conceive the superior convenience of freedom, or having conceived it, who was not willing to sell his thought, and his liberty, for a piece of money. Here sat the monarch, surrounded by his court; his generals, who ravaged foreign countries to increase his grandeur—his ministers, who plied the besom at home for a similar purpose. Here were his buffoons and parasites, the soft slaves of his pleasure, and the instruments of his wrath; his sellers and buyers of office; his corruption-mongers, and their customers; his keepers of conscience without conscience, his sages without wisdom, his saints without religion, his friends without love, his servants without faith, prostituted geniuses, bought patriots, rogues, slaves—a mighty herd of servility and corruption. Ay, here they all stood, glorious in the pomp of golden trappings, which the incrusting waters had not yet hidden from the eye.

Merry the Miner was too great a democrat to be daunted at the sight of a king and court. In truth, he saw nothing so impressive and interesting in king or courtier, as the golden ornaments on their persons. Thus it must be with the glorious, when the unsophisticated make their acquaintance in

the grave. The tomb-rat loves your great man, only for his tenderer flesh; and the Arab of the Egyptain catacombs, sees nothing in a mummied Pharaoh, but an inflammable back-log for his kitchen fire.

Merry lighted a new pine knot, and then, with eyes that gloated in joy, over the sepulchral yet gorgeous assemblage, fell to work in his vocation of plunder. He yielded royalty so much respectful observance as to commence operations on the monarch's person, knocking from his anointed head the golden crown that none remained to honor or envy, and from his jewelled hand the scepter that was no longer the talisman of authority. To these the insatiate Merry added the chains of gold and diamonds around his majestic neck; when, having despoiled the flinty monarch of every valuable, he turned to his royal consort and progeny, and to his ministers and flatterers, all of whom he, in like manner, disencumbered of their jewelled trappings.

And now, after an hour or two of labor, hard and unremitting—for it was no easy task to detach the precious relics from their crusts of stone—Merry the Miner paused to congratulate himself upon his success. He looked at his piles with joy; there were enough of them to occupy him a day—nay, many days—in removing them from the cave. He clapped his hands, he laughed, he almost danced; he was a happy man, he was a rich one; "Ay," quoth he, with exultation, "I am the richest man in the world!"

With that, he sat down to rest his weary bones—for, truly, his labor had well nigh exhausted his strength—and to enjoy in prospect, the happiness which such store of wealth seemed to assure him. The delight of revery was added to the languor of fatigue; and while his imagination took the airiest flights, a pleasant lassitude stole over every limb. It was a strange spectacle he presented, as he sat in that damp charnel-house, where objects, dimly revealed by his torch, put on a double ghostliness—the living man rejoicing over his treasures and hopes, of which the dead around him spoke the hollow vanity. But Merry thought not of the dead; how could he, whose dreams were of lands and houses—glorious domains spreading around him with palaces on them, and flocks and herds, and hamlets and villages—nay, towns and cities; for Merry the Miner was

already laying his lands out in town-lots, and calculating the profit of his speculation: how could he think of the dead, or of death?

No; Merry the Miner troubled himself not at all with the monumental statues around him; but by and by, having at length rested his bones, and settled his plan for doubling his money at the expense of his neighbors, he bethought him of rising, and removing his treasures forthwith from the cave.

He bethought him of rising, and attempted to do so, but in vain. A sudden palsy had seized upon his body; there was a numbness or stiffness in every joint, and it was increasing every moment. A terrible idea entered his mind; his heart leaped with perturbation; it seemed almost the only muscle capable of motion. He looked down upon his limbs; they were already thickly crusted over with spar, which the humid atmosphere was depositing around them with fearful rapidity. He felt the cold stone stiffening on his fingers, and freezing on his cheeks; he, also, was becoming a petrification—a man of stone—like all around him! His treasures, his darling treasures, attacked by the subtle vapor, had already vanished from his eyes.

But what cared Merry for treasure now? Terror and anguish seized upon his spirit; he gathered all his energies into an effort, and struggled furiously to burst his bonds of stone. As well might the wild goat struggle in the embrace of an anaconda, a fly in the meshes of a spider. The incrustation crackled around him, and then was firmer than ever; he could neither move hand nor foot; he was a rock, and part and parcel of the rock on which he sat.

Thus a prisoner, a breathing corse, a living fossil, Merry gave himself up to despair, and raved and shrieked, until affrighted at the echoes of his own voice. It seemed, indeed, as they reverberated among the ruined walls of the palace, and through the distant streets, as if all the inhabitants of this petrified world had found their voices, and replied to him with yells as wild as his own. But shrieks and struggles were alike vain; and by and by, he found himself deprived of the power even of uttering a cry. The stony concretion was gathering around his throat and jaws, and mounting to his lips, where, though his warm breath had as yet repelled the insidious vapor, it threatened soon to attack him

with suffocation. In a few moments, and what would remain of Merry the Miner?

In those few moments, how deep was the agony, how wild the terror, how distracting the thoughts of the unhappy Merry, who now cursed his fate, and now the fatal avarice that provoked it; now thought bitterly of his approaching death, and now still more bitterly of the long life miserably wasted—wasted in a pursuit which had brought him nothing but wo and ruin. Nothing that was agonizing, nothing that was maddening, but Merry the Miner had it passing through his mind in those moments of imprisonment, so strange and fearful.

But the stone still grew around him; and by and by, as the incrusting matter thickened at his mouth and nostrils, he felt that he had another breath to draw, and then perish.

At that moment, the sound of a trumpet, a single, tremendous note, burst through the cave, and Merry's blood froze with fear. That dreadful note seemed to thrill the dead as well as the living. To Merry's eyes, dim and filming, but not yet darkened, it seemed as if each statue started with fear; he heard, or fancied he heard, the rattling of their sparry garments, and a dull, sad moan issuing from their marble lips.

Then there flashed into the cave the appearance of a moving fire, in which approached a figure as of a fallen angel, majestic in mean, terrible, yet mournful in aspect, and on his brow the name of the Inexorable, holding in his hand a flaming sword, with which he touched the stony corpses one by one, pronouncing the words of condemnation; and wheresoever he touched, a flame seemed to spring up within the statue, a lurid, tormenting fire, that shone through it as a lamp hidden within an alabaster vase.

"Thou," he cried, with a voice as dreadful and mournful as his visage, touching, at the same time, the monarch, in whose body the fires immediately appeared—"Thou, because thou didst hold thyself as the Lord of whom thou was sent to serve: Ye," touching the ministers—"because ye were the tools of his passions, who should have been counsellors of wisdom and goodness: Ye," to the courtiers—"because ye were idolaters and man-worshippers;" and soon, until he had reached, in his course, the unhappy Merry, who, beholding the sword

of the Inexorable thus stretched above his head, at last betook himself for aid to a means which, in his distraction, he had not yet thought of—he muttered a prayer, not audibly, for his lips were now sealed, but in the deep recesses of his spirit.

The sword was turned aside; and with the sad and solemn utterance—"He that hath time left to pray, hath yet time to escape the judgment"—the apparition glided away to resume the judgment of others. The rocky covering at the same moment melted away from Merry's body; and he, forgetting his gold, his implements, his torches—forgetting every thing but the terror that infused strength into his liberated limbs, fled from the scene amain. He fled, lighted at a distance by the fires kindled by the Inexorable, whose voice Merry could long hear pronouncing in the street, the prison, and the city, and upon the battle field, the words of doom; "Thou, for thy blood guiltiness! Thou, for thy perjury! Thou, for thy covetousness! Thou, for thy ambition!" at every word setting some enclosed spirit in flames, until the whole cavern gleamed with the lights of hell.

These lights pursued the flying Merry, until he had almost reached the outlet of the cavern, when the howlings of his faithful dog directed him to the passage. Dashing through the orifice, and scarcely pausing even to catch up his gun, he fled down the ravine and the course of the brook, running like a madman until he reached at length his own deserted home. He entered it a poorer man than he had left in the morning; his sack and all the implements of his pursuit, having been abandoned in the cave, along with the fragments of gold he had picked up in the brook, not to speak of the more magnificent treasures gathered in the cave itself.

But if Merry the Miner was now a poorer man, he was, also, or at least he thought himself, a much wiser and better one than he had ever been before. Gold hunting he immediately forswore, as a soul-endangering occupation; he became, moreover, exceedingly devout, and somewhat industrious, having resolved, as he said, to be content with honest poverty for the remainder of his days.

His story, as might be expected, produced no common sensation among his neighbors, some of whom, to Merry's astonishment and grief, (for he told his sto-

ry for the purpose, and with the expectation, of deterring them from all covetousness,) proposed to him to conduct them to his wondrous cave, where, for such a prize as he had abandoned, many of them swore they were willing to face not only his devil, for so they contemptuously called the condemning spirit, but all the devils that were ever heard of. This Merry very resolutely refused to do; he had taken a vow never to go nigh the place again, putting himself in the way of temptation; it was as much as his soul was worth. They then bade him instruct them where to find it; this, also, Merry positively declined. Strong in his newborn virtue, he was determined no unlucky sinner should, through his means, be put in the way of perdition; he would save the souls of his friends, he declared, as well as his own.

Upon this, his neighbors instituted a search through the mountains, in hopes of discovering the cave; but after several weeks' exploration, gave up the attempt in despair, some of them revenging their failure on Merry, by pronouncing him a lunatic and dreamer, and declaring that his whole story, his account of the cave, the treasures, the petrified bodies, the adjudging angel, was a mere fiction of a dis-tempered brain.

As for Merry himself, he little regarded the imputation, but remained at home, practicing those virtues of industry and devotion that seemed to prove him an altered man, until—sorry I am to say it, but so the legend reports of him—he grew tired of them. Whether it was that he found honest poverty by no means so agreeable or profitable as he hoped to prove it—that the devotion got by fear is not in reality of the most perdurable species, or that the impression of his terrible adventure was naturally lessened by time, it seemed that he, by and by, began to neglect his cornfield, to be an irregular and unfrequent visiter at the religious meetings, which he had for a while faithfully attended, and was again after a time, seen on his solitary rambles among the mountains.

Yes, Merry the Miner was once more seen with dog and gun bending his way towards the hills; Merry the Miner had forgotten his religion and his vow, and returned to his original love and ancient passion. He had thought upon the matter, and he thought a happy thought. The cave was accursed and forbidden ground,

to be sure, with all its mysterious treasures; but the brook that rolled from it, bearing coins and jewels, to be scattered unregarded on its bed—there was nothing unholy, nothing perilous in the brook: why should not Merry the Miner lay claim to its unforbidden riches?

At this thought, Merry the Miner was conquered; he snatched his gun, he called his dog, and set out in quest of the brook. That brook, however, to his surprise and consternation, was nowhere to be found. There were a thousand brooks rolling down the mountain, but in none could Merry discover the singular runnel of the cave. In the agitation of his mind both while going and returning from the cavern, he had forgotten to take any note of the path by which he had reached it: and now the place of the brook, and the features that distinguished it from others, were alike forgotten. Had he lost it then? was he to be denied even the possession of its little treasures?

Merry the Miner waxed wroth with his hard fortune, and took another vow; he swore he would find that brook again, if he sought it to his dying day.

And this vow, it is believed, he religiously kept. Year after year, he was seen wending his solitary way up the mountains, exploring every little stream, every foamy torrent, every dried up channel, with an eager, hopeful eye. Year after year, the search was continued, with the same eagerness, the same hope, the same ill-fortune. His dog died with old age: Merry himself grew palsied with years; but still, day by day, his thin gray hairs were seen fluttering in the breeze, as he tottered along the mountain paths with zeal, as in his better years, in quest of the golden brook and perilous cavern.

How long the quest continued, and when or how it ended, no one ever knew. Merry at last vanished from men's eyes, and was seen no more stealing like a ghost among the woods and hills: but what had been his fate could only be conjectured. Some few years after he disappeared, a skeleton was found by a party of hunters in a desolate place among the mountains. It was generally believed to be that of the poor gold-hunter, who had perished in some unknown way in his unfriended rambles.

Others there were who rejected the common belief. According to them, Merry the Miner had again lighted on his long

sought rivulet, had again entered his mystic cave; and would there perhaps, be discovered by some future adventurer, a man of stone like the shapes around him.

THE NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.

BY EPES SARGENT.

'Tis a dreary thing to be
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,
When the sun has set in clouds,
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,
With a voice and with a tone
Like a living creature's moan!

Look, how wildly swells the surge
Round the black horizon's verge!
See the giant billows rise
From the ocean to the skies!
While the sea-bird wheels his flight
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast!
All the sky is overcast!
Lurid vapors, hurrying, trail
In the pathway of the gale,
As it strikes with a shock
That might rend the deep-set rock!

Falls the strained and shivering mast!
Spars are scattered by the blast,
And the sails are split asunder,
As a cloud is rent by thunder—
And the struggling vessel shakes
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this,
Blazing o'er the dark abyss?
Lo! the full moon rears her form
'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,
And athwart the troubled air,
Shines, like hope upon despair!

Every leaping billow gleams
With the luster of her beams,
And lifts high its fiery plume
Through the midnight's parting gloom:
While its scattered flakes of gold
O'er the sinking dock are rolled.

Father! low on bended knee,
Humbled, weak, we turn to thee!
Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight
Of the raging winds, to-night!
Guide us o'er the threat'ning wave:
Save us!—thou alone canst save!

A CHAPTER ON SUPERSTITION.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

THE splendid topic of human Superstitions can be only just touched upon here. In this boundless field, strewn with all the blossoms of all philosophy, the human observer may wander forever. He can never have done culling the evidence that it presents, or enjoying the promise which it yields. All that we can now do is just to suggest that as the superstitions of all nations are the imbodiment of their idealized convictions, the state of religious sentiment may be learned from them almost without danger of mistake.

No society is without its superstitions, any more than it is without its convictions and its imaginations. Even under the most moderate form of religion there is room for superstition; and the ascetic, which glories in having put away the superstitions of the licentious forms, has superstitions of its own. The followers of an ascetic religion have more or less belief in judgments, in retributive evils, arbitrarily inflicted. Among them may be gathered a harvest of tales of Divine interference, from the bee stinging the tip of the swearer's tongue, to the sudden deaths of false witnesses. Among them do superstitions about times and seasons flourish, even to the forgetfulness that the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Some ascetics have faith in the lot, like the Moravians in ordering marriage, or Wesley in opening his Bible to light upon a text. Others believe in warnings of evil; and most dread the commission of ritual fully as much as of moral sins. To play even a hymn tune on the piano on Sundays is an offense in the Highlands of Scotland; and to miss prayers is a matter of penance in a convent. The superstitions of the ascetic are scarcely fewer or more moderate than those of the licentious form of religion; the chief difference between the two lies in the spirit from which they emanate. The superstitions of the ascetic arise from the spirit of fear; those of the heathen arise perhaps equally from the spirit of love and the spirit of fear.

It seems as if the portents which present themselves to ascetic minds must necessarily be of evil, since the only good which their imaginations admit is supposed to be secured by grace, and by acts

of service or self-denial. To the Fakir, to the Shaker, to the nun, no good remains over and above what has been long claimed, while punishment may follow any breach of observance. On the other hand, before one who makes himself god of the movements of inanimate nature and human passions, the two worlds of evil and good lie open, and he is perpetually on the watch for messengers from both. The poor pagan looks for tokens of his gods being pleased or angry; of their intentions of giving him a good or a bad harvest; or of sending him a rich present or afflicting him with a bereavement. Whatever he wants to know, he seeks for in portents; whether he shall live again, whether his departed friends think of him, whether his child shall be fortunate or wretched, whether his enemy or he shall prevail. It is open to the traveler's observation whether these superstitions are of a generous or selfish kind; whether they elevate the mind with hope or depress it with fear; whether they nourish the faith of the spirit, or extort merely the service of the lip and hand.

The Swiss herdsmen believe that the three deliverers (the founders of the Helvetic Confederacy) sleep calmly in a cave near the lake of Lucerne; and that, whenever their country is in her utmost need, they will come forth in their antique garb, and assuredly save her. This is a superstition full of veneration and hope. When the Arabs see a falling star, they believe it to be a dart thrown by God, at a wanderer of the race of genii, and they exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!" Here we find in brief the spirit of their religion. In Brazil, a bird which sings plaintively at night, is listened to with intent emotion, from its being supposed to be sent with tidings from the dead to the living. The choice of a bird with a mournful, instead of a lively note, speaks volumes. The three angels in white, that come to give presents to good children in Germany, at Christmas, come in a good spirit. There is a superstition in China which has a world of tenderness in it. A father collects a hundred copper coins from a hundred families, and makes the metal into a lock, which he hangs, as a charm, round his child's neck, believing that he locks his child to life, by this connection, with a hundred persons in full vigor. But, as is natural, death is the re-

gion of the Unseen, to which the larger number of portents relates. The belief of the return of the dead has been held almost universally among the nations; and their unseen life is the grand theme of speculation, wherever there are men to speculate. The Norwegians lay the warrior's horse, and armor, and weapons beside him. The Hindoos burn the widow. The Molabar Indians release caged birds on the newly made grave, to sanction the flight of the soul. The Buccaneers (according to Penrose) concealed any large booty that fell into their hands, till they should have leisure to remove it, murdering, and burying near it, any helpless wretch whom they might be able to capture, in order that his spirit might watch over the treasure, and drive from the spot all but the parties who had signed their names in a round-robin, in claim of proprietorship. The professors of many faiths resemble each other in practices of propitiation and atonement, laboriously executed on behalf of the departed. Some classes of mourners act towards their dead friends in a spirit of awe, some in fear, but very many in love. The trust in the immortality of the affections, is the most general feature in superstitions of this class, and it is a fact eloquent to the mind of the observer. An only child of two poor savages died. The parents appeared inconsolable, and the father soon sank under his grief. From the moment of his death the mother was cheerful. On being asked what had cheered her, she said she had mourned for her child's loneliness in the world of spirits: now he had his father with him, and she was happy for them both. What a divine spirit of self-sacrifice is here! but there is scarcely a superstition, sincerely entertained, which does not tell as plain a tale. Those which express fear, indicate moral abasement, greater or less. Those which express trust and love, indicate greater or less moral elevation and purity.

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OPINIONS.—There is a wide difference between the multitude, when they act against their government, from a sense of grievance, or for zeal for some opinions. When men are thoroughly possessed with that zeal, it is difficult to calculate its force. It is certain, that its power is by no means in exact proportion to its reasonableness.—*Burke.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is good, on every possible occasion, for us Americans to ponder the character of this man. We have never seen a finer picture of Washington's greatness than the following. It appeared in the London "Courier," then a leading British Government paper, on the 24th of January, 1800. It was at that time cut from the paper, and has been preserved in a family scrap-book ever since. If it has been republished in more recent days, we have not seen it; but we are persuaded our readers will own, even if it has appeared since, it cannot be revived too frequently. We have no idea to whom its authorship is to be ascribed:

"The melancholy account of the death of General Washington, was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His head was small, in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eye was of a light grey color, and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other human being; the sockets for the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word, but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally on the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and peculiarly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behavior at levee, than in private; and in the company of ladies, still more so than solely with men.

"Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of Gener-

al Washington, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe, nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

"The long life of General Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar property. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The power of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belongs to those descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained everything great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance; its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accident of manners, of opinions and times.

"Gen. Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages! Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposi-

tion; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed even to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

"As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation, amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror, for the freedom of his country! a legislator, for its security! a magistrate, for its happiness! His glo-

ries were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed that 'Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work.' His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries regard and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished."

ILLINOIS.

A WESTERN Yankee is publishing a series of intelligent letters in the *New-York Daily Express*. We abridge one of them, which contains some interesting passages about matters and things in Illinois:

"A full grown man" is, I believe, the interpretation of the word *Illim*, from whence sprung the name of Illinois, or Oillinois, as the name of this State was once written by the French explorers. Figuratively, this State is "a full grown man," stretching over a length of 380 miles, and over a circumference of body of 220 miles, with about thirty-seven millions of acres of land, and about fifty-seven thousand square miles; with age enough upon its head to make it an old man since its cession to Great Britain by the French, seventy-five years since, although it has been but twenty years one of the States of the Union. Illinois has the years and full stature of a full grown man, with long legs, huge arms, a bulky body, and muscle and nerve enough to make the State even a mammoth among the giants.

I have traveled about five hundred miles in the State, over its extreme length, and by a circuitous rout from Lake Michigan to its extreme southern border. I have seen, I believe, most of all that is worth seeing, both of the towns upon the Lake and upon the rivers, and musing awhile, I have come to the conviction that Illinois is already not only a full grown man, but that the State has the power, the means, and the full capacities of a little army of full grown men. A little reading has told me that the waters that wash the State, cover an extent of territory of not less than four thousand

miles, and that the arable lands in the State will yield support to more than six millions of people. Think of such a gift of nature as this—of its advantages to any State, and especially to a people as enterprising as our countrymen are. There is Lake Michigan upon the northeastern border, uniting itself with Lake Huron, Lake Erie, Upper Canada, New-York, and the whole of our Eastern country. There is the Wabash, rising in the northeastern part of Indiana, and creeping its way along the eastern part of Illinois, and finding an outlet in the Ohio. Upon the other side of the State, is the magnificent Mississippi, stretching, in a circuitous rout, about seven hundred miles, carrying you on to New-Orleans, or uniting with the Ohio, and carrying you over a thousand miles to the east. The Rock river runs along the north-western part of the State and empties into the Mississippi: thus, with the exception of a little strip of land upon the northern and eastern parts of the State, surrounding Illinois with water, and placing a fleet of steamboats upon all quarters of the State, as so many signs of present convenience and future wealth. In the interior, there is the Illinois, passing diagonally through the State, and navigable 200 miles above the mouth of the Missouri. Nine years since, but three steamboats moved upon this river, during the entire year; now, the arrivals at and from the different ports number at least three hundred, or would number three hundred, were the business of the country in a state of prosperity. The Kaskaskia and other navigable rivers also run through the State in a southwestern direction, giving a free passage to an immense body of timber. Thus much for the external and internal water advantages—the hydrography of Illinois, which I have but glanced at, as the best means of showing what nature has done for this State. It is these streams that have done wonders towards making Illinois what she is—"a full grown man."

The soil of Illinois forms one of the most remarkable features of the State. Almost every thing grows here luxuriantly. The very throne of the vegetable kingdom of the United States seems to be here. All that is necessary to feed the hungry comes into existence and to maturity, as it were, without design and without labor. The timber, like the soil, is inexhaustible, and grows in two fold ratio to the consumption.

There is wine made here from the native grape, and here, too, the silk-worm weaves its web with success. It is the land where hemp, and flax, and cotton are brought forth, as well as Indian corn, and wheat, and sweet potatoes. Hundreds of millions of pounds of lead lie buried here in the bowels of the earth. Tobacco grows, and yields a rich profit to the producer. All the fruits of the Eastern and Middle States grow luxuriously; and there is no land like this in Illinois for the successful rearing of every kind of stock useful for the field or for consumption.

Illinois, in more respects than I have yet specified, is worthy of her name, "a full grown man." Her scenery is as rich almost as her soil, and her beauties in spring time and summer, as attractive almost as her luxuriant crops are in the autumn. I have sailed the full length of the Illinois river, or as far upward as a boat can reach, and upon both sides of the river the scenery abounds in resources which would charm the eye of a utilitarian of the straightest sect, and quite take captive the judgment of the least enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature.

THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

DEMOCRITUS being once at the court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favorite wife, promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them on her tombstone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one among so many millions was exempt from calamity. Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and, indeed, we doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which developes itself by our risible faculties. Laughter, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and we may therefore assume that they illustrate and sympathise with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate, (the only one, by the way, to which most editors succeed,) both the sound and physiog-

nomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively unscriptible, and we should never utter any thing that cannot be committed to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, we appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish-like beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps we may be deemed fastidiously sensitive on this point, but we confess that we feel an antipathy towards a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber; and would rather get wet through than seek a shelter under a weeping willow.

It was a capital heaven, that of the ancients—it was so well provided with heart-easing mirth. Besides that

——— "Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yeapt Euphrosyne,"

there was Venus, expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving Queen; Vulcan, who threw the whole court of immortals into fits by his awkwardness; Jove, who was so fond of recreation, that he even laughed at lovers' perjuries; and Momus, the jester, instructively represented as the son of Sleep and Night, whereby we are taught to go to bed betimes, if we wish to have cheerful and hilarious days. But in these sombre and anti-risible times, it seems to be the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the cowardice of assailing a personage who is obliged to be constantly "holding both his sides," and is therefore incapable of other self-defense than that of sniggering at his assailants. We are too old for laughing, they tell us; though we have had as many hard knocks in our journey through life as most people, it is by laughing that we have lived to grow old, as they may as well take our life as that whereby we live.

"Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die, unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation "*in one's sleeve*," it is a base compromise—no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, Love, and Justice are all painted blind; they can neither see our smiles nor

frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows; we cannot mend our destined road of life with a gloomy sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us then leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to crows, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter, which in the first place is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha!—and should be always printed with the capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. And, secondly, its delicious alchemy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dulllest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thee, reader, in the latter class, we counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.—*Ason.*

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Louisville Journal*, who has very recently visited and explored this great wonder of the western world, gives an account of it, which differs materially from some of the descriptions of a few years ago. Notwithstanding what is written below, we have much faith in the statements of Mr. Lee, whom we know to be a gentleman of science and veracity:

Were you ever at that wildest freak of nature, the Mammoth Cave? If you were not, let not another moon pass before you visit it. You may have seen the Falls of Niagara, Weir's Cave, the Natural Bridge, Giant's Causeway, etc., but if you have, the *greatest, wildest*, the most wonderful of all is yet to be seen. I have often heard of it, I have often read what I thought very extravagant accounts of it, but let me assure you, that all I have heard, and all I have read about it, is far, very far, from a correct description of it. There is no pen that can do it justice. The man that attempts a description of it will fail. It must be *seen* (and that not for a few hurried hours, a week in it would not be sufficient to explore it) to have any thing like a proper view of all its wonders. I am here on a visit, and have spent some of the happiest hours of my life, in exploring it, and making, with others, new discoveries, and cannot omit to give you some account of it; but do not expect a descrip-

tion. In the first place, let me say something about its location, roads, houses, etc. Its mouth is about a half mile from Green river, on the south side, in Edmondson county, about seven miles from Bell's (Three Fork's,) a place known to every body, fifteen miles from Munfordsville, twelve from Brownsville, ten from the Dripping Springs, and from Dickey (Prewett's Knob) eight miles. There are good roads leading from all these places to the Cave. The road from Dickey's is said to be the best for carriages, though I am told that all can be driven over with the utmost safety. The country around was once, I suppose, prairie, but now grown up with fine-sized trees. The prairie or barren land is poor. On the river and in the valleys there is some fine land. The country around is but thinly populated. The houses are frame, a story and a half high; comfortable, not elegant; they are in a finishing state; they will conveniently accommodate thirty persons. The ground round the houses lies handsomely, and it is altogether a beautiful place. The fare is plain, and better than could be expected, and appearances indicate a first-rate house. The charges range with those of the cities. I am informed that the present proprietor's means of improvement are quite limited, which is greatly to be regretted, for if he had the means, (judging from appearances,) he would soon make it one of the first places of pleasure in the State.

It is said that the cave has been explored by a Mr. Lee, a scientific gentleman of Ohio, and that he says "the main cave is only about two and a quarter miles long, and that the whole extent of the cave (then explored) about eight miles." Both of these statements are far from the truth. The main cave is at *least* six miles long, and all that were then known at least *thirty* miles. Since the publication of his (Lee's notes) a dozen other caves have been discovered and explored. The Labyrinth, of which a very imperfect account has been published, since then and very lately, Fingal's Wind-ing Cave, Bunyan's Way, etc., have been discovered and explored. Some ten or more mouths of caves have been discovered but not explored, most of them in Fingal's Cave, or branches leading from it. Fingal's Cave is about one mile long. The cave is approached over the Bottomless Pit by means of a very slight bridge.

There are no pits, domes, or springs in it, except two or three pits near its mouth; yet I think it one of the most interesting caves yet discovered; the bottom is covered with an incrustation dark on the top, but white and glistening underneath; it is not sufficiently thick (not exceeding one-fourth of an inch) to bear a person's weight in walking; you are reminded of walking over frozen snow. There are many beautiful stalactites, spars, etc., in this cave; the width is greater and the ceiling higher than the Labyrinth, the scenery romantic and picturesque. Near the mouth, as I have already stated, are several pits; by descending one of them by the sides of the wall about thirty feet, an entrance was found to the Bottomless Pit, to within thirty feet of the first platform; by another branch leading from it, an entrance was found into another large cave, which leads to another still larger, which leads to a *large river* passing across it. All believe that there is more water in it than there is in Green river. It is also approached by another cave without descending the pit, and it is believed that there is another cave that leads to it at a different place. This river is believed to be considerably lower than the bed of Green river. A way has also been discovered to the bottom of "*Gorrin's Dome*" in the Labyrinth. It is thought to be three hundred feet high, and of the most perfect workmanship. In one corner of this there is one of those large springs, that are sometimes found in the "*Barrens*," which are said to have "*no bottom*." It is one hundred yards from one point of the Dome to the other. Two caves lead from it, yet unexplored; one runs towards the "*Bottomless Pit*," and more than probable ends there. Worlds of caves near and about the "*Bottomless Pit*" await the curiosity of the inquisitive. What a world! If Symmes were alive, he would not have to go to the north pole to find an entrance into the center of the earth. Here it is to be found, and probably by water. Again, I say what a world! Upwards of fifty different branches or caves, about the same number of domes, pits, springs, cataracts, waterfalls of the purest water, etc. The air is pure and exhilarating, of pleasant spring temperature, and never changes, winter or summer. Take it all in all, it is the most *sublime, grand, majestic, awful* place, in the known world.

PAGANINI.

BEFORE I close, though not strictly in accordance with my subject, I must say a few words about the celebrated Paganini, who has attracted so much attention in the last few years. I had the pleasure of hearing him before he left Italy, and can truly say he is the most wonderful person I ever met with. I cannot mistrust the impression he produced upon me, because it was made before I had heard of his reputation or even his name. During a short residence in Florence, with boyish curiosity, I managed to obtain admission to the morning rehearsals at the opera. On one of these occasions, Paganini who, as I said before, was entirely unknown to me, presided at the repetition of a concert, which he was to give in the evening. I think I was the sole auditor, besides the performers, vocal and instrumental. The instant he touched the violin, I felt the effect of his wonderful talent. I have heard the most celebrated violinists in Europe, but he is beyond all comparison with them. In his hands the instrument becomes something else. The manner in which he places it under his chin and left ear, (which seems to listen intensely to its softest breathings,) and grasps it in his long bony fingers, is peculiar. He draws the bow over the strings with long sweeps, sometimes very gently, and at others as if he would crush all beneath it. The effects which he produces are as various as they are extraordinary. Now exquisitely delicate and soft; then brilliant, animated and graceful; and at times wild, thrilling and unearthly; he passes in rapid transition from one to the other.

So clear and round are Paganini's tones that they seem to proceed from an instrument strung with glass. Independently of his execution he possesses genius in the highest degree, which seems to master and tyrannize over his soul. He is the mere instrument of the spirit within. When executing his musical improvisations, the expression of his eye becomes intense and fitful, his frame shudders, and his arms and fingers act with an apparently convulsive motion. He has then the air of a galvanized corpse. It is at these moments, he produces those wild, thrilling and tempestuous effects, which cannot be listened to without emotion too intense to be agreeable. A fierce demon seems to agitate his

frame, and it is when in this condition, that his instrument has been compared to a wild beast, which gnawing his vitals, draws from him those wailing and agonizing sounds. His appearance adds, not a little, to the effect of his extraordinary powers. Tall and gaunt, with a cadaverous face, sunken eyes of hectic transparency, hollow cheeks, and long, lank, dark locks, falling down to his shoulders, he is an admirable personification of that enthusiasm of which he is the victim. He is, or was, very much like the portraits I have seen of Irving the mad Scotch preacher, who set all London in a ferment, some years ago. It is said that such is the effect of his performance upon his nervous, excitable temperament, that it often incapacitates him for some days after. There is no affectation about him, but rather an awkward stiffness, and his bow is so constrained and uncouth, that it has been facetiously observed to be just such a reverence as a lobster might be supposed to make. His performance on one string, I look upon as a mere tour de force, an object of vulgar curiosity, and would not mention it, but for the story by which it is generally explained. It was reported and generally believed, that he had suffered a long imprisonment for having assassinated his wife. His sole resource was his violin, and having but a small supply of catgut, as the story goes, in order to economize it, he learned to dispense with three of the usual number of strings. This melo-dramatic tale, added much to the curiosity and interest which he inspired. People looked upon him with a mysterious dread, as a sort of demon incarnate. He was perhaps the devil who played for the sleeping Tartini. The magic artist never deigned to contradict the story, until walking one day, on the boulevards of Paris, he saw in a shop window, a picture representing himself with a fiend-like countenance, plunging a dagger into the bosom of the imploring Mrs. Paganini. He could not stand the joke carried thus far, and accordingly addressed a letter to one of the public journals, declaring that there was not the slightest foundation for the tale, and appealing to respectable persons, who had known him from infancy, for the truth of his averment. From this letter, it appeared that he had been a musical prodigy from his infancy, and that his whole life had been devoted to the cultiva-

tion of his divine art. In fact he had never been married. Little Miss Watson, who eloped with or rather to him, does not seem to have regarded him as a monster. The story however is founded upon a fact, which occurred in Italy, partially as represented, more than a century ago. I heard Paganini several times in Florence in the presence of the court and brilliant audiences, upon which he always produced the most extraordinary impression.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.

THE following portrait of this remarkable person previous to his assumption of the government of Paraguay, may interest those of our readers who are already apprised of the eccentric Machiavellism of character which he has subsequently exhibited.

"On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn in pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice cried from behind "*Beuno tiro*"—"a good shot." I turned round and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capote, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *mate* cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arm's crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and the knees of his breeches the same. I apologized for having fired so close to his house; but, with great kindness and urbanity, the owner of it assured me that there was no occasion for my offering the least excuse; and that his house and ground were at my service, whenever I chose to amuse myself with my gun in that direction. In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit

down under the corridor, and take a cigar and a *mate*. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite, were under the little portico, and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Doctor Francia. The apparatus accorded with what I had heard of his reputation for a knowledge of the occult sciences; but I was not left long to conjecture on this point, for he presently informed me, in answer to my appeal whether I had not the honor of addressing Doctor Francia, that he was that person. "And I presume," he continued, "that you are the Cavallero Ingles who resides at Dona Juana Ysquibels?" I replied that I was; when he said that he had intended to call on me, but that such was the state of politics in Paraguay, and particularly as far as himself was concerned, that he found it necessary to live in great seclusion. He could not otherwise, he added, avoid having sinister interpretations put upon his most trifling actions.

"Not a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by the exercise of which he afterwards attained so bad a celebrity, were recognized in the manner, or deducible from the conversation of Francia, at the time of which I am now speaking. Quite the reverse. His demeanor was subdued and unostentatious; his principles, as far as they could be ascertained from his own declarations, just, though not very exalted; and his legal integrity, as an advocate, had never been disputed. *Vanity* seemed to be the leading feature of his character, and though there was a latent sternness and almost continual severity in his countenance, yet when relaxed into a smile, they only made, by contrast, an impression the more winning upon those with whom he conversed.

"Night drew on apace, and I bade adieu to my loquacious, as well as gracious host. I little fancied then, either that he was to figure as he has since done, or that an intercourse, begun with so much civility, was to end with so much injustice. At this time, Francia, though living in such apparent seclusion, it was afterwards known, had been busy in intrigue against the government."—*Letters from Paraguay: 1838.*

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THERE is a courageous wisdom: there is also a false, reptile prudence, the result not of caution, but of fear.—*Burke.*

THE WEST.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

LAND OF THE WEST!—green Forest-Land!
 Clime of the fair, and the immense!
 Favorite of Nature's liberal hand—
 And child of her munificence!
 Fill'd with a rapture warm, intense,
 High on a cloud-girt hill I stand;
 And with clear vision gazing thence,
 Thy glories round me far expand:
 Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,
 And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,—
 Whose shores the countless wild-herds dot,
 Fleet as the winds, and all as free;
 Mountains that pierce the bending sky,
 And with the storm-cloud battle wage,—
 Shooting their glittering peaks on high,
 To mock the fierce red lightning's rage;
 Arcadian vales, with vine-hung bow'rs,
 And grassy nooks, 'neath beechen shade,
 Where dance the never-resting Hours,
 To music of the bright cascade!
 Skies softly beautiful, and blue
 As Italy's, with stars as bright;
 Flow'rs rich as morning's sun-rise hue,
 And gorgeous as the gemm'd mid-night.
 Land of the West! green Forest-Land!
 Thus hath Creation's bounteous hand,
 Upon thine ample bosom flung
 Charms such as were her gift when the gray world was young!

Land of the West!—where naught is old,
 Or fading, but Tradition hoary,—
 Thy yet unwritten annals hold
 Of many a daring deed the story!
 Man's might of arm hath here been tried,
 And Woman's glorious strength of soul,—
 When War's fierce shout rang far and wide,
 When vengeful foes at midnight stole
 On slumbering innocence, and gave
 Nor onset-shout, nor warning word,
 Nor nature's strong appealings heard
 From woman's lips, to "spare and save
 Her unsuspecting little one,
 Her only child—her son! her son!"
 Unheard the supplicating tone,
 Which ends in now a shriek, and now a deep death-groan!

Land of the West!—Green Forest-Land!
 Thine early day for deeds is famed
 Which in historic page shall stand
 Till bravery is no longer named.
 Thine early day!—it nursed a band
 Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:
 The iron-nerved, the bravely good,
 Who neither spared nor lavish'd blood—
 Aye ready, morn, or night, or noon;

Fleet in the race, firm in the field,
 Their sinewy arms their only shield—
 Courage to Death alone to yield;
 The men of Daniel Boon!
 Their dwelling-place—the "good green wood;"
 Their favorite haunts—the lone arcade,
 The murmuring and majestic flood,
 The deep and solemn shade:
 Where to them came the Word of God,
 When Storm and Darkness were abroad,
 Breath'd in the thunder's voice aloud,
 And writ in lightning on the cloud.
 And thus they lived: the dead leaves oft,
 Heap'd by the playful winds, their bed;
 Nor wanh'd they couch more warm or soft—
 Nor pillow for the head,
 Other than fitting root, or stone,
 With moss and ivy overgrown.
 Heroic band!—But they have past,
 As pass the stars at rise of sun,—
 Melting into the ocean vast
 Of time, and sinking, one by one;
 Yet lingering here and there a few,
 As if to take a last, long view,
 Of the domain they won, in strife
 With foes who battled to the knife.
 Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!
 All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!

* * * * *

Land of the West!—thine early prime
 Fades in the flight of hurrying Time:
 Thy noble forests fall, as sweep
 Earth's myriads o'er the conquer'd Deep;
 And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,
 Receive the onward-pressing swarm:
 On mountain height, in lowly vale,
 By quiet lake, or gliding river,—
 Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,
 Onward sweep they, forever.
 Oh, may they come with hearts that ne'er
 Can bend, a tyrant's chain to wear;
 With souls that would indignant turn,
 And proud Oppression's minions spurn;
 With nerves of steel, and words of flame,
 To strike and sear the wretch who'd bring our land to
 shame!

Land of the West!—beneath the Heaven
 There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
 Nor one to which was ever given
 A destiny more high, sublime.
 From Alleghany's base, to where
 Our Western Andes prop the sky—
 The home of Freedom's hearts is there,
 And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.
 And here,—should e'er Columbia's land
 Be rent with fierce intestine feud,—
 Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,
 Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,
 And quench'd are all the stars that now her banners stud!

LITERARY NOTICES.

BIRD'S TALES.

Peter Pilgrim; or, a Rambler's Recollections. By the Author of "Calavar," "Nick of the Woods," etc. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

SAID a reading lady to a fashionable acquaintance, during a morning call soon after the appearance of a well-known work by the Ettrick Shepherd, "Do you like Hogg's *Tales*, sir?" "*Hogs' tails!*" responded the wondering parvenu: "O, very much, madam! 'tis the finest part of the animal." Say we to our readers, now, "Do you like *Bird's Tales*, gentlefolks?" "Some of them have very rich plumage," replies Miss Gauzanna Ribin, "and spread into most beautiful fans." "But that, Miss, as the lion Carlyle would say, is the mere *wrappage* of that which we speak of. What we mean is the veritable *parson's-nose* itself, that melts lusciously upon the tongue, and glides over the palate a full stream of juicy delights."—Do you like *Bird's Tales*, now? We pray you, close your eyes against brilliant feathers for a time, and answer us not till you have turned back to our one hundred and twenty-seventh page, and consulted "Merry the Miner."

The author of "Calavar" hath long been a favorite with us. We have liked him for his poetry, his philosophy, his romance, his plain common-sense views of human life, and his breathing and glowing pictures of natural scenery. But he grievously offended us once upon a time, and we told him of it plainly and honestly, as our nature prompted and our position demanded. That time was when we met him last, in "Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenaino-say;"—(a most heathenish christening of a most unchristian nondescript!)—and we well remember with what a hearty good will we consigned him to the tender mercies of his Kentucky readers, and his book to perdition. "A story illustrating the

early annals of Kentucky," and handing down to posterity "representatives of the most prominent and distinguished founders and commanders of the Stations," he called it; and so it was, if the air-castles of Cloud-Land are cut from Pentelicus, or the antics of a buffoon personify humble life, or the gibberish of a simpleton is identical with common sense.—"Nick of the Woods" is already buried in the dust of the West; but "Peter Pilgrim" will long survive here, a favorite with all who shall have the happiness of making his very agreeable acquaintance.

Dr. Bird has been quite an extensive wanderer in his day, and has seen many things new and curious, whereof it is his present purpose to speak to his old friends, "the reading public." In his "Chapter Introductory," he tells us:—"To the dignity which belongs to the traveled man, I, Peter Pilgrim, (otherwise Palmer, which means pretty much the same thing,) of Pilgrimdale, may lay claim in an eminent degree; having, as I may say, visited nearly every place of note in the whole world, ancient or modern—Rome and Jerusalem, Carthage, Troy, Alexandria, Memphis, Palmyra, Canton, Lima, Mexico, Paris, London, and heaven knows how many more besides;—all which, to make the wonder more wonderful, I have visited without so much as stirring beyond the bounds of these goodly United States." And a little further on, in the said "Chapter Introductory," which is a very pleasant "winding way" to the "garden of sweets" that the reader is soon ushered into, we are informed as follows:—"In these, my peregrinations, I have had with me my pilgrim's scrip, being a sufficient sachel of buckram and leather, into which I did not fail to cast whatsoever little treasures it was my fortune to pick up on the way—flowers from the forest, shells from the river, pebbles from the lake; or, in plainer language, sketches of scenery and character, life and

manners; anecdotes, legends, observations; everything, in short, that was interesting in itself, or illustrative of points of interest in the regions through which it was my lot to pass."

From this collection, which several years of travel had swelled into magnitude, Doctor Bird has selected the materials of his present volumes; and though one or two of the forms into which these materials have developed themselves, might have remained in their original state and first deposite, and his readers been none the losers thereby, yet the goodly proportions and general quality of most of them are such, that we incline to believe "the reading public" will soon insist upon his making another draught upon his "buckram and leather sachel," for their gratification. His present out-drawings are nine in number, entitled variously "Merry the Miner," "A Tale of a Snag," "My friends in the Mad House," "The Extra Lodger," "Arkansas Emigrants," "The Fascinating Power of Reptiles," "A Night on the Ter-rapin Rocks," "The Mammoth Cave," and "The Bloody Broadhorn."—The first of all these is extracted into a different department of this magazine; and if the reader will seek it out, he may have the pleasure of seeing certain of the vices and follies of mankind satirized in an ingenious and masterly manner.

In the course of his peregrinations, Mr. Peter Pilgrim visits a mad house, at a time when the physician was going his rounds among the cells, "with some five or six score of medical students at his heels;" and here, among the inmates, Peter makes several very interesting acquaintances. One of these had been a political editor, who had made a strenuous effort to be an honest and independent man, and thereby convinced his friends and the public that he was demented. The result was, that they procured an apartment for him in the madhouse! He was a very harmless being, and was one of several who were permitted to breathe the air in an enclosure in the garden of the asylum, and converse on such subjects as suited the tender state of their intellects. Mr. Ticklum, the ex-editor, was very communicative, and gave Peter Pilgrim a sketch of his life, ending with the recollection of a wonderful *dream* he one night had, "that the devil came to his bed, bidding him get up and follow him." This he incontinently

did, seeing that his satanship was not to be trifled with; though, he confesses, he followed with fear and trembling. He ventured, however, as he was led into the street, to ask whither he was being carried. "To your appointed place!" answered Satan, looking as black as midnight; and then, seizing Mr. Ticklum's hand, he made a spring into the air at least ten feet high, when he threw up his legs, dove headlong through the pavement, which yielded to the shock, and darted "through flag-stones and gravel, gas-pipes and culverts, the solid earth and still more solid rock," until he gained "his infernal dominions, about two miles below." Here Mr. Ticklum "saw sights which made his hair stand on end," only one of which, however, can be shown to others through our pages. For the rest, we must direct our readers to the volumes themselves.

"But the most grievous part of the spectacle was the multitudes, the very herds of people who laid their deaths at my door, because of the quack medicines they had taken on my recommendation; for though, in an argument with the devil on the subject, I insisted that the notices of nostrums in my paper were puffs written by the proprietors, and printed and paid for as advertisements, and that, therefore, I had no share in commending them; he declared I was entirely mistaken, that the giving publicity to such things was in itself a recommendation, and I was as much chargeable with their effects as if I had accepted an agency from the compounder, and, myself, supplied the public with death, at a dollar a bottle.

"Having settled this matter, much more to his own liking than mine, Diabolus bade me 'never mind such small ware, (meaning the tools and victims,) but come along and see something of greater importance.' And giving me a jerk, he dragged me onwards, until the passage we trod terminated in a great chamber, the floor of which, sinking down like the sweeping sides of an amphitheatre, ended at last in a great bog or quagmire; while at the top, where we paused, were long ranges of galleries running all around. In these galleries lounged a great variety of devils, looking down with interest upon what passed below; while in the quagmire, floundering in it up to the knees, were multitudes of men, great and small, engaged with marvellous earnestness pelting one another with mud. 'Upon my word,' said I, 'I don't understand this at all. What kind of public spirits are these? and what place is it?'

"The devil looked amazed. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'you don't know? that you don't recognise your friends from their amusement? Zounds, sir, this is the hell of editors!' Upon my word, I could not help laughing, it all looked so natural. There they were, indeed, my learned and able contemporaries, bedaubing one another with mud-balls, with such zeal and energy as if the weal of a universe depended upon their pastime. Thinks I to myself, 'if a certain place that I know of is no worse than this, it is not so bad, after all.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' said Old Nick, reading my thoughts; 'it is all fine fun for a while, but no such pleasant life to lead for ever.' And, indeed, as I looked, and observed one gentleman get a ball in the eye, another a pellet on the cheek, a third a whole mountain of mud on his back, I began to grow melancholy at the thought that the Lights of the World should be so unworthily engaged thus wasting their energies on one another. Nor was this feeling but a little increased, when Diabolus took occasion to observe, 'he was fond of editors: with other sinners,' said he, 'I have a deal of trouble, and am obliged, on the average, to appropriate the services of at least one imp among a thousand, for the purpose of tormenting them. Editors, fortunately, know how to torment themselves.—And now, Mr. Daniel Ticklum, of the People's Light,' said he, 'you know your place—descend.'

"With that he seized me by the nape of the neck, and tossed me into the thick of my contemporaries, who received me with a shower of mud-balls, which, for all of their softness, had such an effect upon my feelings that I considered myself murdered outright, and opened my mouth to cry for quarter, which I received in the shape of a second volley from the whole company. At that moment, I awoke, and found it was all a dream.

"It was a dream, sir, but the more I revolved it in my mind, the more it troubled and perplexed me. At last, however, I became persuaded it was a vision of warning, sent me by some good angel, (for one would not think the devil so benevolent,) which it became me to improve. I became a new man. Sir, would you believe it? I began to think, that, in accommodating my principles to those of my patrons, in toiling to please the party and my neighbors, at the sacrifice of some truth and more independence, I was doing wrong. I resolved to change my course, and act the part that became a high-minded, conscientious man—I had no idea of going to the devil for my subscribers. I resolved to turn over a new leaf, and pursue that fearless, honest, independent course, for which so many of my worthy fellow-citizens were calling: for, indeed, it was a common subject of lamentation, throughout the land, in my day, that we had so few editors of high, fearless, independent spirit.

"Sir, when I made that resolution I had seven thousand subscribers: a week after I had put it into execution, I had but two thousand! My first independent remark was the signal of my ruin. And what was that remark? Why, sir, a compliment to an enemy, an opposition candidate—an admission that he was an honest and able man, in many respects superior even to our own candidate, and worthy of confidence and honor. A few more truths ended the matter. 'Stop my paper!' was echoed in my ears by two thousand voices, and thrown before my eyes in as many epistolary missives. Nay, sir, one-half even of the three thousand subscribers who never paid their dues, fell into the like anger, and bade me 'stop their papers.'—In short, sir, it was a lost case with me; my subscribers left me, my creditors put their accounts into the hands of lawyers, and my friends, not knowing how else to dispose of me, clapped me into this Asylum.

"Draw your own moral from my story: it is a true one. As long as I was willing to enslave my spirit, to crush my sense of right and wrong, to

forget my principles, to devote the energies of my mind to flatter the whims and passions of my patrons, I enjoyed their favor, and prospered; the moment I became a man of principle, I lost it.—I say again, that men love virtue best in the abstract. The dignity of independence, the beauty of honor, the excellence of principle, are ever in the mouths of men, nine-tenths of whom will conspire together to ruin the editor who reduces them to practice."

Verily, experience had made a wise man of Mr. Ticklum; and there was much more method in his madness, than can be discovered in most people's sanity.

MAYO'S TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

An Address delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Oxford, at the request of the Oxford Temperance Society, August 2, 1838.
By H. B. MAYO, Esq. 18 pages 8vo.
Oxford: R. H. Bishop, jr. 1838.

MR. MAYO here discusses several matters pertaining to the vending and using of spiritous liquors, "by the small," in an interesting and intelligent manner; but his main topics are, 1. the forms of resistance which temperance societies encounter from individuals, and, 2. the right and propriety of legislative action with regard to the retailing of strong drinks. Under this latter head, we presume he gives the arguments generally of that portion of the community who have faith in legislating for the public morals, and presents the true grounds taken by those persons who petition the General Assembly to enact laws for the suppression of the traffic in ardent spirits. In Ohio, this subject is beginning to assume a very important character; and we anticipate that, during the present session of the State legislature, the drawers and pockets of members will be filled with memorials pertaining to it.—A statement of the grounds assumed by Mr. Mayo, and a brief repetition of his arguments, may therefore be interesting in our pages, and prove useful.

Having pointed out the undoubted evils, public as well as private, which result from Intemperance, and argued that *their cure* is to be sought in *public opinion*, and proclaimed it the *right and duty* of every citizen, as well individually as by uniting with others for the formation of societies, to labor for the enlightenment and purification of that public opinion, Mr. Mayo pro-

ceeds to consider whether "it is not the duty of society collectively, that is, according to its abstract designation, the STATE, to second" benevolent individual efforts. This, he says, "it has the power effectually to do, by prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits, except as a medicinal drug." "No one," continues Mr. Mayo, "who has not given some reflection to the subject, can be aware on what a slender basis, those who resist any action by the State, rest their opposition. Indeed, the great difficulty in meeting their objections, is to discover precisely what they are. Loose clamor and vague declamation about private rights and liberty, seem to be the amount of what has been and no doubt will continue to be said. Now, if it all resolve itself into this proposition, that such action by the State would be an infringement of the right of every citizen to sell and to buy what he thinks proper, it is sufficient to answer, that the principle is established wherever law and civilization have extended, that government has the right to restrict this liberty of selling, and consequently of buying, in all cases where it is for the interest of society that it should be restricted; and that the establishment of an adverse principle would be subversive of the very ends for which society was instituted. This principle is embodied in numerous laws in existence and in continual operation." One or two examples are then referred to by Mr. Mayo: "But few individuals," he says, "ever desire to swallow poisons to destroy life, and for humanity's sake we must believe that still fewer would be disposed to sell them for such a purpose; yet the legislative power, in consideration that some unhappy beings may, at times, under the influence of mental derangement or depression, be tempted to 'shuffle off this mortal coil' by their quick agency, has imposed a rigid restriction on their sale." And this, Mr. Mayo argues, "is as direct an infringement of *private rights*, as that sought by the friends of temperance." The other example cited, is given in the following words: "The common law of England,—and similar laws are found incorporated in the codes of other nations, and the States of the Union,—makes the selling of unwholesome provisions, such as flesh of diseased animals, bread containing any injurious ingredient, adulterated wines, etc., a penal offense." These examples are not selected

as "in any degree remarkable or striking," but because of "an analogy of object between them and the restriction sought by the friends of temperance."

The *right* to prohibit or restrict the sale of ardent spirits, being thus established to the satisfaction of Mr. Mayo, the next consideration is, the *policy* of the measure. By "policy," Mr. M. does "not mean the bearing a legislator's vote may have on his popularity in his county or district," but, "*does the well-being of society require the restriction?*" "It does," answers Mr. M., and for reasons which he esteems conclusive: viz. "the consideration of health;" "a proper regard for peace and good order;" "the preservation of morals;" etc., etc.—"Let us," then exclaims Mr. M., "trace the process by which intemperance is induced and confirmed; and we can then judge if those men who constitute the law-making power, and have the sole authority to suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors, incur no responsibility, and are open to no censure, in failing to exert their authority." And Mr. M. *does* trace this process, well and truthfully, as the following extract will show:

"No man becomes voluntarily a drunkard: he becomes one insensibly, imperceptibly. The taste for ardent spirits is not natural;—it is acquired. They are *distasteful* to the unaccustomed palate. Nor does the unperverted system desire the artificial stimulant. The healthful blood stimulates to temperate excitation; and the uncorrupted nerves demand no medicinal or alcoholic drug. But all around, inviting the unwary and soliciting the thoughtless, stand the *recruiting garrisons* of intemperance; and into these,—led by example, incited by importunity, or enticed by fashion; or simply to pass off an idle hour,—the destined victim enters, heedless of the danger; without a single appetite craving the ruinous indulgence, and his whole heart nauseating at the thought of a confirmed drunkenness. Here he first learns to pollute his wholesome blood, to corrupt the healthful appetites, to nourish the worm that never dies, whose cravings know no satiety and admit of no denial! The same reasons that induced him first to enter, will cause him to repeat and reiterate his visits; but, by and by, they will be supported, and at length supplanted, by others more urgent and more fatal. He will now enter partly, and at last wholly, to satisfy the strengthening habit of indulgence. Still fatal *opportunity* keeps wide open her door, until in the end, the fearful result is consummated, and the victim bound down, powerless and helpless! Gone now is the clear perception, the vigorous spirit, the strong resolve, the manly ambition, the honest shame! Paralyzed is every energy that could rouse him to resistance! Intemperance has now secured an unresisted dominion, and hope bids the victim farewell! Now perhaps all the

combined powers of society cannot raise him to his former purity and elevation. BUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS FALL? Are they in no degree responsible, who had the power, and would not exert it, of removing the means, the temptations, the opportunities, the snares, by which he fell?—the means by which he received the first impulse in his descending course, and which continued to accelerate the rapidity of his fall, until its fatal consummation? Are they in no degree, responsible?"

The operations of the friends of temperance are thus referred to:

"Exertions have been made, and are now making, to stay the progress of this evil; but they are not sustained and assisted, as they should be, by the authority of law. Individuals have formed themselves into societies; have exposed the enormity of the evil; and have brought to bear upon it a mass of moral influences, potent for good. They have left no fact untold—no argument un urged. They have assailed every perversity of the heart; and dragged every lurking prejudice into light. They have appealed to the dignity of man's nature—they have tried the power of pathos—they have sounded the call of duty—they have urged considerations of interest—they have roused the pride of reason—goaded the feeling of shame—they have recalled the sweet recollection of household ties—they have portrayed, with the vivid coloring of truth and her unrelieved mass of shade, the bloated lineaments of the drunkard, with all his attendant train of guilt, remorse and woe—the ruined health—the shattered nerves—the impaired mind;—his incoherent speech, his besotted ravings, his utter, unqualified, unutterable loathsomeness;—then the shame, the penury to which he dooms his devoted family; and the entire loss of the world's and of his own respect!"

"Philanthropy," says Mr. Mayo in conclusion, "has warned, and Piety offered up her prayer: reason has convinced—imagination has illustrated—eloquence has thrilled—pathos has melted. But, to counteract these exertions, over all the face of the State, in city, village and country, stand the RALLYING POINTS of Intemperance, claiming and receiving protection from the legislative authority of the land! Now, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?"

McRAE'S ADDRESS.

An Address, delivered before the Graduates of the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, August 8, 1838. By JOHN J. M. McRAE, Esq. 21 pages, 8vo. Oxford: R. H. Bishop, jr. 1838.

THE most remarkable thing about this Address is, the thrust which it makes at the Greek and Latin languages. The

speaker, however, though wickedly enough disposed, does not wield a very dangerous weapon. We think the Greek and Latin, which have recovered from the blows of much mightier arms, will not find it very difficult to survive the present attack. We marvel somewhat at Mr. McRae's temerity in thus for the first time fleshing his sword upon the tongues of Homer and Cicero, but much more at his presumption in essaying to fight over again the battles of the late Thomas Smith Grimké, upon the very field where that lamented scholar and christian won his distinguishing laurels.

In so much of his address as echoes the sentiments of Mr. Grimké with regard to "the study of the dead languages," and the establishment of "an American system of education," Mr. McRae gives forth but a weak mock-bird's note; but where he speaks directly to the Graduates, from his own heart and his own experience, he says many things worth listening to, and some worth remembering. The following extract presents a favorable sample of the better portions of his remarks:

"It is said, gentlemen, that to be good, is to be great. Whether this maxim be true or not,—and I do not wish at this time to insist upon its entire correctness,—it is certain that the goodness of the heart is not incompatible with the correct exercise of the understanding, and that the force of moral principle combined with high intellectual energy, is in most cases irresistible in its influence. The time when great and important changes in the civil, political, and moral world, were effected, by the influence of false principles and corrupt motives, has gone by; and mankind in all civilized and enlightened countries are beginning to be governed in their action, by the influence of the moral virtues, which adorn and dignify the improvements of modern times. It is one among the many, even of the principal distinguishing differences between the present and past ages, that many of the means which were formerly used for the accomplishment of the most magnificent undertakings, are considered by us not only as base, but criminal in the highest degree. Fear, superstition, corruption and physical power, which were once important auxiliaries in the sudden production of mighty changes in the condition of society, have yielded to the milder coercions of persuasion, reason and the influence of correct moral principle. And these great results are now gradually produced by the regenerating influence of this principle, consecrating as it does to virtuous effort, the high energies of cultivated intellect. I shall therefore lay it down as a primary and paramount duty, which you owe to yourselves and to your country, in connection with the high intellectual standard you have assumed, to establish for yourselves in the outset of life, an elevated moral character: the seeds of which I know have been sown among you here,

and I trust have already taken root with you all, in the congenial soil of your youthful and uncorrupted hearts. It is this, gentlemen, which will prepare you at all times, for the successful undertaking of whatever is good or great or virtuous in life,—which will give stability to the efforts of genius in whatever channel they may be directed—and permanence to the splendor of fame in whatever pursuit it may be acquired.

"There is truly in the affairs of life a 'tide,' which if taken at the flood, 'will bear on to fortune.' But this, gentlemen, is a tide of our own raising. It is not the eventful tide of circumstances, by which many think, without an effort, to be borne to fortune, and by their own neglect, sink into oblivion. Circumstances must not be trusted to too much. They may sometimes be said to make men great, but they are too often mistaken for the power which controls them. And the great secret of success in life, consists more in being at all times prepared to avail ourselves of the advantages which they present, than in any real influence of their own over the destinies of man. If, then, you would prosper in your undertakings, be assured that the preparation of the heart is as necessary as the cultivation of the intellect; and that it is only by the united influence of both, that you will be ever ready to take the tide at its flood, and reach that degree of prosperity which awaits the good and the virtuous."

PROFESSOR SCOTT'S DISCOURSE.

The Instability and Changes of Earth. A Discourse delivered in the chapel of Miami University, on Sabbath, the 15th of July, 1838. By Professor J. W. Scott. 19 pages, 8vo. Oxford: R. H. Bishop, jr. 1838.

TAKING his text in I Corinthians, VII, 31, "*For the fashion of this world passeth away*," Professor Scott commences:—"The instability and transitory nature of all sublunary things, has ever been a subject of common remark and lamentation among men. It has afforded a favorite theme for the lessons of the moralist, the historian's tale, and the poet's song. It is a subject upon which much has been said, and written, and sung; but upon which, alas, too little has been realized or felt. It is a truth which we would all do well to imprint deeply upon our hearts, and to live and act in continual reference to it. It is a thought well calculated to break the force of our attachment to the things of earth, to cool the feverish anxieties and avidity of our minds in their pursuit, and to teach us the salutary lesson, that 'there's nothing true but heaven.'"

This "salutary lesson" the Professor then proceeds to teach; and through eighteen or nineteen well-printed pages, he la-

bors zealously to "imprint it deeply upon the hearts" of the students of the Miami University. He draws upon holy writ, profane letters, and human experience, for facts, arguments, and illustrations; and in closing, exhorts his young hearers "not to let the fleeting things of time and earth interfere between their souls and their immortal interest;" but to "embrace the passing day, 'sieve the kind moment while it waits,' to obtain a preparation for those never-changing, never-ending scenes and realities, which eternity shall unfold."

Many such old and excellent thoughts are scattered throughout the Professor's Discourse, clad in an honest but ordinary garment of language; and we are led to believe, by the fact that they have caused them to be printed and sent abroad, that the students of Miami University were favorably impressed with their weight and importance.

OLIVER TWIST.

Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress.

By "Boz." Part Second. Numbers one, two, and three. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

WE have here, in three elegantly printed pamphlets, and with five well-executed plates, the continuation of Mr. Charles Dickens's extremely interesting history of the poor English Parish Boy, as far as it has yet been received by the American publishers. The story moves on very slowly; but the interest increases with every succeeding chapter, and half the time the reader entirely loses sight of the fact, that he has a work of fiction in hand. We find the sketch of "Poor Smike," published in our last, making its way over the country; and in our next we shall give another sample of Boz's peculiar humor, either from "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby."

Of this latter work, we shall endeavor to give some account in our next. All of it that has been received in this country, has been republished by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, in a style very similar to that of "Oliver Twist." By most of those who have read the numbers of "Nicholas Nickleby," as they have come out, the preference has been awarded to it over the affecting history of the poor Parish Boy.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

BLACK-HAWK.

THE recent death of this distinguished Indian Warrior, reminds us of an intention which we indulged at the time of noticing the very interesting biography of him by Mr. BENJAMIN DRAKE, of recurring to this work for the purpose of inscribing upon our pages the most remarkable incidents of his somewhat eventful career. Though, when compared with PHILIP, and RED-JACKET, and TECUMSEH, not a very great man, BLACK-HAWK was yet far superior in intellect and courage to the mass of those Indian chiefs and warriors of the United States, who have no mean distinction; and in the catalogue of Aboriginal Chieftains, he deserves most honorable mention. Without the kingly character of PHILIP, he was yet a man of proud bearing and dignified deportment: without the intellect and eloquence of RED-JACKET, he yet possessed a mind which long swayed his nation, and powers of speech which could at any time arouse the souls of his warriors to repel the aggressions of his enemies: and without the consummate military genius of TECUMSEH, he conducted a defensive campaign against United States troops with much skill, and displayed throughout the whole war, which has received his name, great bravery and unswerving determination.

According to Mr. DRAKE, BLACK-HAWK was by birth a Sac, or Saukee, and was born at the principal village of that tribe of Indians, on Rock-River, in the year 1767. His father's Indian name was PY-E-SA; his own, MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAH. "BLACK-HAWK was not by birth a chief; but at the early age of fifteen, having distinguished himself by wounding an enemy, he was permitted to paint and wear feathers, and was placed in the rank of the Braves. About the year 1783," he being then sixteen years old, "he united in an expedition against the Osages, and had the good fortune to kill and scalp one of the enemy. For this act of youthful valor, he was, for the first time, permitted to mingle in the scalp-dance. This triumph was followed, shortly afterwards, by two more excursions against the same tribe. In the first, BLACK-HAWK was the

leader of seven men, who suddenly attacked a party of one hundred Osages, killed one of them, and as suddenly retreated without loss. This exploit so far increased the number of his followers, that he soon afterwards started with a party of one hundred and eighty braves, and marched to an Osage village, on the Missouri, but found it deserted. Most of the party being disappointed, left their leader and returned home. BLACK-HAWK, however, with but five followers, pursued the trail of the enemy, and after some days succeeded in killing one man and a boy; and, securing their scalps, returned home."

Three years after these exploits, the ambitious and daring young Warrior led a party of two hundred braves against the Osages, to avenge the repeated outrages of those Indians upon the Sac tribe. Soon after reaching the enemy's country, he met a party about equal in number to his own, when a battle took place, in which the Osages were beaten, and lost near one hundred men, of whom BLACK-HAWK subsequently claimed to have killed five with his own hand. The loss upon his side, was but nineteen. Some time after this, he accompanied an expedition against the Cherokees, on the Merrimack river, which was led by his father. Upon meeting the enemy, a severe engagement took place, in the early part of which PY-E-SA was killed. BLACK-HAWK then assumed the command, when the Cherokees were compelled to retreat, with a loss of twenty-eight braves. The Sacs had but seven killed. For the ensuing five years, "owing to the death of his father," says Mr. DRAKE, BLACK-HAWK refrained from all warlike operations, and spent his time in fishing and hunting. It is believed that he was during this period the "medicine man" of his tribe.

About the year 1800, at the head of some five hundred Sacs and Foxes, and a hundred Ioways who had joined him as allies, BLACK-HAWK made another excursion into the territory of the Osages, during which he destroyed about forty of their lodges, and killed many of their bravest warriors. Two years afterwards, he terminated a severe and protracted campaign against the Chippeways, Kaskaskias, and Osages, in which six or seven battles were fought, and more than one hundred of the

enemy killed. In 1812, when it was placed beyond doubt that the difficulties which had long been growing up between the United States and Great Britain were to be settled only by a resort to arms, the Sacs offered themselves to the Americans, to fight against the British, but were refused. Soon after the declaration of war, overtures were made them by the agents of the British Government, and accepted by one portion of the tribe, at the head of which was BLACK-HAWK; and as soon as he could collect a couple of hundred braves, this warrior started for Green Bay, and upon his arrival there joined the British standard. "Of the movements of BLACK-HAWK during his connection with the English upon our north-west," remarks Mr. DRAKE, "no satisfactory information has been obtained. It appears that he was in two engagements, but he seems not to have distinguished himself. The last of these was the attack, in August 1813, upon Fort Stephenson, then under the command of Major CROJEAN. The gallant defense of this fort, and the fatal repulse given to the combined British and Indian force, seem to have disheartened BLACK-HAWK; for soon afterwards, tired of successive defeats, and disappointed in not obtaining the 'spoils of victory,' he left the army, with about twenty of his followers, and returned to his village on Rock River."

During the interval between this period and the conclusion of peace between the United States and Great Britain, BLACK-HAWK and his band continued to commit depredations upon the American forts in the north-west; and on one or two occasions they succeeded in annoying the garrisons very much, and killing a number of soldiers. When the different tribes of Indians on the Mississippi, were notified in the early part of the year 1815, that peace had been concluded between the British and American Governments, BLACK-HAWK and his band were not inclined to bury the hatchet; and even as late as the spring of 1816, they committed depredations against the Americans. But in May of this year, BLACK-HAWK and his band concluded to descend the Mississippi to Portage des Sioux, to meet the American commissioners who were there for the purpose of treating with them; and on the thirteenth of this month, a treaty of peace was transacted, which was "signed by Clark, Edwards and Choteau, on behalf of the United States, and the chiefs and warriors of the Sacs of Rock-River and the adjacent country."

From the period of this treaty, to the commencement of hostilities between the Indians on Rock-River and the American troops in that region, in 1832, "the life of BLACK-HAWK seems to have been quiet and monotonous, occasionally relieved

by a warlike excursion, but generally spent in hunting throughout the winter, and in loitering about his village during the summer." The series of causes which finally led to the bloody conflict known as the "Black-Hawk War,"—the shameless aggressions of the whites upon the territory of the Indians, the retaliations upon the former of the injuries inflicted by them on the latter, the complaints to the United States Government of both parties, and the compulsory removal of BLACK-HAWK and his adherents to the west side of the Mississippi,—are spread upon former pages of this magazine, and have, besides, so recently been the theme of newspaper comment, that their particular repetition here is considered unnecessary. That the Sacs and Foxes had a right to "live and hunt" upon the lands from which they were now driven by individual rapacity and governmental force, and that the United States were bound "to protect them in the quiet enjoyment" of that right, "against their own citizens, and against all other white persons who might intrude upon them," so "long as such lands should remain the property of the United States," are facts fully established by the treaty of 1804; and this admitted, as it must be, nothing further is necessary to expose the nefarious conduct of the white settlers in the Rock-River country, and the baseness of the agents of the General Government, whose duty it was to have seen that the provisions of that treaty remained unviolated, and to have had the grievances of the Indians redressed.

On the 30th of May, 1831, General GAINES left Jefferson Barracks, with ten companies of United States troops, for Fort Armstrong; and on the 7th of June following, held a council on Rock-Island, at which BLACK-HAWK and some of his braves were present. "The result of this conference was, that BLACK-HAWK refused to leave his village, and that General GAINES informed him and his party, if they were not on the west side of the Mississippi within a few days, he should be compelled to remove them by force. The General, anxious if possible to effect the object without bloodshed, deemed it expedient to increase his forces, that the Indians might be intimidated, and thus induced to submit." He accordingly made a call upon the Governor of Illinois, which was promptly answered, for some militia to co-operate with the regular troops under his command; and "on the morning of the 26th, General GAINES, with his combined forces, took possession of the Sac village without firing a gun or finding an Indian; the whole party, with their wives and children, having crossed over the Mississippi the previous night. On the following day they were

found on the west bank of that river, encamped under the protection of a white flag." On the 30th of June, "General GAINES and Governor REYNOLDS signed a treaty of capitulation and peace, with BLACK-HAWK and other chiefs and head men of the British Band of Sac Indians, and their old allies of the Winnebago, Pottowattamie, and Kickapoo nations," the first article of which stipulated that peace was granted by the United States to the British Band of Sac Indians, the third that the United States guaranteed to them the integrity of their lands west of the Mississippi, and the last that they should not return to the east side of that river without the permission of the United States.

BLACK-HAWK and his Band, however, "were not long upon the west side of the Mississippi, before new difficulties arose, calculated to disturb the harmony which it was hoped the late treaty had established between them and the United States. The period of their removal to the west side of the Mississippi, was too late in the season to enable them to plant corn and beans a second time; and before autumn was over they were without provisions. Some of them, one night, recrossed the river to *steal roasting-eats from their own fields*,—to quote the language of BLACK-HAWK,—and were shot at by the whites, who made loud complaints of this depredation. They, in turn, were highly exasperated at having been fired upon for attempting to carry off the corn which they had raised, and which they insisted belonged to them."

During the whole of the ensuing winter, BLACK-HAWK's band appear to have been restless. A number of them made an expedition against the Menomies, and killed twenty-eight persons belonging to that tribe; and when the United States demanded the murderers of the Old Warrior, he refused to give them up, alleging that the General government had no right to demand them. BLACK-HAWK, it is believed, had his emissaries among several of the neighboring tribes; and, some time after the close of the war, he stated that he had had partial promises from the Ottaways, Chippeways, Pottowattamies, and Winnebagoes, that they would assist him to regain his village on Rock-Island, and his old hunting-grounds. Whether relying upon these promises, and determined to commence hostilities, or not, BLACK-HAWK assembled his party early in the spring, and began to ascend the Mississippi: the women and children in canoes, with the provisions, camp, and equipage property—his warriors armed, and mounted on their horses. "Having reached the mouth of Rock-River, in the first part of April, (1832,) the whole party rashly, and in

violation of the late treaty, crossed to the east side of the Mississippi." BLACK-HAWK's avowed object, was to ascend Rock-River to the territory of his friends the Winnebagoes, for the purpose of raising a crop of corn and beans with them, which he and his people had been invited to do. But there are now good reasons for doubting the honesty of this avowal; and whether the same were known *then*, or not, General ATKINSON, who was at that time at Fort Armstrong with a body of United States troops, suspected the sincerity of the Old Warrior, and determined to compel him to respect the provisions of the treaty of the previous June. "After BLACK-HAWK and his party had proceeded some distance up Rock-River, he was overtaken by an express from General A., with an order for him to return and recross the Mississippi, which he refused to obey, on the ground that the general had no right to make such an order, the Indians being at peace, and on their way to the prophet's village, at his request, to make corn.—Before they reached this point, they were overtaken by a second express from General ATKINSON, with a threat, that if they did not return, peaceably, he would pursue and force them back. The Indians replied, that they were determined not to be driven back, and equally so not to make the first attack upon the whites. BLACK-HAWK now ascertained that the Winnebagoes, although willing that he should raise a crop of corn with them, would not join him in any hostile action against the United States. The Pottowattamies manifested the same determination, and both denied having given the prophet any assurance of co-operation. BLACK-HAWK immediately came to the conclusion that if pursued by General ATKINSON, he would peaceably return with his party, and recross the Mississippi."—This determination, however, he had no opportunity of carrying into effect; for the next day he was charged upon near his camp, by a company of the mounted volunteers, which he fought bravely, and drove from the field.

This engagement, which was forced upon BLACK-HAWK, cut off all hopes of a peaceable return, and was the commencement of that bloody conflict of 1832, which was characterized by so much bravery and fortitude on the part of the Indians, and such cruelty and baseness on that of the Americans—in which imploring men were hunted down like wild-beasts, and helpless women and children given to the water and the sword—and which was finally ended by the captivity of BLACK-HAWK, and the almost total annihilation of his brave band. We cannot transfer to our pages, its disgraceful and sanguinary records. It is enough for the purposes of this

sketch, to say that the subject of it fought bravely and well, and that although the leader and soul of every important engagement, he was not taken till his own race conspired against him, and the meshes of Treachery were woven about his feet.

The incidents which attended the captivity of **BLACK-HAWK**,—his long confinement in irons at Jefferson Barracks, where, to use the proud old warrior's own indignant words, he was "*forced to wear the ball and the chain*;" his visit to Washington City, as a conquered enemy, under the escort of an officer of the army; his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, his release from captivity, his tour through some of the eastern and middle States, and his return to his old hunting-grounds and the remnant of his band, by the way of Buffalo, Detroit, Green Bay, and the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers,—must be still fresh in the recollections of our readers. The spirit of **BLACK-HAWK** was now broken. He was an old, and feeble man. The snows of nearly seventy winters were pressing upon his head. His authority in his tribe was gone. His voice was silent in the council, and powerless in the field; and after a sore, but very brief struggle with his proud nature, he yielded to the requirement of the President, and acknowledged KIOUK as the Head-Chief of his nation. As has been announced in the newspapers from one end of this Union to the other, he died at his camp on the Des Moines, on the third day of October last, and was buried according to the custom of his people.

Notwithstanding all that has been alledged against him,—his want of faith, his cruelty, his blood-thirstiness, and so forth,—**BLACK-HAWK** appears to have been an honest and good man, and generally well disposed towards the whites; and we think the history of his life will justify the character given of him by a very recent writer in the Baltimore American newspaper:—"During a residence of several years in what is now the Territory of Iowa," he says, "I had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with this noted warrior, and often look back with feelings of great pleasure to the many tokens of good will and friendship that he has frequently bestowed upon me. His lodge was always open to the stranger, and he was ever ready to share that with him that he might most want, either his furs and blankets for a couch, or his corn and venison for a repast. He always spoke in terms of high regard of the whites, saying, that in war he fought like a brave man, but in peace he wished to forget that his hand had ever been raised against them."

Mr. DRAKE describes **BLACK-HAWK** as having been about five feet ten inches in height, with broad shoulders, but not very muscular limbs. His nose

was sharp and slightly aquiline, and his eyes were of a dark hazel color. His head was singularly formed, and has often been spoken of in terms of the highest admiration, by those who saw the old chief during his captivity. His countenance was mild and benevolent, with but little if any of that dark and ferocious expression common among the Indians. His character for honesty in his dealings, and general integrity, stood fair. In his domestic relations, he was kind and affectionate; and in one particular, at least, he was an exception to the chiefs and warriors of his tribe: he never had but one wife, and with her he lived upwards of forty years, treating her with much more respect and consideration than are conceived to be due to females by the Indian nations of this continent.

After his return to the scenes of his former glory, and the witnesses of his former greatness, a conquered and a degraded man, **BLACK-HAWK** was truly an object of commiseration. He stood in the deep wilderness, a giant oak that was riven by the thunder-bolt, and withered by the lightning. The leaves of beauty that had yearly adorned its slightest sprays, were blighted forever, and scattered upon the earth. The buds of promise that had blossomed with every spring, and yielded their fruit with every autumn, were to appear no more. The birds of hope came no longer to sing among its branches; and the whispering winds had forgotten the words of other days. Its fast-decaying trunk was the home of the boding owl; its once storm-defying limbs now groaned with their own weight; its glory was all gone, forever; and hoarsely and mournfully, among its dry and naked branches, the winter-breeze sang its death-song.—A few years, and it fell: a few more, and every vestige of it will be hidden from the eye; and then, even "*the memory that it was*," will be a thing of the Past.

OHIO COMMON SCHOOLS.

THESE nurseries of the future freemen of the land, appear to be working well. The State Superintendent, in the last of the six numbers of the *Ohio Common School Director* authorized by law, gives the following gratifying intelligence with regard to teachers. If things continue of this complexion, a principal cause of complaint heretofore throughout the State,—the great want of *capable teachers*,—will very soon cease to exist:—"In the absence of normal schools and teachers' seminaries," says the *Director*, "our county boards of school examiners are exerting a mighty influence on the character of teachers; men of

real philanthropy, sound learning and noble patriotism, are content to leave their favorite studies and business, and devote whole days in examining and instructing young candidates for teaching. It is really enough to gladden the heart of the friend of common schools, to see how anxious teachers are to improve, how willingly they receive instruction and go to work to supply their deficiencies. Many come forward, and failing on the first application, go home and study, day and night, to overcome the difficulties with which they were not even acquainted until they submitted to the examination. There are hundreds of young men in this State, now studying under the direction of the examiners, preparatory to becoming teachers of common schools. We earnestly hope to see this good work go on, until good teachers are found in every district."

Will not the legislature provide for the continuance, at least for a year or two longer, of the *Common School Director*?—It appears to us that such provision should be made. Upon the six numbers issued since the rising of the last Assembly, the active and zealous Superintendent has bestowed much labor; and they have disseminated throughout the State, a mass of invaluable matter, in addition to that which pertained specially to the numerous school officers under the law. We look upon the work as an indispensable adjunct to the superintendentship; and we hope to see it continued, till our common school system shall be in "the full tide of successful" operation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the latest American publications, is "Pelayo, a story of the Goth, by the author of 'The Yemassee,' etc." It is published by the HARPERS, and receives warm commendations from the New-York press. Coming from the pen that traced the career, and depicted the expatriation, of the young and noble but erring OCONESTOGA, "Pelayo" could hardly be otherwise than praiseworthy in a high degree. We hope to greet it in this our *Sanctum*, before our next issue.

The *American Monthly Magazine* has been discontinued on account of the failure of its publisher, Mr. GEORGE DEARBORNE. Mr. D. was one of the most elegant and enterprising book-publishers in the United States, and the derangement of his business is to be much regretted. Some of his handsomely executed volumes are at this time resting under our eye, which might well be adopted as models by two-thirds of the publishers in this country. The spicy and able editor of the magazine, Mr. PARK BENJAMIN, has connected

himself with Mr. HORACE GREELEY, in the management of that sterling journal *The New-Yorker*.

Messrs. EPHRAIM MORGAN AND COMPANY, of Cincinnati, are about putting to press a volume of "Tales and Sketches from the Queen City," by Mr. BENJAMIN DRAKE, author of "The Life of Black-Hawk," etc. This work will be issued early in the next spring; but before then, we shall have the pleasure of presenting our readers a taste of its quality.

The volume of Mr. J. DELAFIELD, on the Origin of the North-American Indians, and the Antiquities of this Continent, is nearly through the press at Cincinnati, and will be published during the winter. Years have been devoted to its production, and we anticipate something of a sensation in the literary world upon its appearance.

EPIGRAM.

A good epigram, is a very good thing; and as very good things are rare, and hard to come at, we cannot find it in that conscience which constrains us to do full justice to our readers, whatever course of action our heart may prompt in a matter of this kind, to reject the following morceau. It is from a correspondent whose favors will always be acceptable; but we entreat him, should the humor in which this shaft was winged beset him ever again, to *feather* his arrows more, and *point* them less.

ON JUDGE H——'S LAST WORK ABOUT THE WEST.

A dialogue between the Judge and his Cow.

Judge. My cow—why stand you idle there?

Not walking, eating, drinking,
While I, within my easy chair,
Laboriously am thinking?

Cow. Dear Judge, I do the same as you;

I also *ruminat*—
And so, to-day the cud I chew
Which yesterday I ate.

Judge. I grant the likeness; I, my dear,

Make new *books* out of old,
And sell again, the present year,
The work I last year sold.

But tell me, does the cud *impress*?

Is it in strength a winner?

Cow. Oh no, dear sir! but like your works,

It's always getting *thinner*.

F.

ERRATUM.

In the article "Respectability," on our 125th page, second column, 17th line from the top, for "fellow men," read *fellow man*.

ALTON.

A TRAVELING correspondent of the *New-York Daily Express*, who is writing some sketchy accounts of things in Illinois, discourses as follows of the far-famed town of Alton. All things recollected and considered, the last sentence sounds somewhat strangely:—"At Alton, I remained for a short time; and this, of all the business places in the State, appeared to be the best advantage. A New-England population reside here, with some of the best emigrants from Kentucky, Virginia, and others of the old States. There are between three and four hundred houses,—about three thousand people,—stone buildings of elegant models,—banks, churches, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and all the *and-so-forths* of a city, in abundance. A dozen steam-boats are owned here, and two rail-roads are forthwith to be built,—the one to Springfield, seventy miles, and the other to Mount Carmel, on the Wabash. What is far better than all this, the people here are morally and intellectually distinguished, with schools, and lyceums, and temperance societies, and printing presses, and almost all that is good and peculiar in many of our New-England towns."

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

MR. WILKINS TANNEHILL, of Louisville, is said to be engaged in revising his "History of Literature," for a second edition. This is one of the fullest and completest books, upon the subject of which it treats, in the English language; its production was a work of great labor; and the leisure afforded a gentleman engaged in other pursuits, through a number of years, has been devoted to its patient and deliberate revisal. We have not a doubt that a new edition would be hailed as a great accession to American Literature; and we hope that this may soon be given to the public, by some one of our booksellers who have the enterprise to clothe it in such outward garb as is worthy of its inward spirit. Mr. TANNEHILL deserves a high rank among American authors; and when his "History of Literature" shall become well known, this will be awarded to him generally, without hesitation.

THE ANNUALS.

WE observe upon the counter of our friend Mr. WHITING, among many new and valuable works, all the American Annuals for the year 1838: "The Gift," "The Token," "The Religious Souvenir," etc. They are all more or less

remarkable for handsome engravings, splendid covers, and elegant letter-press. Of their merits as literary productions, we shall endeavor to give some account next month. We have never yet gone off in ecstasies with this butterfly-wing and sugar-plum literature, and may have something to say about the present year's product, which, were it uttered now, might peradventure lessen the number of presents to be made during the approaching holidays. We shall therefore wait till all the "gallant lads" of the land have supplied all the "bonnie lassies" with their *souvenirs*, and then "speak our speech" in good faith.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FROM Cincinnati, we have just received a neat pamphlet of forty-eight large and closely printed octavo pages, entitled *The Monthly Chronicle of Interesting and Useful Knowledge*. Its scope of subjects and materials is large, "embracing education, internal improvements, and the arts, with notices of general literature and passing events." Its plan is, to republish the most valuable articles of the weekly Chronicle, and add to them original matter enough to give the monthly work a distinctive character; and this is well carried out in the first number, among the varied and excellent contents of which, is a particularly interesting "View of the Internal Improvements of the West," with remarks upon their objects and influence.—We judge that the distinguishing feature of the *Monthly Chronicle*, is to be *statistical*; and for a work of this character, we know no more able hand than its intelligent, inquiring and industrious conductor, MR. EDWARD D. MANSFIELD.

A. PUGH, publisher and proprietor. Price \$2 a year.

EDWIN FORREST.

It will be recollected by those persons who take an interest in the career of this eminent tragedian, that several months ago we incorporated into some remarks upon him, a brief sketch of his early life, together with an anecdote or two of his later history, from the Zanesville Ohio *Aurora*. We at the time doubted the correctness of the statements made in the extract, and gave our reasons for so doing. Mr. FORREST is now, or was very recently, in Philadelphia; and the *Saturday News* of that city, under date of November 24th, comes to us with a paragraph marked, which says that the whole account was incorrect, as to "parentage, birth, events, and even the one thousand dollar gift."

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

NUMBER III.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

"AMELIA."

His heart is as an altar-stone,
On which the fires of Heav'n come down,
And kindle to a burning gem
Each thought which Genius scatters there.

Whittier.

Along the blessed Heaven
Her spirit holds its way,
In the starry radiance of the night,
And the golden light of day—
Its pinions flashing back the sheen
Of those unclouded spheres,
And its own wild music mingling
With the angel-notes it hears.

Shen.

It is now something more than two years, since the sweet and thrilling notes of an anonymous poetess, burst startlingly upon the ear of the literary world, from the wilds of Kentucky. At once and eagerly were those enrapturing strains caught up by melody-lovers throughout the Union, and sung in every peopled valley, and echoed from every sunny hill-side, of our vast domain. The Mass listened, and admired, and praised; the Few examined, and considered, and held their tongues; the Whole were struck with wonder, not so much that such music should come from the Great West, an acknowledged region of chivalry and romance, as that it should come *at all*, out of the iron-ribbed and steel-muscled bosom of this our machinery-mad, railroad-demented, steamship-crazed Day. But come it *had*. No one could; or wished to, deny this. But *how?*—or *why?*—or *for what?* Ah! these are questions which *Americans*, of the decade now near its close, do not much trouble themselves to ask. A Phantom,

ever so grim and ever so threatening, might rise up suddenly in their midst, towering high above all their heads, and go unquestioned as to the purpose of his coming. A half-quizzing Yankee would perhaps eye-measure him from foot to head, and exclaim, "Well! I guess you be'n't a *very* dangerous chap, anyway, be ye?"—and a Midstater might look upon his gigantic proportions, and whisper aside, "What a glorious fellow to work upon a canal!"—and a Backwoodsman would most likely march up to him boldly, and accost him with, "I say, stranger! was you raised in these here parts?"—but to look for aught beyond this—any questioning of "Whither camest thou?" "What is thy errand?" "Who sent thee?"—would be to look for something not, or hardly, *American*. **HARDLY?** Are not such Phantoms at this moment stalking over our land, preaching anarchy, and infidelity, and disobedience? And *who* questions *them*!

These things so, how expect that the lyre of a little girl, though swept with an angel's art and the power of the fabled Orpheus, should produce anything more than a moment of wonder and a word of praise? He knows not his countrymen of the North and East, who supposes that they will throw aside their temperance tracts and their anti-slavery pamphlets, to read the verses of a wild Kentuckian; nor he his countrymen of the South, who expects them to cease berating the "fanatical abolitionists," that their passions may peradventure be subdued, and their cool reason revived, by the powers of music; nor

he his countrymen of the West, so busily employed digging rivers in the wilderness and building up cities on their banks, who looks to see them rest upon their spades, or stand trowel in hand, to hear the singing of even a choir of angels; nor he his countrymen of the whole Union, who thinks the time will soon arrive when they shall abate in their personal wrangling and their partisan hostility, and give ear unto the low sad voice of Humanity, though it utter words like His who "spake as never man spake," and come with a power to quicken, and purify, and lift up, and regenerate. These are consummations "devoutly to be wished," but not confidently to be looked for.

This array of unfavorable things notwithstanding, the poetry of "AMELIA" soon found many and warm admirers. The first three or four pieces of hers that were given to the public, were published rather by stealth than otherwise, so diffident was their young author, and ignorant of the presence of that high genius which animated her soul. The medium of publication selected by her friends, was the *Louisville Journal*; and through this paper she received a favorable introduction to the world, from one fully capable of sympathizing with her spirit, understanding her genius, and appreciating the "forms of things unknown," which her rich "imagination bodied forth." Since that time, scarce a fortnight has passed in which the gushing melody of her harp has not fallen upon the ears, and touched the hearts, of thousands of her countrymen; and recently its notes, as a gentle and spiritual accompaniment to the voice of Old Ocean, have passed over the Atlantic, and drawn plaudits from those not apt to bestow praise where merit is not manifest.

We know of no other instance, in the history of modern literature, wherein a writer so young as "Amelia," has produced within the brief period of a couple of years, half as many poems, so exquisite in the conception, and so perfect in the execution, as those which have emanated from her pen; and we think we are safe in saying, that the female biography of the present century may be searched from its first to its last page, without producing a single example of success like that which, in "Amelia's" case, has within a period so short made an unknown and untried genius so widely felt and so generally admired

as is hers at this moment. The instance of Miss Landon, and that also of Miss Davidson, are now present to our mind; but, while we acknowledge the extraordinary precocity of the latter, we must say that we cannot see, in the published volume of her *Literary Remains*, tender and beautiful as are some of the productions contained therein, anything which promised, even in maturity, the strength and beauty and richness already exhibited by "Amelia:" and the earlier productions of the former, though often exquisitely beautiful, and sometimes outbreathings from the very soul of Poesy, were not by any means characterized by that uniformity of poetic excellence which marks the writings of our backwoods poetess. Mrs. Heinans, more nearly than any other, "Amelia" resembles in the character of her genius; and she is one whom that highest Spirit of Song would have caught warmly to her bosom, and called "*Sister!*"—How like, in their mellifluous flow and low-voiced harmony, to some of the breathings of that muse which enchained all hearts, are the following verses addressed "To a Sea Shell."

"Shell of the bright sea-waves!
What is it that we hear in thy and moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own,
Lute of the ocean caves!

Or, does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chamber dim,
Breathing forever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem swell?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In chrysal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere, on the bright air, thou hadst heard the breeze
Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee—
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that darkly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea?

And say, oh lone sea-shell,
Are there not costly things, and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea gulf of tombs?
Hush thy low moan, and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury tost
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall?

'Tis vain—thou answerest not!
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead—
'Tis ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforgot!

Thine is as sad a strain,
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet, there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waver,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, oh moaning shell!
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these,
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees,
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling foliage with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlight eves,
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs,
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own."

And here, in "Amelia's" lines written
"On seeing an Infant sleeping on its Mother's Bosom," is one of those tender and beautiful pictures, with their delicate outline and rich warmth of coloring, which the genius of Mrs. Hemans used with such delight to paint.

"It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends;
It had soft violet eyes, that 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters shone,
While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye,
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,
While now and then with melting heart she prest
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips—
Lips, sweet as rose-buds in fresh beauty drest
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eve; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear
Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear,
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep,
Lay mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl
Around the stars when they their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest
With a low song her loved and cherished one—
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;

For 'tis a sight that angel-ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled in a sinful world like this."

And how she who, seated by her wild
Welch harp ringing out the thrilling and
full-volumed notes of the "Pilgrim Fathers," or pouring forth the deep and soul-enkindling strains of "Young Cassabianca," or breathing the low, unearthly harmony of "A Spirit's Return," would have leant forward, voiceless and breathless in an instant, to catch the fresh and uplifting music-notes with which "Amelia" gave her "Freed Bird" to the blue heaven and the sunny air.

"Thy cage is open'd, bird! too well I love thee
To bar the sunny things of earth from thee;
A whole broad Heaven of blue lies calm above thee,
The greenwood waves beneath, and thou art free—
These slender wires shall prison thee no more—
Up, bird! and 'mid the clouds thy thrilling music pour.

Away! away! the laughing waters playing
Break on the fragrant shore in ripples blue,
And the green leaves unto the breeze are laying
Their shining edges fringed with drops of dew—
And here and there a wild flower lifts its head,
Refreshed with sudden life, from many a sun-beam shed.

How sweet thy voice will sound! for o'er yon river
The wing of Silence like a dream is laid,
And nought is heard save where the wood-boughs quiver,
Making rich spots of trembling light and shade—
And a new rapture thy wild spirit fills,
For joy is on the breeze, and morn upon the hills.

Now, like the aspen, plays each quivering feather
Of thy swift pinnion bearing thee along,
Up where the morning stars once sang together,
To pour the fullness of thine own rich song;
And now thou'rt mirrored to my dazzled view,
A little dusky speck, amid a world of blue.

Yet I will shade mine eye, and still pursue thee
As thou dost melt in soft ethereal air,
Till angel-ones, sweet bird, will bend to view thee,
And cease their hymns awhile thine own to share;
And there thou art, with white clouds round thee faded,
Just poised beneath yon vault that arches o'er the world.

A free wild spirit unto thee is given,
Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome,
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And soaring upward from thy dizzy height,
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight.

Lute of the summer clouds! whilst thou art singing
Unto thy Maker thy soft matin hymn,
My own wild spirit from its temple springing
Would freely join thee in the distance dim;

But I can only gaze on thee and sigh
With heart upon my lip—bright minstrel of the sky!

And yet, sweet bird! bright thoughts to me are given
As many as the clustering leaves of June,
And my young heart is like a harp of Heaven
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune;
And my soul burns with wild poetic fire,
Tho' simple are my strains, and simpler still my lyre.

And now farewell! the wild wind of the mountains
And the blue streams alone my strains have heard,
And it is well, for from my heart's deep fountain
They flow uncultured as thine own—sweet bird!
For my free thoughts have ever spurned control,
Since this heart held a wish, and this frail form a soul."

But a doubt has just crossed our mind whether, in thus provoking a comparison between the mature productions of one of Earth's sweetest minstrels, and the youthful outpourings of a kindred spirit, we are doing that exact justice to our backwoods poetess, which it is ever our aim to mete unto all.

"Our backwoods poetess!" Alas, that we should have to tear the richest jewel from our own coronal, and place it in that of another! But the little town of St. Michaels, in Maryland, has the honor of being the birth-place of AMELIA B. COPPUCK; and far be it from us to conceal, in an article like the present, the knowledge of this fact. From the deep-bosomed solitude of the western wilderness, however, first stole upon the ear of the American world, the sweet strains of the young Singer; and with this, and the certainty of her ever abiding among us, till her gushing melody is hushed in death, we are satisfied.

The father of Miss Coppuck, a respectable and ingenious mechanic, removed to Kentucky, from Maryland, some four years since, and after tarrying for a little time at Lexington, settled in Louisville. Amelia is one of a family of four or five children, among whom are two sisters older than herself. She was about fourteen years of age at the time of her removal to the West, and had then been for several years in the habit of stealing alone to her chamber, or into the fields and woods, and improvising verses. Some of these she sang, as they gushed from her full heart, to wild old airs; and such would live in her memory, and occasionally be warbled from her tongue, for weeks, and then pass into forgetfulness. Others she would reduce to writing, during the impulse in which they were produced; and these she would

sometimes exhibit, with fear and trembling, to the confidantes of her childhood. Most of her productions at this period, however, were doomed to lie hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and those which were fortunate enough to get transferred from that holy sanctuary to the blotted page, held their existence thus by a very feeble tenure—for no sooner were they supplanted in her affections, by a more recent child of her restless and burning fancy, than they, "the firstlings of her flock," were given to the flames, an offering to that Genius whose spirit she felt moving upon the waves of her soul, but whose character she could not comprehend, and whose mission to her was yet a mystery.

The first piece of Miss Coppuck's poetry that appeared in print, consisted of a few sweetly-flowing verses addressed "To a Tear Drop." The second piece was a little melody, "Oh! Dark is the Gloom!" which we here quote, not so much on account of its originality or intrinsic poetical excellence, as because we consider it a remarkable specimen of smooth versification from one so young as she was at the time of writing it.

"Oh! dark is the gloom o'er my young spirit stealing!
Then why should I linger where others are gay?
The smile that I wear, is but worn for concealing
A heart that is wasting in sadness away.

How oft have I thought when the last light has faded,
From off the clear waves of some soft-flowing stream,
That like its bright waters, my last hopes were shaded
By darkness uncheered by the light of a beam.

Oh! could I but fly from this false world forever,
Where those whom I trust are the first to betray,
From the cold, and the fickle, my young heart I'd sever,
Ere they steal all its bloom, and its sweetness away.

I'd seek in some orb of the blessed above me
The peace that on earth I can never receive.
The spirits that dwell in that bright orb would love me,
For they are too gentle to wound, or deceive.

Oh! why should the hearts of the purest be shaken
While calmly reposing 'neath love's sunny beam?
If they slumber so sweetly, why should they awaken
To muse on the past, and to weep o'er a dream?"

We have alluded to Miss Coppuck's two sisters. They have both been married several years, and separated from her. Her mother is dead, and reposes afar off. Her own lot is cast among strangers, in a strange but welcoming land. And of the severance of persons, and the

sundering of holiest ties, occasioned by these events, the young poetess has sung in some of the sweetest strains that have ever gushed from the full heart of Humanity. "My Sisters," is the brief and simple inscription of these music-notes.

"Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
Ere strange rude hands have parted them:
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet Sisters! in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle Mother
To us was like the stem to flowers.
She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
'Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were severed far and near.

The flowret's stem, when broke or shattered,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, tho' widely scattered,
The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us:
Sweet Sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers,
I cannot trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown—
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind! that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing;
It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods:

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad

Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, Sisters! these wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars forever,
To hear the wind's wild melody;
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters, as the stars of even
Shrink from day's golden flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky:
So will we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
'Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in Heaven *one mystic chain*."

There is a simple but affecting incident in Miss Coppuck's history, which has given to some of her most recent productions, a tinge of melancholy that cannot fail to touch every heart. A brief recital of this will give a better insight into her character, than pages of labored description. Among her earliest associates in the West, was a wild and lovely girl about her own age, whose heart was as warm and susceptible as her own, and whose genius was only a "lesser light" in the same constellation. They were for a time bosom-friends—confidantes—inseparable companions; and of this cherished counterpart the young poetess sang, less than a year since, in the easy and simple "Stanzas" which follow.

"I have a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen;
She dwells among us like a star
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.
I do not mean that flattery
Has never reached her ear,
I only say its syren-song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet, within the misty depths
Of her calm, dreamy eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought
In tender sadness lies;

For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its luster now
Are softened down by tears—

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings in
Her gentle breast have met;
For every tear that gems her eye,
From her young bosom flows
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring
We oft have memories,
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the breast
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing,
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing;
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well,
But who this gentle maiden is,
I feel not free to tell."

A few weeks, and this "April-hearted thing" was a tenant of the tomb! A slight injury received during a pleasure excursion, a short time after, threw her upon a bed of unabating pain, from which she never arose. This melancholy incident affected the young poetess deeply, and several weeks passed before she could allude to her late companion with composure. But reason at length reconciled her to her bereavement, and she regained the mastery of her feelings. Then she dared to pour forth the rich treasures of her soul, which had long pressed at her heart for utterance: then she dared to breathe aloud her burning thoughts, and to commune, beneath the peaceful and starry heavens, with the spirit of her departed friend! And she *did* thus commune, in the language of pure and spiritual poetry; and in the

literature of the nineteenth century, we know of nothing, of a like character, more beautiful than this:

"When shines the star, by thee loved best,
Upon these soft delicious eyes,
Lighting the ring-dove to her nest,
Where trembling stir the darkling leaves;
When flings the wave its crest of foam
Above the shadowy-mantled sea,
A softness o'er my heart doth come,
Linking thy memory with these;
For if, amid those orbs that roll,
Thou hast at times a thought of me,
For every one that stirs thy soul
A thousand stir my own of thee.

Even now thy dear remembered eyes,
Fill'd up with floods of radiant light,
Seem bending from the twilight skies,
Outshining all the stars of night:
And thy young face divinely fair,
Like a bright cloud, seems melting through,
While low sweet whispers fill the air,
Making my own lips whisper too;
For never does the soft south wind
Steal o'er the hushed and lonely sea,
But it awakens in my mind
A thousand memories of thee.

Oh! could I, while these hours of dreams
Are gathering o'er the silent hills,
While every breeze a minstrel seems
And every leaf a heart that thrills,
Steal all unseen to some hush'd place,
And, kneeling 'neath those burning orbs,
Forever gaze on thy sweet face
Till seeing every sense absorbs,
And, singling out each blessed even
The star that earliest lights the sea,
Forget another shines in heaven
While shines the one beloved by thee.

Lost one! companion of the blest!
Thou, who in purer air dost dwell,
Ere from the life-drops in thy breast,
Or fled thy soul its mystic cell,
We pass on earth such hours of bliss
As none but kindred hearts can know,
And, happy in a world like this,
But dreamed of that to which we go,
Till thou wert called in thy young years
To wander o'er that shoreless sea,
Where, like a mist, time disappears,
Melting into eternity.

I'm thinking of some sunny hours,
That shone out goldenly in June,
When birds were singing 'mong the flowers
With wild sweet voices all in tune,
When o'er thy locks of paly gold
Flowed thy transparent veil away,

Till 'neath each snow-white trembling fold
The Eden of thy bosom lay;
And sheltered 'neath its dark-fringed lid
Till raised from thence in girlish glee,
How modestly thy glance lay hid
From the fond glances bent on thee.

There are some hours that pass so soon,
Our spell-touched hearts scarce know they end;
And so it was with that sweet June,
Ere thou wert lost, my gentle friend!
Oh! how I'll watch each flower that closes
Thro' autumn's soft and breezy reign,
Till summer-blooms restore the roses,
And merry June shall come again!
But, ah! while float its sunny hours
O'er fragrant shore and trembling sea,
Missing thy face among the flowers,
How my full heart will mourn for thee!"

Though the first bitterness of that sudden and eternal separation is over, and the healing hand of Time hath touched the lacerated heart of the survivor, yet the memory of that "fair and gentle friend" wanes not—cools not—but lives greenly on; and thus shall it live through long years of joy and sorrow—through all the many vicissitudes of life—for it hangs upon a chord whose vibrations are never stilled. Here is another burst of soul-born and heart-felt melody, which it has prompted, scarcely if at all less beautiful and spiritual than that which we have already heard:

"I know that thy spirit looks radiantly down
From yon beautiful orb of the blest,
For a sound and a sign have been set in my own,
That tell of the place of thy rest;
For I gaze on the star that we talked of so oft
As our glances would heavenward rove,
When thy step was on earth, and thy bosom was soft
With a sense of delight and of love.

The dreams that were laid on thy shadowless brow,
Were pure as a feeling unborn,
And the tone of thy voice was as pleasant and low
As a bird's in a pleasant spring morn;
Such a heaven of purity dwelt in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul,
That nought could have made thee more lovely or blest,
So bright was the beautiful whole.

But, now o'er thy breast in the hush of the tomb
Are folded thy pale graceful arms,
While the midnight of death, like a garment of gloom,
Hangs over that bosom's young charms;
And pale, pale, alas! is thy rosy lip now,
Its melody broken and gone,
And cold is the young heart whose sweet dreams below
Were of summer, of summer alone.

Yet the rise and the fall of thine eye-lids of snow
O'er their blue orbs so mournfully meek,
And the delicate blush that would vanish and glow
Through the light of thy transparent cheek,
And thy tresses all put from thy forehead away—
These, these on my memory rise
As I gaze on yon bright orb whose beautiful ray
Hath so often been blest by thine eyes.

The blue-girdled stars and the soft dreamy air
Divide thy fair spirit and mine:
Yet I look in my heart, and a something is there
That links it in feeling to thine:
The glow of the sunset, the voice of the breeze,
As it cradles itself on the sea,
Are dear to my bosom, for moments like these
Are sacred to memory and thee."

What, now, are all these, but gems from the deepest deep of Soul—flowers from the highest height of Poesy? Where, but in the volume of that Woman whose breast was the abode of all kindly affections, and whose heart was alive with sympathy for whatever in human character is noble and generous and good, and whatever in creation is beautiful or sublime or grand, can you find richer treasures? And where, even in that volume, will you lay your hand upon higher evidences of *inspiration*, than some of those which are now present to your view? This may be called *extravagance*. It *would* be such, were it written of almost any living Songstress other than "Amelia;" but written of *her*, we regard it as "the language of truth and soberness," and so fear not to speak it.

We have spoken, in this paper, first of "Amelia,"—then of Miss Coppuck—and now "another change" must come over the spirit of this dream. It shall be ushered in by a few verses, that may be allowed to speak their own praises to every pure heart.

"Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours,
When, like a wandering stream,
My spirit caught from earth and sky
The light of every beam:
When if into my laughing eye
A tear-drop chanced to start,
'Twas banished in a moment by
The sunshine of the heart.

I'm musing on the happy past,
The first spring time of life,
When every tone of wind and wave
With melody was rife;
When all youth's hopes and promises,
Those rainbows of my sky,
Danced forth in fairy vision
Before my wondering eye.

My heart is with the leaping rills,
That murmur round the home,
Where first my lips were taught to speak,
My tiny feet to roam :
The sweet songs of the happy birds,
The whispering wild-voiced breeze,
That caught the faint breath of the rose,
And waved amid the trees.

How many mournful memories
Steal gently through my mind,
Like spirit-voices borne along
Upon the wandering wind ;
And as Thought leads me back again,
I almost seem to trace
In each sweet flower, and shrub, and tree,
Some fond, familiar face.

'Tis thought, because I smile on all,
That I am vain and gay,
That by the world's light flattery
I may be lured astray :
They know not that my heart oft breathes
Its fragrance out in sighs,
That sad songs tremble on my lips,
And tears within my eyes.

My thoughts are all as pure and sweet
As when I was a child,
And all my bright imaginings
Are just as free and wild ;
And were it not for one bright link
Within affection's chain,
I'd wish to wander to that spot
And be a child again."

There is a "mystic meaning" in the four lines which we have placed in *italics*, and we almost fear to "read the riddle." We know not how many young bachelors' hearts we may have fired, in the course of our remarks, "with a sense of delight and of LOVE;" and therefore it is, that we hesitate at this stage of our task. It is always disagreeable, to be compelled to throw cold water upon generous ardor. Duty, however, is paramount to inclination. All which means, that the "Amelia" whom, a few pages back, we transformed into Miss Coppuck, must here undergo another metamorphosis, and be presented to our readers as MRS. WELBY! Cool down your "furnace-breathing bosoms," young gentlemen, and tuck your tear-dampened handkerchiefs carefully out of sight. "It's no use takin' on!" as the sage Samuel Slick of Slickville says; for Mr. George Welby, a young Louisville merchant, is "the happy man." Miss Coppuck was married to Mr. Welby, some five or six months ago; and may that "one bright link within affection's chain,"

which binds her to the West, grow brighter and brighter, and stronger and stronger, forever as life wears on! Her husband has "taken a jewel to his heart:" may he "wear it" as becomes a MAN!

The time has not yet arrived, either for analysing the character of Mrs. Welby's genius, or scrutinizing her poetry with a critical eye. That the former is of a very high order, no one can deny who has anything like a just appreciation of imaginative writings: that the latter flows from a heart which has been touched by the true wand of Inspiration, can be doubted by none but those who walk with their heads buried in cent-per-cent. calculations, and carry their hearts in their pocket-books.—More completely than any other poet of our country, we think, with a solitary exception, Mrs. Welby comes within Shakespeare's classification of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet." She truly is "of imagination all compact." She "has her being" in an Ideal World, where the children of her burning fancy "live and move,"—where the flowers of Paradise bloom and breathe out their wealth of perfume—where the winds of Eden fan her bright cheek and lave her fevered temples—and where the lulling sounds of brooks like Kedron, fall upon her enraptured ear. And there

—"bright thoughts to her are given,
As many as the clustering leaves of June,
And her young heart is like a harp of Heaven
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune."

That this is a state the most favorable of any to poetical development, we by no means believe; nor do we think that Mrs. Welby is to live in it so exclusively hereafter, as she has done heretofore. Happy, indeed, might it be for her, if she could. But a new existence is now opening upon her, the stern realities of which will soon gather about her way. This is the existence of Actual Life. And when the Palpable Presences of this world come in contact with the Air-Shapes of the Ideal, there will be a severe conflict, in which dreams, visions, imaginings, hopes, ay! all that in young life wears the feeling of immortality, shall be overthrown, trampled upon, crushed forever. But out of this conflict, and from among the wrecks of its creating, the poetess will come with a chastened heart, and with purer tastes, and higher purposes, and stronger hopes, and feelings

that, having been tried in the furnace, shall be mighty to suffer and to do.

When Mrs. Welby shall have turned this point in her career, her poetry will wear a new aspect, and speak of a new life: and then may it be freely examined, with a scrutiny that would now be unjust, and be safely subjected to tests, which it could not now endure.

W. D. G.

THE PROPER SPHERE OF WOMAN.

EQUALITY of rights, is the absorbing question which is now agitating the civilized world. In some nations this idea is more fully developed than in others; but we perceive the germs in all, swelling into life, and expanding with more or less vigor. Man is guilty of many errors, and commits many mistakes, in his impatient desire to realize this idea; for his perception of truth must always be partial and limited, from the very nature of his mind—not that he is incapable of perceiving abstract truths, but that he is apt to err, whenever he attempts to carry them out in all their details, and supposed applications.

But whilst the advocates of equal rights are united in their views of the abstract question, they diverge widely as to the choice of proper means to accomplish their ends, and still more when they attempt a definition. Perhaps Fox defined it correctly when he said "it was an equal right to unequal things." We observe in some of the periodicals of the day, a tendency to view this subject in reference to the political rights of woman. In an active intellectual period like the present, when all subjects lie open to free discussion, and when there is evinced such a strong determination to test the truth of every principle, by pushing it out to its extreme consequences, it is somewhat surprising that the question has not been more imperatively asked. Although an advocate for equal rights, in the highest signification of the words, we believe that it would be injurious to woman's true interests, should the question ever become a serious and prominent subject of discussion, inasmuch as it would invest political privileges with a preponderating importance, and consequently awaken a desire for their possession, for which, woman could never compete successfully with man; and thus occasion a waste and misdirection of her

mental energies, and call her out of that appropriate sphere, in which, if she be true to herself, she is destined to excel. To one who takes a moral view of this question, it would be considered an inauspicious omen for the future welfare of society, should woman ever enter the political arena, and contend with man for civil power. It would necessarily be the destruction of all those conservative principles which now bind society together. Observe the passions which are elicited during a political contest—a time when it is considered almost a crime to be calm and dispassionate. Man, in the excitement of the moment, becomes the creature of passion; and it is only by turning to the calm world which woman occupies, that he regains his self-possession, and is enabled to form a just estimate of the objects of his pursuits. What would be the result, if woman, instead of being a calm spectator of the conflict, and by her gentle influences continually, and almost imperceptibly, bringing man back to a *moral* position, should herself become his rival? It is, we think, necessary for the well-being of *man*, that she should still occupy her present position in society; and should it ever be changed, humanity itself would be the sufferer.

We believe that the present organization of society is the true and natural development of human nature. We say *natural*; for civilization in its progress has always presented in its principles the same aspect, and taken the same direction, somewhat changed and modified by superficial causes. In the progress of nations from barbarism to refinement, the duties and employments of woman, so far from approximating to those of man, become perhaps still more exclusive and distinct. Indeed, all past history leads to the belief, that whilst the agency of woman in developing the principles of civilization, has been equally as important as the operations of man, and perhaps more so, if we look to the more hidden causes which impel to action, it has yet been altogether different in its nature. Had man and woman been destined to manifest the same class of ideas, we doubt if what we call society could have been formed, inasmuch as those elements which bind it together would have been wanting. At least, it would never have presented the same beautiful and harmonious whole, to which it is now tending, and at which it is des-

tinged to arrive, through the influence of those principles, which woman has been appointed to represent.

The relative superiority of man and woman, is a question to be discussed by intellectual tyros. With reflecting minds, who cast their eyes over the whole field of humanity, and observe the relations and mutual dependencies by which all is sustained, the subject will seldom be discussed. We call that perfect which completely answers and fulfills the design of its creation. If man, by a more conscientious discharge of his appointed duties, subverts the ultimate designs of God more than woman, then he is her superior, not otherwise. Nevertheless, we will make a passing remark. We believe it is admitted, that the distinguishing characteristic of humanity, is the possession of that spiritual principle which we call *mind*. If the predications of psychologists be true, it must necessarily always be equal to itself; therefore, if embodied mind does not under all circumstances, manifest itself with equal power, it must be attributed to some cause foreign to itself, which obstructs or circumscribes it in its free development. But we know of no physical organization peculiar to woman, which would prevent mind from pursuing its free course. If, then, there be peculiarities in her intellectual manifestations, the causes must be sought for in those external circumstances by which she is surrounded. *Mind* knows no sex. The inspired penman, with more than philosophical accuracy saith—"So God made man in His own likeness, male and female." So it was *man* He made, male and *female*. We will pause to observe, that here pride may be taught a useful lesson; for this view strips the individual of all those garnishings, both mental and physical, in which he delights to wrap himself, and places him, in the eye of one who can range through all existences, upon an undistinguishing level with his species; so far as ultimate attributes are concerned. The ameliorating effects which this view might produce, are evident to all; for who would dare to despise, or hold others in contempt, when he reflects that *they* also, equally with himself, are endowed with all those attributes which truly constitute the *man*. This idea might be much enlarged and illustrated. From a calm and dispassionate view of the subject, we are inclined to the belief,

that mind in woman, is equal in energy and power, to that in man; but this power and energy takes another direction, and manifests itself under those forms which are in harmony with her social position. The error appears to be in presuming that the results of mental activity must always take certain prescribed forms. Perhaps, (and who will venture to say it is not so,) the same mental power and energy, which in man leads to certain intellectual or physical results, may, from the noblest motives, be employed by woman in authoritatively calling off her mind from these pursuits, and with unyielding firmness, binding it down to her own peculiar duties. Before a just comparison can be instituted, we must ascertain with more precision, what amount of mental energy is necessary to produce certain results.

To establish woman's equality to man, we do not think it necessary to claim for her excellence of the *first* order, in the higher walks of science and literature. This is not the standard by which she is to be judged, and she has a right to appeal to one of a higher nature. We do not think, under her present influences, that she could have written *Paradise Lost*, or ranged with joyous freedom through all imaginable worlds, with Shakspeare. Like some shy bird, in "shady covert hid," she warbles at times sweet melodies; but who thinks of comparing these with the soarings of the Miltonic eagle? She has not the boldness to abandon and lose herself in her own creations. She feels a secret consciousness that she will not be permitted to speak with the same freedom and authority as man. A knowledge of the fact, that with many, the opinion of woman is considered synonymous with narrow and partial views, paralyzes *mind*, and often occasions the very weakness which is condemned. If there be one individual on whom mind is dependent, whose praise it covets, or whose blame it deprecates, and to whom it is accountable, that very fact deprives it of very much of its freedom and energy, which are necessary for the production of what is truly intellectually great. Minds which, in the opinion of the world, have taken the widest range, have been free; and this freedom and independence have, in many instances, been carried to offensive lengths; so much so, that men of genius, with a few noble exceptions, have seldom attained the re-

putation of amiability. Is our nature indeed so imperfect, that all its energy is put in requisition to produce excellence of one kind, to the neglect of many of the minor duties of life? Biographical facts almost lead one to this belief. How can woman then, whose whole life, if she be conscientious, is one continued struggle to repress every thought which is not connected with her immediate duties, ever think of putting herself in successful competition with man? It must indeed be extremely difficult for man, whose duties in life call forth and strengthen some particular mental and moral attributes, to the exclusion of others, fully to comprehend the character of woman. To do this, he must have a mind of such comprehensive power, that it can pass from the more obvious motives of action, with which he himself is conversant, into those secret and more hidden springs, which lie within the depths of our nature, and which are not affected by outward and visible things. It was said somewhat sarcastically, by a statesman of our own country, "that a woman who was not a hypocrite was worth nothing." Yet this man boasted much of having sounded the depths of the human heart. But this observation proves that he had looked only upon the surface of things, and had never penetrated into that deeper world of motives, from which our purest and noblest actions spring. By him, and such as him, the self-denying virtues of woman can never be comprehended. Her untiring energy in the discharge of domestic duties; her readiness to yield up her most cherished plans, when they interfere with the pleasure of another; her forgetfulness of self, in the daily exactions of the wife and mother; her meekness, patience, gentleness, and forbearance, must remain forever inexplicable to one who takes exclusive views of our nature, and could very easily, by such an one, be pronounced mental imbecility or hypocrisy.

Those who ask political privileges for woman, base their demand upon the supposition, that the political sphere in which man moves, and the consequent intellectual power which is called into action, form the highest point of excellence. We believe that reflecting women, those who have taken a calm, philosophical and enlarged view of the part which they are called upon to perform in the general movements

of humanity, would consider it a low ambition, did they aim no higher than to be placed upon an equality with man, as to political rights. Political privileges are to be desired only as means to accomplish some moral good; and if it can be shown that woman can subserve the interests of society still more, by a class of means which lie entirely out of the sphere of politics, what more can she ask.

It is true, man has claimed superiority over woman, on account of physical strength; on account of intellectual acquirements—which, owing to the station she fills in the social economy, she often finds incompatible with her domestic duties; on account of civil rank, which man, having some faint idea of what would tend to the ultimate good of the whole, (and perhaps in this he is but the blind instrument of a higher power,) has forbidden her; on account of possessing almost exclusively the means of acquiring wealth, which, by making woman dependent upon him, places an immense power in his hands. All these man pronounces good; makes success in these the test of what he calls superiority. If the successful prosecution of these objects called into exercise all the varied powers of the mind—if only through these pursuits it could be trained to its ultimate perfection, or if there were no other objects upon which it could legitimately expand its energies, then indeed it would be manifest injustice to exclude woman from a participation in them. But we know, that so far from calling into exercise all the elements of our nature, success in these pursuits is often obtained by the sacrifice of all that which is truly noble in man.

Much has been said of the benefits which christianity has conferred upon woman. But it is worthy of remark, that it came, not to give her the right of suffrage, or to enable her to occupy high places in worldly honor; it came, not to ameliorate her physical condition—for man and woman stand nearly in the same relative position, in all nations; but it came with a mission of much higher import to woman, and to the world. It came, to bring into notice a class of virtues, which man, in the pride of his heart, had spurned at and despised, and which he had opprobriously branded with the epithet of *womanly*. It came, to proclaim that these long-despised virtues were owned and acknowledged by God himself—teach-

ing, that it is only through these same virtues, as from a starting point, that man can ever hope to rise to his proper dignity, and fit himself for that higher and more perfect life, which, he is told, is in reserve for him. Viewed in this light, we may truly say, (with reverence and humility be it spoken,) that the promulgation of Christianity was the triumph of woman. It has opened a new world of excellence, which was unknown to the ancients. It has thrown into shade the *heroic* virtues, which man had claimed as his own, and pronounced those high and honorable, which had been considered as belonging exclusively to woman. It reconciles the contradiction between her humble employments and narrow sphere, and the restless and far-reaching impulses of her mind. It *confirms* and *sanctions* her present position in society, but provides against all sense of degradation, which is so injurious to the character, by presenting to her high and holy motives of action—motives which, when they become the guiding rules of conduct, unite the lowly christian with the archangels of heaven—binding all to God. It has placed before the world a new standard of excellence—for God does not recognize the one which man has created. Wealth, rank, skill and power, bravery in war, and strength of arm, even knowledge, if it *rests* in material things, and *seeks* no higher end, are with Him as if they were not. It is upon the principle of moral worth that he judges, and before this standard, man and woman must meet upon equal ground. Here is the equality recognized by God.

It is religion alone that can throw a sacredness around the character and employments of woman. If her every-day avocations are considered unfavorable to a full intellectual development, religion teaches that we are in a state of training for higher modes of existence; and those means which are conducive to the accomplishment of this end, should be looked upon as the most honorable. No employment can be called degrading, if done in reference to God. If He calls upon her to sit down upon the earth, and perform the work of life, by a ready and cheerful obedience she ennobles the employment and herself. By bringing so holy a motive to bear upon the act, she invests it with a sacred character, and it can no longer be called trifling or common. It is amidst the perish-

able things of earth, that the imperishable soul is fitted for heaven. Duty! man in the pride of his intellect, may spurn at its requirements; but it is woman's highest glory. The very word exalts human nature, for it allies it to God.

Woman has been sent upon a higher mission than man—it may be a more arduous, a more difficult one. It is to manifest and bring to a full development, certain attributes which belong, it is true, to our common nature, but which, owing to man's peculiar relation to the external world, he could not so well bring to perfection. Man is sent forth to subdue the earth, to obtain command over the elements, to form political communities; and to him, therefore, belong the more hardy and austere virtues: and as they are made subservient to the relief of our physical wants, and as their results are more obvious to the senses, it is not surprising that they have acquired in his eyes an importance which does not in strictness belong to them. But, humility, meekness, gentleness, love, are also important attributes of our nature, and it would present a sad and melancholy aspect without them. But let us ask, Will man, with his present characteristic propensities; thrown, much more than woman, by his immediate duties, upon material things; obliged to be conversant with objects of sense; and exposed to the rude conflicts which this leads to: will *he* bring out these virtues in their *full* beauty and strength? We think not, even with the assistance which religion promises. These principles, with many others linked with them, have been placed more particularly in the keeping of woman, her social condition being evidently more favorable to their full development. She has been commissioned to keep alive these holy principles in the world, that so by their ameliorating power, they may subdue or neutralize the more fierce and turbulent passions of our nature, which, if left free to act without any counteracting influence, would soon lay waste the moral world of God. So far as woman falls short of this her appointed duty, just in proportion, do the true interests of humanity suffer loss. May we be permitted to say, that whilst man is called upon, to a certain extent, to represent those attributes of our nature which bind us to earth, woman should aim to represent those which unite us to heaven. Both are necessary to a full develop-

ment of our nature; and by that secret sympathy which mind holds with mind, the influence of each is acknowledged, and united, form one perfect whole. We therefore appeal to woman, as she values the true interests of society, to be faithful to the charge which has been committed to her keeping. What more noble office, than to raise and exalt the moral sense of the world? Let her see that it suffers no detriment through her indifference or faithlessness. What if she has been denied political privileges and civil rank; what if she be not encouraged by the hope of the same rewards as man, to search out the occult properties of matter; or to investigate the laws of the heavens, or detect nature in her secret operations, when she "lays the foundations of the mountains": what if she cannot command the applause of listening senates, or cause those great results which attract the attention of an admiring world? Political privileges, civil rank, wealth, power—even that knowledge which is predicated upon material things, must perish with our connection with the earth from which they sprang; whilst love, (that holy attribute,) meekness, charity, purity, humility; all those christian virtues, which it is her appointed duty to show forth, are those ultimate attributes of our nature, which are destined to a progressive development throughout eternity.

We firmly believe that woman will never fully subserve the designs of God—never fulfill her true destiny, until, by a proper religious self-discipline, she prepares herself to become man's moral guide, his moral exemplar. If she has the honorable ambition of becoming the *true* friend of man, and not his mere dependent, she must take enlarged and extensive views of our *whole* nature, that she may be enabled to judge in what his true interests consist. Her station should be at his side, to comfort, to encourage, to assist. But shall she, from the low motive of gratifying her earthly vanity, encourage and urge him on in a course of action whose results end with time? Should she not rather keep watch over those interests which have reference to eternity? If man, whose duties, as we remarked before, connect him closely with the world of sense, be in danger of confining his hopes, his wishes, his desires, to this temporary scene; if, in the midst of those passions which are almost necessarily evolved by his rude conflict

with the world, he be in danger of losing sight of his moral responsibilities, then should woman be at his side, to strengthen and confirm his wavering virtue by presenting to his view those truths which have reference to his *whole* existence. She should at all times keep

" Her hand upon the golden key
That opens the portal of Eternity ;"

and thus be always ready to present the *moral* aspect of things to his mind. Man naturally asks, Is it for my interest? Will it be profitable? Woman should respond, Is it right? and melancholy indeed will it be if her moral powers are not sufficiently cultivated to answer the question.

Paradoxical as it may appear, before woman can become a proper companion for man, she must become mentally independent of him: that is, she must take for her guide those laws which proceed, not from man, but from God; otherwise, that submission which christianity teaches, would degenerate into servile fear, and thus degrade, rather than exalt. His praise must no longer be her high reward, or his blame her greatest fear. Religion has broken her chains, and she feels that she is free; and whilst with all meekness she yields a ready yea, a cheerful obedience where it is due, yet she recognizes the law which demands this as emanating from God; and thus submission is transferred from a frail, erring mortal like herself, to the Sovereign of the Universe. Thus the interests of humanity are provided for, without the degradation of woman. The meekness, the humility we recommend, is far removed from that mental imbecility, or indolence, which throws itself upon another's mind, too inactive to form any free moral determinations of its own. These qualities must be based upon high moral firmness; and so far from being incompatible with decision of character, they depend upon it for all their life and vigor.

Thus we see, that beyond the busy, superficial, and obtrusive sphere in which man moves, there lies an extensive world, of far greater power, and higher excellence, which belongs not to the world of sense, but is connected with the spiritual and eternal; and which contains within it, those principles of our nature which alone are indestructible. Of this world here in *Time*, woman has been appointed guardian.

Religion points to a period in the future history of man, when the better principles

of his nature, which have, as it were, remained comparatively dormant, or at least have been exercised but feebly, shall have leave to take their course freely and triumphantly; and philosophy, groping darkly, begins to perceive a light which leads to the same conclusion. The spirit of war and of conquest has exhausted itself. It has been pronounced incompatible with the spirit of christianity, and injurious to the true interests of humanity. Some writer observes, that "mankind never returns upon its steps;" and history confirms this opinion. It is certain, with the present prevailing Idea, (which appears yet to be in its growth and vigor,) a return to the spirit of the *past* cannot be anticipated. Man appears to be commissioned, at present, to bring all the material elements under his control, and make them subservient to his physical welfare. Without indulging in visionary speculations, we are warranted in believing, that through the agency of those elements of nature which he is now continually bringing to light, he will possess facilities for ameliorating his physical condition, to an extent not heretofore anticipated. But there must be a point where Nature, being interrogated, will return no further answer concerning her treasured secrets. Upon what then will man's active powers (vastly strengthened and improved by exercise) expend their energies? May we ask, Is it improbable, that having run through all the ideas which are connected with sensible things; having discovered all the properties of matter which are cognizable to his *present* senses; having, as it were, exhausted nature, and applied this accumulative knowledge, in its fullest extent, to the improvement of his external condition, he shall (by those means which God will appoint) be brought to perceive his relation to the Infinite and Eternal, with a vividness and reality at present hardly conceivable. Does any one doubt this? We will ask, What is the process by which individual minds arrive at truth? Can it be said that they ever perceive it clearly, ever come into a full possession of it, until they have had a successful conflict with its correlative error? There is a deep philosophy in the words of the holy Apostle, "That which is spiritual is not *first*, but that which is natural; afterwards, that which is spiritual:" and we are not forbidden to apply it to the future destiny of mankind.

If man, then, is forwarding (indirectly, and perhaps ignorantly,) the vast plans of God, in reference to the human family, (with what motives, let him answer to his Creator,) let woman put the question to herself, Is she also hastening this consummation? Whilst man is going hither and thither, running to and fro upon the earth, performing his appointed work, let woman awake to a sense of her responsibility. Let her see to it, that no low or personal ambition blend with her motives. Let her aim be, *not* the triumph of woman, but rather the triumph of those holier and better principles, which will, in the end, reign triumphant, and which we believe she is commissioned to show forth in their full beauty and strength, in her daily life and conversation. Thus, she also will "have her charter and freehold of rejoicing," at that time when the "earth shall rejoice in righteousness."

Chillikothe, O.

D.

LINES TO A LADY, WITH A FLOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CLINTON BRADSHAW.

WITHIN your zone, my bright-eyed maiden,
Place this flower so fair:
It grew where earth was perfume-laden,
The very sweetest there.
And thus, when beauty lights her hall
In all her pride of power,
You shine, fair maid, above them all,
The most consummate flower.

I'd build a bower within the grove
Where this bright rose-bud grew,
And dream away a life of love,
And tell its tales to you.
And such a rose, from such a bower,
Your semblance should impart;
And, like you, love, I'd wear my flower
Upon a happy heart.

IMPROMPTU.

To Miss P., of Louisville, on her giving the author a letter of introduction to a distant friend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CLINTON BRADSHAW.

THY gentle greetings to these pages given
For thy fair friend, the distant, but the dear,
Would shew, though folded leaf were rudely riven,
That woman's snowy hand had traced them here.

And thus thy winning witchery of mien,
The spoken music which thy tone imparts,
Will live in every change of time and scene,
Deep, lady, in the stranger's heart of hearts.

COMMON ROADS.

THE yearly wastage of time, money, and teams, on bad roads, is one of the most, if not the most, serious of the extravagances of the present times. A much used bad road, is one of the highest priced luxuries. The enjoyment of it costs much precious time—destroys horses without number—consumes extra quantities of wood and iron, in wagons and other vehicles, as security against breakage. The luxury of the bad road enters into the price of commodities—we eat it, drink it, and wear it.

Every pound of butter, each peck of potatoes, is charged with a few cents for the bad road. The wagon-horse has his extra peck of oats on account of the bad roads, besides the extra price, the extra rubbing down; to say nothing of the extra draughts upon the pump to take off the mud.

The bad road is the father of expensive extras. The farmer must have his extra span to go to market—extra vehicles of greater strength for bad roads—extra stages at extra prices—extra ostlers—extra boot-blacks—extra taverns and tavern bills—extra teams and extra teamsters—extra prices for all things. The bad road carries upon its face more extras than any merchant tailor's bill of the most fashionable cut. The bad road is almost the only bad thing by which nobody gains. It is a general loss and vexation to all. Bad tempers are made worse, and good ones spoiled, by the use of it.

What is every body's business, no one can be expected to attend to, unless it is something to acquire *fame*, or notoriety. It is an old, trite subject, loaded down and worn threadbare by forty years of indifferent legislation—a sort of sticking-in-the-mud-pry-out-with-a-rail system. Men can be found—and women, too—who will go the death for Abolition, for Mormonism, or any other ism, especially if likely to make trouble to other people and fame for themselves. Almost every man, woman, and child, in Ohio, is, or can be made, an enthusiast in something *versus* something else. But in the matter of common roads, bless us! there is no opposition, nobody to be put down—all agree in wanting good roads, and they are sure to remain bad. What public man could be expected to take hold of such a subject? He would

lose caste with all parties—his influence would be gone.

There are, it is true, zealots for turn-pikes, because they are "monopolies," or because they are for local interest, etc. But a *zealot* for having good common roads all over Ohio, (as the result of a *general energetic system* of road-making, to reach every township in the State,) is an individual probably not to be found. It would be entirely safe to offer a large reward for such a member of the Legislature to show himself, and prove his claim to *zeal* on this useful subject.

A general energetic system of common road making, to reach every township of Ohio, under the direction of men chosen by the people of each township, is the thing proposed, with ample taxation to support it. Let the present nonentities in the shape of commissioners, supervisors, trustees, etc., be swept away, and a Road Engineer be elected in each township, who shall make the care and improvement of the roads *his business*; and let him be provided with ample means, and be responsible for due diligence. If a proper system is once adopted, there can be no reasonable doubt but it will work well, and our common roads gradually become good. The clumsy machinery of a *board* of Commissioners should be dispensed with, and the duty and responsibility should rest upon the Engineer. If he does not perform well, the people will mark and dismiss him, and elect another. Not so a *board* of Commissioners; they may waste money with impunity. Very moderate qualifications, and, of course, moderate pay, will answer every useful purpose for the Township Engineers. If elected by the people, every voter would feel an interest in selecting a suitable man to take charge of the roads, and in most cases, no doubt, the selection would be judicious.

Should the road tax be a million of dollars a year, what loss would it be to the entire State, or any farmer in the State, when the expenditure is at home among ourselves? A farm taxed to make a road on its front, is greatly benefited, if that improvement is continued, at the expense of other farms, on to a market, etc.

How cheerfully would each good citizen agree to pay for a few rods of road, if every other throughout the State was compelled to do the like. A good general system brings the matter to this *equal*

beneficial point. *Property* is heavily taxed to make the improvements—the money comes from the *property*, but goes into the *pockets* of the *people*—the working people—not a dollar goes out of the State. Every man's farm is brought nearer to market—its value enhanced.

Five years of steadfast progress upon a good energetic plan, with ample means to bring into employ on the roads a large share of the surplus labor of the State, would put the principal roads in good order, and make the whole passable. Turnpike gates would fall, of course, as they ought, and their loafer-keepers be allowed to occupy their time in some more useful pursuits. Of all taxation upon the people, I hold, that the tax of a turnpike gate is the dearest, as well as the most vexatious. It is paying out *ten* dollars to get back *one*. It is unprofitable to all parties, except the gate-keepers. For who ever knew a permanently profitable turnpike stock? When it is evident to all, that turnpikes drag so heavily, why rely upon them? Why allow them to *seize upon a few points of concentrated travel to levy contributions on passers by*, who perhaps have waded through fifty miles of mud to reach a turnpike gate? The turnpike is a mistaken system, and one which charges upon a few public spirited men inconvenient contributions, which should be levied upon the property of all.

A township is a convenient district to be managed by a single Road Engineer—if, as usual, about six miles square, and he lived nearly central, his daily walk to the company of operators on any road would average but a short distance. The public tools essential to rapid road-making, would be in his constant care. The interests and wishes of his constituents, with his own sense of duty, would be sufficient stimulus to perform his duties in a faithful, energetic manner. The majority or force of opinion would direct, of course, attention to great roads in the first instance.

The great State of Ohio has but to say so, and she can make and keep her common roads good, without any aid from turnpike gates; and without accepting unequal contributions in the shape of subscriptions to turnpike stocks. Provide the means, and give it over to the people in the local districts to manage. If the fund is wasted, it is their loss. Why not trust them?

J. S.

"MY BEAUTIFUL!—MY OWN!"

My gentle girl! my loved—my own!
Whate'er in life betide—
To me come weal or woe, the fates
I'll mock at and deride.
I would not care, at me were all
Their shafts of malice thrown,
So long as thou, dear girl, I call
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be maidens, love, on earth,
More fair than even thou;
And noble dames of loftier birth
Than thine there are, I trow;—
But yet my own dear girl, above
The Queen upon the throne
I prize thee, and thy gentle love—
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those of higher state
And riches than are thine;
It might be, tho' thy wealth were great,
That greater far were mine;
But who could richer treasures find,
More priceless gems be shown,
Than thine,—the jewels of the mind!—
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those more deeply skilled
Than thou in musty lore;
There may be heads e'en better filled
With useful learning's store.
Yet learned enough for me thou art;
Nor learning hast alone,
But a warm, and true, and gushing heart,
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those in heavenly art
To whom more skill belong—
The power to captivate the heart
With richest gift of song;
But sweet to me, is one fond word
In thy low, gentle tone,
As the richest music ever heard—
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

There may be those by others deemed
More beautiful than thou;
But none to me have ever seemed
So worthy Love's pure vow:
Tho' many a form, with beauty warm
And loveliest face I've known,
Yet none to me, but *thou* canst be,
"MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!"

Cincinnati: O.

L. J. C.

TRUE LOVE.

He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.—*Shakespeare.*

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

San Antonio De Bexar—Dwelling Houses—Churches—San Antonio River—Fertility of the Valley—Products—Health of the Valley—Longevity of its Population.

THE city of San Antonio De Bexar was originally settled by a colony from the Cape de Verd Islands, about the year 1773, under a special grant from the king of Spain. The grant was made in consideration of the losses sustained by the grantees from fire. The river divides the city into two parts, the largest division being on the west side.

The Public Square contains about two acres, and is built up of stone houses generally one story high. The walls are from four to five feet thick, with embrasures made to answer the purpose of windows, but which look more like the grates of a prison. They are generally twenty feet in height, and plastered both in and outside with a rough coat of lime mortar. Joist, four or five feet from the tops of the walls, are laid from one to the other, and the space filled with earth beaten solid. The houses are inclosed with such thick walls, and covered with such description of roof, for the purpose of making them impervious to the heat of the sun; otherwise, they would be insufferable. The interior is constructed with no reference to comfort or elegance. Many of them have no floor but the ground; some few are paved with brick, or stone; but there were none of all I saw, except the house of an American, that were floored with wood. Chimneys are awkwardly constructed in the corners of the houses, and sometimes the fire is built in the middle of the room, after the manner of the Indian wigwam. Some of the houses had sufficient depth to admit of several apartments, by means of parallel walls; and when such was the case, they were divided off into small rooms and intricate mazes, which made the whole wear no bad resemblance to the gloom and terror of a prison.

This place, since the revolt of Mexico, like the Netherlands, appears to have been a common battle-ground for the different contending powers. Before it was wrested from the Spaniards, it was the theater of many a bloody scene; and since the revolution in Texas, it has twice been the arena

of war. The walls are indented in a thousand places with marks of bullets and cannon balls. The streets are wide and regular, and, if my memory does not misserve me, run with the cardinal points. The houses in the suburbs, as well as many on the principal streets near the center of town, are constructed of logs ranged perpendicularly in the ground, the interstices daubed with clay, and the tops covered with rushes or straw. They have the most shabby and ragged appearance, and are not in any respect superior to the temporary huts of the savage.

The churches in the city and those scattered up and down the valley of the river, are constructed with more pretensions to magnificence than taste. Those out of the city are called missions. They were established through the munificence of old Spain, as the means of extending the doctrines of the Christian faith among the different tribes of Indians. As these churches are surrounded by a fort of massive walls, to withstand the attacks of the Indians, they appear as you approach them more like a garrison for armed men, than temples of religion. The pious fathers usually bore the double and apparently incongruous character of a holy teacher and warrior. These missions are found in various parts of Texas, and formed a nucleus for settlements, as the walls of the fort afforded a place of refuge to the people in case of danger. The churches are two stories in height, built of stone, plastered with a rough coat of lime, and crowned with lofty steeples. The entrance, or doors, about which there is usually a profusion of sculptuary, are oftentimes imposing, and sometimes beautiful. The door of the church of the Alamo, with images as large as life on each side as you enter, carved from solid stone and intended to represent some of the apostles, may not, taken altogether, be a finished specimen of sculpture; but is nevertheless, from its general execution, well calculated to draw the attention of the curious. The ravages and waste of civil war are seen even upon the churches; and many of them are in ruins. As the traveler wanders amidst the crumbled walls of the churches of the valley of the San Antonio, he fancies that Italy, and not Texas, is the scene of his meditations. There is one church in the Public Square, and two others within sight of town. The church of

the Alamo stands upon the eastern border of the city; and there is another a few hundred yards beyond, upon a hill. There are several more within a few miles of the city, in different parts of the valley. The steeple of that which stands upon the Public Square is perforated with a cannon ball, which was fired by the Texians during the storming of Bexar, to dislodge some of the enemy who from that point kept a constant firing at the besiegers.

The river San Antonio takes its rise about four or five miles above the city, from four large springs which gush from the side of a mountain; and after running twenty miles, it unites with the Madona. The water is clear as crystal, and runs through the valley with a current of not less than five or six miles an hour, over a bed of rocks. It is thirty yards in width, and from three to four feet in average depth in the neighborhood of the city. The water is not so cool as might be expected at this short distance from the source, but is healthy and agreeable to the taste.

The fertility and beauty of the valley is owing to the great fall in the river, which enables the farmer, by throwing a dam across the bed of the stream, to carry the water by a ditch along the upper part of his farm, and, by such means, suffer it to run over every portion of it as upon an inclined plane. If nature had not made this provision, the soil, although rich, could never have been brought into successful cultivation, on account of the great drouth. As a proof that the country is dependent upon irrigation, I would mention that improvements are confined to the banks of the river, and that no settlements have yet been made either upon the Salow or Seawillow, neither of which possesses this facility, even if they had sufficient water for the purpose. The valley, at the city, if I have formed a correct estimate, does not exceed six miles in breadth, and is so destitute of timber, that it does not deserve the name of having any. The mildness and regularity of the climate is such, that not much more will be required for firewood than is necessary for the kitchen; and as it will always be better to construct houses of stone, on account of the heat, a very small portion of timber will answer. The country along the valley is handsome beyond description, especially in the vicinity of some of the missions, and justifies all that has been

said of its extraordinary beauty and fertility.

Were it not for the din of battle, which too often disturbs the repose of the valley, the inhabitants, in a great degree cut off from the rest of the world, might here enjoy as much happiness as is consistent with the nature of man. Both cotton and corn flourish in the valley; especially the latter, which forms the principal agriculture of the country. It is the only bread-stuff of the natives, and each family has a little patch for this necessary of life. The wheat of the States will not answer in a climate so warm; but I am told, there is a kind cultivated in some portions of Mexico, that is more congenial to the country. No attempt, so far as I could learn, has been made to introduce it, and we must either suppose that it is not so, or find fault with the enterprise of the people. Rice, no doubt, will grow in the valley, and the cane has been successfully cultivated. With the exception of cabbage, which grows well nowhere in Texas, most vegetables might be grown, had the citizens the enterprise to introduce, and the industry to cultivate, them. But, as the inhabitants are satisfied to barely live, we must not expect more attention to agriculture than satisfies the wants of a people who have not a wish or a relish for the luxuries of life. The grape, the fig, and the peach, only want the industry of man to make them equal to those of any country.

The great age to which the Mexicans live, and an hundred years is no uncommon limit to human life, is an evidence of the salubrity of the valley. Sicknes of any kind is so little known and felt among the inhabitants, that no one pretends to understand or give his attention to the healing art. The Mexican has no confidence in the American, (and all Anglo-Saxons are called such,) except in his medicinal powers. He places his life, with unbounded confidence, in the hands of a man whom he would not trust in anything else, beyond the value of a cent. With the Mexican, as with the Indian, every American is a doctor. Life endures until all the fluids of the body are dried out by continued heat and drouth, and then expires like the lamp after the oil has been consumed. As age creeps on, the body becomes more attenuated and dried, until the whole man assumes the aspect of an Egyptian mummy. So arid is the atmos-

phere, that putrescence, either in the vegetable or animal world, is wholly unknown. Animals which die upon the plain, or elsewhere, moulder to dust untouched by flies or any creeping insect.

CHAPTER XV.

Character of the People of San Antonio—The Mexicans generally—Habits and Customs—Amusements.

As I have given the reader an idea of the country of the San Antonio, it is proper he should know something of the character, manners and pursuits of the people who inhabit the valley. If he will give himself the trouble to refresh his memory with Doctor Robertson's account of the Mexicans, at the time Spain took possession of the country, he will find, after learning the results of my observations, that that portion of this people whom I am about to describe have advanced but little, if any, in the sciences, arts, or anything else, since the days of Montezuma.

What might be true of the people of San Antonio, owing in a great measure to their isolated condition, it should be observed, would not apply as a general remark to the whole people of Mexico. While it must be admitted that the people, as a nation, have made some considerable advances in government, laws, and in the arts and sciences, under the liberal influence of the age, communicated through the channel of commerce; still it is too obvious, from the history of the Mexican empire within the last few years, (which is a history of bloodshed and revolution,) that she has lagged far behind other nations in every essential which constitutes the security and happiness of a people. Should we be allowed to judge from the evidences which she gives, even now, of a continual disposition to relapse into former errors, we might well suppose that the little advances she has made, have been forced upon her prematurely, rather than sprung spontaneously from the actual condition of the nation.

There can be no doubt but that the condition of Mexico under the government of old Spain, was but poorly calculated to enable her to keep pace with the improvements of the age; and when her allegiance to the mother country was thrown off; and

she attempted to make up, by a single leap, what she had lost by misgovernment for centuries, she threw herself entirely from her balance, and, since that day, has been reeling and staggering, like a drunken man, to catch something by which to steady herself. She, as yet, has found no sure foothold; and where the next surge in the tempestuous sea of revolution will carry her, is a question which the wisest must hesitate to answer. One thing, however, is certain: should she provoke a foreign war, either through pride or obstinacy, or any other cause, and come out at last, at the end of the conflict, with a distinct national existence, it will be more owing to the mercy and forbearance of her enemy, than to power or virtue in the government or people. Texas, with her sixty thousand inhabitants, threw defiance into her teeth, with her nine millions of people; and when the issue was made upon the field of battle, it was no contest at all.

While, then, the people of San Antonio De Bexar may not be taken as a fair specimen of the Mexican character generally, there is still such a common resemblance in the leading outlines, that, from this sample, the reader may form some idea of the great mass of the nation. The Mexican of San Antonio, of a dark eye and hair, and a thin, bronzed complexion, is inferior in stature and physical development in every particular, to the Anglo-Saxon. The people speak the Spanish language, but so adulterated and corrupted, that it grates like harsh thunder upon the chaste ear of the polished Castilian. Most of them are taught to read and write at schools under the management of the priests; and it is to be attributed to that source, that a religious enthusiasm, or by whatever name it should be called, gives a strong coloring to the Mexican character, and accounts for the powerful influence which the clergy exercise over the minds of the people. Every Mexican professes to be a Catholic, and carries about his person the crucifix, the rosary, and other symbols of the mother church. But religion with him, if one is permitted to judge of the feelings of the heart by outward signs, is more a habit, than a principle or feeling. The people are cowards, and, like all persons of this description, are cruel to those within their power. If the Mexican is tyrannical and blood-thirsty to the Texian when the latter has not the power to resist, he is humble,

sycophantic and crouching, when the situation of the two is reversed. Deceit is a distinguishing trait in the character of this people, and as fidelity from a Mexican is not expected, it creates no surprise when he forfeits his honor, or violates his pledges. But justice requires that I should add, that what is said above is confined to his relations with his enemies. The people among themselves may be more honorable, more humane, and less treacherous; but even this is sometimes denied. The excessive pride of the Mexican is remarkable; and while he regards the American as his inferior, he will scarce admit that he has an equal anywhere. Owing to this weakness, he measures arms with his enemy, with the certain prospect in his own mind of success, and is not convinced of his mistake until he has been worsted in the conflict. When he finds himself mastered, pride gives way to revenge, which smoulders like hidden fire, until it can be gratified without the hazard of open, manly attack.

The Mexicans love to talk, and among one another are a merry, light-hearted people. There is less reserve and propriety in the manners and conduct of the different sexes in their intercourse with each other, than would be tolerated in the States; and I have been told by our own countrymen, who, however, are not disposed to do the Mexicans justice in anything, that it is not uncommon to see men and women bathing promiscuously in the clear waters of the San Antonio. As a circumstance to show that there may be some truth in the remark, and how widely this people differ from all others in their opinion of the proper observances between the sexes, I will mention, that on one occasion when I went to bathe, I found a male and female at the place which is usually resorted to for such purpose, which led me to withdraw. The male, who guessed my intention and the cause that led to a change of purpose, called, and intimated that their presence should interpose no objection.

The life of the Mexican here is one of unconcerned indolence and ease. As long as he is satisfied with a bare living for the present, there is no reason that he should give himself much trouble about the future. The small quantity of corn which he requires, demands but little labor, owing to the amount that may be produced from a little piece of ground; and, as his animal

food is easily procured, there is no necessity for much bodily exertion. From eleven o'clock, A. M. to four, P. M., the doors of the houses are usually shut, and the inmates lie stretched upon a cow-skin spread upon the floor or ground. When the heat has abated, which is intense, owing to the reflection from the walls, the streets are again thronged with the laughing, chattering Mexican.

The evening is spent by a large portion of the population at the fandango, a kind of Spanish waltz. There are seldom less than three or four of this description of dances, during the night, in different portions of the city. As I had a great wish to see the Mexicans, and especially the females, in a ball room, I made up my mind to go, on the earliest opportunity. At dark, in company with a friend, I found my way, by the sound of a fiddle and the course of the people, which, like the tide, was setting in one direction, to the place where the dance was to be held. The fandango was held in a stone house of the largest size. The room was thirty feet in length, and fifteen in breadth, floored with brick, but which, from long use, were worn perfectly smooth. Benches were arranged along the sides of the walls, which were occupied with the ladies. There was little, either in the copper color of the females, who were small and delicate, or their dress, which, in some instances, was of silk, but most generally consisted of calico, calculated to inspire a high idea of their beauty or taste. The male part of the assembly paraded the room, with large brimmed straw hats that almost concealed the face, dressed in blue roundabouts, and pantaloons so wide at bottom as to look grotesque and outlandish. My attention was particularly directed to one of the company who, in his haste, did not take time to divest himself of his dishabille, but brought with him a change, which he put on by merely dodging into a recess in the wall. Our presence excited no agreeable sensations, as great prejudice usually prevails in the minds of the Mexicans against all Americans. It is a matter of no surprise that such is the case, as the appearance of such persons is the signal for riots and disturbances. It has happened, that strangers form themselves into a company and, entering such assemblies, put the male part to flight, and take possession of the house. As we showed no disposition to take any part in the

proceedings, other than that of casual spectators, our presence, after a short time, was recognized with complaisance.

The dance commenced to the music of the violin, and a half dozen couple performed a waltz round the room, until a general exhaustion was the result. The lady was then restored by a dish of coffee at the hands of her partner, and was ready to go at it again. As I usually lay claim to a reasonable share of all sport that falls in my way, I made up my mind, that, so soon as I could succeed in gaining a reasonable degree of confidence with the party, by a courteous deportment to all, to try my hand at the fandango. But perhaps I ought to be candid, and admit that a wish to waltz with a dark-eyed beauty, whose consciousness of superior charms imparted to her demeanor a tone and bearing more elevated than that of those around her, had much to do in forming my determination. Under circumstances as auspicious as my ingenuity could contrive, or rather boorish gallantry create, the usual ceremonies of a first acquaintance were undergone: I began to edge up a little, and advance by degrees, towards this formidable battery of beauty, until I had fairly secured her hand for a turnabout in the mazy dance. When the American took the floor with the Mexican beauty, all eyes were turned upon us. We now set off; but the fandango was all Greek to me. Sometimes I hobbled, sometimes I got tangled up, I cannot tell exactly how, sometimes I was too fast, and sometimes too slow. But, the worst of all, unaccustomed to the rotary movements of the waltz, my head began to swim, and the floor and ceiling seemed alternately to change places. Both head and feet soon got wrong, and I began to see, (if I could see at all) a storm gathering upon the brow of my partner. I confused her, and she was evidently mortified. What could I do, however, but go round and round; and so I did, just as a chicken with its head nearly cut off. At length my Mexican could endure it no longer, and asked me in broken English if I had ever danced before; and added, in a tone akin to asperity, that I had lost the step. It occurred to me that I had never had it; but her remarks struck me all into a heap, and, after fairly winding myself up by winding round, I gave my partner to understand that it would be agreeable to take my seat. This was the only part of the performance that

seemed to please her, and so we sat down. As soon as the floor and ceiling took their places, I bowed to my Mexican beauty, and bade good night to the fandango. Taking the whole together, the fandango was rather a poor concern. But justice requires that I should observe that such gatherings are not composed of élite of the city. The gambling table, which appears to be one of the usual concomitants of the dance, attracted, by far, more attention than the fandango itself.

Gambling is a marked trait of the Mexican character, and is carried to the greatest extent by all classes of people. The monta dealer, on such occasions as I have mentioned above, sits at his table with a kind of enviable consequence to the multitude, many of whom are seen betting with the eager looks of success, or the frantic and haggard expressions of despair.

So strong is this passion, that even the priests sometimes forget their sacred office, and are seen dealing monta, the favorite game of the Mexicans. I have it from one whose word is always a sufficient voucher for the truth of any thing he may state, that, in the division of the plunder of the city, when first taken by the Texans, some ornaments which were sacrilegiously taken from the church, fell to his lot; but which he surrendered to a priest upon his pious and earnest persuasion to do so. But a few days afterwards, he saw this same holy father, whose Christian meekness had won so much upon his feelings, dealing monta near the door of his own sanctuary. This individual instance of corruption is, however, no more to be taken as an evidence of the rottenness of the Catholic faith, than the many thousand cases of a similar nature, which are to be found in the history and experience of mankind, are to be regarded as proofs of the unsoundness and evil tendencies of Christianity herself.

When the difficulties commenced between Mexico and Texas, some of the citizens of San Antonio committed themselves on the side of the former; but the greater part prudently waited to see to which side of the scale success would incline. Most of the former, when Mexico had lost the power to protect them, left the country.—Although the great mass of the people are guilty of no overt act, still their allegiance is held doubtful, and a small military force is stationed at San Antonio to prevent trea-

sonable intercourse with the inhabitants beyond the Rio Grande.

The inhabitants of San Antonio are yet a primitive people in their whole mode of life. No stream affords superior privileges for mills of all descriptions to the San Antonio river, yet during its whole course I never heard of any except one for grinding corn, but which long since had been suffered to go to ruin. When corn is ground at all, which is seldom the case, it is done upon a small handmill introduced by the Americans, who, within the last four years, have settled in the place, but not in any considerable numbers. The usual method of preparing bread, and which has been practiced, as I am told, for centuries, is to boil the corn in lye until it becomes soft; and while hot it is placed upon a stone block, usually granite, two or three feet square, slightly scooped in the middle, where it is worked into pulp, by means of a circular stone, eighteen or twenty inches long. In this condition it is placed before the fire to bake, after the plan of making journey-cakes, or in an oven. The bread prepared in this way is equal, if not superior, to that made after the most approved plan adopted in the States. Knives and forks are seldom used, nor are any of the ordinary ceremonies which are observed among civilized people generally, much regarded at the table. The common method is to eat upon the ground, and, so far as manners are observed in this position, I did not think that this people had any reason to claim superiority over the rude and uncultivated savage.

So strongly are the habits of other generations ingrafted upon this, that I could refer to an instance of a Mexican female, the wife of an American, who seldom sat down to table with her husband; but when he had finished, would place the fragments upon the ground, where herself and domestics, who were also Mexicans, would squat around, after the manner of their people.

The absence of almost every kind of furniture in the most fashionable houses, was either an evidence of poverty, or a total ignorance of such conveniences as civilized people deem indispensable to their comfort.

I know of no mechanical branches that are pursued by the citizens of San Antonio, unless it is that of the cobbler. I did see one man engaged at this kind of work,

and it was the only instance of mechanical exertion that fell under my observation.

Merchandise is confined, generally, to Americans, who bring their goods from the coast, and sell them, at immense profits, to the inhabitants. Articles of commerce are principally confined to cotton goods, which are generally sufficient protection to the body in a climate like this. The Mexican takes great pleasure in his horses, which are raised in great numbers in the neighborhood of San Antonio, and form the principal article of commerce in the hands of the natives. Many of them make the breeding of horses an exclusive business, and have large cane-yards, as they are called, which are profitable without much labor or attention. The wild mare is caught upon the prairie, and "kneed," in the phrase of the country, which means cutting one of the leading tendons of the leg, which effectually lames, and prevents her from making her escape. These animals answer well for broods when crossed by the Spanish or American horse. The issue, called the Mexican horse, may be purchased as low as five dollars, and seldom brings more than twenty-five.

No people are equal to the Mexicans in the management of their animals, when wild and apparently ungovernable. They feel no hesitation in mounting the mustang so soon as caught; and it is not long until it becomes perfectly tractable, under their rigid government. I once had an opportunity of seeing one astride a mule that had thrown every person who had ever attempted to ride it; from repeated success, it appeared conscious of its ability to dismount any one who was hardy enough to make the experiment. It was a powerful animal, with much more cunning than is common to its kind, and malicious in the extreme. The owner, an American, was anxious to find some one who would undertake to break and manage the animal, as in all other respects it was desirable, and if once subdued would be valuable. A large muscular African, who conceived that nothing was an over-match for him, volunteered to show, as he said, that it only required a stout heart to obtain the most perfect mastery of the animal, and mounted, with the strongest assurances, in his own mind, of complete success; but he no sooner touched the saddle than the mule raised upon its hind feet, and then, bound-

ing forward, threw its head down, and its heels into the air, until it appeared to stand nearly perpendicular upon the earth. Before the negro was conscious of anything, he lost his balance, and lay sprawling upon the ground. It all happened in so short a time, that Cuffee had no idea how the fete was performed. He knew he mounted, and knew he was upon the ground, and that was all he knew about it. But no matter how it was done; he was satisfied not to try the experiment again. A Mexican, who had been anxiously watching these operations, but who hesitated to offer his services until all were satisfied of their inability to manage the animal, now stepped forward, and prepared to ride it. The cry was, that the life of a Mexican was of no value, and that it made but little difference whether he was killed or not. But the moment the Mexican seized the bridle, the mule appeared to feel, instinctively, that he had at last found his master, and cowered under his steady look, as he grasped it by the ear, and gazed strongly upon it, an instant before he mounted. The mule, so soon as he touched the saddle, commenced plunging, as before, but with not more than half his former fury. The Mexican was prepared, and kept his balance, with the most perfect composure. After one or two plunges, he drew the head of the animal, with a single rein, until it touched its left shoulder; and then, putting a heavy spur into its right flank, he whirled it round and round, in a complete circle, with the velocity of a top. After performing a number of revolutions on the left, the same thing was repeated on the right, until the mule, convinced that there was no alternative, but go round forever, or go quietly ahead, was satisfied to comply with the latter.

The citizens of San Antonio who attend to raising horses, watch them during the day, while they feed upon the plain in the neighborhood, and at night drive them within the city. The Mexicans, on such occasions, seldom venture more than a mile from town, on account of the Indians who often lurk in the vicinity, watching an opportunity to cut off their retreat, and drive off the horses under their charge. A few days before our arrival, a Comanche came into the valley to steal horses, and crept cautiously in the grass, like a snake, to where some were feeding, in the vicinity of a farm, on the edge of town.

His movements were observed by a small boy, the only person about, who watched with admirable coolness, until his enemy came within proper distance, when he gave him the contents of an old musket, which put him entirely out of the notion of stealing horses, for the present. The Comanche sprang from his crouching position, with a loud yell, and dodged into the musket thickets, where he was found, a few days afterwards, nearly devoured by the wolves.

The Mexican seldom goes beyond the edge of town without a gun upon his shoulder; but in a moment of danger it avails him but little, as he usually depends upon the speed of his horse; and should it so happen that he discharges his gun at all, it is at perfect random, attended with less danger to his enemy than himself, from a possibility of its bursting:

The Comanches, who inhabit the country immediately west of San Antonio, and who claim to number forty thousand, while they admit the Americans to be their equal, express the most decided contempt for the Mexicans. They declare that they only spare the whole nation from destruction, because they answer to supply them with horses. The assertion seems to be fully carried out in practice; for it is no uncommon occurrence, for a party of Comanches to cross the Rio Grande, and after spreading terror wherever they go, to drive off large numbers of these animals. By the time the Mexicans can embody in sufficient numbers to repel the marauders, their more active enemy is safe, with the plunder in the native fortresses of the mountains. A large part of Mexico is sometimes thrown into alarm by the number of these marauding parties, and the army of the Empire is seen collecting from all directions, to repel the invasion, or cut off the retreat of this formidable enemy.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Alamo—The Siege—Colonel Crocket.

THE Alamo, the grave of poor Crocket, stands on the east side of the river, on an eminence which commands the entire city. It is a quadrangular fort, including the third of an acre, with walls from eighteen to twenty feet in height, and not less than four or five feet in thickness. Within the

limits of the fort, is a large stone church, now in ruins. On the east and west, parallel walls are constructed in the inside, fifteen feet from the outer. Beams are laid from one to the other, a few feet from the top, and the space filled by beaten earth. Doors open through the inner wall to the space, between the two, which is divided into a number of small rooms, for the accommodation of the garrison.

It was in such a place as this, that one hundred and eighty men attempted to check the progress of five thousand of the choice troops of Mexico, commanded in person by one who, from his previous success, was deemed invincible in war. Had this bold attempt proved successful, it would have formed one of the most brilliant achievements in modern warfare. But the awful conclusion of the tragedy, even in the minds of many of the people of Texas, has stamped as rash an attempt where the disproportion in number and power was so great as to render defeat and destruction morally certain. Three hundred Spartans fell in the straits of Thermopæ, fighting against a million of Persians, yet the world has never hesitated to lament the fate, and honor the motives of the victims. Col. Travis, who commanded during the siege, was ordered to abandon his position, upon the approach of the Mexicans, and fall back upon the main army under the command of General Houston. But a spirit of chivalry, if a reckless daring can claim such a name, was stronger, in this case, than the feelings of military subordination.

I could ascertain but little of the history of the siege from the inhabitants who were present at the time. I learned, however, that the Mexicans arrived in the city of San Antonio some days before they were expected, and that such was the celerity of their march, that their appearance upon the plain, some distance from the city, was the first notice of their approach. Santa Ana was a few days behind the main body of the Army. His presence at the scene of war, was communicated to the besieged, by the report of cannon, which announced his arrival. The drama now commenced, with all its horrors. The Mexicans constructed batteries at several places, and began to play away, against the fort, while masses of infantry rushed forward, to scale the walls. But the batteries were leveled by the besieged, and col-

umn after column of the advancing host was mowed to the earth.

Many a daring feat was performed by the unflinching few, who, surrounded on nearly all sides, neither thought of capitulating or asking for quarters, in any extremity. One is related of our countryman, Crocket, which, as it is one of the last acts of the life of a man who made every thing connected with his name, no matter how small, interesting to a certain class of readers, may not be unworthy of notice. A Mexican was seen, at the distance of two hundred yards from the fort, busy in making some repairs, or, perhaps, constructing a battery. His person was completely exposed, and he worked as one regardless of danger. In this situation, he caught the eye of Crocket, who put a suitable charge into his rifle, and taking his station on one of the angles of the fort, where his person was exposed to every gun of the besiegers, let drive at the enemy. The Mexican rolled in the dust, and shouts of triumph rang through the Alamo.

The tragedy now hastened to its conclusion. Such was the extent of the fort, that it required the incessant vigilance of all the besieged, at the different points of attack. There was no time for sleep. Night after night the besieged held out, and seemed to war not only against the enemy, but against nature herself. The day of the night the Alamo fell, was a day of incessant fighting. Both parties retired from the contest in the evening, and seemed eager for repose. The night was dark, and the besieged, exhausted by want of rest, fatigue and hard fighting, sought a few hours' sleep upon the ground. The watch upon the wall, at the hour of twelve at night, heard the cry of "all's well," from the sentinel, as he moved up and down the lines of the Mexican encampment. That mysterious silence which often in nature precedes the tempest, pervaded every thing. Not a leaf moved upon the aged elms, which stood, with a kind of funereal gloom, around the walls of the Alamo. "The Mexicans are upon the wall!" were the first and the last words of the sentinel. The cry, "the Mexicans! the Mexicans!" in an instant brought every soldier to his feet, and to his post. The enemy, taking advantage of the darkness, had crept up to the fort unperceived by the drowsy sentinel, and were now in

possession of the walls. "To the walls! to the walls!" was shouted by the besieged, as they threw themselves into the dark masses which came pressing on: some pouring down into the fort, while others ranged themselves in battle array over and along the different parts of the ramparts. The besieged were soon upon the walls, where the struggle was as desperate as the most powerful feelings of our nature could make it. To the patriots, there was no choice between death and victory: and the columns of Mexicans in front were pressed forward at the point of the bayonet, by those in the rear. To them, it was either to go on, with a hope of victory, or turn back, and perish with a certainty, by the hands of their own countrymen. The desperate courage of the patriots was, however, too much, at first, for their enemies, and hundreds were either pitched from the walls or put to death by the Bowie knife or bayonet.

But as they mowed down one column, another took its place, until many of the patriots having fallen, the remainder, fatigued with slaughter, which seemed to be without end, fell back into a large room, which had been fortified, in case of extremity. The Mexicans now filled the whole area of the fort, and commenced battering down the door, which separated them from what remained of the Texans. The patriots, cooped, as they were, into a narrow space, resolved to cease fighting when they ceased to live, and kept up a constant and destructive fire through the battlements. The door at last began to give way. As it fell to the ground, the patriots rushed forward, and planted themselves in the threshold, when the contest became awful and bloody in the extreme. But few of the belligerents could engage at the same time, and as they fell upon both sides, others took their places, until the entrance was nearly choked with the dying and dead. Still the patriots held out, and kept the enemy at defiance. But at last, their numbers were so thinned, that those who remained, exhausted with long fighting, began to relax in their exertions, when the Mexicans rushed forward, and, surrounding them on all sides, butchered and cut them to pieces. Still, the last man asked not for quarters, and died as he made a lunge at his enemy.

I could ascertain but little of the individual fate of the fallen, where all were

involved in a promiscuous destruction. It is generally supposed, that Travis fell upon the walls, early in the engagement. That Crocket fell at the Alamo, is all that is known; by whom, or how, no one can tell. But the imagination can well picture him, hurling whole squadrons from the walls, or heaping up pyramids of the slain at the threshold, where the struggle was the most desperate. The fate of Bowie is ascertained with greater certainty, from a female servant, who was so fortunate as to escape the general destruction. On the night of the attack, he was confined to his room by sickness, and was scarcely able to leave his bed. When the Mexicans broke over the walls, some rushed to his apartment. He was up in time to take his stand in the door; and with the knife which bears his name, he for some time kept the enemy at bay. When his mighty arm was at last tired with the work of death, he fell upon the heaps of the slain which he had thrown around him. The spirit of the conquerors was not appeased by the blood of the vanquished; for, the next day, their bodies were collected, and, with every mark of contumely, reduced to ashes. Thus fell the Alamo and its brave defenders, who only wanted success, to have rendered themselves and their deeds immortal.

CHAPTER XVII.

Face of the country from the Rio Grande to the Sabine.

As the reader has traveled with me through what is considered the best part of Texas, let us suppose that we have returned to Houston, and prepared to take a general survey of the country from the Rio Grande to the Sabine. The former river, which is claimed as the south and south-western boundary of the republic, is supposed to be eighteen hundred miles in length, and is navigable for steamboats three or four hundred miles, during the greater portion of the year. But, like most of the rivers of Texas, it will not compare with those of the same class in a more northern part of the continent, in point of commercial facilities. The country from the Rio Grande to the Rio de las Neuces, the distance of one hundred miles or more, is sandy, barren and timberless,

and may be called the desert of North America. Nature seems to have designed this dreary waste as a boundary between neighboring nations, which she sometimes fixes upon the earth in consideration of the ambition and weakness of men. The country upon the Rio de la Neuces is not so fertile as that further east; and the whole of it, even upon the stream, labors under a want of timber. The river itself, is of no great importance. The country from this stream to the Rio San Antonio, is an extended plain, in many places barren, and the best portions of it will answer for little else than stock. As has been observed in another place, the land upon the San Antonio is rich, but destitute, in a great measure, of timber, and has greater facilities for water power than commerce. The reader has learned, through the preceding pages, that the country from the San Antonio to Buffalo Bayou, is prairie, except such portions as lie upon the margins of the Guadaloupe, La Baca, Navedad, Colorado, Brassos, and their tributaries. If he will cast his eyes from Buffalo Bayou to the Sabine, the eastern boundary of Texas, he will still discover the extended plain, only diversified by the sight of timber, as he crosses the San Jacinto, Trinidad and Naches.

Texas will admit of two distinct geographical divisions, if the character of its soil and the purposes to which it may be adapted, afford a proper line of demarkation. The lower country, which may be included in a line drawn two hundred miles from the coast, commencing upon the eastern border and terminating upon the Rio Grande, is well calculated for stock, and that portion which lies upon the streams will answer for cotton, corn, and most other agricultural purposes. It is a question about which men's minds are much divided, whether the praries of the lower country will ever answer, or will ever be appropriated, to any other purpose than that of grazing. In my own mind, I could never entertain a doubt. Even admit that men are willing to settle themselves upon the prairie, without a stick of timber in sight; that they are satisfied to live in mud houses, and inclose their fields with mud fences; still the fact that attendance to stock has been found much more profitable than agriculture of any kind, without one-third of the labor, which, in a climate like this, is no small

consideration, will forever make the vast plains of Texas nothing more than a common for cattle, and stock of all descriptions.

I have mentioned in another place, upon the authority of universal testimony, that stock of the horned kind will double every three years, allowing twenty-five per cent. for annual loss, and that the grazier is put to no expense or trouble, except occasionally to herd his cattle, and to mark and brand the calves. The grass of this country is more nutritious than that of the States, and the cattle upon the prairies, even in the winter, look like the stall-fed ox. No climate is better adapted to the constitution of the mule, than that of Texas. They have been, and may be, raised in any number, with little trouble, and at a great profit. It would be difficult to imagine how the prairies of this country could be more profitably appropriated, than to the growth of stock; especially when the disproportion between the expense and labor, compared with other pursuits, is not overlooked. Many suppose that the Chinese willow, which is found in the country, may be cultivated to such an extent upon the plains as will obviate, in a very short time, all objection, so far as the want of timber is concerned. I am sure the prairies will never be subdued in this way, should men ever think it their interest to do so. The tree, at ten years' growth, does not exceed one foot in diameter, and will not admit of more than one cut for rails. So, to say the most for this kind of timber, it would answer for little else than shade or ornament.

The design of nature, in the formation of the country, is too obvious to be mistaken. The country upon the streams, where timber is convenient, will always afford sufficient land for the farmer to supply all the wants of the people of Texas, as from the nature of things the population cannot be great, while the plains are destined for pasture. Lest the intention of nature should not be sufficiently evident from the features of the country, both the rivers and harbors are of that description as evidently to conform to the original design.

It cannot be said that there is one good navigable stream in all Texas, unless we are disposed to consider as such those which may be navigated during the flood season of the year. But at such times

they cannot be called good. Steam-boats of a very light draft may run up a few of the streams of this country, during the summer, for a short distance from the coast; but even then the navigation is dangerous, on account of shallows, and other obstructions. To say the most, the rivers of Texas of the first class will not compare with those of the United States of the same grade, in point of commercial advantages, leaving the Mississippi entirely out of the question. Galveston harbor may be considered the best along the coast from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and yet the reader has been informed that the water upon the bar does not exceed fourteen feet, and that the bay is too much exposed to the fury of the winds to be entirely safe. It seems as if nature, apprehensive that the formation of this harbor would lead men to mistake her purpose in the formation of the country, and to guard against this, has surrounded it, for the distance of thirty miles, and in some directions more, with marshes and swamps. On the other hand, the country upon the Brassos is really fertile, and yields most abundantly, yet the harbor at the mouth of the stream is little better than none at all. There are several other harbors in Texas besides these, which have been mentioned in these pages: among the principal of which are, one at the mouth of the Sabine, one at the terminations of the Guadalupe and San Antonio rivers, and another called Corpus Christi, at the mouth of the Rio de la Neuces. But none of them can be considered much more than good harbors for steam-boats.

The pursuits of men will always yield to the intentions of nature as they are manifested in the features of a country, and the first settlers of Texas did not only perceive this intention, but conformed themselves to its decree. Almost all of them have given their attention to the growth of stock, and have bestowed no more labor upon agriculture than was necessary to supply their own limited wants. The cotton, however, which grows upon the streams of this country, is thought to be, and doubtless is, of a superior quality, and has commanded in market even a greater price, than the best which is grown in the Southern States of the Union. The sugarcane, no doubt, could be successfully cultivated along the rivers of Texas, especially upon Cany-creek, a small stream which

empties into the Gulf, and upon the Brassos and most of its tributaries. But when we come to consider, that notwithstanding both cotton and sugar may be raised in some places to the greatest advantage, and that both of them, as yet, have received so little attention, compared with that which has been given to stock, it only affords an additional proof of the great productiveness of the latter, and that men will direct their enterprize to those matters which they find most to their interest. What change, in this particular, will be effected by a more settled state of things than has yet existed in Texas, is a question I do not myself presume to answer. But while I hesitate to say what attention will in future be given to these two great southern staples, cotton and sugar, I feel an entire conviction in the belief that they never can or will be any thing more than secondary considerations, even in the lower countries, with the people of Texas.

It must be borne in mind, that the remarks which have just been made are intended to apply to the division of the country which lies within two hundred miles of the coast. When we ascend thus far into the interior, the great drouth will forever forbid agricultural pursuits of all kinds, where there is not the facility of irrigation. All this immense territory, which is of a sandy soil, and studded with small oak groves, bears upon its face an irremediable impress, of sterility; and if the inhabitants are not willing to give their exclusive attention to stock, which may flourish in boundless numbers upon the grass which nature has provided for this region of country, they must consent to abandon it to the dominion of solitude and the wild beast of the earth. Texas, then, as a whole, may be regarded as one vast prairie, broken by the timber which grows upon the margins of the streams, and post-oak groves. And while the soil upon the rivers, in the lower country, will answer for cotton, corn, and sugar, it must be remembered, that neither of these products is likely to receive any great share of attention, on account of the superior productiveness of stock; and that the upper portion is irreclaimably destined for the herdsman.

BE not desirous of fame for fame's sake;
seek rather to deserve, than to obtain.

THE MURDERER'S DIRGE.

THE storm is sweeping wild and wide
In triumph o'er a gloomy earth,
And up the mountain's shaggy side
It howls like demons in their mirth.
This night befits my spirit's gloom,
And answering tempests sweep my breast:
All rayless is my heart's dark doom,
With fell Despair its only guest.

The Heavens are murky—not a star
Doth glance in coldness on my head,
And o'er the elemental war
The clouds, like ragged banners, spread.
Charge—charge, ye storm fiends! do not spare,
Until the earth is desolate!
For hearts like mine it is too fair;
Its glories do but mock my fate.

Sweep beauty from each blushing flower
Which gilds the landscape like a gem—
And in your wild tyrannic power
Wrench every leaf from parent stem.
Blast the green glories of each tree,
And wrecking all, still madly roam
Until the blighted earth shall be,
For guilty souls, a genial home.

'Tis hard to bear a hell within
While beauty lingers on the sky,
And stars look calm, as if no sin
Tempted the Avenger's arm on high.
Though every light cloud floating free
Hath grace which doth the pure heart warm,
The guilty eye can only see
The outlines of a demon's form.

In early days each wanton wind
Spoke to my ear in seraph strains,
And lulled my griefs with accents kind
As mother's o'er her infant's pains.
The stars were glorious, and the sea
Was full of melody and might,
And fancy, like a bird, roved free
From flower to flower, from morn to night.

Avaunt, ye memories, which come up
Like fragrances from a bank of flowers!
Ye but fling wormwood in the cup
At which my ashy lip now cowers.
Why sleeps the all-conquering arm of Jove—
Why is my soul unstricken now—
Why stream no bolts hot from above,
On my Cain-like, guilt-blasted brow?

The chain that binds my soul shall burst
In this storm-ravaged, darksome hour;
For who would wear a life accurst,
When death was in his right-arm's power?
Go, thirsty steel! go drink the tide
That blackens round my heart of crime,
And let my unshackled spirit ride
The billows of the sunless clime.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

"You blame me truly, mother; but oh! 'tis hard—'tis bitter hard to bear all this, and feel no resentful curse struggling on the tongue for utterance. Forgiveness, mother, cannot reach conduct so inhuman—patience cannot bear it, unless it be such patience as you alone possess. Patience! Such niggardly oppression, and its miserable consequences, cannot be, ought not to be endured by human weakness; how, then, can we, with human hearts and free-born spirits, cringe and yield un murmuringly, unresistingly, patiently, mother, as you would have me, to the accidental power of one, earth like ourselves, who insolently arrogates the privilege of crushing us to the very dust of poverty and wretchedness. Oh the little meanness of avarice! And such avarice!—such naked meanness! With his hand, that never felt the roughness of labor, crammed full with gold, clutching with a miserly eagerness the last, the only mite, from the starving and needy. Aye! the starving! and the wind playing coldly, O how coldly, with our thin rags! He, the great, the respected!—the money-holding, money-made, money-getting property-man—first in the town's society—the feared and the dreaded—the hated soul that hangs its happiness and existence on a paltry six-pence—whose fingers are at this moment playing wantonly with more idle change than would amply suffice to relieve us from our present distress—the heartless hoarder of earth's treasures, who thieves the very crust from the mouth of poverty, and snatches the last rag of comfort from the backs of such shivering, helpless wretches as we are—the tyrant oppressor, who never looked on misery but with an eye of icy indifference—the cursed—"

"Hush, Mary, hush! Curse not one of God's creatures, even though it be but the dog that bites at your heel. Hard, indeed, is our condition, and heartless and inhuman was the act that brought us so suddenly low in wretchedness; but let us rail not at our oppressor; let us not add to our misery the greater bitterness of conscious guilt. Curse not. God is our helper. The man has, with an unfeeling hand indeed, but exercised a right that was legally his; he has not to answer to us how conscientiously he has done it."

"A legal right, indeed, mother, he may

have had; but oh! what a heart, what a soul!—What did he want with that money? Did he need it? Was he hungry or cold? Was he sick and helpless? What could he do with the money so gluttily and harshly wrenched from our hands? What did he do with it? What satisfaction has he in reflecting upon what he has done?—The cheering certainty that it is safely, snugly, O, how tightly, bolted up in the stone vault of the Bank! a few dear dollars added to the pile of thousands that have long lain there, undisturbed, unmolested! Or perhaps it has purchased an extra dozen of wine—or an additional cake for the approaching party—or it has been bet away, lost but not missed. And for this, our comfortable all is dragged from our possession, and sold in the public streets to the highest bidder, even the humble wheel by which we obtained a living; scarcely clothing enough left with this bed of straw to keep us warm these bitter chill nights. Our pile of wood, too, has added its trifle to replenish the rich man's pocket. This cold, bare floor—this empty wall—that naked fire-place, in which is left not even the tongs to stir the ashes that lie heaped up on the hearth—this deserted-looking room, that but a few days ago sheltered us so cheerfully—this ragged-looking bed—our own pallid and hungry countenances and blistered eyes—all bear testimony to the humanity, the benevolence, the religion of riches! O, mother, I wish I could think of these things as you do."

"Courage, Mary: brood not so despondingly over our misfortunes. Let us lift ourselves up with the strength of that independence which is still left us undisturbed by the oppressor's rake. Our trust is not in gold, for we well know how readily it takes wings and flies away. Our hope is a sure one. Go, Mary, to Mr. Smith's, with the errand I gave you, and let not the gloominess of the present so sadly darken the prospects of the future."

Dreadfully swept the wind, raw and frosty, around the dwelling in which this conversation, so laden with sorrow and distress, took place.

"So goes the world,"

thought I, as I passed on my solitary way. I had been, attracted by the melancholy tone of these complainings, induced to pause a few moments at the half-open door,

to ascertain, if possible, the occasion of so much distress. I tarried till a young girl passed out in obedience to her mother's last request, and hastily caught a glance of her face. Sorrow was in every lineament—paleness was on each wasted cheek; and tears trembled piteously in each red and unwiped eye. She dropped her head in the silent agony of her thoughts, and folding her arms across her breast, walked heavily on in the performance of her duty.

"So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother;—friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it:
You may have been a stable-boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes *Affable* men.
But if you are poor—heaven help you!" * * *

It is indeed a sad and unwelcome reflection, how this thing of chance and accident which men call money; this glittering molded earth, to which men have affixed an adventitious value, arbitrary and perishable, has so divided the human race into the universal two classes, ever distinct and conflicting, of sufferers and oppressors, miserable and happy, famished and surfeited. What is in dust and rags so perishable, that possesses the magic power of dividing so surely between wretchedness and splendor? That assigns, with power and authority to enforce its will, to each free spirit of God, its place of earthly habitation, and its temporal condition?—To one the rude and creviced hut, comfortless and wind-visited—to another the thick-walled mansion of stone, spacious and splendid: to one a bundle of damp straw—to another a bed of down, with silken tapestry: to one a brittle crust of bread, that can scarcely be softened by the cup of water that washes it down—to another a table richly burthened with meats and luxuries in countless variety: to one a poor weak rag to mock his misery, as he shivers with the keen, frosty bitterness of the wintry blast—to another warm and plentiful clothing that enwraps him cheerfully, bidding defiance to the frost and wind of winter. What, and whence is this "invisible spirit of" gold? that exercises on man's destiny and circumstances a control so complete and arbitrary—leading him peremptorily through earth's labyrinth of ways, blindfolded and helpless, to want or plenty, disgrace or honor, sorrow or joy.

Man is a sad judge of man; weighing character and worth in a balance whose beam is pride and selfishness, and whose weights are penny bits of gold and silver.

But it is not as an arbitrator in questions of character, honor, and that peculiar state of civilization termed respectability, that I now wish to consider this "terrible thing" money, as I once heard it denominated; though in this capacity it is a powerful and uncompromising agent in the management of human affairs, and the distribution of happiness and misery to mundane probationers. I only wish to lead the reader to think of *man without money* as he now stands related to his more fortunate brother man with money; as he is, and must be circumstanced, in the present state of civilization and society; his *locale* or *cast*, assigned to him by public moneyed opinion; and the character and degree of his earthly happiness, if happiness he have any.

And let me here be truly understood as making, not that foolish, leveling, agrarian distinction that a few deluded politicians affect to discover, respecting rights and privileges, but only that distinction which wealth, as a general characteristic, is well known to assume, in its daily intercourse with, and bearings towards the many whom misfortune, accident, or sickness, has made wretched; that distinction, which is not so much the result of a false estimate of character, as the manifestation and operation of a sordid and selfish state of feeling, a frozen and circumscribed sympathy, and a miserly, metallized heart. Let us return to the cottage. We open the door, and the eye rests upon wo and wretchedness indeed. Our hearts start shudderingly at the cheerless prospect. We see a poor weeping, penniless widow, seated comfortless on a half-clothed bed, want depicted on a pale and emaciated countenance, bracing up her bruised heart with a mother's affection, and urging her desponding thoughts to the contrivance of some new means of obtaining a livelihood for herself and daughter. She hears us not—sees us not—she heeds nothing but the agony of her sorrows, and the cold despair that is creeping, spite of her resisting struggles, witheringly, like the benumbing freeze of death, over her shattered spirits. God help her in her desertion! But whence, and why is all this object misery? Why so blasting a visitation on innocence and helplessness? Who breaks so rudely the "bruised reed"? Who presumes to crush with so daring an oppression—with so heavy a tread, one of the fair flowers of God's own planting?

Who so base and malignant, as to commit such monstrous ravages in the quiet and humble home of virtue?

The oppressor and tyrant that spreads such sickening desolation about him, is *Wealth*. This poor widow owed one of our rich divesiens a few paltry dollars rent for the room she had been occupying. Rent day came and went, and she reluctantly declared her inability to pay the amount due. The silver-souled rich man, in the meanness of his cupidity, declared that he must and would have it. The money could not be raised; and so the friendless woman's furniture and valuables were by his order sold. This is the result. Human depravity knows not a blacker crime. Man's passions could scarcely suggest a more heartless deed. This is one—a single instance, only—of the dark, daily deeds of wealth. The power of riches made this woman miserable; the pride and selfishness of riches passed her by on the other side, and left her to perish. Yet riches could, without the slightest possible inconvenience or impoverishment, have turned that woman's sorrow to gladness, and relieved her torn bosom of every distress; and there would have been no agrarianism in the act. But such is not often the practice of riches. If it were, what a vast accumulation of poverty, and pain, and distress, could at once, as it were with the simple expression of a wish, be clean swept from the face of the earth; and the desert of many a heart would break forth into singing, and the waste places of many a deserted fireplace would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

In extending our observations from the cottage to the great world, we shall find that the condition of man without money is almost universally the same; though we shall also detect among the truly afflicted and needy, an innumerable company of those whom even the purest and most liberal benevolence would not condescend to regard—the idle, the intemperate, and the dissolute; for such we have but little sympathy or concern; "they are joined to their idols—let them alone." Yonder you behold the tasty and cheerful mansion of one of earth's fortunate ones. The owner is abundantly supplied with every convenience and luxury, and within those walls, all is mirth and happiness. You see the happy man now—he is just descending the stone steps, pulling on his gloves. He is

met on the side-walk by a bonnetless, barefooted, ragged little girl, apparently not more than eight years of age. She stops before him, and, grinding her hands together, looks timidly up to his face. She struggles to speak, and the rich man is becoming impatient. "Take care, here; what do you want?" he exclaims, looking down upon her with a cold haughtiness. The child is frightened, and stammers worse than at first. What does she want? Money? food? clothing?—The rich man stops not to inquire, but pushing her rudely aside, walks rapidly away. The poor disappointed, abused creature, sinks upon the cold pavement, and curling her frozen feet under her, buries her head in her lap, and weeps bitterly. It will be a weary while before she feels the kind hand of charity, or hears the voice of sympathy bidding her rise and be comforted. Girl, thou hast commenced a long and lonesome journey, over a rough and gloomy way. Friendless and miserable will be thy lot. The keen sweep of the winter's wind about thy shivering limbs, is not more severe, than will be to thy heart the indifference and neglect of a proud and selfish generation. Thou hast no money, child; and therefore the humblest comfort will be denied thee—therefore thou must be forsaken, and be made to crouch like a famishing dog, beneath the table of plenty—therefore thou must be crushed and burdened with grief—therefore thou must hunger, and starve, and be cold, and perish. Thou hast no money; what then hast thou to do with comfort or happiness? Ah! child, there is a dust that is dug out of the earth thou wast made free to tread and enjoy, would cheer thee in thy destitution; but most of it has been already collected and concealed by those who will but mock at thy sufferings, and be deaf to thy cries; and what is left is buried too deep in earth's rubbish for thee to reach.

But the girl has arisen, and is now making a bolder application at another door.—Her request is for a stick or two of the rich man's wood, that is piled up so abundantly before his door. "Mother is sick, sir,—and there's no fire, and it's very cold." Oh God! The man picks up a few rotten broken clumps, and dropping them into her upheld apron, brushes the dust off his hands, and turns in to enjoy his own bright blazing fire, and well warmed room. The little girl wraps her apron about the sticks,

and bursts into tears. Home, girl, home with thy gift. Thy mother suffers, and thou art sick, heart-broken and cold. Linger no longer in this freezing wind. Thou hast no part with the happy, no hope at the rich man's door; and the world will but spurn thy petition.

"So goes the world!" Nor only so.—Every day presents scenes of desolation, sighing, and oppression, in endless variety; all within the reach and control of those who have the power and the ability to make all bright and comfortable. There is, indeed, something humiliating, besides disgusting, in the moral picture of one of earth's begilded worldlings. You know him by his foppish and conceited strut. Selfishness is the predominant motive of all his actions. His tinsel trappings, chains, rings and seals, are evidence of the strength and extent of his mental faculties, which are expended continually upon the poor frippery of dress; the effeminate adjustment of a curl, the shape of a hat, or the interesting curve of the toe of a boot. His heart is a foolish affectation of idle romancing and prettiness; untouched by one pure sentiment; unknown to any of those softening emotions that so sweetly elevate our affections, and dignify our social intercourse. His soul is an existence beyond the limit of his grovelling consciousness, a practical embodiment of arrogance and folly. It is his perfumed presence that is disgusting. We are humiliated at the thought of the cold sneer, and the contemptible pretence with which he passes by the friendless and unfortunate; the haughty indifference he manifests at the cry of the destitute and needy. The petty superciliousness of his conduct towards those in an humbler, yet happier walk of life, who will not condescend companionship with him, but whom he affects to despise, we regard with proud pity. But we must confess a heart-sickening sense of shame and grief, when we compare the extravagant comforts which he enjoys with a sated wastefulness, with the crying wants and pining poverty of the numbers around him, in heart purer and nobler than himself. We are affected and seriously disturbed, to see the life of virtue and worth so embittered and joyless, while folly and impertinence gathers idly about him every delicacy and luxury of earth. Every benevolent heart feels an oppression of mortification, at the unwelcome consideration, that the magic

influence that creates and maintains this unrighteous distinction is money—a pitiful handful of gold; which this creature of starch and gilt, possesses by an accidental inheritance. There is also another variety of the oppressor of man without money, to which I need make but a slight reference. Its representative is well known by the dingy shabbiness of his clothing, his stingy parsimoniousness, and his inveterate covetousness. His rapid gait, clenched fists, and eyes turned always upon the ground—are all indicative of the low, grovelling nature of his hopes and desires, the narrowness of his heart, the cold callousness of his feelings, and the death of each warming affection. The sapless, leafless trunk of the blasted forest-tree, is not so sad a picture of desolation and uselessness. Its life—the refreshing springs of its beauty and strength—its vigor and pride—are wasted and gone; “cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.” Draw water from the solid rock—strike the bright fire-spark from a clump of ice—but hope not, seek not to extract from the iron gripe of his fingers, the smallest passable coin, for the succor of the perishing and the comfort of the heart-broken.

Reader, let us wash our hands of the shame of such supreme selfishness. The poor we have always with us; let us not disregard their cry. We are all brethren of one family; and it seems not right, that while one is begemed, jewelled, and ringed, in costly and useless finery, another should perish in his destitution.

J. W. W.

LIBERTY.

MEN are qualified for civil liberty, in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon the will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free, Passions forge their fetters.—Burke.

ON THE VEGETABLE ORIGIN OF BITUMINOUS COAL.

A WRITER in the June number of the HESPERIAN has advanced some objections, at once ingenious and plausible, to the received theory of the vegetable origin of bituminous coal. We propose, in this article, to present to the readers of this magazine, a condensed view of the facts upon which this hypothesis is predicated, as well as to examine the objections which are urged against it, and leave it to them to determine whether it be the result of “a propensity among learned men to adopt marvelous theories” and “deal in conjecture,” or of cautious deduction from well established facts.

In treating of this subject, we lay down the following propositions:

I. Throughout all the sedimentary deposits, from the oldest to the most recent, we find substances imbedded, which contain carbon in a greater or less degree: those contained in the latter, being the result, clearly, of vegetable accumulation; while the former may be referred to a like origin, without violating the strictest rules of analogy.

II. The experiments of Hall, McCulloch, and Hutton, upon vegetable substances and coal, render this hypothesis not only probable, but almost certain.

III. The circumstances under which coal occurs, so far from invalidating this hypothesis, tend directly to support it.

IV. The ingredients which enter into the composition of coal, afford no valid objection to the theory which ascribes it to a vegetable origin.

I. In surveying the mechanical deposits which incrust the globe, we meet with substances which are either analogous to, or identical with, coal. “We shall find,” says Mr. Conybeare, “that these range through the whole suit of formations, beginning with the most recent, and terminating only amidst the oldest with which we are most acquainted; and we shall have to remark, that the more recent deposits are unequivocally of vegetable origin, and that there is great reason to ascribe those of the middle periods to the same source, in every instance where *bitumen* is present; yet it seems scarcely possible to ascribe the non-bituminous varieties of carbonaceous beds, which occur in the rocks usually termed

primitive, (namely, anthracite and plumbago,) to similar causes."*

In the *alluvial* deposits, we find beds of *peat*—a substance clearly referable to vegetable origin. It is formed from the growth of mosses, and from accumulations of vegetable matter, such as prairie grass and leaves. In connection with it is often found a substance resembling jet. Dr. Jackson states, that he found, in Maine, a substance analogous to peat, in a state of *bituminization*. It is in fibrous masses, like brown coal, and burns with a yellowish flame, emitting smoke. When heated in a glass tube, it gives out an abundance of coal gas, and bitumen distils off freely.

In the *tertiary* we meet with *lignite*. In this, the process of bituminization is farther advanced. It appears to be made up of trunks of trees, partly bituminized. Some specimens have nearly lost their ligneous structure, while others retain the characteristic markings. It often contains much resinous matter, is inflammable, and breaks in plates of various thicknesses. Jet is, also, associated with it, containing ligneous impressions.

The *upper secondary* rocks afford beds of bituminous coal of an inferior quality, accompanied with vegetable impressions. It has been found in the *oolitic* series, of sufficient thickness to render it workable. It has also been found in thin seams, in the *new red sandstone*, both in Europe and America.

The *coal measures*, however, are the vast repositories of bituminous matter, and seem to be the last link in the series of gradation. The anthracite found in the transition shales, and the plumbago in the primitive rocks, are, probably, of mineral origin.

Bituminous coal generally occurs in layers varying in thickness from an eighth of an inch to thirty feet. Its color is black—its lustre resinous, and its structure slaty. In some specimens, one-third of the mass is made up of mineral charcoal, horizontally disposed, in which the fibrous texture is distinctly discernible. Mr. Bakewell remarks, that some of the regular coal-beds in the Dudley coal field are made up of distinct layers of vegetables, converted into true mineral coal. Cortical impressions on the coal itself are not unfrequent; and even the trunks of trees completely

mineralised are found. In a thin bed of cannel coal, near Zanesville, trunks occur, the cortex of which is bituminized; the ligneous fibre partakes of the nature of the matrix, while the pith is replaced with chalcedony or an imperfect wood opal. The fossil plants, found in the shales of the Ohio coal field, are almost invariably bituminized, while the bark only of the Lycopodiaceæ, found in the sandstones, has undergone that process, the trunk being replaced by silicious matter. Through the latter rocks are occasionally disseminated small fragments of mineral charcoal, nor in a single instance have we failed to recognize its *ligneous structure*. Now, if this charcoal be of mineral origin, why should it not be found in the primitive rocks, with its characteristic markings, since the secondary formations are mostly mechanical deposits made up of the ruins of pre-existing rocks? We can readily conceive how the sandstones and shales were formed; but we cannot conceive how charcoal, admitting it to be of *mineral* origin, can assume a texture so closely identical with wood. The objector, like the philosophers of the dark ages, may ascribe it to a *lusus nature*; but such solutions will not, at this day, satisfy the inquisitive mind.

II. But we have still stronger arguments to urge in support of this theory. The investigations of Science have disclosed so many facts upon this subject, as almost to amount to the certainty of demonstration. The experiments of Sir James Hall are at once ingenious and interesting. He placed both vegetable and animal substances in a retort, and subjected them to the joint action of heat and compression. "The animal substance," he remarks, "which I commonly used, was horn; the vegetable, the saw-dust of fir. The horn was incomparably the most fusible and volatile of the two. In a very slight heat, it was converted into a yellow red substance, like oil, which penetrated the clay tubes through and through. In these experiments, I, therefore, made use of tubes of glass. It was only after a considerable portion of the substance had been separated from the mass, that the remainder assumed a clear black, peculiar to coal. In this way, I obtained coal, both from saw-dust and from horn, which yielded a bright flame while burning."

The experiments of Dr. McCulloch are

* Geol. Eng. and Wales, p. 327, et sequitur.

not less interesting and important. "Examining the alterations produced by water on common turf or submerged wood, we have all the evidence of demonstration that its action is sufficient to convert them into substances capable of yielding bitumen on distillation. That the same action having operated through a longer period, has produced a change on the brown coal of Bovey, is rendered extremely probable by the geognostic relations of that coal. From this to the harder surturburand and jet, the transition is so gradual, that there seems to be no reason to limit the power of water to produce the effect of bituminization in all these varieties; nor is there aught in this change so dissonant from other chymical actions, as to make us hesitate in adopting this cause." He, also, instituted a series of experiments to determine whether jet, under heat and compression, could be converted into coal. They resulted in the production of a substance possessing the color, odor, fracture and inflammability of coal.

The experiments of Mr. Hutton, a distinguished English botanist, afford decisive proof upon this point. He cut into thin slices, three varieties of the Newcastle coal, and placed them under a microscope. "Each of these varieties," he remarks, "besides the fine distinct reticulations of the original vegetable structure, exhibits other cells, which are filled with a light wine yellow-colored matter, apparently of a bituminous nature, and which is so volatile as to be entirely expelled by heat, before any change is effected in the other constituents of the coal. The number and appearance of these cells vary with each variety of coal. In caking coal, the cells are comparatively few, and are highly elongated. In the finest portions of this coal, where crystalline structure, as indicated by the rhomboidal form of its fragments, is most developed, the cells are comparatively obliterated. The slate coal contains two kinds of cells, both of which are filled with yellow bituminous matter. One kind is that already noticed in caking coal, while another kind of cells constitutes groups of smaller cells, of an elongated circular figure. In the cannel coal, the crystalline structure is entirely wanting. The whole surface displays an almost uniform series of the second class of cells filled with bituminous matter, and separated from each other by thin fibrous di-

visions." He attributes those cells and reticulations to the texture of the primeval plant, and the elongated and confused appearance which they exhibit to the immense pressure to which they have been subject.

To our mind, these experiments are conclusive. Our inability to assign the exact process by which nature, in her vast laboratory, effected the conversion of vegetable matter into bituminous coal, does not in any degree impair the fact of its vegetable origin. The truth of it is stamped on the imperishable rock, and in characters that time cannot efface. It is higher evidence than any written record; it is the record of nature herself.

In the sixteenth century, an animated controversy arose as to the origin of fossil shells. The philosophers of that day attributed them to a certain *plastic force* which nature possessed of fashioning stones into organic forms. With equal propriety may the philosophers of the present day attribute the cells and reticulations of the coal to the same *plastic force*. Our ability to explain the mode by which they were elevated thousands of feet above the level of the ocean, adds no additional weight to the evidence of their marine origin; so, on the other hand, our inability to demonstrate the process by which these cells became bituminized, in no degree impairs the theory of their vegetable origin.

III. It is said by the opponents of this theory, that, if coal be of vegetable origin, ages must have elapsed during the formation of a single bed—that, at this day, there are no accumulations of vegetable matter in sufficient quantities to form beds of coal.

We need not resort to causes which have ceased to operate, for a solution of these difficulties. With Playfair, we believe "that amid all the revolutions of the globe, the economy of nature has been uniform, and her laws are the only things that have resisted the general movement. The rivers and the rocks, the seas and the continents, have been changed in all their parts; but the laws which direct those changes, and the rules to which they are subject, have remained invariably the same." Let us examine whether, at this day, we find vegetable accumulations in the upper beds in any degree analogous in thickness and stratification to the coal of the secondary formations.

It is well ascertained, that submarine deposits, occupying leagues in extent, are now forming over the bottom of the sea. Capt. Hall informs us, that there is a deposit of drift timber, opposite the mouth of the Mississippi river, many yards in thickness, and covering hundreds of square leagues. This is afterwards covered with a deposit of silt, on which other layers of trees are imposed, until numerous alternations of vegetable and earthy matter are produced.

According to Mr. Bringier, the "raft" in the Atchafalaya, an arm of the Mississippi, is sixty miles long and, in some places, fifteen miles wide. During a freshet in 1812, he calculated the amount of timber which floated down the Mississippi at 8000 cubic feet per minute.

The dimensions of this raft, as given by Mr. Darby, are somewhat different. He rates it at ten miles long, two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep. There are also extensive rafts on the Red river and the Washita.

Dr. Richardson, speaking of the drift-wood of the Mackenzie river, remarks, that the trunks of trees gradually decay until they are converted into a blackish brown substance, resembling peat, but which still retains, more or less, the fibrous structure of the wood: and layers of this often alternate with layers of clay and sand, the whole being penetrated to the depth of four or five yards or more, by the long fibrous roots of willows. A deposition of this kind, with the aid of a little infiltration of bituminous matter, would produce an excellent imitation of coal, with vegetable impressions of the willow roots. What appeared most remarkable, he continues, was the horizontal slaty structure, that the older alluvial banks presented, or the *regular curve*, that the strata assumed from unequal subsidence.

The rapidity with which peat accumulates, at a low temperature, and in a humid climate, is truly surprising. A bed of nine feet in thickness is said to have been produced in thirty years. In some instances, the beds are forty feet in thickness, and alternations of sand and clay are not unfrequent. In a boring made for water at Amsterdam, in 1605, two beds were passed; the interval of seventy-two feet between them, being occupied by stratified layers of sand, clay, etc.

As we descend in the series of rocks, it

is not unusual to find vegetable accumulations in greater abundance. Lignite, which seems to form the connecting link between the recent vegetable deposits and bituminous coal, is often found at great depths and interstratified with other materials.

At Putzberg, six or seven beds of lignite alternate with beds of sandy clay and plastic clay. The trunks lie in all directions, like the drifts of a river. Beds are also found there, which are made up of seams, and like many of our coals, split into thin laminæ.

Near Cologne, is found a bed of lignite, not less than fifty feet in thickness.

At Bovey Heath, there is a remarkable deposit of this kind. Not less than seventeen beds of lignite or Bovey coal, as it is provincially termed, are found with alternations of sand, clay, etc., the whole of which dip to the south-east, at an angle of twenty degrees. The perpendicular thickness of the various strata is seventy feet. The upper beds of coal vary, in thickness, from one half to four feet, while the lowest bed is sixteen feet.

There is a vast repository of fossil fuel near the city of Munden. "In that point of land," says Mr. Parkinson, "which is washed by the rivers Werra and Fulda, as they unite to form one stream, several mountains successively arise. On the top of one of the loftiest of these, which is about 1150 feet in height, is found a layer of mold of about a foot and a half or two feet thick, under which is found a stratum of yellowish clay, of two or three feet in thickness; and another of a brown color, considerably impregnated with alum and sulphur; and beneath these, so large a quantity of fossil wood, as would almost exceed the belief of any one who had not seen it." Professor Hollman, of Göttingen, who first described it, "doubted whether it was really fossil wood or not; but it was not long before he became fully convinced that it was indubitably of vegetable origin: he discovering not only the longitudinal, but with a glass, even the transverse fibres; and by a transverse fracture, the marks of the wood's annual increase. This wood existed, almost entirely, in small fragments, lying very compactly on each other; each fragment being divided by numerous fissures, so as to render it difficult to form any opinion of the real size of the trunks or branches, which they originally formed. Nor, du-

ring all the time which they had dug for this wood, had they ever met with any of length sufficient to show the branches; neither had they discovered any leaves, or any fragment, still retaining its circular form. * * * The quantity of fossil fuel appears to have been truly prodigious. The stratum, of which we have hitherto spoken, was about twenty feet in depth, the bottom of it resting on a stratum of stone about a foot in thickness. On piercing this, another stratum of fossil wood was found; to discover the depth of which, several attempts were made, but although the borers passed to the depth of thirty feet, they did not reach the depth of this stratum. * * * Taking advantage of a passage which had been dug into the body of the fossil wood, the professor passed nearly two hundred feet in length within it, so that the roof, floor, and sides of the place, in which he stood, were entirely composed of what he esteemed a mass of vegetable ruins."

How striking the analogy between this deposit and many of our coal beds! The professor speaks of the smallness of the fragments, and the compactness of their deposition. Those who have investigated our coal beds cannot have failed to observe, that many of them appear to be made up of *small fragments of mineral charcoal*, cemented with bitumen.

From the examples above cited—and they might be multiplied to an indefinite extent—we see that in comparatively recent times, vegetable substances have been accumulated in sufficient quantities to form thick beds of coal; that they are both found deposited under similar circumstances; in fact, the only striking difference between the two, is that the process of bituminization is farther advanced in the one than in the other.

Our opponents, however, have furnished us with abstruse calculations, as to the area necessary to grow the timber for a single bed, and the length of time that must have elapsed during its deposition. These calculations are founded on causes which they now see going on before them. Viewed in this light, we will admit, that they are inadequate to account for the vast magazines of carbonaceous matter stored in what have been denominated the coal measures. But he who judges of the flora of former eras, by that which covers the earth at present, will be as

greatly deceived as the peasant who attempted to form an idea of the grandeur and amplitude of Rome, by comparing it with his own rustic villa.

Urthem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Staltus ego huic nostræ simillem;
—sic parvis componere magna solebam.

If we take an extended survey of the flora of the ancient world, we shall find that it has been subject to varying systems, which have succeeded each other at intervals more or less remote. The vegetation which flourished during the deposition of the coal measures, was widely different from that which we now behold. It consisted almost entirely of vascular cryptogamous plants, such as Equisetaceæ, Lycopodiaceæ, and Ferns, which flourish most luxuriantly in tropical climates, but form scarcely one-fiftieth of the vegetation of the temperate and arctic regions.

The species belonging to these families have long since ceased to exist, but their living representatives are far inferior in loftiness of structure. Thus, according to M. Brongniart, the Calamites of the ancient world attained a height of fifteen or sixteen feet, while those of modern times, or the Equisetaceæ, to which they are closely allied, rarely exceed three feet.

The Lepidodendra of that epoch often attained an elevation of sixty or eighty feet, with a diameter of three feet, and large spreading leaves twenty inches in length, while their analogues of this day are weak, creeping mosses, which rarely grow to the height of three feet.

Arborescent Ferns of gigantic growth, constituted almost one-half of the vegetation. Of the three hundred species of plants found in the coal measures, one hundred and twenty belong to this family, and the number of species diminishes as we ascend in the series of formations. Such was the character of the ancient vegetation of the earth. From the inflexibility of the leaves, and the absence of fleshy fruits, it was ill adapted to afford nutriment to terrestrial animals. For this reason, and from the absence of their remains in this formation, it is reasonable to suppose that their existence commenced at a period far subsequent.

Magnitude, and rapidity of development, were the characteristics of the ancient vegetation. The productive powers of nature were tasked to the utmost; as one growth of plants died, another sprung up

on their ruins, forming dense and illimitable forests.

From the character of the fossil flora, geologists have been led to the conclusion that the earth has been subject to successive diminutions of temperature. These plants were undoubtedly developed under an elevated and uniform heat, and great humidity of the atmosphere. M. Brongniart conjectures that it might also have contained an excess of carbonic acid gas, which would be destructive to animal life, but highly conducive to the rapid development of vegetation; that this excess of acid was absorbed by the plants, and is now imprisoned in the coal, in the recesses of the earth. The purification of the atmosphere from this acid, was attended with a diminution of vegetable life, and the creation of beings of a more varied and complicated structure.

We have dwelt perhaps, sufficiently long on the character of the ancient vegetation of the earth, to which, in our opinion, bituminous coal owes its origin. With such luxuriance of vegetation, it is unnecessary to suppose that thousands of years elapsed during the deposition of the respective beds. The growth of a few years only would be adequate to the result. "No absurdities and impossibilities" oppose us in such a supposition.

A still stronger argument is deduced from the fossil flora of the carboniferous group. As we ascend in the series of rocks, these plants decrease, and the coal decreases in nearly an equal ratio. Now if coal be of mineral origin, why do we not find it in as great abundance in the upper secondary rocks, as in the lower? What circumstances conspired to prevent its deposition? Why should its quantity be regulated by the quantity of fossil plants? Why should it exist in the sedimentary rocks, while not a vestige is to be found in the primitive? These are problems which cannot be solved by such an hypothesis.

IV. We now proceed to the mineral composition of coal. The writer of the article in the June number of the *Hesperian*, has fallen into several errors with respect to the composition of coal and vegetables. By the analyses given below, it will be seen that there are several vegetable substances very similar to this substance; and, indeed, the variance is less than in the different varieties of the coal itself. He asserts that "some coal con-

tains no oxygen, and very little will yield more than eight per cent. while vegetable substances hold from thirty to forty per cent." Again, "Nitrogen is a component of coal, but not of wood." The incorrectness of these assertions will be seen by reference to the following table.

Substances.	Carbon	Hydr.	Oxyg.	Acid.	Earth.	By whom analysed.
Newcastle coal,	84.26	3.2	11.66		0.883	Karsten.
Slate	73.98	2.765	20.475		2.88	"
Cannel	74.47	5.42	19.61		0.5	"
Sphint	70.9	4.3	24.8			Ure.
Cannel	72.22	3.83	21.05			"
Caking	73.28	4.18	4.58	15.96		Thompson.
Sphint	75.00	6.25	12.50	6.25		"
Cherry	74.45	12.40	2.93	10.22		"
Cannel	64.72	21.56	0.00	13.72		Ure.
"	82.04	12.31	4.65			"
Napha,	73.6	12.9	13.5			Crum.
Beech,	73.22	2.92	12.60	12.26		Lussac & Thénard.
Indigo,	42.23	6.93	50.84			"
Gum Arabic,	71.403	11.481	10.828	0.238		"
Sweet Alm. Oil,	79.774	10.570	9.122	0.534		Dumas.
Nut	72.02	7.61	14.84	5.53		Lussac & Thénard.
Morhuc,	51.43	5.92	42.73			Ure.
Léghin,	77.38	11.14	11.46			"
Campfor,	80.	9.11	.88			"
Caoutchouc,	82.51	9.62	7.87			Reuente.
Turpentine,	45.39	5.90	48.31			Dumas.
Starch,	76.97	6.22	7.97			
Chinchola,				9.02		

By these analyses, it will be seen that the coals are closely allied in composition to the resins or gums. All the constituents of the one exist in the other. These substances contain far more carbon than most of our trees. The following table, prepared by Mr. Muschet, will show the relative proportions of charcoal in different vegetable substances.

	Volatile matter	Charcoal.	Ashes.
Oak,	76.895	22.682	0.423
Ash,	81.260	17.972	0.768
Birch,	80.717	17.491	1.792
Sycamore,	79.200	19.734	1.066
Beech,	79.104	19.941	0.955
Elm,	79.655	19.574	0.761
Walnut,	78.521	20.663	0.816
Maple,	79.331	19.901	0.768
Chestnut,	76.304	23.280	0.416

From the examples above given, it will be seen that wood contains much less charcoal or carbonaceous matter than coal. How shall we account for this? asks the objector.

We know that so soon as the vital principle is extinct, there is a tendency in vegetable substances to form new combinations. The more volatile parts, such as hydrogen and nitrogen, escape; while the charcoal, being indestructible, remains unaffected by these changes. By the process of fermentation, we know, that new substances are formed, differing in their physical as well as chemical characters. We have seen, too, by the experiments of Hall and McCulloch, that vegetable matter, when subjected to heat or moisture, undergoes the process of bituminization, although we are unable, at the present stage of chemical science, to explain all the combinations which take place during the process.

It has been said that potash does not exist in coal, but enters into the composition of vegetables. We think that this fact is not well established.

The sandstones and shales contain it in abundance. Mr. Parkinson informs us, that the whole of that part of the territory of Liege which is dug for coal, is also worked for the alum earth, (sulphate of alumine and potash.) We have observed it on plates of cannel coal, after exposure, for several days, to the sun. Few of the coals, we suspect, have been analyzed with a view to ascertain the presence of potash. Should it be found, however, on examination, that potash is, as a general thing, not found in coal, its absence may be accounted for by supposing that the vegetable substances were exposed to the atmosphere, which caused it to exude, and that it formed new combinations with the shale. Wood, it is well known, on exposure to moisture for a long while, gradually parts with this alkali.

The small quantity of silicious matter may be accounted for on the supposition that it was derived either from the incumbent materials, or from the silex which enters into the composition of most of our canes and rushes, the representatives of which we have seen, are abundantly entombed in the coal measures. The epidermis of the *Equisetum hyemale*, or Dutch rush, is composed almost entirely of silex.

It is not difficult to account for the iron pyrites present in the coal. We know that sulphur and iron are widely disseminated. Hydrogen is evolved from vegetable matter during decomposition, which, coming in contact with sulphur, produces sulphuretted hydrogen. The union of this gas

with iron is attended with still farther changes. The deoxidated metal and the gas both undergo decomposition. The sulphuretted hydrogen being resolved into its elementary principles, to wit, hydrogen and sulphur, the former unites with the oxygen of the metal, forming water; whilst the latter combines with the iron, forming pyrites.

Pyrites is diffused throughout the whole range of formations, from the oldest to the most recent, and almost invariably accompanies the decomposition of vegetable substances. At Strafford, Vt., where it was formerly manufactured in vast quantities into copperas, it incrusts the roots and branches of trees. In many of the beds of lignite, pieces of wood are found not only surrounded, but entirely converted into this substance. Since this substance is found so abundantly in connection with inhumed vegetation, we should *a priori* expect to find it widely disseminated among the coal. So far from invalidating the hypothesis which we have assumed, it goes to support it.

Such are some of the reasons which have induced geologists to believe that coal is of vegetable origin. Whether they are sufficient, we leave it to our readers to determine.

J. W. F.

THE PRISON OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

"The world is to man, as is his temper or complexion: the mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity: the winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for the mind that is in a state of dejection. The Universe appears to him as a vault wherein joy is entombed, and the sun himself as a lamp that serves to show the gloom and horrors around."

THE truth of the foregoing quotation accords with the opinions of the wise, and is confirmed by the experience of every man of common sense and observation. All moral philosophers admit that happiness is seated in the mind, and does not depend on the situation. Cardinal de Retz was more contented in prison, than the splenetic grumbler rolling in wealth and pampered with luxury. And why? Because he possessed and exercised habitual cheerfulness, of which the malice of his enemies could not deprive him. We are all in pursuit of happiness, and seek it in

every way, at immense expense, in the shape of wealth, fame and eminence; but when we have obtained the object that was to give us fruition, like a phantom we find it has eluded our grasp. The truth is, no human being ever found any real happiness anywhere, except in his own mind; and every one with a good conscience may obtain as much of it as is allotted to mortals, if he will adopt the right method and steadily pursue it. The whole art, if it may be so termed, consists in acquiring the power, by habit, of driving out of the mind unpleasant thoughts and substituting more agreeable ones in their stead; making the most of every situation in life; looking always on the bright side of everything; in short, always *taking things by their smooth handle*. But how are we to prevent our thoughts from dwelling on unpleasant subjects? With many, they resemble an undisciplined company of militia, that runs here and there over the parade ground, contrary to the wishes and in defiance of the commands of the officers. Though this may seem so, yet whoever will make the exertion, and persevere in his efforts, will find that he may acquire the power, by habit, of reducing his thoughts to subordination, and can eject a disagreeable reflection from his mind with as much ease as he could a toad or a spider from a drawing-room. It is done by making an effort to think of something agreeable, and persevering in it, in the same way you apply your memory on a composition you are learning by heart. It is as easy to acquire this power over the thoughts, as it is for some constitutions to become accustomed to and relish tobacco. The great poet of nature makes Hamlet say: "There's nothing either good or bad, *but thinking makes it so*;" and Doctor Johnson observed: "Vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly on habit." But mankind are prone to look on the dark side of every misfortune and to deplore the misery of it, instead of rejoicing it was no worse and seeking for some collateral advantage that might possibly attend or grow out of it. If one will resolve to take everything by the smooth handle, and put himself upon considering how to make the best of ill luck, instead of childishly repining, he will find that but few misfortunes can or will happen, but might have been worse, or are attended with something consolatory, if carefully sought for, and with a desire

to find it, guided with hope and sustained by a cheerful mind.

The following allegory is intended as an illustration of the advantages a person of cheerful disposition and lively hopes has over the atrabilious moper, who is forever grumbling at fortune and repining at his situation in life.

There was once an absolute monarch who sentenced two of his subjects to be imprisoned for life. The location of the prison was remarkable for the strong contrast of prospects presented to view from the only two windows it contained. Situated on a lofty ridge, the north window of the dungeon looked down on a gloomy cypress swamp, which extended as far as the eye could reach—the dark foliage of the trees, with their long moss, like funeral drapery, presented a somber gloom, and were tenanted by bats, owls, and other ill-omened birds. The water was as black as ink; and, putrid with stagnation, it sent forth a fetid, poisonous miasma, difficult to breathe, and deleterious to health—filling the atmosphere continually with dark masses of clouds, and pestilential vapors. From this swamp no pleasant sounds greeted the ear, which was saluted by the hoot of the owl, the croak of the raven, and the splash of the alligator in pursuit of the slimy reptiles with which the place was infested. The south window opened upon a beautiful landscape, charming to the eye, and grateful to the senses. The country, till it reached the ocean, was beautifully diversified with hills and vales, clothed in perennial verdure, ornamented with trees, adorned with flowers, refreshed with purling streams, and enlivened by the operations of industry. On this side the air was pure, and a refreshing sea-breeze kept the vapors of the swamp from passing the mountainous ridge on which the prison was situated; and no sounds were heard but the caroling of birds, songs of joy, and shouts of gladness. All was peace, sunshine, prosperity, and entertainment.

When these two prisoners found themselves shut up in this dungeon, their conduct was as different as the prospects presented from its windows. Heraclitus was overwhelmed with feelings of gloomy despair. He was displeased with his sovereign, and execrated the sentence of incarceration. Refusing all consolation, he spent his time in contemplating the dreary prospect from the north window of his

prison-house, and making himself still more miserable by dwelling constantly on the dreary desolation before him. Instead of changing his prospect, which he could have done at pleasure, he vented his spleen and ill-nature in murmuring, repining, and unavailing regrets. His digestion was impaired—his health injured—till, by long habit, he lost the power, as well as the disposition, to change the view, which in time completely jaundiced his eyesight; or to cease the habit of complaining, in which he had so long indulged. His life was short and miserable.

Democritus pursued a different course. Having unbounded confidence in the wisdom of his sovereign, and hoping his imprisonment might eventually turn out for the best, he wisely determined to make the most of his situation: to "cease to lament for that which he could not help, and study help for that which he lamented." He immediately placed himself at the south window. Here he could see sunshine, and amuse himself with the beautiful prospect before him. This view cheered his heart, exhilarated his spirits, and enabled him to imbibe no small portion of consolation, from the many good things which attracted his notice and elicited his admiration. While his companion was listening to the croaking of frogs and the hissing of serpents, he was regaled with the melody of the feathered songsters; and while Heracitus had his attention attracted by the voracious alligator or poisonous serpent pursuing and devouring his prey, he amused himself with viewing flocks and herds, and the glee and pastime of healthy and happy children. He found his situation admitted of many alleviations, made good use of them, became resigned to his fate, and habitually cheerful. If a cloud drove across the horizon, shrouding it in temporary gloom, which was sometimes the case, with the eye of hope he could always see the bow of promise in the cloud. If he chanced to go over and take a peep through the north window, he turned away directly, and indemnified himself, by looking on the sunny side, which, the more he examined, the greater the variety of pleasing objects which seemed to spring up to his view. He was healthy and contented, and lived to good old age.

The soul of man, tabernacled in its mortal frame, which it must inhabit till death sets it at liberty, may be compared to one

of those prisoners. Its prison is placed in a world containing things both good and evil; and the tranquility of the soul may be preserved by a constant contemplation of the good, and a proper estimate of the evil; or rendered miserable, by continually dwelling on the evil, without a due consideration of the good. When you see a person, overtaken by some great calamity, give up all efforts, sink into despair, or endeavor to drown his grief in the inebriating bowl, depend upon it, he has fixed himself at the north window, and unless he turns from it, he will be irretrievably ruined. If one who has been cheated, robbed, or deserted and betrayed by a friend, denounce all mankind as knaves and hypocrites, you may know to a certainty that he is taking a misanthropic peep through the north window. When you hear a young man rail at the fair sex generally, and charge them with inconstancy, merely because he has been jilted by the object of his affections, you may know he is looking at the dismal swamp. When you hear a person always complaining of the weather, or something as unreasonable—dissatisfied with everything that happens, and fretting himself into the spleen for trifles, depend on it, such a one is a poor d——, always viewing the gloomy side—miserable himself, and annoying to his companions. When you find a person envying his neighbor, rejoicing when ill luck overtakes him—lending a willing ear to backbiting and calumny, and never better satisfied than when he is stabbing the reputation of some one, with the secret dagger of defamation, crusted with rancorous malice, you may set him or her down at the north window, with the assurance that such persons are the most unhappy, disagreeable beings in existence, who deserve to be "spurned like stranger curs" from the society of every friend to social harmony, and every cherisher of benevolent feelings. When you hear an old man repining because he has lost the strength and vigor of manhood—habitually peevish and irritable—vexed at the innocent amusements and gayeties of young persons, you may not only locate him at the north window, but you may rest assured he has been there all his days, and passed a miserably discontented life.

On the other hand, when you see one who has been overtaken with some great misfortune, bless his stars that it is no

worse, and console himself with the reflection, that when things are at the worst they must mend, double his diligence to retrieve his affairs, and rise above the waves that have overwhelmed him, depend on it, such a person is viewing things in the light of sunshine, through the telescope of hope—he will be soothed with the sympathy of the humane, encouraged by the assistance of the charitable, and flourish in spite of adversity. When you hear one who has been defrauded by a villain, or deserted by a friend, congratulate himself that mankind are not all destitute of moral honesty and constancy, that is a man possessing much of the milk of human kindness, who has planted himself at the south window, from whence he will be sure to behold many men of sterling worth and Aristidean honesty, and friends worthy to be “grappled to the soul with hooks of steel.” When you hear a young man who has been deceived by the object of his affections, rejoice that he has escaped being united to a woman of fickle mind and wavering attachment, you may be certain that he is surveying the flowery landscape from the right quarter, from whence he will be sure to see hundreds much more worthy of his heart and hand, than she that had disappointed him. When you see a person contented at all times, and in every change of weather—satisfied with himself, and pleased with his friends—hoping all for the best, and taking everything by the smooth handle, you may take it for granted, that person is at the south window, from whence he sees the bright side of everything which sheds a charm over his existence. When you find one who, while he takes the most favorable view of his own misfortune, rejoices at the prosperity of his neighbor, turns a deaf ear to slander, and puts the best construction on dubious conduct—does not condemn till convinced by facts—thinking no evil, and envying no man’s good fortune, rest assured that man is contemplating the pleasing landscape through the south window, and cannot be rendered unhappy while he does so. And, to conclude, when you find an old man bearing the infirmities of age with cheerfulness, pleased with the gayeties and innocent amusements of youth, neither regretting that he has lost the vigor of manhood, nor repining at his helpless weakness, you may take it for granted he has always been

at the south window, made the most of the bill of fare of life, and that its evening is to that which is past, as the Indian summer to the preceding seasons, the most agreeable of all.

Xenia: O.

T. C. W.

THE PIRATES OF THE PACIFIC.

A SCRAP FROM A REEFER’S LOG.

“Belay your jaw-tackle, George, and I’ll spin you a yarn.”—*anon.*

The moon is coursing through the sky,
And on thy lattice beams, my love;
Oh! may her varying glances dye
With pleasure all thy dreams, my love.

On forest dark, on flowery lea,
She sheds her silvery ray, my love,
And far the earth-born vapors flee
Before the moon of May, my love.

Arise, arise, oh! maiden fair,
Thy lover wooes thy sight, my love;
Now to thy favorite bower repair,
For soon will close the night, my love.

The moon is sinking in the sky,
And early dawns the day, my love;
The night birds’ songs in silence die,
Arise, and haste away, my love.

THE foul anchor on the button of the blue coat of the serenader, as he emerged from the shade of the orange grove, told that he belonged to the Navy of the United States; and if we could have obtained but a passing glance of the dark eye and olive countenance of the object of the lay, we should have recognized one of those natives of Southern America, the descendant of European Spanish fathers, who taken unto themselves wives of the native Peruvian blood. They call them *Cholos* from their mixed blood, and among them the most splendid specimens of female beauty are to be found. Devotedly attached, fiercely jealous, desperately passionate, and implacably revengeful, they possess within themselves all that can ennoble and debase the feminine character.

Lieutenant L., whose serenade has opened our story to the reader, had seen at a ball given by the Commodore of the American Squadron in the harbor of Callao, the fair Carlotta Gomez, and “seeing, had loved her.” He was then under orders to proceed with despatches to our government by the way of Panama, and on his return, to join, as first lieutenant, our ship, the *F.*, then daily expected on the Pacific station.

The parting is over, the vows of eternal constancy and affection have been duly given and received, and the first cutter of the B. is now speeding on her return to the ship.

THE CHASE.

"Sail, ho!" was sounded from the fore-top-gallant yard.

"Where away?" hailed the officer of the deck.

"Two points on our weather-bow, going by and large."

"What do you make her out?" hailed our skipper, who, on a sail in sight being reported, emerged from his cabin, and took the trumpet from the officer of the deck.

"A fore-and-aft schooner, with a gaff-top-sail—her top-sail brailed up, and a long carronade on a swivel mounted amidships."

"Boatswain, pipe all hands to quarters," said the skipper.

When the whistle had summoned each man to his station, the captain, with stentorian lungs, called out—"Flatten in your head-sheets—stand by to have a pull on your lee-braces, and haul taut the spanker-brail."

At this time we were working our passage against a steady nor-easter, from Valparaiso to the mouth of Columbia river, and heading our ship pretty well in the wind's eye.

To make our story intelligible, we must now refer to the past. During the two years preceding the period of our story, the Pacific coast of South America had been infested by a "*long, low, black schooner*," Baltimore clincker-built, which had annoyed the trade of our merchant vessels with Chili and Peru, to an enormous extent; and in many instances had added the crime of murder to her other piratical practices. She was a most extraordinary sailer, and the armed ships of the squadrons of France, Great Britain, and our own country, had ineffectually attempted her capture. She would sometimes permit them to get almost within gun-shot range, when she would thrust her nose into the wind's eye, and baffle all attempts to pursue her. In fact, she would lay her course closer to the wind, than any vessel our officers had ever seen, even from the same renowned ship-building port from which she had been launched. Our ves-

sel had just arrived upon the station to relieve a sloop of war, whose term of duty had expired, and was therefore unknown to the piratical captain of the Greyhound. We prided ourselves on the beautiful manner in which our vessel would hold her course in a taut bow-line, and were extremely anxious to have a trial of speed with the far-famed rover: a trial of strength would of course have been in our favor.

In receiving our orders from the commodore, who, with his broad pendant afloat, was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, a particular description of the pirate, with peremptory orders to capture him, if within the bounds of possibility, were given to our skipper, who had, as customary, read his instructions to the other officers, as soon as the ship was in black water.

The chase now began. We brought our ship up as close to the wind as possible, and while the most experienced quartermaster was sent to the cunn, the captain of the forcastele, an old *Ironsides* man-of-war's-man, held the weather-spoke of the wheel.

"Where away do you make her?" shouted the skipper.

"Dead between the cat-heads," was the reply.

"How does the ship head?"

"East and by north, half north," said the helmsman.

"Luff her up another point."

"The royals are shaking," said he of the cunn.

"Let her fall off," was the order; "and stand by to take in the royals. Captains of the tops, have your monkeys ready to lay aloft. Gentlemen of the watch"—

"All ready, sir," shouted in succession the reefers in command of the fore, main, and misen tops.

"Lay aloft," came from the quarter deck.

In less time than I can narrate it, the royals were hauled up, furled, and stowed, and the youngsters of the tops had laid down on deck, skinning down the backstays, in order to be in readiness, in case we should overhaul the vagabond.

"Jam her again into the wind," roared the captain, and the turn of a spoke laid her within a single point of the direction from which the breeze blew.

"The cunn there," demanded the captain.

"Very well, dice," was the answer.

The pirate, by this time aware that we were not the sloop of war which he had heretofore baffled, now hauled taut her fore-and-aft sail, let fall her top-sail, and shot forward right in the wind's eye. But, unfortunately for her, we had by this time gained the weather gage of her, and both now heading for the same point of the compass, we must inevitably have the advantage, as all our sails were drawing gloriously, below and aloft. We were now within gun-shot-range, and had cleared away the forward gun, and run it into the bridle-port; the officer had his lighted match-rope in his hand, when the skipper from the quarter-deck shouted

"Belay all, and stand by in readiness to fire."

The Grayhound, finding we were gradually overhauling her, suddenly let go her lee-sheets, and fell off before the wind. This was precisely what we desired; for, going full, there was no craft that swam the ocean could compete with us. The only drawback to our exultation was the certain conviction that she was now flying on her way to the Bay of Panama, where she might rest secure amid its shallow waters and numerous isles. But the avenger was in her wake.

Three bells in the second day-watch had just been reported by the sentry at the cabin door, and the fear that she would round Tobago Point during the uncertain twilight of the climates near the equinoctial line, crept into every breast. It was one of those beautiful nights we see nowhere but within the tropics—the sky thickly studded with its innumerable gems; the air pure as the breath of an infant pillowed on its mother's breast; and the dull and delusive haze, which, at evening, always rises from the broad bosom of the Pacific, began to render the snow-white canvas of the rover more and more indistinct.

Hark! What report is that? The pirate, while running dead before the wind, fired a stern gun in defiance, and at the same instant hoisted the blood-red flag at the spanker-gaft.

"By — you shall rue this!" said our skipper, almost frantic with rage at the insult.

"Stand by, all hands, to set stu'n-sails and royals."

In a moment, the royals were seen spreading their bosoms to the breeze; and

the upper and lower studding-sails, star-board and larboard, speedily mounted to their respective yards.

"What headway has she?" asked the captain.

"Ten knots and the white rag," said the sailing-master's mate.

"Take another pull on all the braces, and ease off the head-sheets!" roared the skipper.

The several orders were obeyed, and the ship, on again heaving the lead, had increased her speed, which was logged at eleven and a half knots.

It would have done your heart good, George, to have seen our saucy bark, not riding over, but dashing through the white-capped waves, while every brace and bow-line were stretched to their utmost tension.

By this time, the headland of the Bay of Panama was looming visibly in the misty horizon, not more than four miles ahead, and we were within one of the pirate, when our skipper, who, since his last order, had not removed the glass from his eye, suddenly exclaimed,

"All ready with the forward-gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Luff up a single point!"

In obedience to the helm, our ship deviated a little from the direct course, to enable the gun in the bridle-port to fire clear of the bob-stays and martingale, when the order from the quarter-deck was thundered forth,

"Give it to her!"

Every eye was turned in the direction of the pirate, and, in a moment, the captain exclaimed,

"Send the captain of the forward gun aft!"

The petty officer of the gun, tarpaulin in hand, stood before the excited captain, almost certain of punishment, when, looking forward at the rover, he exclaimed,

"See! sir!"

The captain turned his eye on the schooner, when he saw her main-top-mast bend suddenly astern, and fall, with all its hamper, on the bulwarks.

"By Heaven! she is crippled: run in the gun, and secure it."

In fact, our shot had taken effect just above the cross-trees of the main-mast of the pirate, and she was dragging the spar and sail in the water, they being held fast by the stays, and other of the standing

rigging. But it was for a moment only. Fifty men were instantly seen on the hammock nettings, cutting away the connecting rigging; and in another, we were bounding, like a race-horse, by the abandoned sail.

Now was the exciting time. The pirate held on her way, without any apparent decrease of speed; and, being of so little draught, ran under the headland of the cape, flattened in her sails, luffed short up in the wind, and was in the mouth of the bay. But it was a perilous maneuver; for by so doing, she brought her deck in a line with our broadside.

"Stand by the larboard guns!"

"All ready, sir."

"Number One, fire!" said the skipper.

It was a dead failure, and went wide of the mark.

"Number Two, fire!"

We watched the effect of the gun, which was fired by the same petty officer who had done such good service with the bow-chaser.

In another moment, and when the Grayhound had again luffed up to weather the inner point of Tobago island, the iron messenger swept its deck, and carried away the only remaining mast. She drifted bodily onward towards the reef.

Our captain had just ordered the third gun in the larboard midships to fire, when he again exclaimed,

"Belay all!"

The mantle of mist which had partially enveloped the surface of the bay, now rose from its bosom, and we were within a cable's length of the Grayhound, whose deck was distinctly visible. On the quarter-deck stood a ruffian with a female in his arms, endeavoring to force her over the gangway into a boat which had been hastily lowered from her stern. Her agonizing screams were plainly heard.

"Belay all, and stand by the larboard bower anchor. Waistlers, clear away the boats!" shouted the skipper.

"All ready with the larboard anchor!"

"Stand clear, and let fall!" And the ponderous anchor, sinking to the bottom, brought up the course of the ship.

The sails were stowed, and the ship swung heavily round, with her stern in-shore.

The pirate had now drifted on the reef, bows foremost, and was beating so tremendously on the coral, as to leave no doubt that she would soon go to pieces; while

the boat into which her captain had endeavored to force the female we had seen, was swamped, and sunk alongside.

Our boats were speedily manned, and on the way toward the schooner—Lieut. L. having command of the first cutter. We could plainly see them boarding by the stern, and witnessed the desperate and bloody encounter which ensued on the pirate's deck. At the moment Lieutenant L. gained her quarter-deck, the female figure again rushed from the cabin, and, with a cry of horror, fell at his feet—it was his own Carlotta! The next moment he was engaged, hand in hand, with the pirate chief. After a long and desperate struggle, he had brought him to the deck, and was kneeling beside his apparently lifeless betrothed, when she recovered her senses. She gazed wildly upon him, and uttering, in a tone of the deepest despair, "Lost! lost! forever!" fell fainting in his arms. At this moment the captain of the Grayhound, resting himself with difficulty upon his elbow, snatched a loaded pistol from the belt of one of his slaughtered crew, and fired at the lieutenant. The shot took effect; but not as he had anticipated. It pierced the bosom of the insensible Carlotta, and the blood gushed forth in a fatal torrent. The ebbing of the vital current roused, for an instant, the dormant faculties of her soul, and exclaiming, "Thus, thus to die, is happiness indeed!" she lay a corpse on his bosom.

The pirate, in one of his smuggling voyages,—for he was a smuggler as well as a pirate,—had seen her, and felt for her all the love that such a being could entertain. He had torn her by force from her father's dwelling, and subjected her to that treatment which no virtuous woman can experience and live.

The next day we landed those of the pirate's crew who had survived the slaughter, at Panama, where they expiated their crimes upon the scaffold.

Another time, George, another yarn.

BEN BOMTAY.

FRIENDSHIP IN LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Shakespeare.

TO THE RIVER OHIO.

O LOVELIEST river of this Western clime!
 Thou shalt not flow unsung, as in the time
 When in the mirror of thy winding waters
 Gazed on their forms, the groups of Indian daughters.
 Why, when the regal Thames and sylvan Wye
 Are musiced o'er and o'er in minstrelsy,
 And poets prate of streams so small and narrow
 As foaming Tweed, or Duddon, Derwent, Yarrow—
 Why should no poet's heart be true to thee,
 Thou forest-girded Wanderer? Thou shalt see
 Thy name among them all—aye, far above—
 Far as thy eagle hath outsoared the dove
 That flutters in its small and wired prison!
 Child of the woody hills, it hath arisen!
 O'er the wide ocean they have borne thy name;
 Thy sons have told thy legends unto fame;
 The enchanted Frank hath fondly lingered here,
 And called thee, in his joy, "La Belle Riviere;"
 The Briton stranger here hath fought and died,
 And then as bore thy name o'er ocean's tide;—
 The daring emigrant hath ploughed thy wave,
 And built upon thy shores a hut—a grave;—
 The rudest savage hath his tale to tell,
 What deeds of wonder and of war befel,
 Ere the white robber came and drove him far,
 To hunt his game beneath a setting star.

But not alone to swell the harp of Clío,
 Thou windest in thy beauty—bright Ohio!
 'Tis not the tale of battle and of blood,
 'Tis not the lone hut in the pathless wood,
 'Tis not the war-whoop and the murdering knife,
 Or victim scorned back the love of life—
 Nor anything of this—that thou shouldst be
 The tempting theme of quiet Poesy.
 O peaceful comrade of the breathing forest,
 Thou wouldst be lovely, if thou never worst
 The memories of wild, olden Indian times.
 Thou shouldst be sung in many measured rhymes,
 Even for the beauty that is on thee now—
 Even for the ripples round the lonely prow
 That bounds along the crystal of thy bosom—
 Even for the blowing of thy wild-rose blossom—
 For thy dark forests steeping down their shadows—
 For the green waving of thy flowery meadows—
 And thy soft isles, half hid in wreathing mist,
 Ere the sweet sunrise gold and amethyst
 Scatters upon thy towering hills thick-wooded,
 Or the red dawn the pale skies hath o'erflooded.
 Far winding river! Thou shalt flow in beauty,
 Even though my country, mindless of its duty,
 Crowd to thy banks panting for Mammon's ore,
 And build their idol-shrines upon thy shore,
 And dream of other gold than that which sleeps
 Reflected from the sunset in thy deeps.
 O, poets should be near thee—gentle River,
 To calm, with dreams of thee, this worldly fever!
 I see the young and buoyant spirits come
 And make upon thy forest shores their home:—
 I see them turn from thee, when morning flags

The rosiest dew drops from her summer wings,
 Charming thy waves into a mirror, clear
 And motionless, like another atmosphere;—
 And when the twilight smiles itself asleep,
 And moon-light shadows o'er thy bosom creep,
 I hear the vacant jest—the noisy oath—
 The tramp of revelry—the yawn of sloth:—
 Nature is not for them—and yet—so young!
 So light of heart! No care hath ever flung
 Its shade across their spirits—yet how dull,
 How poor that sense that cannot drink to the full
 The beauty that is on thee in that hour!

Al! gentle River—though thou hast no power
 To win to thee and nature, men who sleep
 Their souls in sordid cares, or sluggish sleep—
 Let me believe that there are some who dream
 In thoughts of joy beside thy quiet stream.
 The Bards that sing thy name, and weave it in
 With their best visions alway, scarce have been.
 Time yet enwraps them—till the dust-soiled world
 Gives them free space to breathe—O, then, out furl
 In the blithe air, their wings shall bear them hither,
 And by thy wild green hills, all thought shall wither,
 That bound them to unprofitable aims;—
 And they shall feel the young fresh charm that shames
 All sordidness—and gazing on thy stream
 Shall see, even there, the image of the dream
 That drove them to thy wild sequestered bowers.

Then they will marvel, how in former hours
 Men turned away, Ohio, from thy banks,
 And breathed, treading on flowers, no word of thanks—
 And saw the sun go down, through dark trees burning,
 Flushing thy bosom—the pale moon up-turning
 Her crescent cup o'erbrimmed with deep blue air.
 And all the stars waving down-mirrored there—
 And the lone fire-fly's light across thee flashing,
 And by the gnar'd roots of old trees, the dashing
 Of little waves half s'umbering, as the tune
 Of forests murmured in the key of June.
 O, men will write of thee, as in old Britain,
 Of lordly Thames and Yarrow they have written.
 Added to all thy natural loveliness,
 The names of those whose very names shall bless,
 Linked in the memory with thy gilding waters—
 The great, the good, Columbia's sons and daughters—
 The chivalrous who toiled and died for men—
 The Poet, consecrating some wild glen—
 The fair one, making bower and stream more holy—
 These shall outlive this noise and show and folly
 Which now is fretting—thou wild Western stream—
 My prophecy of this thy classic dream.

I loved thee, when first down thy placid wave
 And round the bend of hills, myself I gave
 To the wide reaching West—when the loud tramp
 Of the wild fire-boat bore me on—and damp
 And cool the autumn evening air before me,
 Blew in my face, the while the vessel bore me
 To regions where my fathers never trod,
 And I seemed to myself alone—with God.
 As though I were the first amid these wilds,

My heart was lonely as a little child's!
But thou, Ohio, rightly named "fair river"—
Thou wast to me, in loneliness, the giver
Of happy thoughts and hopes, and so I sped
Onward, like child whose gloomy dream has fled.

But now, farewell! The autumn frosts are wrapping
Their night cloak round bare trees. Cheerfully flapping,
My fire blinks round the room—and I must be
Soon to my couch—perhaps to dream of thee—
To feel the summer swathing my warm limbs,
To hear thy leafy forests at their hymns,
To see the moon-light sparkling on thy breast,
And think me sailing onward to the West!

Ohio River: November, 1838.

C. P. C.

THE NOVICE OF CAHOKIA.

A CHAPTER FROM THE FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF
"TALES AND SKETCHES," BY BENJAMIN DRAKE.

THE pastoral district of La Vendee, lies upon the southern bank of the Loire. At the beginning of the French Revolution, the manners of its inhabitants were simple and patriarchal. "The peasant was the noble's affectionate partner and friend; the noble, the natural judge and protector of the peasant." Favorably disposed towards the Bourbon dynasty, zealous in their religious exercises, and warmly attached to their priests, it is not strange, that the republican frenzy of the day, however tardy in reaching this quiet region, should finally have spent its bitterest fury on the loyal Vendeeans. The civil contest, which ultimately crushed this people, reached the banks of the Loire in the summer of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, and raged for three years; during which more than one hundred battles were fought, many of them unsurpassed in the annals of war, for the cold-blooded ferocity which marked the path of the revolutionary party. The men found in arms, the priests, females, helpless children, and even the dumb animals, were destroyed with all the horrors of jacobin cruelty. "I did not see," says an eye witness, "a single male being at the towns of St. Hermand, Chantonnoy and Herbiere. A few women alone had escaped the sword. Chateaux, cottages, habitations of whatsoever kind, were burnt. The herds and flocks were wandering in terror around their places of shelter, now smoking in ruins. I was surprised by night, but the waving and dismal blaze of conflagration, afforded light over the country. To the bleating of the disturbed

flocks, and the bellowing of the terrified cattle, were joined the deep hoarse notes of the carrion crow, and the yells of wild animals, coming from the recesses of the woods to prey upon the carcasses of the slain."

Eugene de Salis, a gentleman of wealth and influence, was a resident of the village of St. Hermand, at the period of its destruction. He was an uncle, on the maternal line, of that distinguished individual, Henri La Roche Jacquelin,* whose chivalry and high moral worth have been eloquently portrayed by his accomplished wife. Loyal in his feelings and intimately associated with some of the nobles of France, it was natural that De Salis should entertain an indomitable hatred of the ascendant power which was then sweeping his country with the besom of destruction. He was a widower, with an only child, a daughter of eighteen, as gay and beautiful as the bird and flower, which gave music and fragrance to her little garden. Gentle and affectionate, with good sense and lively sensibilities, Annette was the favorite of her native village. She had imbibed the anti-revolutionary feelings of her father, and was both the confidant and companion of her father,—the more tenderly endeared to him, by a striking resemblance in person and in manner, to her deceased mother; to the memory of whom, De Salis was devoted, with a degree of affection, mellowed but not diminished in the lapse of fifteen years. The betrothed of this opening flower of St. Hermand, was Charles Perrott, (the adopted son of La Roche Jacquelin,) an orphan youth of poor parentage, whose genius and whose probity of character, had won alike the love and the confidence of his benefactor. Young Perrott, who for three years had been prosecuting his studies in Paris, returned to La Vendee, just before the opening of that memorable campaign, when the brazen trumpet of desolation first echoed through his native woods. Sickened with the metropolis, which had become a vast slaughter-house of human beings, he had gladly bidden adieu to its halls of learning, eager to claim the hand of his Annette, and enjoy the repose of a village life.

The Catholic chapel of St. Hermand was an antique gothic edifice, erected during

* His battle call with his soldiers, says Sir Walter Scott, was, "If I fly, slay me—if I advance, follow me—if I fall, avenge me."

the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Its walls were covered with clambering vines, and its humble spire arose amid embowering trees. The interior was finished in good taste and richly decorated with several old paintings by the Italian masters. A few weeks after the return of Perrott, the doors of this little chapel were thrown open, one bright and joyous morning, for the admission of a group of persons, at the head of which, De Salis and his friend La Roche Jacquelin, walked arm in arm. They were followed by Annette and a few of their youthful companions. Within the chapel, in front of the altar, clothed in his robes of office, stood Father Lamoin, the venerable priest who, for more than twenty years, had performed the pastoral duties of this ancient temple. The occasion which had assembled this party, in the house of God, may be readily surmised. The marriage ceremony, however, had but just commenced, when a band of republican soldiers rushed into the chapel, and in the jacobin spirit of the times, rudely dragged from the sanctuary, the father and the lover of the happy bride. The priest sought refuge behind the altar, the company returned to their homes, and the hour of joyous happiness was suddenly clouded with sorrow and dismay.

The extraordinary system of espionage established by the leaders of the revolution, had placed in their hands a portion of the correspondence of the two individuals, who were thus unceremoniously arrested in the chapel. It breathed conservative sentiments, and contained direct censure of certain prominent individuals, who were giving impulse to the radical principles of the day. Both De Salis and his young friend, were already obnoxious to the hatred of the ruling powers,—the former because of his alliance with the *noblesse*, the latter in consequence of his being the zealous friend of the gallant Jacquelin, who was as much hated as feared by the ascendant dynasty. The prisoners were hurried off to Paris and incarcerated in a gloomy cell. Suspense as to their fate was not prolonged. On the third morning after their arrival at the metropolis, without even the mockery of a trial, the order for their execution was signed. The evening previous to the day fixed for its being carried into effect, Father Lamoin and Annette, reached Paris, and with much difficulty gained admission

to the dismal apartment of their friends, where they passed the night.

The morning light penetrated the gloomy prison, but brought no hope upon its wings. Three of the little group were seated upon a rude bench, side by side. The daughter's arm was around her father's neck—her hair dishevelled, her eyes streaming with tears. Charles was resting his head upon her bosom. In front of them, the hoary headed priest was kneeling on the floor, with hands upraised, supplicating the throne of Grace, for the salvation of those about to exchange time for eternity. At sun-rise the executioner entered the prison. Annette shrieked and intertwined both arms around her father's neck. It required force to separate them. The man of blood led his victim from the cell, and the next minute the drop of the guillotine told his mournful fate. "My poor father!" fell in accents of despair from the lips of the orphan girl, who now clung with a last fond embrace to her beloved Charles. The executioner soon returned. Vainly appealing for the life of her friend to him, who had neither the will nor the power to grant it, Annette sunk insensible, into the arms of father Lamoin. Once more the sound of the guillotine announced to the listening ear of the pious priest, that the tragic scene was closed. He hastened from the prison, and placing himself and his orphan charge in a cabriolet, was soon without the limits of the metropolis, on the road to St. Hernand.

The standard of civil war was soon unfurled throughout La Vendee, over which devoted district, death and desolation swept in the awful manner already described. As an evidence of the spirit in which this war was waged by the republican party, one or two cases may be cited.

An aged and pious member of the order of St. Francis, was found by a party of soldiers, in the chapel of St. Hermand, a few days after the arrest of the bridal party. Being mistaken for father Lamoin, he was instantly executed at the foot of the altar, and his head, with its hoary locks crimsoned and clotted in blood, hung up against a column of the chapel, as a significant token of the supremacy of the goddess of Reason.

It was nightfall, when a party of the invading enemy first reached the village, but the lurid glare of a fierce conflagration was made to supply the absence of day-

light. Fear and consternation spread among the inhabitants. A party of females sought refuge in the house of the unfortunate De Salis. No sooner was this fact known, than a band of the licentious soldiers congregated around the building, and agreed to set fire to it, that they might amuse themselves by catching these unprotected women, as they should attempt to escape the flames. When a corner of the house had been fired, and the design of the soldiers was understood, dismay seized upon its inmates: a death-like silence pervaded the room in which they were assembled, until Madame Desmoulin, the accomplished wife of an advocate of St. Hermand, (whose blood had already been shed in defense of the royal flag,) exclaimed,

"Death, in any event, awaits us! shall we meet it here or in the arms of the soldiers?"

"Here, here let us die," responded a dozen voices. "Then," rejoined the intrepid Madame Desmoulin, "we must set fire to every room in the house, retreat to the chambers, and by embracing the flames we have kindled, escape the horrible doom that will meet us at the hands of these ruthless barbarians. Our husbands, our fathers, our sons, and our brothers, are the daily sacrifice to jacobin fury: can we for a moment, in shame and dishonor, wish to survive them?"

Instantly the thrilling spectacle was presented, of at least twenty innocent females, most of them in the bloom of opening womanhood, actively engaged in applying the torch to their own funeral pile. In the mean time, the republican soldiers, impatient for the possession of their victims, sought to frighten them from the house by the cry of fire. Presently, however, the flames bursting from the interior of the building, proclaimed the high and holy purpose of the captives. The soldiers made an instant effort to secure them for a more horrible fate. They burst open the doors, in furious rage, but all in vain; the smoke and flames arrested their entrance. These fearless martyrs to female purity, had assembled in the chamber of their beloved Annette, where, encompassed by pillars of fire, they bade defiance to their brutal assailants. In a few minutes, with a loud crackling noise, the chamber floor fell into the flaming vortex below. One wild fearful wail of agony

rose upon the air: it was the last human sound that was heard from within the smouldering walls of that once happy mansion.

The visit of La Salle and Louis Hennepin to North America, in 1679, was followed by the emigration of many of their countrymen, who settled upon the shores of the lakes and the banks of the tributary streams of the gulf of Mexico. With some of these, a love of adventure and of gold, led to their exchange of civilized for savage life. Others, especially the Catholic priests, were prompted by the desire of converting the Indians of the new world to the christian faith; and it is due to these heralds of the Cross, to say, that they labored zealously, and not without encouraging results in christenizing the aborigines of this country. They long maintained a more salutary influence over this wild and debased people, than has ever been exercised by the English or American missionaries. But even their success in this laudable work leaves it still a matter of doubt whether the Indians of this continent, must not of necessity, be raised from the hunter to the pastoral condition, before christianity can be established among them.

One of the earliest and most noted of these French settlements, was within the present limits of Illinois, and is thus described by a writer, familiar with its appearance. "The ancient village of Cahokia, is situated upon the left bank of the Mississippi, in that extensive tract called American Bottom, which is a strip of alluvion, extending along the river for nearly one hundred miles, and varying in width from one to twelve miles. Opposite to St. Louis, the width of this plain is six miles, and being destitute of timber, except upon the margin of the streams that cross it, the surface is that of a flat prairie, covered with tall grass, and interspersed with ponds and marshes. Cahokia creek enters the Mississippi nearly opposite St. Louis, and on its northern side is that numerous and singular group of mounds which has attracted so much attention; and on the southern bank is the little antiquated, weather-beaten, nearly decayed, all-over French Cahokia, or as it is written in the olden chronicles of this region, *Saint Famille de Caouias*. This was the first settlement made by the French in upper Louisiana, and contained, in 1770, forty-five families. The mission of St.

Sulpice established a church here, and a curious looking affair it is, being built of rough framed wood, filled in with mud, with a roof disproportionately large, and surrounded by a grave-yard, stuck full of little wooden crosses. As to the place itself, any of our readers who desire to get a complete idea of it, had better step over there—for it is impossible to describe faithfully such a queer little affair as it is. It is very evident that those who settled it, were not gifted with that prophetic vision, which attends most of the founders of our towns; and who, feeling themselves the prototypes of Romulus and Remus, lay broad the foundations of future cities. There is neither a public square, nor a market-house, nor a wide street, in Cahokia: the houses are thinly scattered and surrounded by gardens, separated by narrow lanes—being, for the most part, the identical huts of timber and mud, which were erected more than a century ago."

To the little chapel of Cahokia, a convent was afterwards added, for the use of such "sisters of charity," as at different times, followed the Catholic priests to North America. In the latter part of September, 1800, the merry-hearted inhabitants of Cahokia, were thrown into a state of considerable excitement, by the report, that a noviciate of the convent, who had passed through her probationary period, was about to take the Black Vail—that emblem of an unchangeable vow to piety, seclusion, and celibacy. The day chosen for the ceremony proved to be bright and genial. The reddened sun of the "Indian Summer" cast his pale golden beams upon the earth. The trees that skirted the prairie were richly variegated with the many-colored hues of autumn—the sere and rustling leaves—the fading grass and flowers—the somber repose of nature—all seemed to harmonize with the solemn scene that was about to be presented within the walls of the convent. At the appointed hour, the chapel was crowded with spectators. A sweet, pensive strain of music, was heard in the apartment of the nuns. The sisters entered the chapel, dressed in black, bearing torches in their hands, and singing a hymn. They were followed to the altar by an aged priest, supported on his right by the Lady Abbess. Next came the object of general attention—the lovely Novice, arrayed in rich and costly apparel. Her dress was of lace,

white as the driven snow, so arranged as to display to the best advantage, the exquisite symmetry of her person. A pearl necklace rested upon a bosom, whose purity and whiteness it could not rival: the miniature likeness of a handsome young cavalier, was suspended from her neck, by a golden chain: a pearl astragal bound upon her forehead a brilliant diamond: her long auburn hair, interwoven with a few delicate flowers, fell in profuse and graceful ringlets upon her shoulders, over which, a rich lace veil, fastened to the astragal around her head, threw its gossamer folds, and then almost swept the floor. She stood before the altar; and her eyes, beaming sweetly through unbidden tears, rested on the cross of her Saviour.

"Her cheek
Was pale as marble, and her features wore
The settled calmness of a spirit schooled
By early suffering."

Directly behind this beautiful devotee, were those sisters whose duty it is to perform the little offices which custom has associated with the ceremony. One of them held the rosary; a second, a white lawn vail, to be placed upon the head after the hair is cut off; a third, the black pall, to be thrown over the person of the Noviciate, when the tinkling of the bell announces the moment of her final separation from the fitful scenes and feverish anxieties of the world.

It is proper here to remark, that at the moment when the exercises were about to commence, several friendly Indians entered the chapel, and walking up the aisle, deliberately took their station close to the actors in this solemn drama. They had come down to St. Louis, the day previous, with a cargo of furs, from the Upper Mississippi; and hearing of this strange ceremony, had, with unwonted curiosity, visited Cahokia, to witness it. Dressed in their native costume, fantastically decorated with dyed feathers and silver trinkets, armed with the tomahawk, the bow and the quiver, they stood in the dignified simplicity of savage life, silent, but close observers of the novel scene.

The venerable priest, slowly raising his hand and making the sign of the cross, began the ceremony. His exhortation to the Noviciate being ended, she commenced her response, and had uttered but a few words, when one of the Indians, whose

eyes were riveted upon her face, exclaimed in her native tongue,

"Beware of that fatal vow!"

If a voice from the tomb had called upon the Novice, it would hardly have produced more sudden amazement. Glancing her eyes upon the speaker, and for a moment gazing upon his animated face, with a mingled look of timidity and wonder, she sunk speechless into the arms of her attendants, and was immediately carried out of the chapel, and the ceremonies of the occasion were abruptly closed.

Our narrative now carries the reader back to France, and to that sad day when Father Lamoin and the bereaved Annette quitted Paris for the village of St. Hermand. Associated in feeling as well as in principle, with a class of loyalists to whom the jacobins were particularly hostile; and finding, upon his return, the little flock over which he had long exercised the pastoral office, scattered or destroyed, this active laborer in the vineyard of his Divine Master, at once decided upon carrying into execution a long-cherished plan—that of becoming a missionary to the aborigines of Canada. His orphan charge would not for a moment listen to the idea of a separation from her venerable protector, but promptly resolved to go with him, into foreign and savage lands, and there devote the remainder of her life to works of charity and of love. Before taking a final leave of La Vendee, they visited, in disguise, the village of St. Hermand, once their peaceful, happy home: but it awakened in their breasts no pleasurable emotions. The chapel in which they were wont to raise the song of adoration, was occupied by a band of disorderly soldiers. The streets were almost deserted—the smokeless chimneys of the few houses which had escaped the conflagration of the invading enemy, told but too plainly the desolation of the fireside. Annette visited the spot, where once stood their family mansion; but its ashes were mingled with those of her playmates and friends, who had there heroically perished. The garden was laid waste; the vines which shaded her trellised bower, were uprooted; the evergreens cut down; and the willow, whose pensive branches had for many a summer gracefully waved before the latticed window of her chamber, were crisped and blackened by the flames. One solitary memorial of happier hours

was found uninjured—a little flowering shrub—presented to her by Charles, while a student in the metropolis. Annette kissed its green leaves, and bedewed them with the blended tears of sorrow and affection. From the melancholy spectacle presented by the village, the disguised pilgrims hastened away, and in a few days reached a seaport town, where they found a vessel on the eve of sailing for Quebec. A short and prosperous passage brought them to the shores of the new world. For several years after their arrival, they resided in Upper Canada, and then sought a wider sphere of action on the banks of the Mississippi. Time, the great allayer of grief, had now wrought its quiet, unseen influence, upon the youthful missionary; the bloom of her cheek had yielded to the lily's paleness; her eye was still bright, but with the softened expression of a religious enthusiasm, spending itself in works of active beneficence. The ties of kindred and of love having been cruelly severed, she, an orphan exile, far from her native land—little remained to connect her with the world. Soon after reaching Cahokia, she voluntarily became an inmate of the convent, and with zealous fidelity passed through the probationary term, which, in the life of a nun, precedes the ceremony of taking the veil.

Upon recalling the prison scene in Paris, the reader will be reminded of the cruel execution of De Salis. A similar fate was thought to have befallen his youthful companion. Such, however, was not the fact. While passing from his cell to the guillotine, the heart of the executioner was reached by an appeal from his prisoner, more powerful, if less eloquent, than that which fell from the lips of the weeping Annette. Truly has the poet sung—

"And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs may despair."

The released prisoner, obeying the instructions of the treacherous executioner, leaped over a high wall, and sought safety through a dark and unfrequented alley. For some time he remained in a miserable hovel in an obscure street of the metropolis. Upon the first favorable opportunity, he withdrew from the city; and, burning with a desire of joining the standard of the loyal Vendeeans, he proceeded to the village of St. Hermand, which he reached some weeks after it had been sacked. In

sorrow and indignation, he looked upon the smouldering ruins of his native village, and heard the mournful story of its fall; of the beheading of the aged priest in the chapel; and of the burning of the females—among them his loved Annette—in the old mansion where he had spent so many happy hours. His heart was sickened—his arm was paralyzed. Further resistance on the part of the Vendecans, already driven to their fastnesses in the woods, seemed useless. Like many other gallant spirits of that period, Perrott, feeling that there was no longer patriotism in resistance, joined a few companions, and sought refuge in foreign and more peaceful climes.*

After a tempestuous voyage, the vessel in which he sailed reached New Orleans. Having neither the means nor the desire to establish himself in that city, he proceeded to St. Louis, and joined a company of trappers, about to ascend the Mississippi. On this expedition, which he found both novel and exciting, he became acquainted with an Indian chief, who adopted him into his tribe, as a brother. His bold bearing in their occasional wars with neighboring tribes, his prowess in the chase, his success in trapping beaver, soon rendered him a favorite among his new companions, and brought him both riches and influence. Adopting their dress, and exposing his person to the action of the elements, his complexion became swarthy; and by the aid of a little paint, he soon lost all appearance of his European descent. In company with a party of Indians, he happened to visit St. Louis, for the sale of his furs, at the time when the Novice was about to assume the black veil. Followed by some half a dozen of his red brethren of the woods, he crossed over to Cahokia, to witness the ceremony. As the reader may have surmised, in the beautiful Noviciate, at the moment of her consecration, he found his lost, but still faithful Annette.

The leaves of the autumn, in which this unexpected meeting took place, had not

yet kissed the earth, when the door of the little chapel was thrown open for a second renunciation by the fair Novice, not of the world, but the black veil. This, the venerable Father Lamoin received with joy beaming from his eyes, and sealed it by the union of Charles and Annette, in the holy bands of wedlock.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW-YORK.

At dawn of day, the whole household is awakened by the merry voices of the children, who hail the first peep of light as the signal to steal from their beds, to the chimney where were hung their stockings the previous night. St. Nicholas still watches over the city of New-Amsterdam, although, in consequence of the great degeneracy of its inhabitants, he deigns to visit it only on Christmas and New Year's eves. On these occasions, he fills the stockings of all those who believe in his saintship. It is said that he bestows his bounties on those who are good, and punishes unruly children, by leaving a long switch in their stocking. On this account I think the children of New York must be very superior, for they nearly all receive proofs of the esteem and affection of good St. Nicholas.

The stockings being opened, the shouts of glee and laughter, as the contents are disclosed, banish sleep from the eyelids of every member of the house.

Assembled in the breakfast room, "Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!" is echoed from every lip, on every side. Presents are interchanged, kind words spoken, and joy sparkles in every eye. Breakfast is scarcely tasted by any of the younger members of the family, in their eagerness to commence the pleasures of this day of days. The young ladies and their elder brothers, hasten to the toilet, and each hurries to perform the operation, in order to be in time to receive and make calls.

And now the business of the day has fairly commenced. Happiness is painted on every countenance. Young and old feel the influence of the sight and sound of gayety, and each join in the innocent pleasure, which unites in one common bond the two extremes of life. My pen fairly leaps, as it in vain endeavors to record the stirring scenes of the day. Every store

* From the year 1789 until the final overthrow of Napoleon, the internal commotions and foreign wars of France, drove many of her citizens into exile. Such as came to the United States, have generally borne their misfortunes with commendable fortitude: they readily adapted themselves to the new circumstances in which they were placed, and very generally abstained from all interference in the political affairs of this country.

and office is closed to business—every house and heart open to pleasure. Have you ever passed a New Year's day in New-York? If you have not, perhaps you would like to accompany me in my calls. We must start early, and take our list containing the names of those we intend visiting, arranged in the most convenient routine of their residences. Many of them, business and other causes have prevented our meeting since last New Year.

The first we call upon, is Miss Newton. She is a pretty affected girl, living in great splendor. The table in the back parlor is loaded with the luxuries of the season—oysters, turkey, wines, cordials, coffee, and confectionary, tempt every variety of taste. For this day the young lady has thrown off her airs, and each guest quits the house resolved to call again.

The next place is old Mrs. Van Pelt's. The daughters are all married and settled, her husband is dead, yet here sits the old *vrouw* ready to welcome her friends as warmly as in younger and happier years. Her table presents a striking contrast to the preceding one. Here, too, is cake and wine; but in the center stands a large silver urn, containing *hot rum*, which an old Knickerbocker thinks indispensable in dispensing the hospitalities of New Year's Day. On a side-table reposes in great state, a large New Year's cake. Now, if any of my readers are not aware what New Year cookies are, I pity them from my heart. In truth, poor ignorant reader! so much do I commiserate you, that I would fain enlighten you upon the subject of New Year cookies, if it were not a very busy day, and I have scarcely time to eat one, much less tell you how they are made.

The next visit is to the bride, Mrs. Charlton. Her house is crowded with visitors, all anxious to wish her a happy New Year.

The next is on the Misses Maxwell's, who have been on rather cool terms with our family. The gentlemen call, and then they will have no excuse for continuing these distant feelings of friendship. Then follow some dozens more of friends and acquaintances. Night overtakes us still performing duty. Not one gloomy face have we seen this day.

At home, we find a happy group of neighbors assembled, to finish the sports of the day in frolic and social chat. Jokes are cracked by the old folks, and love and

mischief brewed by the young. All part, declaring, as I hope my readers will, that the first day of January in New-York is the happiest day of the year.

A. S. V. V.

WHERE ART THOU?

THE scenes are glowing brightly,
On youthful memory's view,
And boyhood's footstep, lightly,
Trips o'er each scene it knew.
The hopes, the smiles of childhood.
Rise up before me now;
There is the cot, the wild-wood,
But where, O! where art thou?

I've watch'd the mirror'd splendor,
Bright skies around me cast;—
But turn me where the tender,
Fond hopes of morning past.
The eye of Eve is flushing,
There's light upon her brow,
Wilt glow and wine is quashing,
But thou—O! where art thou?

I've wandered far and lonely,
One hope was mine alone;
The hope that cheer'd me only,
When other hopes had gone:
That thou, mine own, still cherish'd
That blessing, burning vow;
That latest hope has perished,—
For where, O! where art thou?

I fled and left thee weeping,
Mine eyes, too, were not dry;
Sad thoughts were o'er me creeping.
But not that thou could'st die:
Then came sweet dreams of bow'rs,
Green leaf and shady bough,
Where life should sleep on flow'rs,
And thou—but where art thou?

I came—the hearth was blazing,
As it was wont to burn,
When, through thy lattice gazing,
Thou'st watched for my return:
And fancy, fondly dreaming,
Beholds thy glance but now—
I gaze—the moon is beaming,
But where, O! where art thou?

Ah, sad is every token,
That tells of thee and thine—
That gay, green lattice broken,
Where roses loved to twine.
I hear a sad bird singing
Above thy window now;
And the thought is in me springing.
It is asking—"where art thou?"

Charleston: S. C.

W. G. S.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

OLD POLLY CAREY.

A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AMERICA.

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JERICHO, like all settlements except those of miners, is built on the surface of the earth: and the soil which supports the weight of its classical shingle-structures, is embraced within the geographical limits of New-England. There is an amusing tradition or two preserved, respecting the name in which the town rejoices, the bestowal of a more godly set of men, than its present inhabitants. Alas! that such deterioration is not confined to Jericho!

The founders of our village appropriated for their purpose the first euphonious name which they encountered in the scripture vocabulary. The dwellers in Canaan, in Salem, in Bethlehem, and in Bethany, were sorely tried that their spiritual brethren had adopted for their embryo town, the name of a city against which it was written that it should never be rebuilt; and they lifted up their voices in disapproval. The people of Jericho, each of whom, until it was objected to, had claimed for himself the honor of the original selection of the name, all at once disclaimed it, and threw the burden upon their elders. Those worthies, in turn, shifted it upon their pastor; and he, in his turn, would have transferred it to his superior, only that, in those days of clerical authority, and parochial dependance, the clergy acknowledged no earthly master.

In this dilemma he was sorely tempted to throw the responsibility upon one whose reputation is at least equivocal; but his better genius prevailed, to the discomfiture of Sathanus, who came near being recognized as a counsellor. The announcement of relief to the worthy pastor himself, and of comfort to his people, was made in a sermon, which all Jericho, and the country round about, pronounced full

of inspiration. The text was a part of the twentieth verse of the sixth chapter of Joshua—"The wall fell down flat." In this, the attentive reader will notice that the preacher followed the custom still honored in the observance, of selecting for the subject of his discourse, the smallest member of a sentence which could possibly be detached from the context; and the phrase so detached had the additional recommendation of being in its isolated state equally applicable to any subject—fit proof for any doctrine—and capable of any "improvement." He spiritualized the subject, and reversed the position of the parties—making the chosen people the dwellers in Jericho, and the assailants the army of Satan *without*. In "improving" and applying his discourse, he showed conclusively to the minds of his hearers, that ancient Jericho was thrown down exclusively and expressly for an example to the people he was addressing; and thence deduced the positive fact, that the name of Jericho was selected by inspiration for that portion of the vineyard where the events of our history befell. It was conclusive. Soliciting a copy for the press had not then come in vogue; but he had another way of publishing, which answered as well. He exchanged in regular rotation, with the preachers in Canaan, in Salem, in Bethlehem, and in Bethany; and the inhabitants of each town, instead of reviling the name of Jericho, began seriously to wish they had called their own township Gomorrah.

Our tale opens at a later day. The enemy had visited Jericho, and the tares he sowed in his vineyard were schisms and divisions, feuds, heresies, and sectarianism. As a prolific soul rejoices in her progeny, the meeting-house became the *old* meeting-house, and stood like a reverend partlet, surrounded by her chickens. Three, yea, four spires arose in their variety of architecture around the parent church, the congregations of which had

been as many times lessened for the schismatists to be "set off." To each church there are about three hundred worshippers. There are also in Jericho as many school-houses as churches; but no newspapers. Gossip in the country supplies the place of the gazette, and the people of Jericho are blessed, or *were* blessed—for, rest her old bones, she is dead now!—with a living chronicle of the Past, running account of the Present, and a book of prophesy of the Future, in *old Polly Carey!*

Old Polly Carey—who in Jericho knew her not? And who treated her with less than due, though peculiar respect—peculiar, for she was a town pauper. Not a regular subsistent on boiled meal, at the poor-house, it is true, but nevertheless a pauper. She had a life-right in an old tumble-down house, and thence did she daily sally, blow high or blow low. Methinks her tall, fat figure is at this moment before me; fat, for she lived upon the best. Her girdle was a string so polished with long service, that its material had long passed into oblivion. Encircling her waist it made a division scarcely perceptible at a distance, but when you were near her, you were fain to think you saw two meal-sacks, of equal diameter, placed upon each other, the upper one having a gathered mouth which took the form of a hood, and the nether one mounted on legs. As she advanced her left foot, the upper sack overflowed the under one on the right side, and as she advanced her right, the converse of this phenomenon was visible. It could be literally said of Polly that the "fat floated on her bones." The blue "factory gingham" gown which widow Polly wore, always first gave out in the wake of the ebbing and flowing tides of flesh which we have just described. On her left arm she carried a basket, and in her right hand bore a stick, to the merits of which, the curs of high and low degree had become so well accustomed, that they would howl if the mere shadow of it crossed their backs. The iron-gray hood was always a part of her equipment, being attached to her cloak. The front facings of this latter garment had long been strangers to each other. As

———"Mountains Interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one,"

so did the corporeal obesity of mother Carey interpose between her cloak fasten-

ings. Like its mistress, that cloak had seen better days. A full cloak when first made for the slim and genteel Mrs. Polly, it had advanced in dignity with its owner, though from an opposite cause. While the form of the widow increased to the full development of aldermanic magnitude, the cloak shrank to the cool, haughty grandeur of a capote.

Thus equipped, she made her daily round of calls. Do not fancy, that with widow Polly, the mere leaving of a card sufficed, or that she betrayed any ceremonial distance, by rapping at the front door. No, she knew the breakfast and the dinner hour of every family in the village, and always walked directly to the most domestic and well frequented entrance to a house, and passed in with the assurance of one aware that she is welcome, or is determined to make herself so. Wo to the careless "help" who, upon any morning previous to her arrival had scoured and hung up the coffee-pot! No house-keeper, if in the house at the time of her call, would neglect to visit the kitchen, to tender her the compliments of the day. These attentions she would receive, not as favors, but as affairs of course—tribute; and, drinking from the coffee-pot as long the rill from its spout was clear, she would deposit the fragments of the morning's meal in her basket. The board swept at one place, she would trudge to another—another—and another, for her stomach was a receiver which would have astonished the most extensive chemist in the world. By the time her breakfast rounds were finished, dinner had usually arrived, and the afternoon was spent as the forenoon. As she wended her way home at night, her basket hung heavier, and her stick was carried in the basket hand, while a bundle of wood, chips, or old clothes, protruded from beneath her right arm. When winter came, it never found old Polly's cellar bare of fuel, for Polly was a provident old lady.

If anybody ask why she was so universally tolerated, if not petted, the reason may be told in a few words. Polly was the possessor of everybody's secrets. A retentive memory enabled her to check the pride of *parvenus*; for Polly remembered everybody's ancestry. Even in the most republican country villages they trace genealogy; and, although when recommending a man for rising from nothing,

the circumstance of his original nothingness, is strongly insisted upon as the best feather in his cap, still this same matter of origin is an equally potent argument in decrying him. When a Yankee has accomplished some feat which has made him both friends and enemies, as all actions of any consequence must, you may hear in the same day, remarks like these from the two parties:

"Why," say the foes, "it is exactly what you might calculate on. His father sawed wood for a living, and the son used to come to our house to beg cold victuals. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, and it is just what one might expect from such a low-bred family. He hasn't forgot his bringing up, and can't forget it."

"There," says a friend, "see what he has risen to! I used to know him when he was a boy. Why, hang him, he had no stockings in the winter time, and would come to school with feet so lame and frost-bitten, that he could hardly walk. Nobody knew when he found time to study, and he was forced to do it in borrowed books too. But he had it in him. Look at him now. He would keep at the head of the class then, and now he's at the head of the county. I always knew he'd make something, and he has. He's self-made too—the more to his credit."

— This is the way they make an argument serve a double purpose in republican America.

THERE was one event in the life of old Polly Carey, which gave her great consequence over her co-gossips; she was one of the few women in Jericho who had not spent all their lives there. During the day of the late Mr. Carey, the ruinous building we have spoken of as her residence was a house as neat as any in the township. Upon his death, the estate—as is customary in New-England—was "represented insolvent." This representation does not always prove true, being usually chosen merely as a safe form of speech—but in Mr. Carey's case, unfortunately for his widow and his daughter, it was literally correct.

The daughter is spoken of by those who recollect her in her teens, as a beautiful girl—the belle of a twenty mile circuit. Her form seemed a blending of the sylph-

like and aerial with plump, rosy health—an incarnation of the ideal. A stature rather above the common height gave her an Elizabethan appearance of dignity, but altogether unalloyed with the coarseness with which we are wont to alloy our mental portraits of the virgin queen. Over the whole was thrown a charm which inspired the passion of the voluptuous, while it excited a feeling of deep and painful interest in the virtuous of the other sex. But

"All joined to guard what each desired to gain."

The demeanor of the less worthy class of her admirers was awed into deference and distance; and the better, while jealous of the intentions of his rival, congratulated himself that in Eliza's virtue, prudence, and high-minded self-respect, she possessed a guard of strength, and the assurance of continuance in beauty and innocence. If it seem to the reader that we have assembled incongruities in her character, let it suffice that the picture, however feebly drawn, is a portrait.

Reverses are common to all the world. Being thus universal, it is strange that all the world is not prepared to meet them. It is also strange, that as each, in the great mob which makes the world, must know his own liability to meet misfortune, the smitten are not treated with forbearance and respect; to say nothing of sympathy and kindness, which have long been obsolete and forgotten. But if these things became otherwise, ours would cease to be a strange world; and ceasing to be strange, its inhabitants would still be strange in it, for it would not be the world to which they have been accustomed. Mrs. and Miss Carey could not endure to be classed with the poor in a town where they had associated with the rich. Those of their friends who had the grace to endeavor to keep up the show of a visiting acquaintance, had not the natural politeness to forbear the air of patronage which they thought their civility to unfortunate friends entitled them to assume. It is not truer that a prophet is without honor in his own country, than it is that the unfortunate are without sympathy among their own former companions. Brutes will persecute the wounded in their own herd; and man is above the brutes, in that he will do the same thing in a more refined, and, of consequence, more cruel manner. The result of the whole matter was, that the Careys

took the common course of all in affliction who can—they ran away from their friends. They assigned the usual reason—a wish to change to a scene which should not so much remind them of their losses. In assigning it, they were guilty of the usual duplicity. It was persons, not things, they wished to avoid—the actors, and not the scene. Be the reason as it may, they locked the house, of which the husband's creditors allowed the widow a life-lease, and migrated, no one knew whither.

A few expressions of surprise among the villagers—a word or two of insincere regret for their departure—a volume of sincere detraction, and the Careys became to the villagers as though they had never been. Years passed, and they had ceased to be mentioned at all, when, one morning, smoke issuing from the widow's chimney, alarmed the villagers as much as a beacon fire could have done. A deputation of old ladies and young, set out forthwith for the Widow Carey house.

Wofully had it become dismantled. The neat paling, or fence, as we say in New-England, was no longer the ornament of the grounds, that it had been one of the last acts of Mr. Carey's life to make it. Posts, decayed at the surface of the earth, had given way before the antics of unruly cows, and less excusable truant urchins. Attention to the house was first arrested by the rags which had been stuffed in the broken glass in the windows—an opaque medium for admitting light to a building, often resorted to by those to whom poverty or unthrift denies the proper substance. The wooden door-step had fallen, between decay and juvenile roguery; and the fruit-tree, with here and there a scattered apple upon it, its branches broken and injured, showed by the stones about its base, the secret of mother Carey's broken windows. All the deputation, who had never wasted a thought upon the widow's property before, except, perhaps, when they chid their children for stealing her fruit in her absence, eating it themselves at the same time, by way of adding example to precept, now exclaimed aloud against the wanton wickedness and "wastery" of the boys. It was natural enough that they should do so; they thought that the widow must have come back rich, or she would not have come at all; she must, they imagined, be "well to do" in the world, at least. "It was scandalous, and abomina-

ble, and wicked, and"—everything—they all screamed together, as they walked up the short avenue to the house. And they took great pains to say all these things so distinctly that the widow should overhear their anathemas.

They were met at the door by a young woman, one of the villagers, who besought them to be silent.

"Oh, you hold your tongue, Ann Downs. You are up bright and early to court the widow; but you needn't think nobody is to see her but you. We are as glad to see an old friend come back as you are; and you needn't fancy you are to keep her all to yourself."

"No more she needn't," cried they all; and, emboldened by the air of entreaty, instead of authority, with which they were repulsed, and excited by their curiosity, now worked to its very highest pitch, they rushed, cackling and screaming, into the house.

"Peace!" exclaimed the Widow Carey, in answer to their congratulations and inquiries. She continued in a still, calm, but authoritative tone, "I am in my own house—and I bid you go, as soon as convenient, and be silent while you stay."

They did not go—for the appearance of everything about them bespoke the widow too poor to be obeyed or respected, even in her own house—but they could not chatter while her sunken dark eye was upon them. She stood with her arms coldly and proudly folded—giving, by her erect attitude, full effect to her tall form, at that time spare and gaunt. She had the mien of grief, too independent to stoop for consolation; and partially awed, the visitors clung together in a group near the door, afraid even to whisper. But they saw that there was mystery in the house; they suspected that Ann Downs was possessed of it, and were determined to master it also. Meanwhile, they busied themselves with hurried glances about the apartment. The furniture was decayed, and the floor in many places sunken. Those sunken spots were still damp with the last rain, which, penetrating the roof and upper floors, had broken the ceiling of the room in which they stood, and collected in miniature pools upon the floor. Bits of damp lime were scattered about, and the paper on the walls, having lost its adhesiveness by the humidity of the place, hung in festoons of tatters. A cheerful fire which blazed upon the

hearth, seemed only to generate steam from the dampness of the room, without imparting warmth. Before the fire stood a large chair, its occupant concealed from the visitors by its back, and by the cloaks and blankets which were piled around it. There was a faint motion. Ann and the widow hastily returned to their patient, taking each a side of the chair. The crowd, improving the opportunity afforded by relief from the widow's stern glances, huddled around the fire-place, but without saying a word. An instant more, and awe of suffering gentleness made them involuntarily retreat a few paces—but they still kept such a position as permitted them to gaze intently on the invalid.

But for an extremely slight, tremulous motion of her lips, and a slight and scarcely perceptible lifting of her closed eyelids, they might have deemed her already dead. The marble paleness of death was upon her countenance—her lips, fearfully thin, seemed like faint red air-traced lines. The snowy whiteness and fineness of her cap, the graceful disposition of her attenuated limbs, the whole arrangement of the drapery immediately about her person, formed, in contrast with the poverty and meanness of the place, an awfully impressive picture. It was a grouping of the appliances of refined luxury with the squalid rags of abject poverty. In such a picture there could be no blending—the distinguishing outlines were distinctly impressive. It would have chilled savages into silence.

One arm depended by her side, so wasted by her illness that the wristbands of her night-dress hung loosely upon it, and the very rings upon her taper fingers seemed about to slip off. With all this falling away, there was no *skinniness*. It seemed as if even the destroyer admired the victim his cold hand was upon; and, in wasting her fair form, respected and preserved its beautiful proportions. The other arm of the sufferer was crossed upon her breast; and, as the fingers worked convulsively, the glitter of a gold ornament, or locket, could be distinguished between them. Suddenly her eyes opened—she looked wildly about her, and whispered, "All here! Then they will all see me die—a forsaken—but no matter. I am too far gone for pride, now. Mother!" All moved forward at the call—she feebly beckoned them back. "Even you, Ann, who have

been so good to me, must leave me one instant, now." Ann pressed the crowd to the other side of the room. "Mother!" The dying girl was feebly striving to take the locket-ribin from about her neck—her mother moved it, and placed it in her hand. In death, the sufferer could not forget those little courtesies which are the indications of true kindness, as the elements of politeness. She feebly thanked her mother, and then placing the bauble in her hand, said, "Return this to *him*; and, with my dying breath, tell him, I forgave him." The pardon was literally breathed with her last breath. Ann came forward and closed her eyes—and the widow, sobbing in her agony, sunk upon her knees at her child's feet.

Now, indeed, was the desolation of the apartment complete, that Death was in its midst.

THE story of the death of the widow's daughter flew about town simultaneously with the news of the return of the Careys to their cottage. Nothing of the life of the daughter in the interim between her departure and her return to die, transpired—for no one knew aught of it but the mother, and she was chary of her secret. She evaded all questions by sobbing hysterically till the inquirers desisted—and they ceased, not so much on account of the pain the subject gave the widow, as because of the useless trouble to themselves of asking questions which obtained no answer.

Ann Downs became a frequent visiter at the Widow Carey house. As she was the first, she was the only caller whose reception gave encouragement to a second visit. Ann saw the mother alight from the mail-coach on the morning of her arrival—she saw the daughter taken from the vehicle and borne to the cottage. Thus may the poor ride in sickness, as the luxurious would not in wealth—and even such reverse may the luxurious find, when the price of virtue is exhausted. Obeying a natural impulse which hesitated not for the sanction of conventional forms, Ann hastened over, and busied herself, without saying one word, in building a fire. Then she endeavored to persuade the widow to allow her to send for assistance. "No, no. Eliza wishes to die here, and alone. That hope has enabled her to endure the fatigues of a journey which here closes with her life. We could not refuse your assist-

ance—but call no one else.” They had just finished their preparations for placing the exhausted girl in bed, when the troop arrived of which we have spoken.

After the burial, at which all the village attended, the overseers of the poor paid the childless widow a formal visit. “Gentlemen,” said the widow, after they had awkwardly enough broached their business, “Gentlemen, respect for form should have taught you better than thus to signify the fear of the parish that I shall become a charge to it, before the sods are placed over my daughter’s grave. Grief has a sanctity which I never violate—be the sufferer rich or poor. I know you all; and the ingenuity of an inquisitor could not have devised a more cruel choice of emissaries than chance has here contrived. You, sir,” addressing the chairman, “were my father’s apprentice, charity-lad, and my playfellow. You,” to another, “are now enjoying my property, by a quibble in the law; and you,” to the third, “foreclosed a mortgage on my late husband’s property, because the debt in hard dollars was not tendered you. You are a precious deputation to visit the widow! Go, gentlemen. I drew my first breath in this house, and, please heaven and the overseers, I will draw my last here!”

Such arguments there was no answering—certainly none by the persons to whom they were addressed. Her determination to remain in a house which, however poor, was her own, being settled, she might have starved there but for Ann Downs, who persuaded her first across the street to her father’s house. Thence, little by little, she extended her acquaintance, until, the last vestige of her pride subdued, she became the independent beggar we have described.

Ann was always her favorite. To the village, Polly Carey was a wretched beggar, respected for what her family had once been. Ann liked her for *herself*—and, taking a lantern in her hand, under pretence, at first, to pick her way across the street, but, in reality, with a view to shed other light than that of embers upon the widow’s cheerless hearth-stone, she would sit with her evening after evening. At length it became a habit with the widow to expect her young friend, and a custom with Ann to take her book over and read to the widow. Gradually, as the remembrance of the last painful passages in her

life faded and became less vivid, the widow’s store of information—for she was well educated—re-opened, and her interest in passing events was revived. While she seemed to the village the beggar still, for whom their respect was involuntary, she was to Ann a friend and an instructress.

It is not with the aged as with the young. With the latter, sorrow is a passion—violent and transient—wearing away from its own strength, and ceasing, as it would seem, from mere exhaustion. With afflicted age, sorrow is not a rude visitant. Calm, though not the less deep, the fury of its transports is tempered down to the lack of physical energy in the sufferer—and sorrow is the bosom companion of the old, releasing its hold reluctantly, and but for moments at a time. The long interregna with youth are between transient bursts of grief; with age, between fleeting moments of pleasure. Mother Carey’s eyes would light with satisfaction as her youthful friend’s face entered her door; but her countenance assumed even more than its wonted sadness at any passage in the reading upon man’s duplicity or woman’s betrayal. Meanwhile, the world wagged on as usual. Mother Carey made her daily round of calls, and received her daily pension.

At length, Ann’s visits began to be less frequent; and the widow inquired the reason. “Not,” said she, “that I wonder at your tiring of the society of such an old crone as I am; but I wish to know if I have in any way offended you.” Ann assured her she had not, and was attempting an apology, which we fear would have been more to the credit of her ingenuity than her truth. The widow interrupted her. “I can tell you, Ann, the reason of your remissness, better than you can tell it yourself. But you should have made the widow your confidant in this, as in all other matters. Half-confidences break friendships. Bring your young gentleman here, Ann; let me see if he is worthy of you; and then I can advise you whether to resist parental authority or not, when your father bids you dismiss him.”

“My father bids me dismiss him!”

“Certainly. He has expressed to more than one person his dislike of the attachment. I drink in all these things when people fancy I am only drinking their coffee.”

“I do wish you could be persuaded out of these rambles.”

"And why? I am a tolerated character when I don my cloak and hood. They are to me like the blue gown of the Scotch beggar. People would not abide me were it not for my eccentricities. I have no other means of living than by begging—and heaven knows I would rather die than beg, were it not for the purpose to which I am sworn. I shall live till that is accomplished; and then my life and my wayward tricks will cease together."

"How strangely you talk—you affright me!"

"Let us change the subject, then. Bring that gallant of yours here, and I will make up my opinion of him."

Ann did bring him—and heartily did she enjoy his astonishment. It happened to be one of the widow's white days, and the old lady's conversation was really interesting. She chatted a long evening upon every subject which the young people introduced, and left them, upon many topics, far behind. It seemed almost inspiration in rags. At length, Scott's novels, then known as the Waverley, or the works of the Great Unknown, came upon the tapis. The old lady went to the chest of drawers, and brought out a copy of the Monastery. A sudden change came over her—she was cheerful no longer—her eyelids trembled.

"This," she said, "was my poor dear daughter's, and I have not had it in my hands before, since—" Here she dashed away a tear. "But I grow childish. Go away—go home, both of you—but, be sure you call again. And—young man! Beware! See that your purpose is honorable—that your professions are sincere—your promises adhered to!—as you would avoid a maiden's ruin—an upbraiding conscience—a mother's curse! Why do you stand waiting? Go, I bid you! Would you see the *pauper* weep? *He* will weep, too! Gold is not a styptic for tears—nor a balm for a wounded spirit! Go! go!"

As the bolt of the door rattled behind them—for, in civilized countries, even the poor, who have nothing to lose, must bolt their doors—the young man exclaimed,

"What a fearful old woman!"

"True, Edward; but there's meaning in her madness. I have sometimes thought that our ancestors were not so far wrong in fearing witchcraft, if they had among them such specimens of the weird sisterhood as Mrs. Carey."

"Does she pretend to witchcraft?"

"Oh, no. To *prophecy* only."

"Well, Ann, there has one thing occurred this day, which not even a witch could have foreseen. Your father has intimated to me that he is unprepared, *as yet*—which means an indefinite postponement—to acknowledge me as your suitor."

"I knew it—*she* told me."

"*She!*"

"Nay, do not fear glaumerie at once. She picked up the intelligence in some of her jaunts."

The couple proceeded many steps beyond her father's door in silence. Ann, at length, spoke—

"Edward, we have passed the house."

"Are you so anxious, then, to abridge a conversation which may be our last?"

"Our last!"

"Yes, Anna. As a dutiful daughter, you know you are bound to obey your father."

"I am happy to find you, in such a case, such a self-denying monitor! My *father* will be much obliged to you!"

"You are offended?"

"How! Offended at a more than Roman virtue! No, sir! I cheerfully release you from an engagement which you seize the first pretext to break."

"Cheerfully—break—pretext! Anna, if I had dared propose—"

"But you have dared—and I, in the face of man's unfaithfulness, have dared accept. Now, I see my error."

They had turned and passed the house again!

"Come, sir!" she said, "you are really prone on a Sinai wandering to-night!"

"Promise me happiness, then, at the conclusion of our trials!"

"Would you have me disobey my father?"

"Anna—I—I—"

But it is of no use to undertake to record the conversation through which a reconciliation was effected. Unwritten language of the lips opened, continued, sealed it; and we will suppose the little breeze all settled, and Ann saying,

"No more raptures—I am in suspense—waiting the advice of a friend."

"And that friend—"

"Is Mrs. Carey."

"That old hag?"

"Edward!"

"But, my dear girl, why so inconsistent? How can it be possible that a young lady

of your strong mind can have allowed such a person to obtain so much influence over it?"

"Edward you are among those who do not know Mrs. Carey. Associated in your mind with mendicity and vagabondism, you forget that she was once the happy matron whose discretion was a proverb, and whose standing was respectable. Poverty, that plunders us of this world's goods, makes us rich in experience; and from the counsels of no woman have I derived more of the strength of mind with which you are pleased to compliment me, than from Mrs. Polly Carey."

"I believe I must watch you still, if it is only for your protection from the fascinations of that—singular woman."

"Well argued, sophist."

"And I am not sure that it would not be a good speculation to buy into your father's good graces by putting him on his guard."

"At the risk of the daughter's displeasure."

"Do you, then, take it so seriously? But I am glad I have seen your witch; and, Ann, I shall be sure to call upon her to-morrow evening, according to her injunction. Less diabolical magic than hers fascinates me to any spot where there is a bare probability of meeting you."

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

Lovers are almost the only persons who attach any meaning to those two words.

EVERYBODY who knows anything about the topography of almost any old country has been pointed out *the* house, differing from the rest of the village in its architecture, and built by some ruralizing cit who fancied, adopting the proverb "God made the country, and man made the town," that rural felicity is the only earthly happiness. It will generally be found deserted by the builder, and wearing the sentence "To Let," as an accustomed part of its description. When citis do resolve to cut the town, and seek the only happiness below, in sheep-pastures and cow-pens, they make it a point to out-ruralize rurality. They build houses all window-sash, verandas and green blinds, in the most bleak and exposed sites to be found—suitable for a residence during about ten days in August, but of Siberian comfort all the rest of the year.

If it is amusing to hear the history of these "follies," as they are generally dubbed in honor of the builders, after their departure; it is fun to be resident in a country town, while the bird of so much promise is hovering over it, prior to definitely fixing the location of his nest. The fun grows greater when that important election is made, and the bricks, and mortar, and lumber, and mahogany, and glass, and fence-posts, are under contract.

Such an event had been commencing, while we were so busy with Ann and Edward in the last chapter. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu arrived one evening at the village inn, driving two horses harnessed tandem to a topsey chaise. He ordered his cattle put up, and to the landlord's inquiry what he himself would have for supper, replied—"Oh, your usual fare—a bowl of bread and milk, or baked apples and milk, or some boiled corn, with fresh milk, and a couple of boiled eggs. Just what you eat, landlord; don't incommode yourself in the least for me."

"But that 'ere aint our customary vittles, squire."

"True, true; you keep a hotel, and must consult the vitiated taste of travelers from the city. It is the usual food of the villagers, I take it."

"Why, they generally haves what's left from dinner, with a cup of tea, and then come here to finish off with a gin toddy or a mug of sling. But I can get you anything you like, squire."

"Well, well, suit yourself."

Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu thought he would take a turn in the village while supper was preparing. It did not enter into the head of a cit to conceive the dangers of nocturnal perambulations in towns where saucy Jack, the gas-light man, has not followed the schoolmaster. Mr. Montagu's first mishap was falling over a new pine doric column which lay ready to be raised to support the portico of a gothic edifice. The portico had hung in mid air, waiting for its props, at least six weeks, and the remarkably chaste and uniform building to which it appertained was the fifth meeting-house in Jericho. "Why the plague don't they light their street-lamps!" thought Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu, and "I'll report this at the street-inspector's office!" he cried aloud. The next maladventure was excoriating some square inches of his leg against a stone door-step,

which had lain in the middle of the sidewalk for the last five years, the owner intending, when he could get time, to put it in its proper place. But it is unnecessary to go into a detail of all the benighted citizen's misfortunes. Suffice it to say that when he did reach the inn, he carried the honest conviction with him that there are saucy boys in the country as well as in town, and that a person who can thread the intricacies of the most crooked city in the world, may lose himself in a village where there is only one "main street," but more "lanes" than McAdam could shake a sledge at. The substantial supper which mine host had prepared did not come at all amiss after his long journey, and he did not once think of man's legitimate food, rye-bread and corn-meal, while devouring it.

If Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu had been as well aware of a certain fact as his landlady was, viz: that the sheets in the state-bed had not been aired for an amazing quantity of days, he would not have been surprised at the soreness of his bones in the morning. Breakfast finished, he directed that a horse should be put in his chaise, as the peripatetic lesson of the night preceding admonished him to use vehicular conveyance. This call could not immediately be answered, however, as the landlord had gone to the field, and the farm-boy, errand-boy, hostler, bar-keeper, and occasional boot-black, all which honorable posts were filled by one and the same urchin, had gone to the mill. But the landlady very obligingly told him that if he wished to put his horse in himself, she would show him to the stable, but "she'd a little rather he'd wait, 'cause the children had broke the chaise-springs *teetering* in it, and he couldn't ride in any kind of comfort till he got it mended."

"Well," thought Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu, "this is rural felicity with a vengeance, but I shall have my own chaise-house by and by, and no boys to bother me." Mr. Montagu was a bachelor, and having said thus much of him, perhaps it is as well that we attempt some further slight sketch. He was really a very accomplished man, and along with his city desires and inclinations, he had always felt an innate desire for a country life smouldering within him, like spontaneous combustion in the heart of a hay-cock. He had been unfortunate in business, and

the latent fire burst forth into a flame, when, after screwing his resources to raise the last cent which made up the sum of twenty-five on a dollar, he found his creditors *ungentlemanly*. They had the impertinence to express surprise that he could sport a tandem and season-ticket at the theatre, frequent hotels, give suppers, and play at billiards, though all those are little comforts which Mr. Montagu thought no gentleman could live without. So he quoted his great namesake, and protested that great cities are great sores; and, making his resolutions over a bottle of hock one evening, stepped into his chaise the next morning, and rode till night, landing at last in Jericho.

To return to the inn. Thomas Jefferson Montagu, Esq., sallied out on foot to select a site for a cottage, which he intended should be the most beautiful in all the States. In walking about, he descried a little, bleak, bald hill at the way-side, which shot up to the altitude of some thirty feet. It was near the perpendicular in its elevation as a sugar-loaf, and had the same comparative area on its summit—about space enough to throw a somerset. "Well," said Thomas Jefferson Montagu, "it is a trite but true remark, that familiarity with beauties deadens our perceptions of them. I do hope I shall never become so insensible to the charms of nature as these villagers evidently are. They have left this elegant building-site unoccupied, and burrow with their houses in valleys and dens, and holes in the earth. I'll have a circular flight of steps to my front door, winding about this beautiful elevation till it describes a complete circle, and brings the traveler to the front where my entrance shall be, sheltered from the sun by a honeysuckle-shaded porch. I'll—but I guess I'll buy the land first."

Posting back to the inn, without further examination of the localities about Jericho, he was fortunate enough to find the landlord and his farm-hands, who had come up to the house for their eleven o'clock. Mr. Montagu took Boniface aside, and inquired who was the proprietor of that miniature paradise, expressing a desire to purchase.

"Why, squire, one grist-mill hardly finds enough to do in Jericho." N.B. The landlord was interested in that mill.

"But what has a grist-mill to do with the matter?"

"Why, I reckon by your wanting that

spot, you meant to put up a wind-mill, such as they have in the old countries."

"Oh, no, I mean to build a house there."

"Why, squire! not a house to live in?"

"Yes, a dwelling-house."

"What! on the very tip-top of the 'Cat's Back?'"

"Cat's Back!"

"Yes, that's what we call that darned ugly hill."

"Ugly hill! Why you have no idea of the sublime and beautiful. It is the most delightful location I have ever seen in New England."

"Well, every one to his liking, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow."

The landlord hastened to the owner of the "Cat's Back," to advise him of his good fortune in prospect, and to send him to the squire to negotiate the sale. He had always been considered an unfortunate young man, on account of the proprietorship of a tract of land, which, had it been as many acres in extent as it was feet, and all of similar fertility, would have made him so much the poorer.

"Cat's Back!" soliloquized Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu, as he awaited the arrival of the proprietor. "Cat's Back! What unimaginative rustics! I will give it a new name." So he did, as will be seen by the sequel to this history.

WHEN the proprietor arrived, Mr. Montagu was delighted to perceive that the worthy man was much better persuaded of the beauties of the Cat's Back than the landlord had appeared to be. Nay, he saved his purchaser the trouble of defending his choice, by going himself into a commendation of the peculiar advantages of that particular spot, over all others in the world. Mr. Montagu was too well pleased with the good taste of the man, to perceive that their remarkable coincidence of fancy made quite a difference in the terms of sale. It was stipulated by the seller that if he parted with the Cat's Back, Skunk Hollow must go with it. In less than an hour after the arrival of the countryman, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu was the proud possessor of the only two spots in Jericho absolutely and entirely undesirable for any earthly purpose—the one useless for its height, the other for its depth. The late owner of these blemishes on the face of nature, was, ere night, the

possessor of the best unincumbered farm and homestead in all Jericho.

A very few days brought an architect from the city, and the best parlor of the inn was filled with drawings of Spanish cottages, French hotels, Italian palaces, Grecian temples, Egyptian pyramids, Swiss shanties, and Highland shealings. Skunk Hollow and the Cat's Back were laid out in about forty ground plans, and nearly as many drawings showed every possible aspect of those natural phenomena. With the purest and most classic taste, the artists and their employer selected for their main model a temple near whose site there is not an undulation of ground sufficient to vary a rolling log from the horizontal. They fancied, with great ingenuity, that nothing could be fitter than this for a building on a hill. The model was Egyptian, and the addition of green blinds, Chinese gates, Indian verandas, Gothic windows, Corinthian columns, and a purely American roof, formed altogether a beautiful specimen of the composite order of architecture. What to do with Skunk Hollow was at first a poser; but the ingenious brace of architects decided to make it a "feature" in the grounds by throwing two bridges across it. The purchase did not include a foot of ground on the other side of the Hollow, so, when you had passed over, the only course was to turn back; and the second bridge was built to return upon. They proved, when completed, delightful places in a summer eve, for the exposure of flesh and blood to the musketoes who bred beneath, and convenient withal for auditors who liked frog concerts.

The great point of the selection of plans decided on, daily levees of all sorts of artificers congregated at the inn. There were besides all sorts of incidental seekers of introductions to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Montagu. Each had some purpose connected with his own enterprise—each firmly believed the erection of the Montagu-house was destined to be a first step in elevating Jericho to a rivalry in business with the metropolis. Why should not inland towns be of more consequence than Atlantic cities? They are nearer the producers, and that necessary class of citizens would have less transportation to effect in carrying their commodities to a market, if that market was only situated where the articles are produced. If consumers could

only be persuaded to come and settle in batches in the country, for the mere purpose of devouring the substance of the farmers, first regularly purchased, the whole point would be carried. Political economists who see a chance for the erection of a Palmyra or a Tadmor in the desert in every township in which they own a house-lot, never stop in their dreaming to consider where the settlers are to find employment. It is not the business of land-speculators to inform purchasers how they are to live, but to sell their lands that they may live themselves—to get rid of what “not enriches them,” and will make the buyer, too often, alas, “poor indeed!”

But we have lost sight of Mr. Montagu. Deputations from all the churches, waited upon him, to effect sales of pews. Jockies curvetted their horses before the inn with more than usual tact and industry, for in showing off a pony, all the credit belongs to the rider. The carpenter’s hardware, which had lain perdue in the “variety-store” ever since its first establishment, was dragged from its hiding-place, dusted, and placed in sight, to tempt Mr. Montagu. The tailor, who had starved, man and boy, more than forty years in the village, repaired his shop-board, which had suffered in a hard winter, and brushed the cobwebs from his windows—all for Mr. Montagu. The riband-merchant tossed his yard-stick with a more busy air; the grocer gave his sugar-shovel a more determined push, and did not allow his molasses-measure to drain so long by half an hour—all on account of Mr. Montagu. The whole village new white-washed their fences—the pillars of the fifth congregational meeting-house in Jericho were placed under the porch which had so long awaited them, and all the neighbors remonstrated with Sam Slack for leaving his door-step so long in the middle of the side-walk, to bruise the shins of Mr. Montagu.

Mr. Montagu went a gunning. Forthwith all the old “queen’s arms” in Jericho came down from their dust-covered beackets, to go out shooting, like Mr. Montagu. Mr. Montagu angled, and many were the bean-poles which were thereafter shaved down to make fishing-rods. Mr. Montagu played the equestrian, and there was not an old farm-horse in the vicinity but cursed him for it. Their backs were severally galled with old saddles which had hung

forgotten till they had become dried and misshaped to the uneasy angle of a saw-horse. Mr. Montagu took early morning walks, and the “dew-bespangled lawn” paid the penalty, for pedestrian tracks marked all the fields which had hitherto been sacred to the cows alone, except in haying time.

But why go into any more details respecting the dementedness and Montagumania of the villagers? And why describe the parties and visits and lionizing and ruralizing? And why state how Mr. Montagu was put in nomination for sundry town and county offices? While all this was going on, Montagu-place was verging toward completion. Everybody said it was the handsomest building in the country except one, and that one exception was always the particular meeting-house in which the speaker worshipped. Everybody wondered who would be Mrs. Montagu, and occupy the high station of its mistress. Mr. Montagu could not certainly wish to live there alone. Such a dear delightful man would feel, more than any other, the irksome wretchedness of single blessedness. So warm and noble a heart as his must be sensible of a vacuum, just in that particular niche in man’s inner temple which it is woman’s province to fill. These insinuations came to Mr. Montagu so often, directly and indirectly, that he began himself to believe them well founded. To acknowledge more than he ever did to the inhabitants of Jericho, woman did form part of his original plan—but he soon discovered that the country is less retired than the city—and that country people are very censorious. Having his choice of all the maidens in Jericho—their previous engagements being no bar in the way of such a gentleman, he determined to risk a marriage—bachelor though he had been—and he chose, as you would have chosen in his place—Ann Downs. His claims being principally of a description which most interest parents, he wooed the father first.

Among all the notions with which the members of the universal Yankee nation abound, when they reduce their glorifications to writing, nothing is more common than that, in this land of theoretical and practical liberty, the matrimonial inclinations of daughters are always left untrammelled, provided their object is not decidedly unworthy. There never was a greater

mistake. It is true, a father cannot, like a Spanish don, pack his daughter to a convent for her disobedience; nor can he, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's tyrannical fathers, shut her up in a dungeon on bread and water, or fasten her in a martin-box on the battlements of a castle, with a waiting-maid for a companion to assist her to escape, and a guitar or a jennet to make signals to her true-love knight. But father can say "I will disinherit you," and mother can forbid her the house; for women, in matters where family pride is concerned, are always the most implacable. Both father and mother can keep to their charitable intentions, as many a starving daughter can testify, and many a squalid embryo American citizen, blessed with inexorable grand-parents, can bear witness. So after all, American parents are about as absolute as they would be had they power of life and death over their children, or as they could be, were there a convent everywhere in the country where a schoolhouse now stands, and an enchanted castle on the site of every church.

Ann feared to disobey her father, and consulted the widow. The result was, that in pursuance with advice, she rode with Mr. Montagu, and walked with him, sang, danced and read with him, and everybody said it was a match. All the young women cried out upon such treatment of Edward Haskell, though there was scarce one of them who would not have discharged her own intended at half an hour's notice, if she saw one chance in a hundred of catching the wealthy stranger. As to Edward, not a word could be pressed from him, on this or any other subject, and his mates, except the two or three real friends which every man has, all magnanimously laughed—as is the world's custom at those unfortunates who are absurd enough to suffer misfortune unoccasioned by guilt. No man should expect commiseration, as the world goes, unless he is sentenced to be hanged for murder, condemned to imprisonment for forgery, sentenced to the house of correction for being a clever fellow, or overtaken by misfortune in some such creditable shape.

"Virtue is its own reward," is a maxim of every-day practical application.

WIDOW POLLY CAREY was taking her sixteenth cup of coffee in one of the kitchens which were included in her daily

rounds. The two children—they call girls children, in the country, at fourteen and seventeen—the two children came bounding into the room.

"Oh, Aunt Polly! we've both got invitations to the wedding-party on Tuesday night—printed tickets, too—look, look! Gilt-edged paper—beautiful style, isn't it, Aunt Polly?"

The widow's dark eyes sparkled the fiercer, and she applied herself with double energy to the catables, without saying a word.

"They'll live delightfully in that beautiful house, wont they?"

"No!"

"Well, we know people say the location is not a good one, but Mr. Montagu ought to be a judge. She'll make him an excellent wife, won't she?"

"Never!"

"Why, I thought Ann was one of your especial favorites!"

Aunt Polly took her basket and stick, and drawing her hood over her head, went out without answering.

"What a strange old woman!" cried the girls, and then danced out, crying, "the wedding! the wedding!"

Tuesday night came. The Montagu-place was brilliantly illuminated, and crowds stood in the street below, as if, by looking up, they could make the property and the festivities their own. The colony of blacks which dwelt in that part of Jericho, known as Guinea, had been plundered of all its negroes and negresses, of a suitable age for servants, "for this night only;" and as their sable forms flitted by the windows, arranging with all the important bearing peculiar to their race, here a curtain, and there a lamp, the crowd raised cheers—partly in contempt—partly in envy—and principally to make a noise. Pass we on to the hotel.

Mr. Montagu, we should have before stated played the flute. In emulation of his taste for music, all in the village who could torture brass, basswood, or catgut, had associated themselves in the grand Jericho military band. The only tune in which they ever attained proficiency, was "Blue-eyed Mary," and with this singularly-appropriate wedding march, they were now preparing to make their "first grand debut," as the leader said, and escort the wedding-party home, from the house of Ann's father to the Montagu-place.

Now let us go, for the last time, to the Widow Carey house.

"It is your wedding-night, Ann, why tarry here in the abode of wretchedness? See! Montagu-place is a glare of light."

The poor girl, whiter with fear and excitement than the dress she wore, turned shudderingly to the maniac.

"Do not go into *that* house to-night, Ann. Wickedness sits in high places—remember—remember what the old crone tells thee. It is written 'they shall be destroyed with fire!'"

"And it is your counsel that has placed me where I am."

"Did you strictly follow it? No more—no less! Have you ever consented to this marriage—this union of light and innocence with darkness and guilt?"

"Never! never!"

"Follow my counsel still, then. Go—your bridegroom waits. *Go, Ann!*"

And now to the bridal. She about to be sacrificed was supported by the bridesmaid. The bridegroom stood trembling with nervous excitement, as one who has a glittering prize within his reach, and is fearful he *shall* lose it, because conscious he deserves it not. The party, assembled in a fearful sort of joy, seemed more like a funeral than a wedding group. The father's head leaned on his hand—the mother of the fair victim alone appeared unmoved. The service commenced with prayer, and while the venerable preacher invoked blessings on the union about to be consummated, a still whisper from the open passage where the domestics stood, distinctly said, "What mockery!"

The preacher's voice trembled, and all eyes, as he hastened to a conclusion, turned to the quarter whence the interruption proceeded. They were not long kept in suspense, for at the close of the prayer, the Widow Carey, bearing her stick rather as a wand than a staff, stalked solemnly into the room. At any other time, and under any other associations than those created by the mysteriously solemn feelings of those present, the effect of her entrance would have been ludicrous. She was bedizened with the antique finery which she had worn previous the death of her husband, now much too small for her. In lieu of a belt her garments were tied about her with the same string that usually confined her every-day attire. Her arms, which had burst the small, old-fashioned sleeves

of her dress, protruded like bulbous fruit escaping from its outer husk. She wore neither hood nor cap, and her gray hair stood up in knots. Her head was circled with a black, narrow band, in front of which a sprig, with paste diamonds, danced up and down, as she heavily stepped. But whatever were the ludicrous circumstances of her dress, to "look on her face was to forget them all." The expression of her flashing eyes was demoniac, her lips were firmly pressed together, and the wrinkles in her chalky and cadaverous countenance were marked by strong shadows in the glare of light. The bridegroom quailed beneath her glance, and Ann leaned breathlessly forward.

"Thomas Jefferson Montagu——"

"Take her away—away! She is a mad woman!"

"I know I am mad, but I will not be removed till I have told all present why I am the mad woman they see me. Montagu, I have a message for you. At the feet of my dead child, I swore to deliver it. She bade me give you this, and to assure you, that dying, she—forgave you. Now let the ceremony proceed. If you have the callousness of conscience to entertain as your companion through life—your comforter in affliction—that trembling girl beside you, who closed the eyes of the victim of your seduction, proceed. If you wish the witness of *her* death to be ever with you, proceed. If you would legally mar the happiness of the second, as completely as you betrayed the first to misery, proceed. But let me sit where I can witness the ceremony." Here she drew a chair and placed herself directly in front of the bride and bridegroom. "Come, I have given my permission, why do you tarry? You wish to marry, and still dare not; when last I besought you, you were not ready. Now you are ready, but still hesitate. The festal lamps are lighted, and the guests wait. Montagu—Montagu, you have lost all your gallantry! Why, man, you could be civil to Widow Carey herself, once! But why do I wait? My errand is done, and I am ready to go to my daughter. I have performed her request, and—Montague! *What shall I tell her from you in answer?*"

Her head fell back. Ann sprung to her side, scarce conscious of what she did. "Ann," said the dying woman, "I should like to die in my own house—in the same

chair—the same hand to close my eyes—the same—the—”

“Bear her hence according to her request,” said the preacher, who alone maintained any self-possession.

As the persons who preceded the bearers of the corpse stepped into the street, the grand Jericho band struck up “Blue-eyed Mary.”

CONCLUSION.

THE traveler in Jericho, who asks to see the lions, will be shown first “Montagu’s Folly.” There is a smoky blackness about one of the upper windows, occasioned by a fire that occurred, nobody knows how, on the night of the illumination. The Chinese gates and Indian verandas, are broken or removed; the winding steps have fallen into disuse, and a more direct, rude flight carries you straight to the door. A crane for hoisting protrudes where the honey-suckle-shaded entrance was; and the sails of a windmill revolve upon one corner of the house. The bridges are fallen and dilapidated; and the ornamental carving, formerly placed at the centers of their arches, now ornaments the bar of the village inn.

In the graveyard is a marble slab, bearing this inscription:

POLLY AND ELIZA CARRY,

Mother and daughter.

The faults of the one were errings of insanity caused by sorrow:

The errors of the other were bitterly atoned for.

Respect and affection prompted this tribute to their memory.

Erected by Edward and Ann Haskell.

MORAL.

HAVING told our tale, we are bound, as a compliment to the readers sagacity, to tell him some of the many things which may be deducted therefrom.

No person exists, however apparently degraded, who has not some claims upon the human family for respect—some human virtues as well as faults, and probably some reason for his or her degraded condition. Think of this when you next feel inclined to despise the wretched.

No man can destroy woman’s peace, without a recoil of punishment upon himself.

And lastly. There is, as the venerable Stapleton says, “a great deal of human nature in man;” and, as we say, in woman, too. Let this account for the republican anomalies we have glanced at, and for the confidence of Ann Downs in a maniac.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

INDIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“How can the Red-Men be forgotten, when the mountains, lakes and rivers in the United States, bear their names?”

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave:
Their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That mid the forests where they roam’d
There rings no hunter’s shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

’Tis where Ontario’s billow
Like ocean’s surge is curl’d,
Where strong Niagara’s thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West;
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia’s breast.

Ye say their cone like cabins,
That cluster’d o’er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale.
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her lordly crown;
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where his quiet foliage waves;
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all his ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart;
And Alleghany bears the tone,
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monuments,
Though ye destroy their dust.

NEW THEORY OF RAIN, WINDS, ETC.

BY JAMES P. ESPY.

THE New-York Review gives the following abstract of Mr. Espy's "Essays on Meteorology," which appeared originally in the Journal of the Franklin Institute, and excited much attention and remark:

WE are induced to give the following outline of these Essays, by the fact that the Legislature of Pennsylvania has recently voted a handsome appropriation, to enable Mr. Espy to continue and perfect his experiments in Meteorology. We presume we shall gratify general readers by placing the substance of these papers before them.

In these Essays, Mr. Espy proposes and illustrates a new "Theory of Rain, Hail, and Snow; Water-spouts, Land-spouts, Variable Winds, and Barometric fluctuations;" and we are sure of bestowing a merited encomium, when we pronounce the essays above mentioned as characterized at once by modesty, simplicity, ability, and truth.

Up to this time, the only plausible account which has ever been given of the production of rain, is that proposed by Dr. Hutton, and since adopted and generalized by subsequent philosophers—the substance of which is this: The process of evaporation being constantly going on, watery vapor is continually accumulating in the atmosphere; and owing to the variable action of the causes producing evaporation, more vapor will pass into the atmosphere in some districts than in others. The subtle and ever restless agency of heat, which is unceasingly modifying the density of the atmosphere, by its unequal action, disturbs the atmospherical equilibrium, and *winds* are occasioned; currents of different temperatures are mingled, the mixture at the temperature which it assumes is not capable of retaining all the moisture of the two currents, and a portion is deposited in the form of *rain*. Such is the outline of Hutton's theory of rain. It is founded upon the fact which experiment has established, that the capacity of air to retain moisture, increases more rapidly than the temperature does: for instance, air at 60° Fahrenheit's thermometer is capable of holding in suspension a certain quantity of vapor—air at 90° will hold more than half

as much additional vapor; and air at 120° will hold more than twice as much. Suppose, therefore, two currents of air to meet, one of them being at the temperature 60°, the other at 90°, and each current to be charged with its maximum of watery vapor. After mingling, the resulting temperature must, according to established laws, be 75°; but, according to what we have said, the current at 90° holds more vapor, in proportion to its temperature, than that at 60° does in proportion to its temperature—when, therefore, the air at 60° is raised to 75°, it can take up some of the vapor which cannot now be retained by that which is reduced from 90° to 75°; but it cannot take up all, and this excess is what is deposited in the form of rain. Such is the theory which has prevailed since Dr. Hutton proposed it. The recent one of Mr. Espy is essentially different, and in our opinion much more simple, much more general, much less liable to objections, and much more decidedly confirmed by observed phenomena.

This theory is founded, first, upon the result of some highly approved experiments of M. M. Berard and De la Roche, fixing the specific heat of atmospheric air at 250, that of water being 1. Secondly, upon the celebrated discoveries of Dr. Black, concerning latent heat. And thirdly, upon the admirable results developed by Dr. Wells, in his Essay on Dew. Each of these three classes of results has stood the test of the closest scrutiny, by men most competent to judge of their correctness. They are admitted by all philosophers to be mainly true, and the strictly legitimate application which Mr. Espy has made of them in his "Theory of Rain, etc.," is both sagacious and simple.

We proceed to let Mr. Espy speak for himself, in explanation of his theory:

"It has been shown by the experiments of Berard and De la Roche, and also by those of Clement and Desormes, that the specific heat of atmospheric air is about .250, that of water being 1.

"Now, if these experiments be correct, and they appear to be so, it will be easy to account for the formation of rain, snow, and hail, and several other atmospheric phenomena, which have never yet been satisfactorily explained.

"The theory of these meteors may be given in a few words. When a portion of transparent vapor, in the air, is condensed

into cloud, or water, the latent caloric given out expands the air containing it, six times as much as it contracts by the condensation of the vapor into water."

This position is shown by Mr. Espy, by a simple calculation founded on acknowledged data—he then proceeds:

"It follows, then, from the principle here demonstrated, that the moment a portion of the transparent vapor in the air begins to condense into cloud, the air in which it begins to expand, and, consequently, if an equilibrium existed before, it is now destroyed, and the cloud will continue to ascend as long as its temperature is greater than that of the surrounding air."

We omit some remarks, and calculations, elucidating the change of the dew-point, and of the temperature of the cloud in its ascent:

"Thus it appears, that the temperature of air, when it has ascended 6,000 yards with a dew-point of 71° at its commencement, will have a dew-point of 34° , and be 23° warmer than the surrounding air at that elevation. In like manner it may be shown, by assuming other points at greater elevation in this upward motion, that the difference of temperature between the air in the vortex and the surrounding air, is constantly increasing with the elevation, until the moment when the vapor is all condensed into water, when it will be 71.2° higher. After it passes this point, it will continue its motion upwards, *dry*, and of course, not increasing in temperature beyond 71.2° higher than the surrounding air, but will preserve this difference, until it reaches the surface of the atmosphere, where it will spread itself out and come to rest. We have now a column of air reaching from the surface of the earth to the surface of the atmosphere, of the same temperature as the surrounding air below, and 71.2° greater above, making a mean of 35.6° ."

From these data, and assuming the mean temperature of the whole atmosphere to be 32° , which is certainly high enough, Mr. E. arrives at the conclusion that the air within the vortex is pressed upward with a force capable of imparting to it a velocity of 364 feet per second; equivalent to about 4 miles per minute, or 318 miles per hour.

"Nor," says he, "is this great velocity at all incredible; for the upward motion in

the vortex, is as much greater than the horizontal motion of the air towards the vortex, as the motion of the air in a chimney is greater than the horizontal motion of the air in the room toward the fireplace."

The application of this theory to the phenomena of rain, hail, etc., is natural and simple—the vapor in the vortex is condensed into rain, this is still carried up by the great upward force of the vortex, it reaches the region of perpetual congelation, is congealed into hail—and in that form is forced up, until it reaches that point where the ascending current spreads itself out on the subambient atmosphere, then—the hail, no longer sustained by a force pressing upward—begins to fall; as it descends, passing through warmer regions of the air, it may be entirely or only in part melted into rain again—under some circumstances producing only rain, and, under different circumstances, producing a mixed storm of rain and hail.

Mr. Espy has very ingeniously applied his theory to the explication of several remarkable storms of rain and hail, on record in the annals of meteorology; and he has also, satisfactorily to us, explained by his theory the formation of water-spouts, and land-spouts, and their kindred phenomena.

Three reports have been made upon the subjects of Mr. Espy's essays, by a joint committee of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the mechanic arts. And they all go to confirm the above noticed theory, by a careful analysis of the facts relating to a number of storms recently observed in the United States. The whole subject is cordially recommended to the examination of the scientific and curious—as not only highly interesting in itself, but as also capable of being turned to the most useful account.

Mr. Espy himself says of the law which he has developed, that its "importance will readily be admitted, when it is understood that by it may be known, whether there is a great storm raging at any time within four or five hundred miles of the observer, and also the direction of that storm, with the means of avoiding it, if the observer is at sea." But, in order that this desirable result may be attained, observations must be made throughout great extents of

country, on all the circumstances of storms. From such observations, it is believed that tables may be formed, by which the existence, remoteness, direction, etc., of a storm, may be discovered by a distant observer. And surely no man who has seen—what they who “go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters” so often see—the roaring winds, and the raging ocean, those “wonders” which the Lord “doeth in the deep;” who on the billows hath been “carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep;” who hath there seen the “souls of men melting within them,” and heard the deep and solemn prayer, “Thou, O Lord, who stillest the raging of the sea, hear, hear us, and save us that we perish not”—no man who hath seen this, can regard without interest, any rational efforts for diminishing “the perils of the deep;” nor can any man who sympathizes in the sufferings, or rejoices in the welfare of his species, contemplate with indifference so valuable a desideratum.

THE ANCIENT MOUNDS OF THE WEST.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

“Are they here—
The dead of other days?—And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion?” *Bryant.*

“Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!”

It is a circumstance which has long elicited remark from those, who, as tourists, have journeyed through this Western Valley, that so little interest should seem manifested for those mysterious and venerable monuments of another race, with which it abounds. When we consider the complete absence of all other relics of former generations in our land, it need not be said that such indifference is not well, and should exist no longer. To awaken this regard, we need but to allude to that eagerness of interest which the distant traveler—the man of literary taste and poetic fancy, not less than the devotee of abstruse science, never fails to betray for these mysterious monuments of the past: many a one, too, who has looked upon the century-mossed ruins of Europe, and to whose eye, the castled crags of the Rhine are not unfamiliar. And, surely, to an imaginative mind, there is an inter-

est which attaches to these venerable beacons of departed time—enveloped as they are in mystery inscrutable, and, from their origin, pointing, as they do, down the dim shadowy vista of ages, of which the ken of man telleth not—there is an interest which hallows them, even as the hoary piles of old Egypt are hallowed, and which feudal Europe, with all her time-stained battlements can never boast. It is the *mystery*—the impenetrable mystery vailing these aged sepulchres, which gives them an interest for the traveler’s eye. They are landmarks in the lapse of ages, beneath whose shadows generations have mouldered, and around whose summits a gone *eternity* plays! The ruined tower—the moss-grown abbey—the damp-stained dungeon—the sunken arch—the fairy and delicate fragments of the shattered perystle of a classic land, or the beautiful frescoes of Herculaneum and Pompeii—around *them* time has indeed flung the silvery mantle of eld, while he has swept them with decay; but *their* years may be *enumerated*, and the circumstances, the authors, and the purpose of their origin, together with the incidents of their ruin, are chronicled on history’s page, for coming generations. But who shall tell the era of the origin of these venerable earth heaps—the race of their builders—the purpose of their erection—the thousand circumstances attending their rise, history, desertion? Why now so lone and desolate? Where are the multitudes that once swarmed the beautiful prairie at their base, and vainly busied themselves in rearing piles, which should exist the wonder of the men of other lands, and the sole monument of their own memory, long after they themselves were dust? Has War, or Famine, or Pestilence, brooded over these beautiful plains?—or has the fiat of Omnipotence gone forth, that as a race their dwellers should exist no longer, and the death-angel been commissioned to sweep them from off the face of the earth, as if with Destruction’s besom? We ask—the inquiry is vain:—we are answered not! Their mighty creations, and the tombs of myriads heave up themselves in solemn grandeur before us; but from the depths of the dusky earth-heap comes forth no voice to tell us its origin, or object, or story!

“Ye mouldering relics of a race departed,
Your names have perished; not a trace remains,

Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears,
From the green bosom of your native plains."

Ages since—long ere the first son of the Old World had pressed the fresh soil of the New—long before the bright region beyond the blue wave had become the object of the philosopher's reverie by day, and the enthusiast's vision by night—in the deep stillness and solitude of an unpeopled land, these vast mausoleums rose as they now rise, in lonely grandeur from the plain; and looked down even as now they look, upon the giant floods rolling their dark waters at their base, hurrying past them to the deep. So has it been with the massive tombs of Egypt, amid the sands and barrenness of the desert. For ages untold have the gloomy pyramids been reflected by the inundations of the Nile; an hundred generations, they tell us, have arisen from the cradle, and reposed beneath their shadows, and like autumn leaves have dropped into the grave; but, from the deep midnight of by-gone centuries, comes forth no daring spirit to claim these kingly sepulchres as his own! And shall the dusky piles, on the plains of distant Egypt affect so deeply our reverence for the departed, and these mighty monuments, reposing in dark sublimity upon our own magnificent prairies, veiled in mystery more inscrutable than they, call forth no solitary throb? Is there no hallowing interest associated with these aged relics—these tombs, and temples, and towers, of another race, to elicit emotion? Are they *indeed* to us no more than the dull clods we tread upon? Why then does the wanderer from the far land gaze upon them with wonder and veneration? Why linger fondly around them, and meditate upon the power which reared them, and is departed? Why does the poet, the man of genius and fancy, or the philosopher of mind and nature, seat himself at their base, and with strange and undefined emotions, pause and ponder, amid the loneliness that slumbers around? And surely, if the far traveler, as he wanders through this Western Valley, may linger around these aged piles, and meditate upon a power departed—a race obliterated—an influence swept from the earth forever—and dwell with melancholy emotions upon the destiny of man, is it not meet, that those into whose keeping they seem by Providence consigned, should regard them with interest and emotion? that they should

gather up and preserve every incident relevant to their origin, design, or history, which may be attained, and avail themselves of every measure, which may give to them perpetuity, and hand them down, undisturbed in form or character, to other generations?

That these venerable piles are the workmanship of man's hand, no one, who with unprejudiced opinion has examined them, can doubt. But with such an admission, what is the crowd of reflections, which throng and startle the mind? What a series of unanswerable inquiries succeed! When were these enormous earth-heaps reared up from the plain? By what race of beings was the vast undertaking accomplished? What was their purpose?—what changes in their form and magnitude have taken place?—what vicissitudes and revolutions have, in the lapse of centuries, rolled like successive waves over the plains at their base? As we reflect, we anxiously look around us for some tradition—some time-stained chronicle—some age-worn record—even the faintest and most unsatisfactory legend, upon which to repose our credulity, and relieve the inquiring solicitude of the mind. But our research is hopeless. The present race of Aborigines can tell nothing of these tumuli. To them as to us they are veiled in mystery. Ages since—long ere the white-face came—while this fair land was yet the home of his fathers—the simple Indian stood before the venerable earth-heap, and gazed, and wondered, and turned away.—*Louisville News-Letter.*

GENIUS AND CIVILIZATION.

THERE is a deep-rooted opinion, which has been eloquently propounded by some of the first critics of our age, that works of imagination must necessarily decline, as civilization advances. It will readily be conceded, that no individual minds can be expected to arise, in the most refined periods, which will surpass those which have been developed in rude and barbarous ages. But there does not appear any solid reason for believing, that the mighty works of old time occupy the whole region of poetry, or necessarily chill the fancy of these latter times, by their vast and unbroken shadows. Genius does not depend on times or on seasons; it waits not on ex-

ternal circumstances; it can neither be subdued by the violence of the most savage means, nor polished away or dissipated among the refinements of the most glittering scenes of artificial life. It is "itself alone." To the heart of a young poet, the world is ever beginning anew. He is in the generation by which he is surrounded, but he is not of it; he can live in the light of the holiest times, or range amidst gorgeous marvels of eldest superstition, or sit "lone upon the shores of old romance," or pierce the veil of mortality, and "breathe in worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil." The very deficiency of the romantic, in the actual paths of existence, will cause him to dwell in thought more apart from them, and to seek the wildest recesses in those regions which imagination opens to his inward gaze. To the eye of young joy, the earth is as fresh as at the first—the tenderest dew-drop is lit up as it was in Eden—and "the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flowers," yet glitters as in the earliest spring-time of the world.

The subjects in which genius rejoices, are not the vain and the transitory, but the true and the eternal, which are the same through all changes of society and shifting varieties of fashion. The heavens yet "tell the glory of God;" the hills, the vales, and the ocean, do not alter, nor does the heart of man wax old. The wonders of these are as exhaustless as they are lasting. While these remain, the circumstances of busy life—the exact mechanism of the social state—will affect the true poet but little. The seeds of genius, which contain within themselves the germs of expanded beauties and divinest sublimities, cannot perish. Wheresoever they are scattered they must take root, striking far below the surface, over-cropped and exhausted by the multitude of transitory productions, into a deep richness of soil, and, rising up above the weeds and tangled underwood which would crush them, lift their innumerable boughs into the free and rejoicing heavens.

The advancement of natural science and of moral truth do not tend really to lessen the resources of the bard. The more we know, the more we feel there is yet to be known. The mysteries of nature and humanity are not lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of philosophic skill. The luster which breaks on

the vast clouds which encircle us in our earthly condition, does not merely set in clear vision that which before was hidden in sacred gloom; but, at the same time, half exhibits masses of magnificent shadow, unknown before, and casts an uncertain light on vast regions, in which the imagination may devoutly expatiate. A plastic superstition may fill a limited circle with beautiful images, but it chills and confines the fancy, almost as strictly as it limits the reasoning faculties. The mythology of Greece, for example, while it peopled earth with a thousand glorious shapes, shut out the free grace of nature from poetic vision, and excluded from the ken the high beatings of the soul. All the loveliness of creation, and all the qualities, feelings, and passions, were invested with personal attributes. The soft evening's sigh, was the breath of Zephyr—the streams were celebrated, not in their rural clearness, but as visionary nymphs—and ocean, that old agitator of sublimest thoughts, gave place, in the imagination, to a trident-bearing god. The tragic muse almost "forgot herself to stone," in her lone contemplations of destiny. No wild excursiveness of fancy marked their lighter poems—no majestic struggle of high passions and high actions filled the scene—no genial wisdom threw a penetrating, yet lovely, light on the silent recesses of the bosom. The diffusion of a purer faith restored to poetry its glowing affections, its far-searching intelligence, and its excursive power. And not only this, but it left it free to use those exquisite figures, and to avail itself of all the chaste and delicate imagery, which the exploded superstition first called into being. In the stately regions of imagination, the wonders of Greek fable yet have place, though they no longer hide from our view the secrets of our nature, or the long vistas which extend to the dim verge of the moral horizon. Well, indeed, does a great living poet assert their poetic existence, under the form of defending the science of the stars:

"For Fable is love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he, 'mong fays and tallsmans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths! all these have vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names :
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that us'd to share this earth
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down ; and, even at this day,
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus that brings everything that's fair !"

The poet is the inheritor of the imaginative treasures of all creeds, which reason has now exploded. The dim and gigantic shadows of the North—the gentle superstitions of the Greeks—the wild and wondrous prodigies of Arabian enchantment—the dark rites of magic, more heart-stirring than all—have their places in the vast region of his soul. When we climb above the floating mists which have so long overspread humanity, to breathe a purer air, and gaze on the unclouded heavens, we do not lose our feeling of veneration for majestic errors, nor our sense of their glories. Instead of wandering in the region of cloud, we overlook it all, and behold its gorgeous varieties of arch, minaret, dome or spire, without partaking in its delusion.

But we have no need of resort to argument, in order to show that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism.—*Emerson.*

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

WE extract the following from the *Portland Orion*, which forcibly illustrates by a reference to well authenticated facts, that "man is never too old to learn."

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our men at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily

exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Many of our lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, scire facias*, etc., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are too old to think of learning Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. And he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of ennui and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are too old.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced his study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our men begin to think of laying their senior on the shelf, when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in causes or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learnt in a tenth part of the time required for the study of Dutch; and all because they are too old to learn.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his times. A singular exertion, noticed by VOLTAIRE, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new study.

Ogilvy, the translator of Homer and

Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he reached his fiftieth year.—How many among us, of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers, for the *want of a taste* for natural philosophy! But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began so late, said he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him, that none but the sick and indolent will ever say—I am too old to learn.

NEY.

MARSHAL NEY, Prince of the Moskowa and Duke of Elchingen, in private life was very different from Marshal Ney in the field of battle. In his intercourse with society, he is said to have been trifling, feeble, and narrow-minded in the extreme—while on the field of battle, he was one of those thunderbolts that made all Europe tremble. In the *salons* he was contemptibly vain and frivolous—in the midst of carnage and death, he exhibited a heroism and bravery more than mortal. It was aptly remarked of him, that he was an *eagle* on the field of battle, and a *goose* everywhere else. At the time of Napoleon's return from the island of Elba, Marshal Ney was slumbering on the laurels he had so heroically won in the campaigns of the most wonderful warrior of modern times. Instead of hastening to meet his old friend and companion in arms, he went directly to the Tuilleries, and offered his services to the King. Not receiving a decided answer, he departed out

of humor. A messenger was immediately sent after him, and he returned so eagerly, that he left the messenger far in the distance. The supreme command of the army was offered to him; he accepted it, and at a subsequent interview with the King, promised to bring Napoleon to the Tuilleries in an iron cage—Napoleon, his Emperor, his General, his benefactor! When it was understood in Paris that Ney was to command the army opposed to Bonaparte, the friends of the Bourbons persuaded themselves that the royal cause would prevail. The Marshal departed to assemble the army, but when he was in the midst of his troops he found himself alone: general officers, sub-officers, and private soldiers, all forsook him. They were ashamed of him and his iron cage, but they idolized Napoleon. Ney was then seized with remorse; his old sentiments took possession of him; he led his willing army to Bonaparte, and in so doing violated his word and forfeited his honor. After the re-restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was condemned by the peers of his country to be shot. "Had I been Ney's judge," says Baron Langon, "I should have decided as the peers did; but had I been the King of France, I would not have stained my reign with the blood of a hero." He who had performed prodigies of valor in a hundred battles, met his sad fate with that immovable firmness and heroic courage that had always characterized him in the hour of peril. Thus ignominiously perished "*the bravest of the brave*;" and all France mourned. His "*deeds of noble daring*," which had filled the world with admiration, only were remembered—his foibles and errors were at once effaced from the memory of the French nation.

WEALTH.

If wealth is the obedient and laborious slave of virtue and of public honor, then wealth is in its place, and has its use; but if this order is changed, and honor is to be sacrificed to the conservation of riches, riches, which have neither eyes nor hands, nor anything truly vital in them, cannot long survive the being of their vivifying powers, their legitimate masters, and their potent protectors. If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free: if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

"Thus all of thee that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me;
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years."

Byron.

I know thou art gone to a clime of light
All starry and gem-besprent—
Beyond the reach of the sunbeam's flight,
In the far-off firmament.

The spirit, they say, cannot feel regret
In that strange shining world of bliss,
But, free from pain, will forever forget
The children of sorrow in this.

Oh! think not my heart one moment could deem
So lightly of feelings like thine;
Though distant to them thy spirit may seem,
I know thou art present with mine.

Thou art here again, where oft thou hast stood
To list to the lulling chime
Of the wandering breeze in the waving wood,
And the songs of the olden time.

Thou art watching the falling leaves that wake
The waves in the tranquil stream,
Serene as the slumber that never can break,
Or the joy of an endless dream.

And I will rejoice in thy presence again,
And haply thy whisper shall hear,
Dispelling the gloom of sorrow and pain,
When the twilight of death is near.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

THE lowest order of description, perhaps, is that of external objects, and even in this how few persons succeed! Here, certainly, judgment and taste, qualities purely mental, are employed; but who that has attempted the description of outward objects, does not know from experience that the page often halts from the mere want of expression? You see all before you—you have not, as in the description of internal objects, to seek out invisible connections, forms, and colors, and give palpability to airy nothings. All you have to do is to express in forcible words the effect produced on the imagination by a group of objects standing before you, and their mutual dependence on each other. But though apparently easy, how often difficult to accomplish! A friend of ours,

not deficient in the power of expression, has often mentioned, as a proof of the extraordinary beauty of nature—and the truth is a striking one—that he stopped for nearly an hour one night, looking at the moon shining through a broad rift in the clouds. The place was, of all others, the most favorable to stir the imagination, and mould its working into words. He stood on the summit of a huge rock called the Tunnel, on the beautiful road leading from Killarney to Kenmare; the lake below was without a wave, and the universal stillness uninterrupted, save by the welcome melody of a distant bugle starting the echoes of the Eagle's Nest. Before him the magnificent range of the Reeks was covered with a mass of dark vapor, whose blackness was, however, beautifully relieved by the delicate chasing of silver around its edges. Suddenly the thick darkness gave way, and the full moon burst out in a flood of glory, realizing Homer's noble description of an Asiatic night:

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light—
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene—
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain-head."

This was a sufficiently inspiring sight, and he endeavored to frame, with the objects before him, a description such as would convey a correct matter-of-fact notion of the scene, but was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair.—*Anon.*

LAW.

OF law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—*Hooker.*

We are all, high and low, governors and governed, born alike in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our

very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the internal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.—*Burke.*

Deprive law of this majesty and pervading presence, and the man grows negligent of the rights of his fellow-men, and regardless of those little proprieties which, too delicate to define, constitute the beauty of social life, and return again into the bosom of him who showed them forth. Without the spirit of *subordination* there is no *liberty*; without the presence of order, no *freedom*; without this awful presence of law, man is everybody's slave, and far worse, a slave unto himself.—*Dana.*

No one is so likely to become the servile worshiper of a tyrant, as a thoroughgoing liberty and equality man. Law itself being in his eyes, only an instrument in his hands for convenience, the carrying on of mere public purposes, and for the advancement of public physical prosperity, it cannot be said to possess any sanctity with him, and not even respect, any further than he perceives its immediate *cui bono*—its earthly end.—*Dana.*

There never was a man, who thought he had no *law* but his own *will*, who did not soon find, that he had no *end* but his own *profit*.—*Burke.*

The happiness of the world is the concern of him, who is the lord and proprietor of it; nor do we know what we are about, when we endeavor to promote the good of mankind, in any ways but those which he has directed; that is, in all ways not contrary to veracity and justice.—*Bulwer.*

AMERICAN SCENERY.

A few miles west of Jackson's Hole, the caravan encamped three days, to give their animals opportunity to recruit.

While we continued here, I took an Indian and went up to the top of a very high mountain, to take a view of the scenery around. The prospect was as extensive as the eye could reach, diversified with mountains, hills and plains. Most of the mountains were covered with woods, but the hills and plains were covered with grass, presenting less of bright green, however, than might be expected, if the summers on this side of the mountains were favored with rains as on the east. The Rocky mountains at the east presented the

appearance of an immensely large bank of snow, or large luminous clouds skirting the horizon. The Trois Tenons were in full view and not very far distant at the north. They are a cluster of very high pointed mountains, not less than ten thousand feet, rising almost perpendicularly, and covered with snow; five in number, but only three of them are so very high as to be seen at a great distance, and therefore take the above name. Here I spent much time in looking over the widely extended and varied scenery, sometimes filled with emotions of the sublime, in beholding the towering mountains—sometimes with pleasure tracing the windings of the streams in the vale below; and these sensations frequently gave place to astonishment, in viewing the courses in which the rivers flow on their way unobstructed by mountain barriers. After some hours occupied in this excursion, I descended to the encampment, much gratified with what I had seen of the works of God. The soil in this valley and upon the hills is black and rich, and the time will come when the solitude which now prevails will be lost in the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and the plough will cleave the clods of these hills and vales; and from many altars will ascend the incense of prayer and praise.—*Baltimore Athenæum.*

HINDU MORALITY.

SIR WILLIAM JONES has left us a translation of a beautiful precept of the worshippers of the dread Siva, which is but a few degrees removed, from the precepts of our own diviner creed, only a "little lower than the angels." It was taught, and publicly recorded, three hundred years before Christ, in Benares, the sacred city which overhangs their sacred river the Ganges, called *Casi*, the splendid; to which spot, a pilgrimage will absolve the transgressor of many sins, and to die within whose walls, is a sure passport to immortal felicity. It is thus:

"It is the duty of a good man, even in the moment of destruction, not only to forgive, but to have a desire to benefit his destroyer—as the sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe that fells it."

In the institutes of Menu, the great law-giver of Hindustan, and the equivalent of

the Chinese Confucius, the following sentence furnishes the commencement, and cause, of the well known immovability of Hindu customs. "*Custom is positive, and paramount law, approved in the sacred scripture, and in the code of divine legislatures. Let every man, therefore, of the three classes, who has a due reverence for the Supreme Spirit which dwells in him, diligently and constantly observe immemorial custom.*"—*Baltimore Athenæum.*

THE CROCODILE.

THE crocodile is an entirely different animal from the alligator, the latter being ferocious and dangerous, while the former is "the most harmless of animals, as perfectly so as the pigeon or the dove." Mr. Buckingham says he has seen women and children in the water up to their necks, while crocodiles were swimming about near them. "The impression is universal that they are perfectly harmless. How they might behave, if attacked and wounded, I will not say. Perhaps it might then be very formidable; but when undisturbed, it is peaceable and avoids man. It seems, in fact, a cold-blooded creature, like the turtle, and feeds on worms and roots." Mr. Buckingham states that Juvenal relates that the inhabitants of Tentara and those of Crocodilopolis, both cities of the Nile, quarreled about the question, whether the crocodile should be worshiped as a god, or not; and that, on a certain day, one of the parties appeared riding on the backs of crocodiles which they had trained to war, and challenged their enemies to the combat. Whether the statement be true or not, he considers it not incompatible with the quiet and tractable nature of the crocodile. The anatomical structure of the heads of the alligator and of the crocodile indicate very different animals; that of the former showing vast strength of jaw, fitting it for a beast of prey; while that of the crocodile is wholly weak and inefficient.

THE SEXES IN ENGLAND.

THE ages of male and female in England are different for different purposes: A male at twelve years old may take the oath of allegiance; at fourteen years is at

discretion, and may consent or disagree to marriage—may choose his guardian, if his discretion be proved, may make a testament of his own personal estate; at seventeen, may be an executor; and at twenty-one is at his own disposal, and may alienate his lands, goods and chattels. A female at seven years may be betrothed, or given in marriage; at nine is entitled to dower; at twelve is at years of maturity, and may consent or disagree to marriage, and if proved to have sufficient discretion, may bequeath her personal estate; at fourteen is at years of legal discretion, and may choose a guardian; at seventeen may be executrix; and at twenty-one may dispose of herself and her lands. So that full age, in male or female, is twenty-one years, who, till that time, is styled an infant in law. Scotland agrees with England in this point.—*A Barrister's Introduction to the Laws of England.*

THE DANGERS OF GENERALIZING.

THE traveler must not generalize on the spot, however sure may be his apprehension; however firm his grasp of one or more facts. A raw English traveler in China was entertained by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red-haired: he immediately made a note of the fact that all men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired. A raw Chinese traveler in England was landed by a Thames waterman who had a wooden leg. The stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water with, while the other was high and dry. The apparent economy of the fact struck the Chinese, he saw in it strong evidence of design, and wrote home that, in England one-legged men are kept for watermen to the saving of all injury to health, shoe, and stocking, from standing in the river. These anecdotes exhibit but a slight exaggeration of the generalizing tendencies of many modern travelers. They are not so much worse than some recent tourists' tales as they are better than the narratives of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

IN speaking of the rights of men, Burke said, "Men have no right to what is not reasonable and for their benefit."

LITERARY NOTICES.

DRAKE'S TALES.

Tales and Sketches from the Queen City. By BENJAMIN DRAKE, author of the "*Life and Adventures of Black-Hawk.*" 1 vol. 12mo. Cincinnati: E. Morgan & Co. 1839.

"Now, by St. Patrick! Misther Hesperian-man, jist tell us the odds atween a *drake* and a *bird*! Last month you gave us a preachment about *bird's tales*, and this month you offer us another about *drake's tales*—and I want to know the odds atween the two—for I'm afther thinking you want to come yankee over us, like our minister down here, who preaches us a sarmont about fire and brimstone one Sunday, and another about brimstone and fire the next." "Nay, now, friend Paddy! a little mercy upon us. We only pretend to have a stand on the frontiers of Science, and in the backwoods of Literature; and therefore, however important your inquiry may be considered, we cannot undertake to explicate so abstruse a matter. The difference between Hogg's *Tales and Bird's Tales*, we fully set forth on the former occasion; but that between *Bird's Tales* and *Drake's Tales*, is clearly beyond our powers of elucidation. Could we eall to our assistance Teague O'Regan, of "*Modern Chivalry*" memory, perhaps we might be enabled to enlighten you. But there is no hope from this source; for Teague, bless his side-shaking humor! is forgotten—and the days of "*Modern Chivalry*," we fear, as Burke long since proclaimed of the ancient, *are gone*. We can, however, recommend you to call at the book-stores next month; and there, we doubt not, you will be able to obtain that which may throw some light upon this matter."

But a truce to trifling, which sits awkwardly upon our sober shoulders. A friend has sent us several of the sheets of Mr. Drake's forthcoming volume of "*Tales and Sketches*," which he informs us will

be published now in a few weeks. We make use of the first opportunity to state this fact, for we feel a near and lively interest in the products of western genius, and anxiously look forward to the time when they shall all be clothed in book-garb by western publishers. The literary men of the West have always stood at a great disadvantage with those of the East, through the want of enterprise in our booksellers here. But we think we behold the dawn of a better day for them, and we hail it with much joy. One or two of our publishers, it is true, have heretofore occasionally *accepted manuscripts*, and published them at their own risk; but owing to their want of facilities to conduct their business energetically, whole editions of works so printed, with the exception of the few score of copies sold in two or three of the cities on the Ohio river, where they could be sent without any trouble, have cumbered the shelves for months, and then been transferred to the loft, where they have been suffered to remain unmolested, some till they were lost in the dust of time, others till they *took fire*, whether at such neglect or otherwise we are not informed, and *burnt up*, whether from spontaneous combustion, or some other cause, we cannot say.

We perceive with great pleasure, indications of the near approach of better days for our literary men. During the past two or three years, several editions of western historical works, three or four volumes of western poems, and two or three collections of western biography, not to speak of thousands of western school-books, have been published among us, and sold readily; and we understand that a third edition of Mr. Drake's recently-published "*Life and Adventures of Black-Hawk*," is about to be issued. These things are truly encouraging; and we trust that our writers and publishers may work together harmoniously, and at once take and direct the tide which is now setting in their favor.

Mr. Drake's forthcoming volume will contain thirteen articles, entitled as follows:—The Queen City; The Novice of Cahokia; Putting a Black-Leg on Shore; The Baptism; The Yankee Colporteur; The Grave of Rosalie; The Burial by Moonlight; A Kentucky Election; A Visit to the Blue Licks; Trying on a Shoe; The Battle of Brindle and the Buckeyes; The Buried Canoe; and The Flag-Bearer. One of these—"The Novice of Cahokia"—may be found in the original department of the present number of the *HESPERIAN*, copied from the sheets before us. We do not regard this as among the best specimens of Mr. Drake's story-telling powers. Our recollections of "The Grave of Rosalie," "The Baptism," "A Kentucky Election," and one or two others of the collection which were published in the periodicals some ten or twelve years ago, lead us to expect a much richer treat in them; and when the volume makes its appearance on the table of our *Sanctum*, if we are not disappointed in our anticipations, we shall help our readers to a proper share of this. In the mean time, in addition to the "Novice," we give them the latter half of one of the Sketches, which exhibits the manner in which, "once upon a time," a specimen of "a numerous and peculiar race of modern gentlemen, found in the Valley of the Mississippi," was shown down stairs for slipping a card at the gaming table, and thus winning a "pool" of some three hundred dollars.

"It is, perhaps, generally known to the reader, that the captain of a steam-boat on the western waters, is, of necessity, almost as despotic as the Grand Turk. The safety of his boat, and the comfort of his passengers, in performing a long and perilous trip, require, indeed, that such should be the case. Between port and port, he is sometimes called to act in the triple capacity of legislator, judge, and executioner. It is rumored, perhaps without any foundation, that in cases of great emergency, more than one of these commanders, have seriously threatened to resort to the salutary influence of the 'second section.' Be this as it may, travelers on our western boats will consult their comfort and safety, by deporting themselves according to the gentlemanly principle. We throw out this hint for the public generally; and, in the fulness of our benevolence, commend it to the especial notice of tourists from the 'fast-anchored isle.'

"Captain Snake made no reply to the imprecations of the Major, having far too much respect for his official station, to permit himself to be drawn into a personal conflict with one of his passengers. Stepping to the cabin door, his clear shrill voice was heard above the din of the Major's

volcanic burst of passion, and the loud whiz of the Sea Serpent. Instantly the tinkle of the pilot's bell responded to the order of his commander, and the boat lay-to, near the lee shore. Again the Captain's voice was heard,

"Jack! man the yawl; Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The Major looked round in utter astonishment. The Captain again called out,

"Steward! put Major Montgomery's trunk in the yawl; he wishes to go on shore."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The Major turned towards the Captain with a face indicating a mingled feeling of anger and dismay. He had seen too much of life in the West, not to understand the fate that awaited him. Before he could make up his mind as to the best mode of warding off the impending catastrophe, Jack bawled out, 'the yawl is ready, sir;' and the steward cried, 'the trunk is on board, sir.'

"Captain Snake bowed formally, and with a courteous, but singularly emphatic manner, said:

"Major Montgomery, the yawl waits."

"The Major, however, retained his position near the card-table, and began to remonstrate against such very exceptionable treatment of a Virginia gentleman, whose character had never been questioned. He concluded by a broad intimation, that on their arrival at Cincinnati, he should hold the captain personally responsible under the laws of honor. In reply, the Captain of the Sea Serpent, bowed again most profoundly, and turning toward the door of the cabin, said, calmly,

"Steward, call the fireman to assist Major Montgomery into the yawl; he wishes to go on shore."

"The redoubtable Major, in the vain hope that the passengers would sustain him in the contest, now threw himself on his reserved rights, ran up the flag of nullification, and ferociously brandished his Bowie knife: at this moment the fireman made his appearance. He was full a grown Kentuckian, born on the cedar knobs of the Blue Licks, and raised on sulphur water, pone, and 'possum fat. Like many of his countrymen, he was an aspiring fellow, for he stood six-feet-four in his moccasins, and exhibited corresponding developments of bone and muscle. Hatless and coatless, with naked arms, and a face blackened with smoke and ashes, he might have passed for one of old Vulcan's journeymen, who had been forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, in some *regio-infernalis*. He stalked carelessly up to the bellicose Major, and before the latter was aware of it, seized the hand that held the upraised knife, and wrenched it from him. The next instant the Major found himself fairly within the brawny arms of his antagonist. He struggled stoutly to extricate his elegant person from such an unwelcome embrace, but in vain. The fireman, displeased with the restless disposition of his captive, gave him one of those warm fraternal hugs, which an old bear is wont to bestow upon an unmannerly dog, that may venture to annoy his retreat from a farmer's hog pen. This loving squeeze so completely mollified the rebellious feelings of the Major, that he suffered himself to be passively led into the yawl. The Captain's shrill voice was again heard:

"Pull away, my boys, Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore."

"The oars dipped into the water, and the yawl glided quickly to the beach. The afternoon was cloudy and dark; a drizzling rain was falling; the cotton-wood trees wore a funereal aspect; no vestige of a human habitation could be seen on either shore, and the turbid waters of the Mississippi, were hastening onwards, as if to escape from such a gloomy place.

"Many of the passengers supposed, that after the Major had been disgraced by being set on shore, he would be suffered to return; but those who entertained this opinion knew very little of the character of Captain Snake. That Major Montgomery should be a black-leg, was, in his estimation, no very heinous affair; for he held that in this republican country, and this democratic age, every man has a natural and inalienable right to choose his own occupation; but after having been permitted to play 'loo' with the Captain of the fast running Sea Serpent, that the Major should slip a card, and then, lubberly rascal, be caught at it,—this was too bad—absolutely unpardonable. There was something so vulgar, so very unprofessional in such conduct, that it was not to be tolerated.

"The yawl touched the shore, and was hastily disburthened of the trunk. The Major, however, after rising on his feet, looked wistfully back upon the Sea Serpent, and manifested no disposition to take refuge in a cane-brake; whereupon, the Captain, becoming impatient, cried out,

"Fireman, lend a hand to assist Major Montgomery on shore."

"The huge Kentuckian now began to approach the Major, who, having no particular relish for another fraternal hug, sprung to the beach, and sunk to his knees in mud. Thinking forbearance no longer a virtue, he poured out on the Captain a torrent of abuse; and, with wrathful oaths, threatened to publish him and his ugly, snail-creeeping steamer, from Olean Point, to the alligator swamps of the Balize. The Captain made no reply, but the fireman, roused by hearing such opprobrious terms applied to his beloved Sea Serpent, called out in a voice that was echoed from shore to shore,

"I say, Mr. Jack-of-Knaves, it looks rather wolfy in these parts."

"Shut your black mouth, you scoundrel," retorted the Major, boiling over with rage.

"I say, stranger," continued the fireman, with provoking good humor, 'would you swap them buffalo robes on your cheeks for a pair of 'coon-skins?'

"The Major stooped down for a stone to hurl at his annoying foe, but alas! he stood in a bed of mortar, and had no resource but that of firing another volley of curses.

"Hullo! my hearty," rejoined the fireman, 'when you want to be rowed up salt river again, just tip me the wink; and remember, Mr. King-of-Clubs, don't holler till you get out of the woods, or you'll frighten all the varmints.'

"The pilot's bell tinkled, the wheels resumed their gyrations, and again the majestic Sea Serpent

'Walked the waters like a thing of life.'

"And thus terminated one of those little episodes in the drama of life, not uncommon on the western waters."

THOMAS'S ADDRESS.

An Address delivered before the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, at its thirteenth Annual Celebration, August, 1838. By F. W. THOMAS. 22 pages 8vo. Oxford: W. W. Bishop. 1838.

THIS address contains some "considerations on the development of mind and character;" and in treating of this subject, the author enforces and illustrates his views by numerous references to biographical history. The principal truths which he essays to teach, are, that *emulation* is a thing absolutely necessary in schools and colleges, and that those individuals who have not a keen insight into human character, are not fit to be instructors of youth. The following extracts touch both of these points, and are characteristic samples of Mr. Thomas's general manner of writing and speaking.

"Providence, as if for the purpose of making each man's cup contain an equal portion of those ingredients which constitute happiness, gives to him, whose natural gifts are superior to another, ills of which that other never dreamed. She gives him the unquiet of ambition and sensitiveness, which those who have taken up their abode in the valley never feel. They reflect that content, the wise man's personification of all earthly good, sits smiling at their door: and what without it is sway, and empire, and glory? And yet, there are few who do not feel the thirst of emulation—the panting to reach the goal, when they reflect upon those who have reached it. They forget how many have fallen in the race—how many have been pushed aside by the strong and the determined, who, in their turn, have shrunk from those of higher powers. How much circumstances have done, circumstances which seemed but a feather, wind-wafted any and every where! How often the best laid schemes, the profoundest plots, the most cunning contrivances, have passed away like the bubble on the stream, or turned to the ruin of those who were exulting in their handy-work! How often the best talents, adorned with every virtue, have fallen before inferior talents, disgraced with every vice. Yet, nevertheless, the development of the talents and character of those who have struggled through difficulties and danger to eminence and power, is interesting and instructive, no matter whether the individual used good or bad means to attain his ends. And if interest attaches to him who struggles ardently in a bad cause, how much more does he excite who struggles nobly in a good one? Our Washington, no doubt, in contemplating the actions of Cæsar and Cromwell, felt that if they dared so much for mere selfishness, he could dare more for patriotism; that if they pledged life and fortune for their success, that he would pledge 'life, fortune and sacred honor' for the success of his country. Besides, to show to aspiring ambition the rock on which so many split, victims to unhal-

lowed passions, is as salutary as the Spartan's practice, when he exhibited his intoxicated slave to his sons, that they might shun the beastly vice to which the menial was a victim. And again, to show on the other hand, the undaunted perseverance with which so many great men have struggled in a good cause, is to lead by the hand the unsteady and the wavering until their foothold is sure. A great author used to observe that, whenever he sat down to write, he always placed the Iliad on the table open before him. 'For,' said he, 'I like to light my taper at the sun.' And certainly, the actions of an illustrious individual may be said to be a great moral luminary, from which all who choose may borrow light. That which elevates us above the brute, which does us service, is moral energy; which, like the fabled gift of the alchemist, extracts gold—golden rules, I mean—from every thing around us. It determines us in the pursuit of that which we seek with the spirit which may become a man." * * *

"Ambition has been called the last infirmity of noble minds; yet how often is it the first impulse to their nobility? A generous emulation acts on the mind like the fairy in the legend of romance, who guided her votary, amid innumerable difficulties and dangers, till she led him to happiness. To awaken the pupil's ambition, should be the first object of the tutor, for until that be awakened, he will teach in vain. This is the reason why so many eminent men have passed through school with so few honors, and won so many from the world. They have been 'the glory of the college and its shame,' and not until their energies were aroused and their ambition called forth by the stirring strife of the world, did they exhibit those faculties which have made memorable an age or a country. Had not these men genius at school? Certainly! It was only dormant, like the strength of the sleeping lion. And many boys have been thought dunces at school because their teachers had not penetration and sagacity enough to discover the latent spark of intellect within them.

"Swift's college-mates and teachers thought him a dunce at the very time that he was writing his Tale of a Tub—the rough draught of which he then showed to his friend and room-mate. The tale was not published until many years afterwards. He got his degrees at college by the 'special favor' of the faculty, as it stands recorded in the archives. It appears he would not read the old works on logic, but preferred laughing over Rabalias and Cervantes. His teachers did not understand his character. They should have studied it, and then they could easily have controlled him, and have prevented the lamentation on his part, in after days, that he had thrown away eight years of his life. Let those students of talent who may have acted as Swift did, remember what Dr. Johnson said of him, namely: that though he had thrown away eight years of his life in idleness, he was determined not to throw away the rest in despair. Doubtless some young man who ran away with all the honors of the college, as easily as all the honors of the world ran away from him, used to quote Swift as a proverb of stupidity,—and it was this after-resolution of Swift's that gave him the world's honors, and perhaps a contentment with the college honors, and a want of continued industry, that caused his competitor to lose them,

"One of Byron's teachers pointed to him one day, saying 'That lame brat will never be fit for any thing but to create broils.' Poor Byron, it is true, had great talents for creating broils; but Doctor Drury, another of his teachers, discovered that he had talents of a far higher kind, and successfully sought to awaken his emulation. It is pleasing to know, that though Byron was always satirising his other teachers, and setting their authority at defiance, for Dr. Drury he entertained the highest respect, and has so expressed himself in language that will not die.

"When Scylla was about proscribing Cæsar, some one asked him, what he had to fear from that loose girdled boy? 'In that loose girdled boy,' said he, 'I see many Mariuses.' Cromwell's associates thought him a foolish fanatic, and it was his relation, Hampden, who discovered his capacity, predicting that he would be the greatest man in the kingdom, should a revolution occur.

"You all know the history of Patrick Henry. He gave so little promise of mind, that when he went to be examined, touching his qualifications to practice, one of the gentlemen who was appointed to examine him, absolutely refused the duty—he was so struck with the unpromising appearance of the applicant. Yet but a short time afterwards, Henry made his great speech in the Parson's cause. His talents were so little known, even to his father, that the old gentleman, who was one of the judges, burst into tears on the bench; while the people raised their champion on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through the streets. How much sooner would have been the development of Henry's mind if his emulation had been earlier aroused, and a fit opportunity had been given him for display. And when he was driving the plough, or officiating as the bar-keeper of a common tavern, or roaming wild through the woods in pursuit of deer; if he had met with some kind friend who would have taken him by the hand, assisted him in his studies, excited his ambition, talked to him of the immortal names of history, and cheered him on to emulation, we should now look up to him, not only as our Demosthenes, but his own glowing pages would have been the best monument of his renown.

"Dr. Barrow's father said, that if it pleased the Lord to take any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he was fit for nothing but to fight and set two dogs fighting. Nevertheless, when this Isaac grew to manhood, and his emulation was awakened, he was thought in mathematics to be inferior only to Newton, and was the greatest divine of his age." * * *

"Doctor Parr, the celebrated teacher, who used to boast that he had flogged all the bishops in the kingdom, and who, whenever it was said that such and such a person had talents, would exclaim: 'Yes sir, yes sir, there's no doubt of it—I have flogged him often, and I never threw a flogging away;' this reverend gentleman was remarkable for discovering the hidden talents of his pupils. He was the first who discovered Sheridan's. He says: 'I saw it in his eye and in the vivacity of his manner, though as a boy, Sheridan was quite careless of literary fame.' Afterwards, when Richard felt ambitious of such honors, he was thrown, as Dr. Parr says, 'upon the town,' without resources, and left to his own wild impulses. This, no doubt, was the cause of many of

Sheridan's errors and wanderings, which checked the whole of his splendid but wayward career. A teacher, wanting the observation of Dr. Parr, might have concluded that because Sheridan would not study, and no inducements could make him apply himself, he wanted capacity. This was the case with Doctor Wythe, his first teacher, who did not distinguish between the want of capacity and the want of industry. It appears from the exploits of the apple loft, and the partiality which Sheridan's school-mates entertained for him, that he was more ambitious of being the first at play than the first at study. Sheridan had not then verified the proverb of 'good at work, good at play;' but it often happens that he who wins the game among boys, afterwards wins the game among men, when there is a far deeper stake, and when, too, there is not half so much mirth among the losers, and, alas, not half so much happy-heartedness with the winner.

"A great man is almost always a great boy. That is, in proportion as the man is superior to the men around him, the boy was superior to the boys around him, in every thing in which he sought to be superior. I do think that an observer of character will discover this, if he at all applies himself to trace the history of the mind."

MRS. HENTZ'S POEM.

A Poem, read before the Whig Society of Hanover College, at its fifth anniversary, September, 1838, by a Member. Prepared for the occasion by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Madison, Ia: Banner Print. 1838.

SOME six or seven years ago, Mrs. Hentz achieved a considerable literary reputation, by the production of "De Lara, or the Moorish Bride;" a play which contained occasional passages of deep tragic interest, and was characterized throughout by much poetic beauty. A year or two afterwards, she wrote and published "Lovell's Folly;" a novel whose singular beauty threw the editor of the old Western Monthly into ecstasies, and whose overpowering pathos kept the editor of the Cincinnati Daily Gazette continually wiping the tear-dew from his spectacles, but whose superior merits the public generally failed to perceive.

The partial failure of "De Lara" upon the stage, and the ill success of "Lovell's Folly" among critics and readers, induced Mrs. Hentz to abandon, almost entirely, the field of literature. She has since written for publication only in miscellaneous papers and magazines of the lighter character; but some of the sketches which she has given to the public in this manner, are extremely beautiful, and commend themselves to the good in heart, by naturalness of incident, chasteness of lan-

guage, and purity of sentiment. In Mrs. Hentz's verses, with the exception of parts of "De Lara" and her first "Theatrical Address," we have never been able to discover much poetry; and in the pamphlet of eight pages before us, we can detect nothing which the highest gallantry could honestly elevate above the dead level of ordinary pentameter rhymes.

Mrs. Hentz has evinced capacities for much greater things than she has yet done, fine as is her "De Lara" in some respects; and we trust we shall have to greet her, ere long, as the author of a work which will take rank with the best productions of our first female writers.

SAM SLICK.

The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Second Series. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

THERE was a deal of humor, and some most excellent philosophy, in the first series of the sayings and doings of Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville; and in skirring the chapters of the series before us, we have found enough to lead us to the belief that the continuation is in every sense worthy of the happy commencement. The Clockmaker is certainly a most entertaining companion; and if his time-pieces run as well as his tongue does, no one need fear being cheated by him.

ATWATER'S OHIO.

A History of the State of Ohio, Natural and Civil. By CALEB ATWATER, A. M., author of "Western Antiquities;" etc. etc. 1 vol. 8vo. Cincinnati: Gletzen & Shepard. 1838.

WE place the name of Mr. Atwater's new work here, simply for the purpose of acknowledging the reception of a handsome copy of it, and returning the venerable author our sincere thanks therefor.—We have not yet read Mr. A.'s History; but we observe that the copy before us is of the "second edition," which fact would seem to sustain those of our brethren of the press who spoke well of the work on the appearance of the first.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

OUR COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM.

THE proceedings of the Ohio Education Convention, which sat in Columbus during the last week of December, must, we think, have convinced every one who witnessed them, of two things, viz., the necessity of continuing the office of Superintendent of Common Schools throughout the State, and the strong probability that, if that office be continued, and as well filled hereafter as it has been heretofore, our common schools will soon arrive at a state of excellence equal to the anticipations of their best friends, and our school system soon become the most perfect in its character, and the most beneficial in its tendencies, of any in the United States. In some of its operations, we regret to state, the school law enacted at the last session of the Legislature has come in conflict with the interests or prejudices of a portion of the people; but nearly every one of its features which has been in the least objected to, can, we are informed from an intelligent source, be altered so as to meet the approbation of such as have considered themselves aggrieved, without rendering the law, to any considerable extent, immediately obnoxious to the censure of those,—and they constitute the great majority of the people,—who are satisfied with it in its present shape.

Such alterations, we understand, will be recommended to the Legislature by the Superintendent, in his report for the present year; and we doubt not that that body will readily make them. Certain concessions are asked, by the disaffected portion of the people to whom we have referred, which, upon principle, we are opposed to granting; but as the utmost harmony is essential to the successful operation of our school system, and as it is the opinion of those who have had the very best opportunities of judging, that this may be secured by conceding what is asked, we are willing, *for a time*, to yield to what we consider it presumption to demand, as it has been demanded, and what,—except under the circumstances, and with plain and distinct expressions of probable future revocation,—we believe it would be weakness to grant. There is one respect, cer-

tainly, in which the concessions asked will, as soon as made, yield an immediate and not inconsiderable benefit: that is, by silencing the clamors which have been raised, in one or two quarters, against the office of Superintendent.

We are one of the people, who have sons and daughters to educate; and without arrogating to ourselves, or attaching to our opinions, any importance beyond that which belongs to the person and opinions of *every* one of the people who is the head of a family, we may be permitted to speak a word or two in behalf of this office, especially as we observe that one of the standing committees of the Legislature has been instructed to inquire into the propriety of abolishing it. We have had our eye upon the Superintendent since the time of his first appointment, and have otherwise taken pains to make ourselves acquainted with the extent and character of his labors; and we state it as our sincere belief, that there is no portion of the school law of more importance than that under which he acts, and that the repeal of this would be equivalent to the instantaneous abandonment of the whole system. Indeed, almost any other portion of the law had better be repealed than this; for, at the present period in the advancement of the system, we are well convinced that without the continual watchfulness and vigorous exertions of the Superintendent, the moneys raised for the purposes of common school education, would be wasted hereafter, as they have been heretofore. The machinery of the system itself, is not yet perfected: how expect, then, that its operations can be harmonious, regular or beneficial, without the superintendence of one not only competent to direct it as it is, but able to perceive and remedy its defects? So far from thinking that the Superintendentship can be dispensed with, either now or at any time within a period of five years, we believe it will be found, that this is the great motive-power, the very soul of the system, deprived of which now, the whole law would be little more than a dead letter, and the money of the people would be wasted.

With these convictions, we trust that, whatever other alterations may be made in the Common School law, the office of Superintendent may not

be abolished. Take from the tree its root, from the watch its main-spring, from the man its head,—what is the worth, the capability to do good and be useful, of all that you leave?

OHIO EDUCATION CONVENTION.

THE Education Convention which assembled in Columbus on the 26th ultimo, was the most numerously attended of all that have yet met in this city; and its proceedings were of a more interesting and able character, than had been those of any former Convention. There were delegates present from most of the older and more densely populated counties, and some from the extreme south-western and north-eastern corners of the State. The business transacted was unusually large in amount, and the interest manifested in it by the full audiences which attended its daily and nightly sittings, was very great, and most encouraging to those whose zeal in the good work of educating *the whole people*, had induced them to leave their homes and families in the middle of winter, and come here at their own expense. There is something truly noble in the efforts which a few individuals, private citizens of Ohio, are now making in the great cause of popular instruction; and hereafter, when their names shall be spoken with veneration by enlightened thousands, while those of many now expending all their energies in political warfare, "giving up to party what was meant for mankind," sleep forgotten in the dust, they will find their reward.

Among the literary exercises of the convention, were an essay from Dr. GOING "On the Reciprocal Influence of Education and Religion;" an address from President MCGUFFEY "On the Influence of Common School Instruction;" reports from Dr. STOWE and Mr. M. G. WILLIAMS "On the subject of Normal Schools;" and an address from Wm. M. JOHNSON, Esq., "On Common Schools." Of these, we were fortunate enough to hear only the two addresses, which were delivered to large audiences. But they were of themselves sufficient, had nothing else been done, to show the importance of the work in which the members of the Convention are engaged, and also to convince the people of the *necessity*, as well as the *practicability*, of educating their children well and thoroughly. The strong common sense views and felicitous illustrations of Mr. MCGUFFEY, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them; and the plain truths that Mr. JOHNSON pushed home to the bosoms of the fathers and mothers and guardians present, in the course of his argument in favor of

an efficient system of free common schools, cannot fail to be productive of much good. Both gentlemen spoke without notes, but it is probable that we shall hereafter be able to present our readers with abstracts of their able and useful remarks.

Among the resolutions discussed and passed during the sittings of the Convention, were the following:

"That in the opinion of this Convention, it is expedient that the Legislature should provide for the appointment of a Board of Public Instruction."

"That as the deliberate opinion of this Convention, a system of common schools throughout this State, cannot be established on a permanent basis and carried into successful operation, without the continued services of an able, faithful, active, and persevering superintendent."

"That the law of last year, which provides for the publication of "The Common School Director," under the direction of the State Superintendent, meets with the fullest approbation of this Convention, and that they would respectfully recommend the Legislature to continue its publication."

"That in the opinion of this Convention, it is important to the full success of the common school system in this State, and highly useful to all the interests of education, that a Teacher's Seminary should be established at the seat of Government."

"That a well regulated and efficient *system* of free common schools is the *sheet anchor* of Republican Liberty, and that without it, we can have no just ground of hope for the permanency of our Institutions."

THE NEWS-LETTER.

THE *Literary News-Letter* is the title of a new weekly paper, in the quarto form, several numbers of which have reached us from Louisville, Kentucky. It is under the editorial conduct of Mr. EDMUND FLAGG, who holds an intelligent pen, and uses it with much skill and industry. The numbers of the *News-Letter* which we have received, are well supplied with productions from this source; and these, as well as the general contents of the paper, original and selected, afford abundant evidence of Mr. FLAGG's ability to render it entertaining and useful to the western people, and honorable to himself. Mr. F. was formerly an able correspondent of the *Cincinnati Mirror*, and has more recently written a couple of volumes of "Rambles in the West," which have just been published by the HARPERs, of New-York, and are receiving the encomiums of the eastern press. We presume that the article in our pre-

sent number, which we copied from the *News-Letter*, "On the Western Mounds," is an extract from one of these; and to this we recommend our readers, for an evidence of Mr. FLAEG's ability to administer to their intellectual gratification.

The *News-Letter* is a large mammoth sheet—contains a great quantity of reading matter, arranged in eight pages to the number—and is published at the subscription-price of four dollars per year.

PRESIDENT YOUNG'S ADDRESS.

Among the addresses delivered at the last annual commencement of Miami University, was one by JOHN C. YOUNG, President of Centre College, Kentucky, a perusal of which has interested us very much. "Rectitude in national policy essential to national prosperity," is the important theme of this address; and so ably do we consider it treated by President Young, that instead of the brief notice which is ordinarily conferred upon commencement addresses, we have determined to make an abstract of parts of it for our next number, and present the balance in full, that the entire arguments may be laid before our readers.—There has never been a period in the history of our country, when such lessons and admonitions as those contained in this pamphlet, were more wanted by the people than at this time; and we consider it a duty imperative upon every press, to disseminate such arguments to the extent of its ability, whenever an opportunity of so doing is afforded. Not in a partizan manner should this be done, or for party purposes; but soberly, patriotically, and from a thorough conviction of its absolute necessity and probable usefulness.

THE QUEEN CITY.

A LETTER from Cincinnati contains the subjoined reference to the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first settlement of that city: "We had a clever semi-centennial celebration on the 20th ult., the detail of which you will see in some of the newspapers. The heroic age of our city, is much richer in romantic incidents than we had supposed, before they were grouped together. Dr. DRAKE, who delivered the Discourse on the occasion, is deeply excited on the subject, and I understand will proceed at once to prepare a history of the early period of the city. It will appear as a volume, and not in pamphlet form as has been stated." We rejoice that such a work is about to be given to the public, and consider

it fortunate that the task of preparing it has been committed to one so competent as Dr. DRAKE to do the subject justice. A volume of much more than ordinary interest may be expected, and we shall await its appearance with no little impatience.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated that N. P. WILLIS is about commencing a new literary paper in New-York, somewhat after the manner of the elegant and popular *Mirror* of that city. Light, gay and sparkling, with some philosophy, and a sufficiency of soberness, Mr. WILLIS is the very man for a thing of this kind. He burnt his fingers when he started a Monthly, it is true; but his experience then, will only make him more careful what he takes hold of hereafter. We predict for his new enterprise entire success.

The first volume of the "Transactions of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio," has been published in this city. We shall refer to it in our next.

"Geraldine, and Other Poems," by RUFUS DAWES, is the title of a volume on the eve of publication in New-York. Mr. D. is a true poet; and we doubt not that this distinction will be universally conceded to him, wherever his new volume may be read.

PAMPHLETS.

We find upon our table a great number of pamphlets, of different kinds, among which are the following, that shall be noticed further hereafter:—"An Address, delivered to the members of the Jefferson Literary Society of Franklin College, by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL;" "Lilla, or the Offering; a Poem by D'ORVAL;" "An Address, delivered before the Epanthean Society of Miami University, by JAMES D. COBB;" and "An Address on the Study of the Modern Languages, delivered before the College of Teachers at Cincinnati, by JAMES F. MELINE."

KENTUCKY.

THE writer of the "Historical Sketch of the Early Settlements and Early Men of Kentucky," regrets to state, that in consequence of having mislaid his manuscript notes, he was unable to complete his paper for the present number of the *HESPERIAN*, and doubts if it will now be in his power, with his many other engagements, to finish it in time for the publication of the remainder before the March number.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

NUMBER IV.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MONOGRAPH

OF THE LIGNEOUS PLANTS INDIGENOUS TO OHIO.

BY JOHN L. RIDDELL, M. D.

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy in the Medical College of Louisiana: late Professor of Botany in the Cincinnati Medical College.

REMARKS.

THE method of arrangement here adopted, depends solely upon the diverse forms and characters of leaves. The circumstances taken into account are in all instances obvious, easy of determination, and easily mastered by any one unacquainted with Botany. It is designed as an analytic method for ascertaining the name of an unknown tree, shrub or woody vine. Having for instance the foliage of some wild woody vine before us, we first see whether one or more leaves are attached to the same foot stalk. If but one, the vine falls in Division I.—We then examine the margin of the leaf and find it notched perhaps. This circumstance throws it into the Second Class, and being a vine, it necessarily belongs to the 12th Section. This Section contains but two species, the false bitter-sweet and the trailing Euonymus; and reference to a very brief and simple description will enable us to determine which it is.

The author has spent a number of years in perfecting this method of classifying plants, and testing its correctness; and he believes that it will be found to simplify and facilitate the interesting and delightful study of Botany, to a surprising extent.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.*

DIVISION I. LEAVES SIMPLE.

CLASS I. LEAVES ENTIRE ON THE MARGIN.

Subdivision 1. Leaves acerose or needle-shaped, like those of pine, or very minute and imbricate, like those of cedar.

SECTION 1. Leaves evergreen, separate at base, near half an inch long, by a line in width.

Species 1. *Pinus Canadensis, Linn.*—Hemlock tree.

2. *Taxus Canadensis, Willd.* Dwarf yew. Found in quartzose and argillaceous soil, in rather shaded situations.

3. *Pinus nigra, Lamb.* Black spruce. Cold sandstone districts.

SECTION 2. Leaves evergreen, from two to five in a fascicle, near two inches long, by half a line in width.

4. *Pinus inops, Ait.* Scrub pine. Dry sandstone knobs.

5. *Pinus variabilis, Lamb.* Yellow pine. Sandstone knobs.

6. *Pinus strobus, Linn.* White pine. Avoids calcareous soil.

SECTION 3. Leaves deciduous (falling at the approach of winter), many in a fascicle, near an inch long by half a line in width.

7. *Pinus pendula, Ait.* Tamarack.—Shuns limestone regions; grows from boggy loam and peat.

SECTION 4. Leaves much more minute than the preceding, imbricated, (overlapped like shingles).

*The diagnostic description of species is here omitted, in order to condense this table as much as possible.

8. *Cupressus thyoides*, Linn. White cedar. Occurs in limestone districts.

9. *Juniperus Virginiana*, Linn. Red cedar. In limestone districts.

10. *Juniperus communis*, Linn. Juniper. Probably prefers sandy soil, free from lime.

SUBDIVISION II. LEAVES BROAD, NEITHER IMBRICATE NOR ACEROSE.

SECTION 5. Climbing vines. Leaves deciduous, alternate, with nerves diverging from the base and meeting at the point:—stem usually climbing to the height of several feet.

11. *Smilax rotundifolia*, Linn. Green-brier.

12. *Smilax pandurata*, Pursh.

13. *Smilax Walteri*, Pursh.

14. *Smilax cincidifolia*, Pursh.

SECTION 6. Leaves alternate, evergreen, branches of the midrib ramifying vaguely, stem trailing upon the ground.

15. *Epigæa repens*, Linn. Trailing arbutus. Pine-clad arid knobs of sandstone.

16. *Arbutus uva-ursi*, Linn. Bearberry. Sandstone and lacustrine formations.

17. *Oxycoccus macrocarpus*, Pursh.—Cranberry. Peat bogs and squagmires.

Note.—The moonseed and bitter-sweet of Section 17, sometimes fall here.

SECTION 7. Leaves deciduous, not veined, opposite, upper ones perfoliate, stem twining on shrubs.

18. *Lonicera flava*, Sims. Yellow honey-suckle. In diluvial formations.

SECTION 8. Trees with alternate leaves.

19. *Magnolia acuminata*. Cucumber tree. Where argillaceous shale and sandstone abound.

20. *Nyssa multiflora*. Sour gum.

21. *Diospyros Virginiana*, Linn. Persimmon.

22. *Quercus imbricaria*. Shingle oak. Diluvial formations.

23. *Cercis Canadensis*. Red bud.

Note.—The sassafras, Sec. 20, falls here by some of its leaves.

SECTION 9. Shrubs with alternate leaves.

24. *Vaccinium stamineum*, Linn. Deer berry. Argillaceous soil.

25. *Vaccinium corymbosum*, Linn.—High whortleberry. Sphagnous swamps in sandstone districts.

26. *Andromeda racemosa*, Michx. Wet meadows, sandstone regions.

27. *Andromeda calyculata*, Linn. Peat

bogs, argillaceous and sandstone districts.

28. *Kalmia latifolia*, Linn. Mountain laurel. Dry sandstone hills.

29. *Asimina triloba*. Custard apple.—River alluvion.

30. *Laurus benzoin*. Spice wood. Most plenty in argillaceous soils.

31. *Dicra palustris*, Moose wood. River alluvion in sandstone districts.

SECTION 10. Small trees, with opposite, nearly oval leaves: the branches from the midrib curve gradually towards the apex and lose themselves near the margin.—Flowers in cymes like those of the elder.

32. *Cornus florida*, Linn. Dogwood.

33. *Cornus sericea*, L'Herit. Red osier. Argillaceous situations.

34. *Cornus circinata*, L'Herit.

35. *Cornus paniculata*, L'Herit. Prairy cornel. Alluvial earth.

36. *Cornus alba*, L'Herit. Green osier.

SECTION 11. Shrubs with opposite leaves.

37. *Symphoria racemosa*, Pursh. Snow-berry.

38. *Lonicera ciliata*, Muhl. Fly honey-suckle. Argillaceous shale and sandstone.

39. *Hypericum prolificum*. Diluvial deposits.

40. *Hypericum Kalmianum*. Diluvial deposits.

41. *Hypericum galioides*. Diluvial deposits.

42. *Shepherdia Canadensis*, Nutt. Sea buck-thorn.

43. *Ligustrum vulgare*, Linn. Prim.

44. *Chionanthus Virginica*, Linn.—Fringe tree.

45. *Viscum verticillatum*, Nutt. Mistletoe.

CLASS II. LEAVES NOTCHED, THE INDENTURES NOT EXTENDING ONE FOURTH OF THE WAY TO THE MID-RIB.

SECTION 12. Vines.

46. *Celastrus scandens*. False bitter-sweet.

47. *Euonymus obovatus*. Trailing Euonymus. Argillaceous ravines, where the earth often contains copperas, but not lime.

SECTION 13. Leaves opposite, shrubs and small trees.

48. *Viburnum prunifolium*, Linn.—Black haw. Limestone and alluvion.

49. *Viburnum lentago*, Linn. Sheep berry.

50. *Viburnum dentatum*, Linn. Ar-

row-wood. Sandy, argillaceous and damp soils.

51. *Viburnum pubescens*, *Pursh.*

52. *Hydrangea vulgaris*, *Pursh.* Mostly in limestone districts.

53. *Diervilla Canadensis*, *Muhl.*

SECTION 14. Leaves alternate, branches from the midrib running nearly straight to the margin. Trees and shrubs.

54. *Quercus montana*. Mountain oak. Limestone districts.

55. *Quercus chinquapin*. Dwarf chestnut oak.

56. *Castanea vesca*. Chestnut tree.—Sandstone districts.

57. *Castanea pumila*. Chinquapin.—Sandstone districts.

58. *Corylus Americana*. Hazel-nut.—Alluvion.

59. *Fagus ferruginea*. Red beech.

60. *Carpinus Americana*. Water beech.

61. *Ostrya Virginica*. Iron wood.

62. *Betula pumila*, *Linn.* Dwarf birch. Quagmires and recent formations.

63. *Betula excelsa*, *Ait.* Yellow birch. Sandstone and clay.

64. *Betula lenta*, *Linn.* Black birch.—Sandstone.

65. *Betula rubra*. Red birch. Alluvion.

66. *Alnus serrulata*, *Linn.* Alder.—Clayey, non-calcareous soils.

67. *Hamamelis Virginica*. Witch-hazel.

68. *Ulmus Americana*. White elm.

69. *Ulmus fulva*. Slippery elm.

70. *Spiraea tomentosa*. Hard hack.

71. *Crategus coccinea*. Red haw.

72. *Crategus crus-galli*.

73. *Crategus punctata*. Thorn tree.

74. *Crategus glandulosa*.

SECTION 15. Leaves alternate, more or less cordate at base, branches from the midrib ramifying, and not directly reaching the margin. Trees.

75. *Morus rubra*. Red mulberry.

76. *Populus tremuloides*. Aspen tree. Sandstone regions.

77. *Populus angulata*. Water poplar. River alluvion.

78. *Populus laevigata*. Cotton wood.

79. *Populus grandidentata*. Large Aspen. Limestone regions.

80. *Celtis crassifolia*. Hack berry.

81. *Tilia glabra*. Bass-wood. *Linn.*

82. *Tilia pubescens*. Crop-ear bass-wood.

83. *Aronia botryapium*. Shad bush.—Sandstone regions.

84. *Aronia latifolia*, *Riddell.*

85. *Prunus serotina*. Choke cherry.

86. *Prunus borealis*.

SECTION 16. Leaves alternate, more or less acute at base, branches from the midrib ramifying and not directly reaching the margin. Shrubs and trees.

87. *Salix myricoides*.

88. *Salix rosmarinifolia*. Rosemary willow.

89. *Salix conifera*. Cone-gall willow.

90. *Salix ambigua*.

91. *Salix recurvata*. Shrub willow.

92. *Salix tristis*. Mourning willow.

93. *Salix Purshiana*, *Spreng.*

94. *Salix nigra*. Black willow.

95. *Salix discolor*. Bog willow.

96. *Salix Houstoniana*.

97. *Pyrus coronaria*. Crab apple.

98. *Pyrus angustifolia*, *Ait.*

99. *Pyrus melanocarpa*, *Willd.* Sandstone country.

100. *Prunus Virginiana*. Black cherry.

101. *Prunus Americana*. Wild red plum.

102. *Euonymus atropurpureus*. Indian arrow.

103. *Andromeda arborea*, *Linn.* Sorrel tree. Sandstone country.

104. *Prinos verticillatus*, *Linn.* Winter berry.

105. *Myrica cerifera*. Bay berry.

106. *Spiraea salicifolia*. Willow-leaved spiraea.

107. *Ceanothus Americanus*. New Jersey tea.

Note.—*Andromeda racemosa* and *A. calyculata*—Sect. 8, sometimes fall here.

CLASS III. LEAVES LOBED. DIVISIONS OR SINUSES EXTENDING MORE THAN ONE FOURTH OF THE WAY FROM THE MARGIN TO THE MIDRIB.

SECTION 17. Vines.

108. *Vitis vulpina*, *Linn.* Winter grape.

109. *Vitis aestivalis*, *Michx.* Summer grape.

110. *Vitis labrusca*, *Linn.* Fox grape.

111. *Menispermum Canadense*. Moonseed. Yellow farilla.

112. *Solanum dulcamara*, *Linn.* Bittersweet.

SECTION 18. Leaves acute at base, lobes crenate, dentate or serrate.

113. *Crategus spathulata*.

114. *Spiraea opulifolia*. Nine bark.—Sandstone hill-sides and slaty ravines.

SECTION 19. Leaves acute at base, lobes nearly entire, acute and awned.

115. *Quercus discolor*. Falsed oak.

116. *Quercus palustris*. Pin oak.

117. *Quercus triloba*. Downy black oak.
118. *Quercus Bannisteri*, Michx. Scrub oak.

Note.—The sycamore Sec. 21, might also be admitted here.

SECTION 20. Lobes of the leaves entire, obtuse, unawned; leaves acute at base.

119. *Quercus obtusiloba*. Burr oak.
120. *Quercus macrocarpa*. Over-cup oak.
121. *Quercus olivæformis*. Mossy-cup oak.

122. *Quercus alba*. White oak.
123. *Laurus sassafras*. Sassafras.
SECTION 21. Leaves cordate, or hol-
lowed out at base.

124. *Ribes floridum*, Willd. Wild black currant.

125. *Ribes lacustre*, Pursh.
126. *Ribes Cynosbati*, Jacq. Prickly gooseberry.

127. *Ribes hirtellum*. Wild gooseberry.
128. *Rubus odoratus*. Flowering rasp-
berry. In non-calcareous districts, abound-
ing in sandstone and clay.

129. *Crategus apiifolia*.
130. *Crategus populifolia*. Giant thorn tree.

131. *Viburnum acerifolium*, Linn.—
Dockmackie. Sandstone country.

132. *Acer spicatum*, Linn. Mountain
maple. Sandstone rocks.

133. *Acer rubrum*, Ehrh. Red maple.
134. *Acer eriocarpum*, Michx. Silver
maple. River alluvion.

135. *Acer saccharinum*, Linn. Sugar
maple.

136. *Acer nigrum*, Michx. Black ma-
ple.

137. *Liquidambar styraciflua*. Sweet
gum tree.

138. *Platanus occidentalis*. Sycamore.
River alluvion.

139. *Liriodendron tulipifera*. Poplar.

Note.—The mulberry, Sec. 15, often
falls here, by having lobed leaves.

DIVISION 2. LEAVES COMPOUND, SEVERAL DISTINCT LEAFLETS GROWING FROM THE SAME FOOTSTALK.

CLASS IV. LEAVES DIGITATE, SPREADING LIKE FINGERS.

SECTION 22. A vine.

140. *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*. Ameri-
can ivy.

SECTION 23. Trees.

141. *Æsculus Ohioensis*. Buckeye.

142. *Æsculus flava*, Elliott. Sweet
buckeye.

CLASS V. LEAVES TERMINATE, IN THREES.

SECTION 24. Trees and shrubs not arm-
ed with prickles.

143. *Ptelea trifoliata*, Linn. Stinking
ash.

144. *Rhus aromatica*. Aromatic sumach.
Calcareous regions.

145. *Staphylea trifoliata*. Bladder-nut.

146. *Acer negundo*, Linn. Box elder.
River alluvion.

SECTION 25. A climbing vine not arm-
ed with prickles.

147. *Rhus toxicodendron*, Linn. Pois-
on ivy.

SECTION 26. Brambles, armed with
prickles.

148. *Rubus strigosus*. Red raspberry.
Sandstone districts.

149. *Rubus occidentalis*. Black rasp-
berry. Most plenty in sandstone regions.

150. *Rubus villosus*. Blackberry.

151. *Rubus trivialis*. Dewberry.

152. *Rubus flagellaria*.

Note.—*Rosa rubifolia*, Sect. 27, often
falls here.

CLASS VI. LEAVES PINNATE, WITH TWO OR MORE PAIRS AND AN ODD TERMINAL LEAFLET.

SECTION 27. Rose bushes, with green
stems, generally armed with prickles; leaf-
lets notched.

153. *Rosa rubifolia*. Ohio Multiflora.
Climbing rose.

154. *Rosa gemella*, Willd. Sandstone
knobs.

155. *Rosa lucida*, Willd.

156. *Rosa Carolina*, Linn.

157. *Rosa blanda*.

158. *Rosa rubiginosa*. Sweet-brier.

159. *Rosa parviflora*.

SECTION 28. A vine, climbing high
trees, stem not armed with prickles.

160. *Bignonia radicans*, Linn. Trum-
pet flower. River alluvion.

SECTION 29. Shrubs and small trees
with remarkably large pith; unarmed, leaf-
lets notched.

161. *Sambucus Canadensis*, Linn.—
Sweet elder.

162. *Sambucus pubens*, Michx. Red
elder.

163. *Rhus glabra*, Linn. Sumach.

164. *Rhus typhina*, Linn. Giant Su-
mach. Quartzose soils.

SECTION 30. Large trees and shrubs, with notched leaflets, and pith of ordinary size, and, with the exception of the prickly ash, unarmed.

165. *Fraxinus acuminata*, Lam. White ash.

166. *Fraxinus sambucifolia*, Willd.—Black ash.

167. *Fraxinus quadrangulata*, Willd.—Blue ash.

168. *Fraxinus juglandifolia*, Lam.—Swamp ash.

169. *Juglans nigra*. Black walnut.

170. *Juglans cinerea*. Butter-nut.

171. *Carya alba*. Shag-bark hickory.

172. *Carya sulcata*. Shell-bark hickory.

173. *Carya amara*. Bitter-nut.

174. *Carya porcina*. Pig-nut.

175. *Carya tomentosa*. Common hickory.

176. *Xanthoxylum praxineum*, Willd. Prickly ash.

SECTION 31. Leaflets entire, or devoid of notches in the margin. Under-shrubs and trees.

177. *Rhus copallina*, Linn. Mountain sumach. Sandstone districts.

178. *Rhus vernix*, Linn. Poison ash. On the margin of swamps in sandstone districts.

179. *Robinia pseudacacia*. Black locust. River alluvion.

180. *Potentilla fruticosa*. Shrubby cinquefoil.

CLASS VII. LEAVES BIPINNATE, CONSISTING USUALLY OF VERY MANY LEAFLETS

SECTION 32.

181. *Aralia spinosa*. Angelica tree.

182. *Gymnocladus Canadensis*. Coffee bean.

183. *Gleditschia triacanthia*. Honey locust.

MONOGRAPH

OF THE LIGNEOUS PLANTS INDIGENOUS TO OHIO.

DIVISION I. LEAVES SIMPLE; NO FOOTSTALK BEARING MORE THAN ONE LEAF.

CLASS I. LEAVES ENTIRE; THE MARGIN NOT EXHIBITING NETCHES, GASHES OR LOBES.

Subdivision 1. Leaves accrose or needle-shaped like those of pine, or very minute and imbricate like those of cedar; wood terebinthinate, abounding in turpentine.

SECTION I. Leaves evergreen, neither falling nor changing during the winter, sep-

arate at base, near half an inch long by a line in with.

1. HEMLOCK TREE—(*Pinus Canadensis*, Linn. *Natural Order Coniferæ*).

Leaves linear-oblong, apex rounded; a furrow runs along the upper surface, corresponding in place with the midrib.

This tree is sometimes called hemlock spruce, and Canadian spruce. On the head waters of the Susquehanna in New-York, where it forms a sombre and prominent feature of the woodland scenery, it is known only by the name of hemlock. It sometimes attains most surprising age and dimensions, excelled only perhaps in this country, by the cypress of the Southern swamps, and the American sycamore. In Preston, Chenango Co. N. Y. I have seen it twenty feet in circumference. The hemlock seems to flourish best in cold sub-alpine soils, based on sandstone and devoid of carbonate of lime; on which account it is a rare and stunted tree in Ohio. It has come under my personal observation, on a wooded hill-side a little south of Marietta; on Paint creek, three miles from Chillicothe; near Millersburgh, Holmes county; near Wooster, on the steep rocky banks of creeks; in a rocky ravine at Bedford in the Western Reserve; on the "Little mountain" in Geauga county, and at Clifton near Yellow Springs. In all these places excepting the last, sandstones or shales (non-calcareous rocks,) form the substratum.—This tree, in countries where it abounds, grows indifferently either in hilly or low situations; yet it would seem that certain degrees of humidity and coolness are essential to it. In that part of New-York before alluded to, hemlock swamps, as they are there called, are often met with.

The cone of the hemlock tree is egg-shaped, and near three fourths of an inch long. The minute leaves have the dark, varnished green, common to all the evergreens of the pine tribe, of which this is one. The trunk ascends and tapers undivided, and sending out long limbs low down, the whole presents a conoidal outline. The bark is eminently astringent, and is constantly used in many districts of the Eastern and Middle States in the tanning of hides. It is reckoned inferior to oak bark, however. In surgery it is used as an application to cleanse foul ulcers. It dyes linen a dark orange. I have often known a fomentation of the leaves and twigs of hemlock, used with efficacy in domestic prac-

tice in subduing colds. 'This remedial operation is called a "hemlock sweat."

2. DWARF YEW—(*Saxus Canadensis*, Willd. *Nat. Ord. Coniferae*).

Leaves slightly falcate or curved like the blade of a falchion, lateral margins parallel, apex very acute; on the upper surface there is a furrow on each side of the midrib.

This curious little evergreen, though its average height does not exceed three or four feet, so closely resembles the sapling hemlock in its foliage and aspect, as to be easily mistaken for it. The seed is encircled in a red, pulpy, edible substance, near the size of a pea. The dwarf yew prefers cold, wild and rocky situations, flourishing best on the steep and shaded banks of sandstone ravines. I have never seen it where limestone is the prevailing rock. Like the hemlock tree, it is among the rarer productions of Ohio, though profusely abundant in some of the northern sections of the Union. In Ohio it may be seen on the Little Mountain, in a deep and gloomy ravine at Bedford in the Western Reserve, and on a steep hill-side between Wooster and Millersburgh.

3. BLACK SPRUCE (*Pinus nigra*, Lamb.) falls also in this section. Mr. Isaac Bennett, who lives twelve miles north of Roscoe, informed me that there was a spruce swamp four miles north west from him, where he had often got that article to make spruce beer. Says he has seen it also in Columbiana county. I have no reason to doubt the old man's statements, so accordingly I here introduce the black spruce.—Leaves oblong—linear in outline, nearly square instead of being flat like most leaves; the lateral measurement however exceeds the vertical. This approach to squareness is produced by the protrusion of ridges above and beneath the midrib, of which they may be considered a part. Apex rounded. Length six to eight lines, width a line. The leaves of the hemlock and dwarf yew stand out laterally and in two rows upon the twigs, so as to present a flattened appearance.—Those of the spruce issue in all possible directions, and incline forwards towards the large and clumsy branchlet from which they arise.

The black spruce grows in this latitude only in cold, elevated swamps. In such situations its slender trunk may be seen ascending with the precision of an arrow, almost vieing with its proud neighbor the towering white pine. Its branches are sent

out at regular intervals in a radiate manner; its foliage has a dark green color, and its outline is that of a perfect cone or pyramid. By a *liberty pole* in New-York and New England, is understood a very tall spruce trunk, denuded of bark, and firmly set in the ground before a country tavern, or in the center of an ambitious little village.—Fifty-one weeks in the year it is a naked pole tapering up to invisibility; but from the fourth to the tenth or twelfth of July, it bears proudly the national flag in commemoration of American Independence.

As to the uses of the black spruce in domestic economy and the arts, I have but little to say. The colorless, concrete turpentine, which exudes from knots and wounds and accumulates in the form of tears, is a good substitute for the expensive rosin mastic in forming transparent varnish. Children are very fond of chewing this exudation. Who has not heard, and I may ask, tasted of spruce beer, even though he resides in parts where the tree itself is unknown?

SECTION 2. The proper pines. Leaves evergreen, near two inches long, by half a line in width, from two to five inclosed in a bundle by a membranous sheath at base.

WHITE PINE—(*Pinus strobus*, Linn.—*Nat. Ord. Coniferae*).

Leaves long, bristle-form, acute, triangular with shallow grooves or creases between the angles, five in a bundle, two to four inches long.

This is sometimes called the Weymouth pine. In New-York and Pennsylvania it is the most common species of the true pines, being extensively and almost exclusively used for clap-boarding or weather-boarding houses, and for the ceiling, partitions, doors and often times floors of the interior. The wood is whitish, rather light, generally free from knots, works easy and has a tolerably fine grain. It is also extensively used for shingling. Like the hemlock, it grows either in miry or dry situations, but always in non-calcareous soil, based upon sandstone or argillaceous shale. It is rarely met with in Ohio except near the eastern boundary line where it occurs in considerable abundance. I have seen it near Boston on the Ohio canal, on the Little Mountain, and in the counties bordering upon Pennsylvania.

The white pine is the loftiest tree of our forest. Its usual height at mature treehood is near one hundred feet; but in favorable

situations it may be seen lifting its gloomy head forty or fifty feet higher still. Like many others of the fir tribe (*coniferæ*), it delights in the society of its own species, and is therefore usually found in colonies interspersed here and there among the more humble denizens of the forest. It commonly prefers the most elevated tracts of land, a circumstance which often renders its gigantic height still more conspicuous. On the American shore of the noble St. Lawrence, between Ogdensburgh and Lake Ontario, tall pine trees present themselves at intervals, while on the Canadian side I do not remember to have observed any. When I beheld their proud and stately forms towering above the vulgar trees of the forest, a feeling of national pride glowed in my bosom, the impression of which, years have not yet effaced. They seemed like giant sentinels holding their tireless watch on the extreme borders of a free country, which I exulted in calling my native land.

The cones of the white pine are four or five inches long, and consist of loose incoherent scales. In outline they are linear-oblong, the sides being nearly parallel.

SCRUB PINE—(*Pinus inops*, Aiton. Nat. Ord. *Coniferæ*).

Leaves acute, rather flattened, outer or lower surface transversely convex, inner or upper either simple or concave, or concave with a double groove and low intervening ridge. Leaves in pairs, one and two inches long, rather more than half a line in width.

The cones are handsomely ovate, about two inches long and usually grow in threes. The scales have a straight, cuspidate prickle seated near their apex and pointing backwards. The timber is much less valuable than that of the white pine, and the tree is one of much smaller growth. It abounds greatly in turpentine, on which account it is called pitch pine in some sections where it grows. But the species usually so called is a different one, unknown in Ohio. It is called also Jersey pine, from the fact, I suppose, of its being plenty in New-Jersey.

In this State it grows only on the most arid and elevated sandstone knobs, associated with mountain sumach and a few stunted species of oak. I have seen it in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, near Lancaster, near Marietta, and at Licking narrows between Newark and Zanesville. All these localities possess similar geological

characters, the prevailing rock being a gray sandstone associated with the coal measures. It is generally called yellow pine in Ohio.

THE MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.

AH! I remember well, (and how can I
But evermore remember well?) when first
Our flame began; when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when, as we sat, and sighed,
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed—yet something we did ail—
And yet were well, and yet we were not well;
And what was our disease we could not tell.

Charles Lamb.

HER dove-like spirit through her mournful eyes
Looks softly upward to its native heaven;
For a love-spell upon her being lies,
Whose many mystic links may not be riven.
Love breathed into her girlish heart, perchance,
On some sweet eve, beside a pleasant stream,
Poured from the lightning of a radiant glance,
'Till love's wild passion kindled passion's dream.

For love at first is but a dreamy thing,
That slyly nestles in the human heart,
A morning lark that never plumes its wing
'Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part:
And thus unconscious as she looks above,
She breathes his blessed name in murmurs low,
Yet never for a moment thinks of love,
And almost wonders why she murmurs so.

Ah! mournful one! the thoughts thou wilt not speak,
Their trembling music at thy heart-strings play,
'Till the bright blood that mantles to thy cheek
In faint and fainter blushes melts away;
Thine is the mournful joy that in the dawn
Of early love upon the spirit broods,
'Till the young heart, grown timid as a fawn,
Seeks the still star-light and the shadowy woods.

Yes, by the chastened light of those soft eyes,
That never swam in sorrowing tears before—
By the low breathing of those mournful sighs,
That like a mist-wreath cloud thy spirit o'er—
And by the color that doth come and go,
Making more lovely thy bewildering charms—
Maiden! 'tis love that fills thy breasts of snow,
Heaving with tender fears and soft alarms.

My bosom trembles at the love intense,
Breathed eloquently from thine earnest eyes;
The love that is to thee a new-born sense,
Waking sweet thoughts, and gentle sympathies.
Oh! for the sake of all thou wert, and art,
May Love's soft eden-winds, that seem to kiss
The very foldings of thy love-toned heart,
Be but the prelude to some deeper bliss.

Louisville: Ky.

AMELIA.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A TOUR THROUGH THE TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN
SIX YEARS SINCE.

IN the spring of 1832, vessels were unable to reach the Upper Lakes until the first week in May. We were detained at Mackinaw a few hours, and were landed at Green Bay about the 15th of the same month.—The weather was cold and boisterous, which rendered the delay at Mackinaw agreeable, enabling the Captain to lay in a supply of trout, and those who by reason of sea sickness had found the stomach a very uncomfortable place, to settle that organ, and treat it to a little food. Here we found the garrison and the inhabitants in a state of the most pleasurable excitement. Our vessel and another in company were the first of the season. The ice had left that part of the Lake long since, yet no sail had made its appearance in those waters till to-day.—During the winter, residents upon the Island are in a state of complete separation from the rest of the world. The Postmaster at Detroit was authorized to procure a foot mail once a month after the Swamps and Rivers were sufficiently frozen, and a Frenchman sometimes succeeded in taking a letter bag through the wilderness, but papers and pamphlets directed to this quarter spent the winter in Detroit.

The first vessel therefore brought up the arrears of news, and produced those who had escaped in the fall to enjoy life and civilization in the cities. It opened a passage for the trader who for half a year had looked out upon snow and ice, to flee to the genial South, promised a renewed communication with friend and kindred, when he who had enjoyed only the range of a barren island, could strike across the Lakes and the States to the Sea, mingling with old comrades and new friends. When transplanted from the contact of the gleeful Canadian and the boisterous Indian, he could taste the sweets of refinement, and partake of the delicious and chastening society of accomplished women.

Such had been the delay of our arrival that the anxiety of these exiles had become intense. All had partaken of the expectation, from the officer to the voyageur, and from morning till night they lingered in little knots upon the heights about old Fort Holmes, straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the first top sail, on the

clear line of the horizon. A dim speck, the canoe of the Indian, a floating log, a fragment of ice, or even a fleeting wave, by force of imagination and hope, righted up into a masthead and colors peeping across the convexity of the watery surface.

At length a ship makes its appearance, and under full press of sail rounds the Island of Bois Blanc and stands in for the anchorage. The passenger from its deck may see a commotion among the people on the brow of the hill, the swinging of hats, the waving of handkerchiefs. But he cannot hear the acclamations, the almost frantic shouts of the Islanders.

The striped banner ascends the flag staff of the fortress, while the American flag greets its fellow in the wavings of the breeze at the main peak, and the heaviest gun upon the works awaking from a winters slumber, sends its heavy tones along the shore. As the first boat grazes the pebbled beach a congregation has clustered around the spot. Then follows the hearty gripe, the soul felt recognition, and the silent, yet deep congratulations to which every organ except the eye refuses utterance.

Six years since the individual who had seen Mackinaw (or according to Noah Webster Michillimackinack) had been to the verge of civilization and was expected to produce a description in detail. By the rapid enlargement of American occupation it has now ceased to be a point of great interest and will soon attract attention only for the historical reminiscences that attach to the name.

Always the resting place of the Indian wandering from one Northern Sea to another, his camp fire was seldom extinguished upon its shore.

About 1650, the countrymen of Father Hennepin and La Salle came along to dicker for furs, mingling the gibberish of the Frenchman with the gutturals of the native. Then the Englishman located himself there, with a half civil, and half military possession under the treaty of 1763. By the revolution, the Americans acquired title, and in 1794 obtained possession of the Island. The military occupied the British Fort Holmes in rear of the present stockade until 1812, when it fell by surprise into the hands of the English. The issue of the war made it again American ground, and since 1819 a small garrison has been in occupation, being the center of fur trading op-

erations in the North West till within two years. It was the neutral ground of the Indian who came from beyond the Mississippi to get goods, presents and whiskey, and the harvest ground of the white man who took his furs, for a penny, and sold them to his brother or sister for a pound.

But the red man is no longer congregated here, and the white man has gone after him to "Fond du Lac," at the extreme of Lake Superior. The garrison is therefore unnecessary, the missionary deserted by his flock has removed to "Ile Point," every thing points to the speedy decline if not the abandonment of this wild spot. The Island is limited in extent, rocky and steep, the main land adjacent rough and mountainous, but in summer a most delightful residence.

My passage through Wisconsin resulted from employment which detained me at Green Bay till September. Not having contemplated a description of any thing which transpired, or which I saw in that region, the present observations are mere gleanings of memory, unassisted by a single note, date or memorandum. They will be impressions rather than facts, the remains of marked incidents and events not yet obliterated by subsequent affairs.

Our schooner entered the Bay during night, nearing the mouth of Fox river where the settlement is, before morning. Emerging from the companion-way about sunrise we found ourselves midway from each shore, distant five or six miles, the land sloping on either hand towards the water. During the progress of the voyage no signs of vegetation were apparent, and the unbudded trees along Lakes Huron and Michigan still retained the bleakness of winter. The direct rays of the sun illuminated the western shore, leaving the dark shadows of morning still resting upon the east. Judge of our surprise and pleasure when at the first glance, we saw the forests of both shores clothed with young leaves, rich in the velvet green of spring. We had left the realms of rough winds and floating ice and were transferred in one night to calm and clear waters and the gentle fannings of a southern breeze. Our latitude was higher than the lowest part of Lake Huron, yet the season was more than two weeks in advance of that spot. Whether the original discoverers came into this place under like circumstances and gave it a name accordingly, I

am not informed, but the propriety of its title will strike every one who does.

The garrison is situated on the west side of Fox river about one mile from its mouth. The old settlement occupies both sides of the river for about eight miles. Opposite to Fort Howard the town of Navarino had been built on paper, and some good houses were actually completed. The old village of "Shanty Town," otherwise "Menominee," already showed symptoms of a decline, being two miles further up the river. Around the head of the bay, the land is a wet prairie and marsh with long grass, furnishing musketoes in inexpressible numbers. But the land on the east of the bay rises gradually from the water level, covered with scattering oaks and occasional thickets of low timber. It is a limestone region supporting a good soil, which bears in many places the marks of ancient cultivation. In the direction of Duck-creek there is some poor land. But receding from the river and the bay on all sides, there will be found a fine agricultural country. The bottom lands are occupied by descendants of the French, who were here about a century and a half ago. Their locations are in the French style, narrow upon the river and running back great distances. Beyond these claims most of the country lies in a state of nature.

The Menominee Indians had but lately held the title to most of it, for a circuit of sixty miles, raising a few patches of miserable corn, on the low grounds. About eight miles south-west, a party of Stockbridge Indians, had been located by government, and were in the cultivation of lands as a civilized community. At the Great Kakalin, about 20 miles up the Fox river, a missionary establishment succeeded in bringing many of the Menominees to clear land, build comfortable cabins, and practice the art of husbandry. Some half breeds, occasionally preferred a hut, to a wigwam, and raised a little corn, and a few potatoes.—With these exceptions, this interesting tribe existed in a state of worse than savage wretchedness. They are naturally a good natured people, and less ferocious than their northern brethren. The Indian thirst for fire-water, however, reigned with them, even beyond the usual limit of aboriginal desire. As a consequent, murders were of common occurrence, and when committed beyond the reach, or knowledge of Ameri-

can authorities, were not scrupulously noticed. They are in person, of a thick-set frame, less tall, and in better condition than most Indians, and at least equally indolent. The thief is not so common a character with them, as with many other tribes. Their attachment to the United States has not been exceeded by any Indian people. But the gratification of a never-satisfied craving for whiskey, has debased them to the lowest point of human degradation.—Oshcosh was at this time hereditary chief, and about 21 years of age. He was a young chief of strong sense, a murderer of one of his tribe, and a lover of strong drink. In council he withheld his speech till late in the debate, but spoke with firmness and effect. The "Grisly Bear" is well known as the orator of the nation. He had a commanding manner in speech, but his talk exhibited more of the energetic declaimer than the speaker. There was in his character little to admire, being a great drunkard. His wife lay at night in the wigwam, asleep; when he came in ferocious, and overcome by liquor, and made a pass at her head with his tomahawk. The hatchet grazed the side of her head, through the unsteadiness of his aim, and sank into the earth. This was not occasioned by any quarrel or malice against her, and the blow was not repeated. The taking of life in that way is a common occurrence, resulting from an inherent blood thirstiness, roused into action, by excessive drink.

At "Shanty town" there was an Episcopal Mission, very ably conducted by the Rev. Mr. C——. The prospect of enforcing civilization was certainly discouraging, and an examination of the school, though it exhibited the highest proofs of the perseverance, and benevolence of its conductors, left no room to doubt the entire failure of a scheme, so dear to American philanthropists. It is not necessary to determine, whether the Indian is by a rule of heaven, destined to reject forever the blessings of education, and agriculture, but it seems plain that before he will secure them his present feeling must undergo a radical change. If it arose from a mere want of ability, or simple indifference, a hope of ultimate success might be indulged. The condition of his intellect is sound, but the inclination of his mind is adverse. There is an affected stupidity, an obstinate resistance, in relation to the reception of all learning; an innate

distaste to all mental application, which hermetically seals up the talent of the race. If by any fortune, they had fallen prisoners, into the hands of the ancient nations, as the spoils of conquest, and their native indolence had been overcome by servitude and the lash, as with the Helots of Greece, a few generations would have resulted in an amalgamation of blood, an exaltation of character, and the heroes, the orators and the admirals, of the subduing nation, would have borne the mixture in their veins.

Perhaps the same result would not follow a course equally rigorous and unjust, if adopted between the American and the Indian. But an entire revolution is to take place in the tendency of their present career, if, a century hence, the only living monuments of the red race, east of the Rocky Mountains, shall not be the half breed and his descendants.

As has been observed, the original white settlers of the valley of the Fox river were French. In point of refinement and enterprise, they were advanced a degree above the aborigines with whom they intermarried. They are a very brisk lively people, who dance, sing, drink, and run horses, in winter drawing a meagre sustenance from the soil and the fur trade. There are now however some very respectable, and educated persons in that vicinity, of Indian and French parentage.

During this spring, the "British Band" of the Sacs and Foxes returned to their grounds on Rock river, in Illinois, which gave rise to a border war. The circumstances of this affair have been so variously stated that it is difficult to come at the truth. An important matter, to be settled on the part of the United States, by the expedition, was at that time considered to be, the punishment for murders committed at Fort Snelling the fall previous, by a party of Sauks and Foxes, upon a body of Menominees. The assailants, ancient enemies of the Menominees, came up the river silently during the night, and sprang upon the lodges so secretly that the sentinels of the fort, though within cannon range, had no notice of their approach till the butchery began. It was near daylight in the morning, and the offending party escaped, before a force could reach the spot. The Menominees were faithful friends of the U. States, and considered themselves under their protection. Justice required the in-

terposition of our government, to punish the murderers, and good policy demanded that these two Indian tribes, full of the bitterest enmity, should not be suffered to wage war among our frontier settlements. The Menominees were restrained in executing their vengeance, and promised that the murderers should be obtained, and tried. The Sauks refused to deliver them up, a measure which of itself would probably have led to a conflict if persisted in.

In the mean time, the return of Black-Hawk took place, and the Illinois militia made an attack upon him at the Sycamore creek. The defeat of the whites at this place encouraged the Indians and exasperated the frontier men, putting an end to all hopes of an amicable arrangement. If this rash affair had not happened there is very little doubt but a reconciliation might have been effected. Black-Hawk, was opposed to war. He had seen the power of the whites, but his young men had not. He was overruled by them, sustained as they were by Nahpope the head Chief, and the Prophet, who was a half breed Pottowatomie priest of great influence. But when put at the head of their forces, as the first war-chief of the nation, he determined to make the most of circumstances, and when General Atkinson sent him a talk, urging him to yield without bloodshed, and stating "that his troops would sweep over them like the fire over the prairies," the old chief replied "that he would find the grass green, and not easily burned."

When the Sauks and Foxes had retreated, as far up Rock river as Lake Coshconong, the settlement at Green Bay began to feel apprehensions. The picketing of Fort Howard had become rotten and much of it was removed. There were but two companies in the garrison, one of which left for Fort Winnebago about midsummer.

Preparations were made for receiving the citizens and their property within the stockade, having been patched out, by horizontal timbers, across the curtains. There was very little cause however for alarm, surrounded as we were by Menominees, who could muster a respectable band of warriors, and only waited for permission to do so. But the settlement was kept in a state of anxiety, during most of the summer, by false news, business and travel being in a measure suspended.

During this year no steam boat came to

the bay, and vessels reached there but seldom. The troops, under Gen. Scott, who were expected to enter the country through this point, engaged most of the upper lake craft, and instead of proceeding by way of the Fox river, landed at Chicago. Under these circumstances time passed slowly.

About the 1st of September, after procuring horses and equipments, a stock of provisions, blankets, coffee and liquor, a company of four, took their departure for the Portage. The road since constructed, between Forts Howard and Winnebago, not being then laid out, our rout lay along the Fox river. The station we had just left, though sufficiently endowed by nature, had nothing in its then condition to cause regret on leaving it. Had the contrary been the case, the pleasant scenery of the river and the singular mixture of civilization and barbarism exhibited by the few people we saw; the unusual combination of valley and hill, of prairie and woodland, that distinguished the country, would have banished all regret. During the second day, we passed some most lovely situations on the banks of the river. The most romantic boarding school miss never imagined a more enchanting display of nature.

The country was elevated into rolling meadows fifty or sixty feet from the bed of the stream, and covered with scattered oaks, beneath which the coarse grass flourished in high luxuriance.

This river is obstructed by four considerable falls, beside rapids, but the only communication for goods, provisions, etc. to the military and trading posts, in that quarter, is by navigation on this stream. At high water, a small river boat, of fifteen to twenty tons, is pushed against the current, till it comes to a fall, or "chute;" the cargo is here taken out until the "voyageurs" can force the craft up the rapid by main strength. In low water, it is with difficulty, a bark canoe will swim. An Indian farm showed itself occasionally on its banks, but our path generally lay through a wild pasture, well stocked with the "prairie hen." Near night, we passed the "Little Butte des Morts," or hill of the dead, where the treaty of 1828 was held. It is a large mound apparently artificial, on the summit of which still stood the flag staff of the American commissioners. The mound is reputed to contain the relics of departed warriors. Early in the day, we had crossed an open space

of a few acres, where the Sauks once met the French in battle; which contained several small mounds, but apparently the result of winds acting upon a light soil. We slept at a hut on the southern shore of Lake Winnebago, near where the Fox river empties into it. From the rapids below the Lake to the portage, this stream is sluggish, and though crooked, is of a sufficient depth for transportation boats. It is rather a succession of shallow lakes, than a continuous river, bearing the wild rice in endless profusion. This plant strongly resembles the southern rice in the kernel, and somewhat in taste; furnishing excellent food for ducks and Indians. Where the water is still, it comes up from a depth of ten and fifteen feet, extending above the surface, in a dense green mass, about as high as growing flax. In the fall and winter, the Indian pushes his canoe through it, and shakes out the seed over the gunwale into his boat. It also serves to shelter him in his insidious designs against the wild ducks, who congregate among it, and lay claim to what they wish to eat. After pushing our way in a flat through a thick growth of this vegetable, about two miles, we were on the opposite shore of the river, near the spot where the father of "Grisley Bear" is said to have lived, raised pumpkins and entertained the whites.

Here commences a low rolling prairie, that continued about fifty miles. The "trail" passed two Winnebago villages, one of which was called "Yellow Thunder," from its chief. The Winnebago is the reverse of a Menominee. Tall in figure, haughty in his mein, proud of his nationality, and ever ready for war, he indulges less in drink and idleness, than his neighbor, practices theft and murder, and repulses the advance of the white man. We had too often seen their treachery and duplicity, to be anxious to spend much time with them, and would have been quite willing that they had dispensed with following us out of the village on horse back. Though professedly friendly, they had acted as purveyors and spies to the Sauks and Foxes during the entire campaign. For this reason they had been refused admittance into the forts at Green Bay and Winnebago, which apparently grieved them very much. But they only waited for a safe opportunity to appear as belligerents among Black-Hawk's band, and if they had succeeded in

entering Fort Winnebago, were to remain till an assault could be made from without and join in the fight. The rations dealt out occasionally to friendly Indians at the frontier posts by order of the government, were by them carried into the Sauk camp. Many of the murders charged to the latter were actually committed by them, and particularly the cattle and goods so frequently stolen from the settlers by supposed enemies, were in truth appropriated by these professed friends.

We arrived at Fort Winnebago late at night, having made one hundred and forty miles in two and a half days. Fifty miles of this day's trail lay in a rolling prairie, over which a two-horse carriage travelled in company, although no road had been constructed. Nothing occurred to hinder the progress of a vehicle except an occasional marsh. On the right of our track lay at irregular distances the Fox river and "Opukwa" or Rice lakes, which were distinctly seen as we rose the swells of the country. The garrison is at the portage between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, on a handsome rise, overlooking the immediate valley of both streams. This valley is a meadow or swamp about half a mile across, over which the waters of both channels mingle in time of flood, floating boats from the valley of the Mississippi to the valley of the Lakes. Goods destined for posts on the Upper Mississippi from the East are here carted across and committed to the current of the Ouisconsin. This river has capacity for steam boat navigation, but is filled with moveable sand bars from the portage to its mouth.

From the fort there were traveled roads leading to the Mississippi at "Prairie des Chiens" or Fort Crawford, at the mouth of Fever river near Galena, and at other points. After two days rest we took the rout for Galena by way of the "Blue Mounds." At the distance of about fifteen miles in a southwesterly direction, the traveler discovers that he has imperceptibly attained an elevation commanding the timbered valley of the Ouisconsin, and from which the stockade and white houses of the garrison are distinctly visible. On the east and northeast the Baribou hills rise out of the flat woodland and stretch away northward towards Lake Superior. He stands upon an eminence of five hundred feet, sloping gently down on all sides, covered with

waving grass. On the east and south as far as the eye can distinguish, he perceives a succession of similar hills, their rounded summits ranging irregularly around, not a tree, nor a stone or any fixed object, to be seen in the whole prospect. In the spacious valleys that intervene, millions of fall flowers mingle their bright colors with the green of the meadow, chastening and ruralizing the scene. An excitable person would exclaim at the sublimity of such a prospect, having the grandeur of a mountain without its loftiness, and the command of a seaview without its monotony. A painter would pass from the grand outlines and dwell with delight upon the beauty of its details.

It was through such a country, varied by a few small lakes, that we spent this day. We started a plenty of grouse, and frequently saw the deer quietly feeding on the hill-sides, secure from our rifles in the distance. The sight of a "prairie wolf" was not an uncommon thing. This animal differs materially from the common wolf, being less in size, of a gray color, and wanting in speed. It feeds upon the mice and small animals of the low prairie, seldom assaulting the farm yard. He is less ferocious than the fox-tailed wolf, and may be soon overtaken with a fleet horse. Their uniform practice in regard to us, after running away at a moderate step a couple of hundred yards, was, to face about and examine the company. There were no Indians along the route. The Winnebagoes, following their established customs, had abandoned their allies after their defeat at the "Bad Axe" about four weeks previous, and were in pursuit of the fugitives who had made off northward, during the engagement, towards the Sioux country.

At night we slept upon the ground occupied by a war party of the Menominees a fortnight previous, on the banks of a clear little brook. The transparency of running water in the prairie districts, is a matter of general surprise. A glass of this liquid taken from Apple creek, a stream about sixty links wide, which puts into the Mississippi from the east, twelve or fifteen miles below Galena, would not suffer by a comparison of its purity and clearness, with the water of Lake Huron.

The war party had left a good supply of odd fire-brands and chunks, for the purposes of our cookery and evening comfort. They had beaten down the grass, making a

smooth place for our blankets, upon which were deposited our bodies, after the Indian fashion. This tribe, though not in a war-like mood, had become impatient of the delay attending the subjugation and punishment of their late murderous and ancient foes of the Sauks. They had collected their warriors at the Agency, three miles up the Fox river from Fort Howard, anxious to avenge themselves. Col. Stambaugh, the agent, had at length promised them, if the war was not ended by a certain date, that they might march under his direction to the Ouisconsin and take part in the work of our troops. Their progress *en route* was about twenty miles a day, marching in a single file, which of course, left a distinct trail upon the ground. Our own men made twenty-seven miles a day on foot over the same country. About sundown the Indian soldiers would collect themselves at a convenient spot, generally near a thicket, and always near water. They build fires, and set up a row of posts or crotches in front, and lay poles from one to the other, as a protection against the enemy. After the evening meal, they frequently hold a dance about the leading chief, accompanied by a due proportion of songs and threats against the foe. Then all compose themselves in perfect security about the fires, entrusting the guardianship of the camp to the watchfulness of their little dogs. Sentinels were sometimes persuaded to take post a few yards in advance; but they also betook themselves to their blankets, and slept till daylight.

It was now early in September, and everything conspired to nerve the system and animate the senses. The sky had not shown a cloud for many days; the air was cooled by an ever moving breeze; countless flowers shone in purple and gold about us, and wherever we chose to move, the ground was firm and smooth as a turnpike. A new and unimagined pleasure diffused itself through the company, of which even the animals seemed to partake.

The path wound around the northern shores of the Four Lakes, from which Gen. Dodge, with a band of mounted militia of the mining district, had lately driven the remnant of Black-Hawk's force. The scattering trails of the retreating Indians were still distinct. Sometimes they would all converge into one broad and plain track, then again radiate in different directions,

continually branching and spreading over the country, dwindling to a mere trace. This resulted from their method of travel, sometimes in a main body, then in classes, these again subdivided, and so on, for the double purpose of deceiving their pursuers in regard to their true rout, and also of dispersion and escape in case of attack. It proved one of the greatest annoyances and hindrances of the expedition. In the present instance, delay on the part of General Dodge became a matter of life and death. From April to the latter part of July, they had evaded the white forces. During this period they had been driven but little over an hundred miles, that is, from the Sycamore creek to the Four Lakes. Much of the time their exact position could not be known. They were now suffering by famine, and found it necessary to cross the Ouisconsin into the timber country north of that stream, for subsistence. Probably, there is not a known instance where attachment to a cause and to a leader has continued under circumstances of such discouragement. They were encumbered with women and children, and had been so closely watched for two months, that little opportunity occurred to fish or to hunt. They had lived upon roots, boiled grass, bark of trees, anything capable of sustaining life, before they would kill the horses upon which the squaws and papooses rode. They were now reduced to a state of utter starvation, with thirty miles of country to be traversed, and the whites had discovered their campfires the night previous across a small lake. If they could cross the Ouisconsin before an attack was made, the fish of the stream would furnish them a meal and the river itself a protection. The militia were in motion at daylight, and within a few miles of the forlorn band. Along the trail lay the bodies of famished men, women and children; some dead, others helpless and exhausted to the last degree by fatigue and hunger. These wretched and worn-out creatures, if still living, were bayoneted upon the spot. The exasperated frontiersman now finding his victim within reach, imbibed the ferocity of his enemy, dealing instant death to every one that fell in his power. In fact, early in the season Gen. Atkinson had found it necessary to place a guard over his Indian prisoners, in order to save their lives.

An instance is known of a decrepid old

man, to whom a loaf of bread had been given, and he suffered to depart. He had not passed out of hearing, when he was dispatched by the bayonet, and his food distributed among the murderers. At a fight near the Mississippi, just previous to the final action at the Bad Axe, a fine young chief about fourteen years of age, was taken, with silver bracelets on his arm. The militia-man who captured him was only prevented from butchering him on the spot, by a threat from a lieutenant of the regular service, that his own life should instantly answer for that of the prisoner.

In such plight were the fugitives, and with such a spirit their pursuers were rapidly approaching. The foremost of the mounted men fell in with the scattered divisions of the enemy about two miles from the river. The party attacked fought desperately. The mounted squaws, provided with rifles, joined in the engagement, and the main body succeeded in crossing, with the loss of about thirty. Their fate is well known.

On the second day we passed the foot of the Blue Mound. It is a high hill, of regular ascent, overlooking the country, and serves as a beacon to the traveler thirty miles distant. At night we slept in a Block-house in the mining district. Within sight of the station, a newly made grave lay at the road-side in the midst of a solitary prairie. The person over whom it was raised had ventured too far from the house, and approached a thicket of bushes. Suddenly a band of concealed Indians sprang upon him, with the fatal whoop on their tongues: his scalp, heart, and most of his flesh, were soon stripped from the body, and a savage dance performed about the remains.

The country is still prairie, with scattered tufts of inferior timber. The huts of the miners had been deserted on account of the difficulties now terminated, and the business of making lead was about to recommence. Occasionally a farm might be seen running out from an island of timber, and supplied with comfortable buildings. But most of the improvements were of a temporary nature, consisting of a lead furnace and the cabins adjacent. The process of reducing lead ore is very simple and rapid. The furnace is a face wall, about two feet thick, located upon a gentle slope of the ground, with an arch or passage through the center: on each side of the arched opening, and in

the rear or up-hill side, two wing walls run out transversely to the face wall, between which the wood is laid. The ore is placed upon it, and a continual fire kept up. The lead gradually separates from the dross and runs into a cavity in front of the arch.

The "Mining District" east of the Mississippi, must include 10,000 square miles. Galena or lead ore is found in veins or threads, more often in a square form, of various sizes, and running in all directions with the horizon. They are liable to disappear suddenly, to enlarge and diminish in size, to combine with other materials, rendering the operations of mining very uncertain. Their course is generally straight and not curved, seldom exceeding a foot in breadth. The analysis yields 85 to 90 per cent. of lead, of which the first smelting of the furnace extracts about 75 per cent. It requires skill and experience to discover the vein, but very little of either to work it when discovered. The limestone formation of Green Bay and Lake Michigan extends to this region, embracing copper ore at "Mineral Point," and at other places. At this time the government leased the grounds to practical miners, who rendered a proportion of the product in kind. In consequence of the derangements of the times, although the supply was small, lead was then dull at three cents per pound. The supply appears to be inexhaustible. In one respect, this region differs from the mineral regions of other countries. There are but few veins that justify a pursuit to great depths, and although they are very numerous, the pits and trenches are easily filled up, and the rich soil left capable of cultivation. The great drawback upon the agricultural prospects of the Mining District, arises from the consumption of the little timber that grows there, in melting the lead. How long the presence of this mineral has been known and its value understood, is not exactly known; but there are mines which were worked by the French, soon after they ascended the Mississippi. The Indians could scarcely have found use for it before the introduction of fire-arms among them.

Arriving at Galena, we found the place crowded with people. The mineral riches of the Dubuque country were well known, and it was expected that General Scott would secure the title to a considerable tract west of the river, including the richest

mines. The negotiation was still pending at Rock island, relative to the purchase. Thousands of adventurers lined the eastern shore of the Mississippi, ready to seize upon the possession and preemption rights in the new territory, the moment the treaty became perfect. In this case, as in many others, guards of soldiers were necessary, to keep the whites from taking unlawful occupancy of Indian lands. It has become fashionable to abuse the government for its conduct towards the red man. My observation has, on the contrary, led me to admire rather than to condemn the policy and practice of the Federal authority, in this respect, believing that, in general, its magnanimity, kindness, and protection, demand the lasting gratitude of the Indian race. But with the frontier settler it is otherwise. The wrongs of the Indian are individual, not national offenses. When the pioneer crosses the boundary line agreed upon by the two people, through their proper agents, he is a trespasser, and his life taken within their jurisdiction, is not cause of quarrel, if he persist in usurping occupation. We may admire his enterprise, in pushing fortune beyond the range of his fellow-men, but must condemn that morality which allow a forcible seizure and detainure of property to be right. Parties of men, such as locators and surveyors on Indian ground, may be considered beyond the protection of the government, and if killed while persisting in maintaining possession, contrary to the will of the owners, their loss is not the subject of retaliation. But beyond the lines mutually established, the red man ought not to push his revenge, and the early massacres within the acknowledged limits of our jurisdiction, made it a duty in the government, to preserve the integrity of its territory. Murders committed by whites, upon Indians, either in their own country or otherwise, have been the crying enormities, resulting from the contact of civilization with barbarism. If it can be shown that our authorities could have prevented these individual outrages of its citizens, it will then be connected with the primitive encroachments of one race upon the other. That it should enforce agreements and cessions, entered into in good faith, and retain territory acquired by just war, can scarcely be considered a national sin. Is the government of the United States in fault, because the aborigine is unable to secure his

own territory against individual intrusion? or because, in his thirst for whisky and baubles, he chooses to barter his patrimony for a drink or a bead? The intelligent Indian himself, draws a distinction between the official acts of the nation, and the unauthorized proceedings of traders and speculators. On the part of the former, they have to acknowledge that they have been permitted to occupy grounds long after they had agreed to depart; that their dissatisfaction with compacts was not shown till after the presents were received, and sometimes not until after payment had been made; that the compensation has been faithfully tendered, and implements, schools, and artisans provided free of expense. They would be forced to admit, that gratuities and presents, above the stipulated price, have been bestowed to purchase peace, and to obtain the fulfillment of their previous agreements; and to acknowledge, that after the receipt of the increase, they still forced the United States to war, to obtain what they had bargained and paid for.

The fate of the Indian cannot fail to raise a deep sympathy in the mind. But to maintain that it is not the duty of the Government to secure, by all upright means, the title to those lands, is equivalent to the proposition that the earth was designed to produce game, and not the bread of life, to sustain but one human being upon a square mile capable of maintaining one hundred.

The case of the Sauks and Foxes has been recently quoted, as a strong instance of the injustice practiced by the American nation, upon Indian tribes. The assault upon Black-Hawk at the Sycamore creek, was the act of frontier men under arms; and if acting under any authority, derived the same from the Executive of Illinois. It was the result of a border feeling, which permits the destruction of an Indian upon the same principle that it does the wolf—no murders had been perpetrated upon the whites, or other acts committed that called for summary punishment. The attack was a rash and unprovoked affair. But it is equally true, that the party assailed were in force in a country they had ceded to the United States, and had agreed to abandon. After this transaction, General Atkinson, who commanded the regular troops assembled upon the Mississippi, made every effort to induce them to return peaceably, and

confine themselves to the territory allotted them, and accepted as their home. Their prompt refusal left no alternative. The generalship of their chief prolonged the contest five months, without any offers of surrender on the part of Black-Hawk and his brave band. They resisted until starvation and force compelled them to do that which had been urged upon them from the outset, to retreat towards the Mississippi. When at last overtaken upon its banks, reduced in numbers, emaciated by hunger, worn down by incessant toil, they still fought with their little remaining strength, till their force was either killed or captured. It is also to be recollected that this band had always been among our opponents in war, when an opportunity occurred; always attached to the British interests, and received British presents. They were taken as prisoners by military force, arms in hand, fighting to the last, and breathing vengeance in the prison after their capture. Under such circumstances, what rights were left this people, as a tribe or nation. Their miraculous attachment to their chief, and to each other; their wonderful endurance under hardships and privation; boldness, skill, and bravery in fight, must command our admiration. But their political rights, which might have been retained by complying with offered terms, were lost by resistance and conquest. The treatment of Black-Hawk and other prisoners, has often been matter of animadversion. Of all the men, women, and children, captured by our regular troops, only eighteen were put in confinement. These constituted the influential men of the tribe, who never flagged in their efforts against the Government. Black-Hawk, it is true, from motives of prudence, being well cognizant of our power, was in favor of peace. He was also an Indian who had a sense of honor, as well as policy; a man in whom those who knew him confided. But he had exerted all his influence and skill against us in the campaign just closed; and however patriotic towards his own people, he was decidedly a dangerous enemy of ours. Wisheet, one of the chiefs in confinement, continued to fire his rifle from behind a few logs, till he was secured and sent to the rear; and his only regret, during confinement, seemed to be, that he had not been able to kill more whites. The enmity of the Prophet is well known. Nahpope, the ruling chief, was only second to Wisheet

in his fury against the white man, and always counselled for resistance. The two sons of Black-Hawk were perhaps less harmless in the forest than in the cities, but their detention ensured the good conduct of the father and tribe. With the exception of Black-Hawk, they spent their time at Jefferson Barracks, with a ball and a chain on one leg—a precaution, the necessity of which was never doubted by those acquainted with the circumstances. That personage, fond of multiplying his wrongs, has charged us with loading chains upon him during his detention upon the Mississippi. I am unable to say in what condition he was brought from the Sioux country, when he was taken to Jefferson Barracks, where he was lodged in the guard-house with his confederates. But late in the period of his confinement at that post, he had not been shackled, as I was informed by those on duty at the time, having faith in his pledged word not to escape. Four of the eighteen were transported to Fortress Monroe, from which they were soon liberated, and escorted to their homes, where they met their fellow-prisoners, and such of their brethren and sisters, as had survived the war. Their band was merged in that of Keokuck, and their nationality forever gone. There remained, however, life, hunting grounds, and annuities, as before.

Galena lies about seven miles east of the Mississippi, on the north side of Fever river, up which stream boats come to town in high water. Block-houses against Indians, were standing on the heights overlooking the place, which may have contained 2000 inhabitants. It had all the business air of an old place, though sadly deficient in cleanliness and comfort. The quiet of its people was again most completely destroyed by the appearance of the Asiatic cholera, the night previous to our arrival; and the first victim, (a young lady,) was borne along the street in a bier, as we entered.

TO AN INDIAN MOUND.

WHENCE, and why art thou here, mysterious mound,
Are questions which man asks, but asks in vain;
For o'er thy destinies a night profound,
All rayless and all echoless doth reign.
A thousand years have passed like yesterday,
Since win't'ry snows first on thy bosom slept,
And much of mortal grandeur passed away,
Since thou hast here thy voiceless vigils kept.

While standing thus upon thy oak-crowned head,
The shadows of dim ages long since gone
Reel on my mind, like specters of the dead,
While dirge-like music haunts the wind's low moan.
From out the bosom of the boundless Past
There rises up no voice of thee to tell:
Eternal silence, like a shadow vast,
Broods on thy breast, and shrouds thine annals well.

Didst thou not antedate the rise of Rome,
Egyptia's pyramids, and Grecian arts?
Did not the wild deer here for shelter come,
Before the Tyrrhene sea had ships or marts?
Through shadows deep and dark the mind must pierce,
Which glances backward to that ancient time:
Nations before it fall in struggles fierce,
Where human glory fades in human crime.

Upon the world's wide stage full many a scene
Of grandeur and of gloom, of blood and blight,
Hath been enacted since thy forests green
Bowed to the breeze and smiled in morning's light.
Volcanoes have belched forth the fiery flood,
Famine and War have gorged themselves with prey,
And Revolution, like a sea of blood,
Hath deluged nations, and swept thrones away.

Thou didst not see nor heed the woe, the crime
Which glared to heaven through nights of deep distress;
Unknowing and unknown, thou stood'st sublime,
And calmly looked upon the wilderness.
The storm passed by, and marked no change on thee,
Thou wert the same, as ages came and went—
To forest denizens a mystery,
Like sybil's leaf, dim, and yet eloquent.

Unnumbered storms burst wildly from the sky,
And spent their force on forest and on flood;
But thou wert firm when lurid bolts hissed by,
And thunders echoed through the deep dark wood.
Earthquakes have rocked the forest and the hill,
As if Old Nature gasped in Death's fast throes;
Whilst thou unharmed defied'st their direst ill,
Immortal and sublime in thy repose.

The red man oft hath lain his aching head,
When weary of the chase, upon thy breast;
And as the slumberous hours fast o'er him fled,
Has dreamed of hunting-grounds in climes most blest.
Perhaps his thoughts ranged through the long past time,
Striving to solve the problem of thy birth,
Till wearied out with dreams, dim though sublime,
His fancy fluttered back to him and earth.

The eagle soaring through the upper air,
Checks his proud flight, and glances on thy crest,
As though his destiny were pictured there,
In the deep solitude that wraps thy breast.
Thy reign must soon be o'er—the human tide
Is surging round thee like a restless sea;
And thou must yield thy empire and thy pride,
And, like thy builders, soon forgotten be.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

THE COQUETTE;

OR, A SEASON AT THE SPRINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE," "LUCILLE, A NOVELLETTE," ETC.

"Alas! he brings me back my early years,
And seems to tell me what I should have been.
How have I wasted God's best gifts, and turned
Their use against myself!"

L. E. L.

"Oh! I could love him with a woman's love!
Worship the light that kindles in his eye,
Not with the passion colder hearts approve,
But with a love that was not born to die!"

THE day had been slightly overcast, and towards evening a rain, which promised to continue for some hours, set in. This was especially uncomfortable to a party of travelers who occupied the stage coach from the city of —, and were bound to certain Springs in Kentucky, annually resorted to by the beautiful and the fashionable. The party in question occupied the back seat, and consisted of an elderly gentleman of portly person, with a countenance remarkable for nothing but its open good-humored expression. Beside him were placed two girls—one appeared about sixteen, and the other perhaps some three or four years older. Without being strictly beautiful, these two damsels possessed a very fair share of personal attractions: both were gracefully and delicately formed, with regular features, bright eyes, dimpling smiles, and complexions that might have vied with the blush rose.

Opposite to them sat two gentlemen, from whose conversation about plantations, cotton sales, value of negroes, etc., our party gathered the information that they were southern planters, either in possession of great wealth, or wishing to impress their traveling companions with that belief. The third seat had been vacated a short time before by a gentleman, who, in spite of the rain, had preferred walking the last half mile to the place where they changed horses. The coach at last stopped; the passengers, with the exception of the ladies, got out to look around them, and the ten minutes spent in putting to fresh horses enabled the walking passenger to get in sight just as the driver mounted his seat and wound a long and not unmelodious blast on his horn, which was echoed back by the neighboring hills.

"Is not that beautiful!" exclaimed the younger of the two ladies.

"What? where?" inquired the elderly gentleman, looking round him; for to his unimaginative mind there was little music in a stage horn.

At that instant the horses bounded forward, at the rate of six miles an hour, and a voice was heard, even above the rattling of the stage, screaming,

"Hilloa, driver, what do you mean, leaving me behind in this way? I'm out of breath now, with this confounded running."

"Stop—stop," cried a little ragged boy on the road-side. "Stop, and let the damp gentleman in."

The coach was stopped, and the person thus designated stood without, his face flushed with the unwonted exercise he had taken, and the appearance of his outer garments sufficiently warranting the *soubriquet* which the boy had applied to him. He was a low and rather stout built man, of about forty years of age, with sharp features, a bilious complexion, and a pair of keen dark eyes peering from beneath a heavy and lowering brow. The day was uncommonly cool for the season, and he wore an overcoat of cloth which is known by the name of bear-skin, and the moisture which had collected on the rough surface was trickling in little rills down the back and sleeves.

"The damp gentleman," muttered this piece of mortality, with an inward chuckle as he mounted the steps; "a good play on my name, if the boy did but know it: ha! ha! ha! Here, boy," he continued aloud, as he threw a quarter to the little fellow—"there's something to get your clothes patched with."

"Better give me a new suit at onc't, old feller, seein' these is all I's got," was the answer, and the stage again proceeded on its rout, while the passengers laughed at the boy's impertinence.

"Why, really, sir! this is rather an uncomfortable neighborhood," said the man who sat next to the damp gentleman. "I have a cough now, and I fear that the moisture of your garments may be communicated to mine."

"I am extremely sorry for it," replied the other, in a courteous tone; "but it cannot be helped. At the next stand we will take a *damp* of peach brandy and honey, and that will prevent the *damp* from striking in: ha! ha! ha! A pretty play upon words, that."

As he spoke, he stretched out his muddy

feet, till they came in contact with the traveling dress of one of the ladies. She drew it hastily away, and the pretty lips curled with something very near akin to scorn, as she murmured in a subdued tone—

"Really; Emma, traveling in a public conveyance is odious: one comes in contact with all sorts of vulgarians. Pa might as well have come to the Springs in his own barouche, I think."

The other laughed, as she replied in the same tone—

"If 'wealth makes the man,' as somebody says, I suspect that our opposite neighbor is *not* a vulgarian; he sports the most splendid diamond pin I have ever seen."

"And that has won you over to his side, my worldly-wise cousin," returned the first speaker, with an arch smile. "Ah, Emma, Emma! worldly wealth is too much your hobby: now if this man is going to the Springs, happens to be unmarried, and you find that he has wealth, in one week we shall see you engaged in a lively flirtation with him."

"If I am, you may rest assured it will not be when he has recently been indulging in his fondness for walking in the rain, as a humid atmosphere is not very congenial to my taste, and muddy shoes still less agreeable."

In the mean time, the damp gentleman had removed his hat and gloves, and with an embroidered handkerchief, highly perfumed, was wiping the perspiration from his features, and Miss Emma did not fail to remark, that on the fourth finger of his right hand he wore a ring containing a single diamond of rare luster and beauty. In a few moments, the two Southerners resumed their conversation, which the damp gentleman joined in.

"My crop last year," said one of them, "fell short of what I calculated on making, by a hundred and fifty bales; but the rise in cotton, two and a half cents in the pound, made up the deficiency."

"Ah, you were fortunate to sell off while the prices were high. I held on to mine, expecting a still greater advance, and late in the winter sold five hundred bales at fifteen cents in New Orleans; six weeks before, I could have got eighteen for the same article."

"Late in the winter, did you say, sir?" inquired the damp gentleman. "I am surprised to hear you say so, sir; for in Janu-

ary I sold thirteen hundred bales, my last year's crop, at twenty cents, and my merchant in Liverpool assured me that he could have sold a thousand more of the same quality, if he had had them."

At this announcement, the two gentlemen viewed their companion with an evident increase of respect, and Miss Emma whispered to her cousin, "He is well worth flirting with, at any rate, Mademoiselle Clarice; for it is not often one meets with such an enormous fortune, even among these Southerners, who talk so much about their possessions. If he is not 'the impassive ice on which the lightnings play,' my bright eyes shall make a conquest of his heart before two weeks roll around."

With this determination the young lady arrived at the Springs, and while our party are recovering from the fatigues of traveling, we will endeavor to give some account of them to the reader.

Mr. Walton was a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed estate lying in the neighborhood of Lexington. He was a widower, with but one child, the fair-haired gentle Clarice, who had been educated at home under the eye of her indulgent parent. The present excursion to the Springs was her first appearance in the fashionable world, though for several years she had, in her father's hospitable mansion, mingled in the best society which the State afforded. Her cousin Emma Compton was a niece of Mr. Walton, who, with an only brother, had a few years before, been left to his guardianship by the death of their father. Walter Compton was a cadet at West Point, and was expected to join them at the Springs soon after their arrival, having written that he had obtained permission to spend the summer in his native State. His sister had been educated in one of our most fashionable eastern academies, had made a brilliant *debut* in a society from which she was withdrawn by the death of her father, to preside over the household of her uncle in the far West. This change was not much to her taste; but as there was no alternative, she did the honors of her new home with a grace which gave many additional charms to the mansion of her uncle. She was a girl of a naturally ardent and generous disposition, but education had engrafted a taint of worldliness on a character which nature had intended for one of nobleness and worth. She possessed beauty, accomplishments,

and a sufficient portion of worldly wealth, to attract many admirers; and Miss Compton was what is called a belle and a coquette.

Mr. Walton was a man of considerable information, of influence in the county in which he resided, and in manners and feelings a perfect gentleman. But he had an idea that girls should marry before they were twenty, if they married at all; and his admonitions to his niece were a perpetual annoyance, for, as she had arrived at the very mature age of nineteen, he thought it quite time that the dignified appendage of Mrs. stood before her name.

"Remember the old saying, Emma, my love," said he to her the morning they left home, "'at eighteen marry your superior, at twenty your equal, at twenty-three your inferior, and at twenty-five any body you can get.'"

"Yes, sir," replied she, with the greatest nonchalance; "but as my vanity leads me to believe that I have never yet seen my superior, I shall be quite well contented with my equal; and as, according to your own aphorism, I have not yet passed the second bourn, there is still a chance for me; or even if I be so unlucky as to pass the charmed period, it is not so shocking a fate after all, to live and die in single blessedness. I apprehend that the sun shines as bright, the air is as balmy, the productions of nature, genius, and art, are as highly appreciated by those persons, as by the papas and mamas who see a beauty in their chubby children, which excels the colors of a Titian, and a music in their squalling, which even Paganini would fail to rival. Ah! my dear uncle, sooner than resign my empire over many hearts, while every day brings new triumphs, I would be that contented creature, an old maid; and that empire is resigned at the command of all-powerful love, or the more powerful voice of ambition."

"Ah! Em, I see you are incorrigible," said the old gentleman, shaking his head; "I expect, after all, to have you on my hands; and when your beauty begins to fade, and your wit is sharpened into sarcasm by the consciousness of slighted charms, think what a torment you will be, and in mercy avert such a doom from my gray hairs. Come, child, be reasonable, and promise me to say yea to some one of this phalanx of beaux that always surrounds you. If Clarice were such a sad flirt, I should be beside myself."

"Never fear for my cousin," said Miss Compton, with a mischievous smile; "she will never give you any trouble on the score of flirting. Where a girl is seriously attached, she holds it as a sin to trifle with the feelings of others, and Clarice——"

"Is not in love, I hope?" interrupted the father.

"N-o-o, not ex-act-ly," drawled the young lady; "but there is a fancy—a prepossession, a—a—I don't know what to call it, as I do not much fancy that sort of thing. But you may rest assured, my dear uncle, that while Mr. Walter Compton is in existence, Miss Clarice Walton will not be guilty of the heinous sin of flirtation, unless said Walter should prove recreant to his faith, as a knight and gentleman. Then, indeed, you might see her pine and fade away, like a dying lily; or, in place of breaking her own heart, for a man who would not be worth a sigh, take to breaking the hearts of the rest of his sex, by way of revenge."

"And pray, my pretty niece, is this last the reason why you are daily seeking new hearts to conquer, and then trample on?"

A deep blush glowed one instant on the face of the lady, succeeded by a death-like paleness, as some feeling of a painful nature seemed to triumph over her usual levity: quickly mastering her emotion, she answered calmly,

"I would wish to be considered an exception to that rule, as I was merely speaking of a person endowed with the quick feelings and keen sensibility, which Clarice possesses; my more wild and reckless disposition shields me from the possibility of cherishing an attachment which would color my whole life. Clarice will love but once, while I ——"

"Will never have steadiness to love at all. You are right I believe; so you had better marry the wealthiest suitor in your train." And with these words her uncle left her.

The evening after their arrival at the Springs, Walter reached there also; he was welcomed with eager joy by the whole family, and a soft blush on the fair cheek of Clarice, and the light that beamed from her deep blue eyes, sufficiently indicated the pleasure which his arrival gave to her guileless heart.

"My sweet little Clarice, you have grown more lovely than ever," said he; "I really think my handsome sister here must look

narrowly after her conquests, or you will prove a rival of no ordinary pretensions."

Clarice blushed, and her cousin gaily exclaimed,

"She would have thrown me into the shade long since, had she only cared about shining; but she is formed for one of your constant dames, who believe in love till death, as if the experience of every day did not teach us that love is a mere whim, a fancy that passes as the dew from the flower, the greenness from the earth, the glory from the fairest brow of which poet ever dreamed. Oh! no, tell me not of love's constancy—'tis a thing to be talked of, written of, but who has seen or shall ever behold the prodigy!" As if conscious that she had betrayed more feeling than necessary, in her tirade against love, she turned her glowing face from her cousin, and sang a verse from a popular song, with a half pathetic, half humorous expression.

"Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot when the waters flow;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause that echo may catch the word;
If what you wrote on the sand should last,
If echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
There is truth in the vows of men!"

"You did not think so once, Emma," said Clarice, archly; "remember those letters —"

"Pooh—that was a childish folly—long since remembered with a smile, while your romantic imagination has magnified into importance, what I have already classed among forgotten things."

At that moment a voice passing the door called out,

"Come, gentlemen, let us take a damper. The landlord has some admirable Champagne, and it will be amusement to crack a few bottles."

"There is the damp gentleman again, Cousin Emma," said Miss Walton, archly; "when do you lay siege to his heart?"

"Oh, this evening at the ball room, I shall commence my operations, and I will wager my pearls against your emerald sett, that in a week he is at my feet."

"Who is this person whom you thus oddly designate?" inquired Walter.

His uncle raised his eyes from the paper, which he had been looking over, and answered,

"He is a Southern planter, as I ascertained from examining the register. Mr. Dam-

pière, from Opelousas, and one of the wealthiest men in the Southern country; and well worth even your lightning glances, Miss Emma Compton."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Compton, with a sarcastic curl of her lip, "though he *is* old enough for my father, though he *does* squint, and is quite too fond of taking what he calls dampers, to be an agreeable companion, yet wealth makes him a fitting match for the youngest, the fairest, the brightest of our free soil. Alas! that this should be!"

"Why, what would the girl be at? I did not tell you to marry him, foolish child, though I doubt whether you will ever do half as well."

That evening the young ladies made their appearance in the ball room. Mr. Dampière was among the first who sought an introduction to them, and he, from that time, devoted himself so equally to the fair cousins, that it was impossible to tell which would eventually bear off the prize. The damp gentleman was the lion of the Springs, for it was understood that he was seeking a wife, and he spared no pains to impress the match-making mamas and aunts, with an idea of his vast wealth.

Though not a mercenary man, Mr. Walton was easily influenced by surrounding circumstances, and when the possibility that his own daughter might be the chosen one of this nabob, presented itself to his mind, he began to reflect on the imprudence of allowing so great an intimacy between cousins, as existed between Walter and Clarice, and his commands were forthwith laid on his daughter, to abstain in future from moonlight walks with her cousin, and not to be so frequently seen flying through the mazes of the waltz with Walter, while she declined dancing with all others.

In silent dismay, Clarice received the command, and guessing the cause, determined that Mr. Dampière should gain nothing by the prohibition. That evening he lavished on her all his commonplaces in vain: the lips only unclosed to utter monosyllables—no smiles dimpled the cheek from which the rose had suddenly faded, and the air of languor with which she received his civilities, soon forced him to transfer them to the brilliant Emma, who adroitly impressed him with the belief that she was flattered by them, even at the moment she despised the homage, and scorned him who offered it. With the keen wit and cultivat-

ed intellect of Emma Compton, it took but a short time to discover that Mr. Dampière was a blockhead of the first magnitude: a man who had amassed wealth, and scattered it with ostentatious profusion, without the intellect to value it as the means of gratifying a refined taste, or the benevolence to consider it as the means of administering to the wants of others. Yet his blunders amused her; he was considered by the worldly-wise, as the best match at the Springs, and vanity induced her to chain him to her triumphal car.

As the evening was verging towards its close, she was promenading the ball room, leaning on his arm, listening to the flattery he was lavishing on her, with a smile half mirth, half mockery, when her eye fell on the form of a gentleman, standing in the shadow of the doorway. For one instant her cheek was white as marble, and she leaned heavily on the arm of the Southerner—the next she recovered her self-possession, and looking up, her eyes met those of the stranger. His were dark, calm, penetrating, and there was an expression of contempt on his finely chiselled lip, as he glanced from the stately and beautiful girl, to the insignificant-looking person who appeared to be entertaining her with so self-satisfied an air. Mr. Dampière did not observe him, and few were there who would have imagined that the belle of the evening, she who seemed the very impersonation of joy and hope, who had a smile and a light word for each—that her heart (for a heart she had) was struggling with the memories which she had deemed forever laid at rest. Strange what power a word, a look may possess, to recall that Past which we have striven with all the might of the human will to banish forever!

During the whole evening, Walter had hovered around Clarice, at a loss to account for her changed manner towards him. At length he succeeded in drawing her from the crowd, and proposed walking to the saloon.

"The moon is gloriously bright to-night, and her softening light will add a charm even to the loveliness of my Clarice," whispered he, as he stood irresolute on the steps of the portico. "Come with me, my gentle coz, and help me to indite a sonnet to that bright orb which presides over the destinies of moon-struck lovers and poets."

As he spoke he drew her forward, and

forgetful of her father's commands, she was soon beneath the shadows of the long avenue of trees, leading to the dell where stands the fountain of health. From being very loquacious, Walter suddenly sank into silence, and he spoke no more until they descended the flight of steps leading to the saloon, which is a small laticed building erected over the fountain.

"There is no company here. Why did you bring me hither, Walter?"

"Because I wished to converse with you alone, and there is such a crowd always around you and Emma, that I cannot say a word without it is known to a dozen."

He again paused, as if uncertain how to proceed, and the down-cast eyes of Clarice, and the sudden blush that glowed on her cheek, were so beautiful, that for a moment he forgot all he intended saying.

"Now I am here, it seems you have nothing to say to me, or you are very long trying to remember it," said she, smiling.

"And yet 'tis nothing uncommon or strange to you, Clarice, to be told that you are beloved—forgive me, my sweet cousin, if I have dared to interpret your partiality too favorably, and—and to fancy that your father's views are not favored by you. Speak! but one word to assure me that my hopes are not deemed presumptuous."

She murmured a few inarticulate words in reply, but Walter gazed on the delicately rounded cheek, with the flitting shades of crimson that passed over it, and pressed the trembling hands in his own, with the delighted conviction that his influence over her feelings, would suffice to preserve her from the mercenary views which appeared so suddenly to have usurped the empire over her father's mind. His uncle had conferred with him during the day, and it was to his openly expressed wishes, that his daughter might be the chosen one of Mr. Dampière, that Clarice owed the agitation of this precipitate declaration. She left the saloon the plighted bride of her cousin, though she smilingly assured him, that if he had not been blinded by jealousy, he might have seen that Emma was the attraction which drew the Southerner so constantly in their circle.

"I am not so certain of that," said Walter, "for he is almost afraid to venture a proposal to his volatile sister, lest he may meet the same fate which has been awarded to so many of his predecessors. Emma

is a sad flirt, but 'tis useless for me to reason with her: she answers me with some brilliant sophism, or refuses to listen to me at all."

A sigh so deep that it appeared wrung from the depths of a suffering heart, reached their ears—both started and looked around; the figure of a man was seen retreating from the avenue, and was soon lost amid the distant shadows.

"Some nocturnal wanderer, whose sad reveries we have interrupted," said Walter. "Unfeeling that I am! I cannot give one sympathetic thought to him or his sorrows."

In the mean time, Emma had retired from the ball room, under the plea of indisposition. Mr. Dampière conducted her to the door of her cottage, and with many gallant speeches bade her good night. Emma listened with a sickening heart, though her lips smiled on him as he bowed his adieu. She closed the door, and glancing around, saw that she was alone; her cousin was not there, as she had supposed; and throwing herself on a seat, she exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I am alone once more!" and the brilliant, the envied Miss Compton clasped her hands over her brow, and tears, bitter as ever were wrung from the bursting heart, trickled through her slender fingers.

"Forgotten," she murmured—"No—never—never—through years of triumph, I have thought that one image obliterated from my heart, and one glance has told me that I am the forsaken, the forgotten. Mine it has been to roll back the darkening shadows of years from the early dream of a love that cannot perish—but this is idle. I will cast this crushing weight from my heart. I will become the soulless piece of artifice the world deems me. It were some triumph to let him see the homage which others offer."

She arose, and wiping the tears from her face, approached the dressing stand. On it lay a package addressed to her in a hand that sent the blood in a sudden rush to her throbbing temples, and then as suddenly retreating, left her as pale as marble. After a brief struggle for self-command, she broke the seal. A parcel of letters, tied with ribbon, met her view; beneath them was one addressed to herself. She unclosed it and read the following lines:

"After the lapse of three years, I obey the command which was issued when you believed that you had trusted to one unworthy and false to the

vows he had plighted. I return your letters. I have kept them through years of sorrow, as a treasure with which I could not part. I valued them as the outpourings of a guileless and affectionate heart; but I must keep them no longer. Once more we have met, and I am free! I came hither with the means of clearing myself from all blame, even from you: but oh, Emma, what has been your history during the time that I have been smoothing the pathway to the tomb for one as fair as thou, and younger even in years. I sought you where you are only to be found—in the crowded halls of mirth, and heard and saw enough to convince me that the successful coquette, the brilliant belle, has little in common with the being whom I loved in the first bright joyous hours of youth. The heart and the intellect that can be satisfied with the light and passing homage of the idle and the vain, are not such as I once fancied you to possess, and I am reluctantly compelled to confess that my imagination has deluded me into believing that an angel's form but imaged to the eye the pure and beautiful spirit that should hallow it. Yet pardon my presumption, Miss Compton, in thus assuming the office of censor: we have met, and we have parted, and the remembrance of that meeting will be as a sunbeam which for one instant glanced athwart my pathway, to be darkened again forever. Ah, Emma,

"Thou know'st not that for years in joy or grief
Thou wert my muse: that every flower which sprung
From hope, or poetry, or fancy, flung
To thee its incense and its tribute brief."

Yet why tell you this now? You are plighted to another, and I could have wished that you had been less influenced by worldly wealth alone in your choice. Could I look on him, and fancy for one moment that you are actuated by other feelings, I might be less apprehensive for your future lot; for your happiness must, under any circumstances, ever be dear to me. With a prayer for that happiness, I will bid you adieu forever.
GEORGE DUNLAP."

Turn we from Emma to the writer of that letter. He was alone in a distant apartment, and as the sounds of music were wafted in the open windows, a deeper cadence fell on his spirit. He had been writing to an absent friend, and while he is pursuing his troubled walk to and fro the narrow precincts of his chamber, we will transcribe his letter, for the further enlightenment of the reader.

"I wrote to you, my dear Seaton, that I should visit the Springs, where I expected to meet Emma. I have seen her—it was but a passing glance, but it sufficed. I have gazed once more on that fair brow, placid as in days of yore; not a cloud appeared ever to have dimmed its brightness; and I vainly asked myself if she had ever loved me. I saw her the same in outward form, but oh, how different in feeling from her who last parted from me as my affianced

bride—whose tearful glance has dwelt on my memory from that hour. We have met, and the voice of rumor has informed me that she is the betrothed of another! She had no look of recognition, no smile of welcome, for him whose lacerated feelings scarce needed this last blow to teach him that hope is but awakened in the human heart to lead us by her syren voice to a deeper abyss of misery. But I forget that you are unacquainted with the circumstances of my early attachment to Miss Compton. You know that I studied my profession with Judge — of Philadelphia. I there met Emma—she was then a school-girl. We became deeply attached; for even now, I doubt not that she loved me. I was then poor; for the relative, who has since died and bequeathed his estate to me, had never noticed me in any way, or appeared conscious that such a being as myself existed. Miss Compton possessed an independence, and I resolved to devote three years of my life to the attainment of such an elevation in the eyes of others, as should entitle me to claim her as my own.

"I returned to the place of my nativity, and visited my childish haunts once more before setting out for the South, whither I designed turning my steps. In my native home, beneath the sheltering roof of my mother, a young orphan had been received in childhood. We had been reared together, and she was beautiful, yet I had loved her only as a sister. It was not thus with her: when we again met, the rose had faded from her cheek, and I clasped in my arms but the frail shadow of the young and lovely being from whom I had parted two short years before. Too soon my mother revealed to me, that from the hour of my departure she had been a changed creature; and when the rumor came that I was enthralled by another's charms, she sank at once beneath the blow, and each day appeared to bring her with rapid strides to the grave.

"'But now you have returned,' pursued my mother, 'all will be well. You cannot place the devoted heart of this gentle being, in comparison with one who has other hopes and other fears to occupy her. She has but one object—take that from her, and she dies a victim to your hardness of heart!'

"I will not repeat all she urged, but in vain. I was ready to promote the happi-

ness of Ellen as far as lay in my power, but not at the expense of my own; yet I gave her all the attention which a fond brother might have bestowed. I supported her faltering steps in the evening walk, and when reclining on the couch which weakness rendered necessary to the interesting invalid, I sat beside her and read or conversed, as best suited her inclination. One of my young companions from Philadelphia visited me: unknown to me, he loved Emma. He returned to her, and misrepresented my devotion to Ellen; taught her to believe that I had ever loved Ellen, and that she had been sought from motives of interest. She wrote to me, demanding her letters and returning my own. My mother discovered that the engagement was broken, and with impassioned earnestness urged on me the claims of her adopted daughter. Just at that crisis, my relative died, and I was declared his heir. 'You can now save my Ellen,' said my mother; 'marry her, and take her with you to a southern climate; she will there recover her beauty and her health.' I looked on the delicate form; the pale cheek lighted up with a flitting color at my approach; on the large, lucid blue eyes, which gazed upon my face until tears would tremble on their long fringes; and can you wonder that I yielded? I married her, and took her with me to St. Croix. For a brief period she dreamed that a long and happy life was in store for her; but the mildew had reached the heart of the flower, and the dire disease that revelled in her veins was slowly sapping the foundations of existence. Long and painful was the illness; but never did one word of impatience escape from her lips. She died in my arms, and I laid her in a green and quiet spot, and turned away with the conviction that 'whom the gods love die young;' and the sensitive spirit had been withdrawn from this weary working-day world, ere it had profaned what the Eternal had consecrated to himself.

"One year has elapsed since her death, and I came hither to seek Miss Compton; to make such explanations as would satisfy her that I had not acted the unfaithful part she imagined. You know the result: we shall, in all human probability, never meet again. I have retained but one memento of the past—it is a braid of dark and silken hair. If any token of affection can conjure up the living and breathing form of the one

we have 'loved, not wisely, but too well,' it is a simple braid of the glossy hair we have seen folded over the fair brow, or flowing in curls around the graceful figure. The ordinary gifts which are exchanged as tokens of love, may in time lose their value; but never can we look, without a gush of tenderness, on what once formed a part of a beloved object. With this talisman, I shall wander among earth's fairest and brightest, unscathed. Henceforth my destiny is written. It is to be a wanderer—for me, the endearing ties of home and domestic happiness will never exist. The being from whose love I ungratefully turned now lies in the quiet resting-place which was early awarded to the meek and suffering spirit, and the syren voice which charmed me from her side will not lose one tone of sweetness, though the broken chords of memory and passion respond to each word she whispers to the rival she has given to me. The blighting taint of worldliness has crept into that heart which was once so pure and unselfish; and though I love her yet, (how fondly she will never know!) I cannot seek to break the chains that fetter her: they are self-imposed; and I can still pray to Heaven, that in future years they may not be felt as bonds of iron, rather than of roses.

G. D."

Voices beneath his window attracted the attention of Dunlap, and the name of Miss Compton rivetted him to the spot.

"As you remark," said the speaker, in whose voice he recognized that of Mr. Dampière, "as you say, she is a confounded flirt, and may at last give me a flat; but that I must risk. How much do you say she is worth?"

"Oh, not much—ten thousand, perhaps; but that is a trifle to you," replied his companion. "If one was inclined to make a speculation, that pretty, fair piece of still life, Miss Walton, would be much the most desirable match of the two. She will get all the old fellow's acres."

"Ay, but she cannot say, 'our father who art in Heaven,'" said Dampière, with a chuckle at what he considered his witty perversion of the most touching and beautiful appeal that language ever embodied. "No, no, man—the dark-eyed one for me, though I fancy she is not quite the angel that her adorers call her: those bright eyes have a little too much of the lightning's

glare occasionally—however, 'nothing risk, nothing have,' is my motto."

They passed on, and the involuntary listener drew a deep breath, as if a load was removed from his breast.

"I have then given credit to vague rumor, and she is *not* betrothed," he muttered. "I will wait until his proposal is made, and see what *her* course will be before I irrevocably decide on my own;" and with this determination, he put his letter aside.

The next morning Mr. Dampière called on Mr. Walton, and requested his permission to address one of the young ladies, but he expressed himself so ambiguously that the old gentleman interpreted his request according to his own wishes, and hastened to prepare his daughter to receive the Southerner as her declared lover.

About an hour afterward, Miss Compton entered their apartment, and started, on perceiving her cousin bathed in tears.

"Heavens! Clarice! what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Oh, that odious Mr. Dampière," sobbed Clarice. "I will kill myself before I will consent to marry him."

"Why, my dear child, who wishes you to marry him?" she inquired, in some surprise. "Has he already transferred his adoration from my humble self to your ladyship? Why, he is more inconstant than the moon, and unstable as water. Pray dry your tears and explain."

The explanation was soon given, and the clear ringing laugh of Emma half comforted and half offended her cousin.

"Why, what on earth do you find to laugh at, Emma?"

"Nothing in your grief, *ma chère*, believe me; but a great deal in the mistake of my worthy uncle. Here has he made you spoil your pretty eyes with crying, and reduced my good brother to the depths of despair, while the insignificant cause of all has been laying his heart, hand and fortune at my feet. I very politely desired him to transfer those possessions to some lady who places more value on them than I do. That was a *damp*er for him, ha, Clarice?"

"My dear, dear Emma! how shall I thank you for captivating the horrid creature? And have you discarded him, spite of the fortune?"

"Discarded him! Certainly. Do you think me so basely mercenary as to accept

a man, merely because he has wealth, who would make me blush every time he unclosed his lips to utter half a dozen words? Think of his entertaining me with a description of a story he had been reading, in which one of the characters is compared to Canova's Venus, and he, Mr. Dampière, my lover, actually said in explanation, 'Canova, Miss Compton, is a man that makes statues, and a statue is a figure carved out of marble.'"

Clarice laughed, and Emma said, "That is not all yet; he promised to lend me the last new novel, and what do you think he has sent to me this morning?"

"I can't imagine. What is it?"

"The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

While indulging in their mirth at the expense of the unlucky Mr. Dampière, Walter demanded admittance, and was soon made happy in the knowledge that he need no longer fear the Southerner as a rival.

The disappointed Mr. Dampière left the Springs the same day. As his cab drove off, a gentleman was alighting from his carriage at the gate.

"I do believe there goes my agent, driving as if Old Nick was after him. Boy, what gentleman is that who has just left here?"

"Mr. Dampière, the rich planter from the South, sir," said the negro, bowing respectfully.

"Rich planter—ha! ha! ha! Why, wife, would you believe it? that fellow, who asked leave of absence on account of his feeble health, has been passing himself off here as a man of wealth. I wonder if the Kentuckians have been gulled by him?"

"Well, really," said a lady 'fat, fair and forty,' as she slowly emerged from the carriage, "I could not believe it. Why, he is only the managing agent for your plantation, husband."

"Yes, my dear; he resides near Opelousas, and was recommended to me by the late Mr. Dunlap, as a trustworthy agent to overlook my property in that section of country. By the way, I expect to meet young Dunlap here. They say he is a clever and talented young man."

"Ah yes, I remember seeing him as he passed through New-Orleans, with his bride—a delicate fragile creature, with the feverish bloom of consumption on her cheek. She is dead, poor thing—but here comes Mr. Dunlap himself," she continued, as a gentleman crossed the lawn to meet them.

Dunlap accompanied the worthy pair to their cottage, and after a long conversation with them, he said, as he arose to go,

"It is my earnest wish to remain in my present insignificance. Pray do not suffer the fact of my being in possession of wealth to transpire: I wish to make an experiment which must result in the happiness or misery of my future life."

"Well, well, it shall be so," said the old gentleman; "but remember what I tell you. When a man goes a courting, the more adventitious aids he possesses, the better for him."

Dunlap smiled. "Still, my dear sir, it would be my whim to refuse Venus herself, if she valued me for those advantages which have nothing to do with my claims to her affections."

That evening Miss Compton resigned her envied preëminence as "the admired of all admirers." She did not make her appearance either at the saloon, on the lawn, or in the ball room. Some said she was grieving for the loss of Mr. Dampière, but sorrow was far from her heart.

On the margin of the mimic lake, whose waters mirrored the stars of a beautiful night, stood two figures. One was a girl in a white robe, with a small cluster of rose-buds in her dark hair; and thus simply attired, she was lovelier far in the eyes of him who stood beside her, than when in the halls of fashion she moved among a crowd of admirers. He had won from her the confession, that in absence he had not been forgotten; though deemed false, his image had still preserved its influence over her feelings.

"And yet, Emma," said Dunlap, smiling, "your career has been a wild one since we last parted. How, with your keen feelings, can you excuse yourself for trifling with those of others?"

An arch smile played an instant around the lips of Miss Compton, but she answered gravely—

"Though called a coquette, and probably deserving the name, I can truly say that I have never trifled with the feelings of the noble or the high-hearted. I was what is called a belle, and vanity induced the multitude to bow themselves before my shrine. I accepted the homage, though I too frequently scorned those who offered it; and my motive for so doing was, that when you

heard me spoken of, it should not be as one who cast one sigh to the past, or remembered that you had been more to her, than the flower cast on the wave, which at one instant is wafted to the feet, and the next, is snatched forever from the grasp."

The fair hand was clasped more tenderly than before, and he spoke in a subdued tone,

"Emma, we have met, and all is explained; there is but one shadow on my heart. I am yet undistinguished in my profession. The competence which I once hoped to win by this time, is yet to be struggled for. You may command the alliance of the wealthy—the high in station: speak—can my love compensate you for the sacrifice of your more brilliant prospects?"

He gazed anxiously on the fair face of his ladye love, and the bright blush that stole over her cheek, the hastily withdrawn glance, scarce needed words to interpret their meaning.

"I loved you before a thought of the distinctions which worldly wealth makes, had entered my heart; and now that I know their value, I cannot place them in competition with nobleness of heart, and sincere affection."

"Beloved and beautiful! how nobly have you redeemed yourself from the imputation of worldliness!" said the enraptured Dunlap. "Forgive me, Emma, I did but try you."

During the soft bright weather of the mild autumn, the dwelling of Mr. Walton was crowded with the young, the beautiful, and the gay, and the newspapers announced the following marriages:

"At Walton Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 18th of October, George Dunlap, Esq. of Opelousas, La., to Miss Emma Compton; and Mr. Walter Compton, to Clarice, only child of Charles Walton, Esq. of ——— county, Kentucky."

E. A. D.

THE DEVOTION OF THE COTTAGER.

COMPARED with this how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.—Burns.

FULTON AND STEAM.

DURING the latter part of the last, and the first years of the present century, public attention, on both sides of the Atlantic, was attracted to the subject of applying steam power to navigation. Many individuals were engaged in experiments, with a view to effecting the object, then generally deemed visionary—now presenting so striking an example of the triumph of physical power, under the guidance of human intelligence, over time and space. Among the names connected with these efforts, no American can fail to have heard that of Fulton. It was reserved to him to work out, by persevering toil, the great result which was destined to change a world's aspect.

After many experiments, he finally succeeded in propelling a boat on the Seine, at Paris, by steam. Anxious that his own country should have, as largely as possible, the benefit to be derived from his invention, he hastened to New-York, with the view of building a new boat, as it appears from his memoir by Mr. Colden, to be run on the Mississippi; but which, when built, was used as a packet on the Hudson. He had not been long engaged in the construction of this boat, when he found that he had not properly estimated her cost, which would probably far exceed both his calculations and his means. He endeavored to lessen the pressure on his own finances, by offering one third of the exclusive right, which was secured to him and Chancellor Livingston by the laws of New-York, and of his patent rights, for a proportionate contribution to the expense. He made this offer to several gentlemen, and it was very generally known that he had made such propositions; but no one was then willing to afford this aid to his enterprise. Those around him could no more comprehend the far-reaching views which impelled him onward in his career of laborious perseverance, than they could find it in their nature to assist, with their redundant means, the man from whose steady and devoted exertions were to flow results more important in themselves, and more vast in their influence on the affairs of the world, than ever flowed from the workings of consummate diplomacy, or the victories of a successful conqueror.

Notwithstanding his ill-success in his appeals for assistance, Fulton, faithful to him-

self and his pursuit, persevered under circumstances which would have appalled a weaker man. He saw his reward in the distance, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, as the tempest-tost mariner sees, breaking above the line of the sea and sky around him, the hills and forests of his land, and bends to his work anew, as thoughts of home come fresh upon him, and rouse again his drooping energies.

In the spring of 1807, the first Fulton boat, (so called from being propelled by wheels at the side,) built in this country, was launched at New-York; and in the month of August of that year, she was completed, and ready for trial.

Those who can appreciate the intense interest with which Mr. Fulton viewed this project, upon which his labors, energies, and means had for years been expended, can form some conception of his feelings, as he saw himself approaching the issue of the whole, for good or for ill. With the same kind of anxiety that a physician watches a disease at the crisis of life or death, he looked forward to the trial which was to eventuate in the fulfillment or dissipation of all his hopes. On the one hand was success, after years of protracted and exhausting labor, amidst the cold, unsympathising regard of a neglecting world, and with it honor, wealth, and a name and place among earth's great; while on the other, were failure, disappointment, years of life thrown away, the fame of a dreamy and unsuccessful schemer, the heartless sneers of the world, and a finale of wretchedness, unalleviated, and bearing down the manly spirit with its resistless weight. It was a time to try the soul of him whose stake in the event was greatest.

With full preparation of mind for either result, but with a glowing confidence in the success of his project, the son of "a poor Irish laborer"—as the father of Fulton is derisively styled in a late *English* work—toiled on, lending the force of his sleepless mind, and unyielding perseverance, and the energies of his body to the labor, which, when completed, was to clear away the clouds of years, and open before him the vista of an enduring fame, of which centuries should not see the end.

At length the work was completed, and the day of trial arrived. After, as we may suppose, a night of sleepless agitation, in which memory returned upon the labors and

trials of the past, to be diverted only by the allurements of hope, to the future—with fear assailing his heart, still defended by a confidence in success which never faltered, he nerved himself for the trial which was to decide his fate, and leave him exalted high, or deep in utter prostration.

Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton had invited many friends to witness the trial. It was known publicly, too, that it was to be made; and as the time approached, large numbers of people assembled on the shore. The materials of which the assemblage was composed, were of any but an encouraging kind to Mr. Fulton. So many unsuccessful attempts had been before made to apply steam to navigation, that the great mass of community, judging of the matter through their own limited sense, conceived the thing to be a mere phantasy, which, like the perpetual motion, or the philosopher's stone, would always be near attainment, yet never attained. They looked not through the vision of genius, which, like the far-seeing telescope, that discovers in infinite space, new worlds, can work out wonders incomprehensible to the common mind; but like the ignorant, who know neither the telescope nor the glories of the spheres, believe naught but that which it pleases the Great Ruler to disclose to their weak and unassisted sight, in the firmament above them.

With this feeling of incredulity, was associated in some a disposition to sneer at what they could not comprehend, in others to deride, and in the great mass to keep aloof, as far as encouragement might be needed, from the experimenter, whom they supposed visionary; but who, though they knew it not, was earning an immortality, which, in a quarter of a century, would have a moving, splendid memorial on the waters of every land, from the Father of Waters, in the far occident, to the oriental Ganges—from the smallest stream capable of floating a vessel, to the great ocean, at this day shorn of half its fatigues and perils, by the sailless ships, which, self-impelled, fly from continent to continent, assimilating people to people, and bringing, as it were, the ends of the earth together. Of such, the weak in mind, the small in soul, the ignorant, the rude, the heartless, and the unfeeling, was the crowd that assembled to witness Mr. Fulton's experiment, mainly composed. They were there from curiosi-

ty, not interest; gazing with vacant stare on the machine they could not understand or appreciate, cracking the rude joke, bursting the laugh of derision, or shaking the head with ignorant incredulity, in the very hour when the world might be said to be entering on a new stage of existence, and taking a long draught at the fountain of rejuvenescence, to throw off the garb, and wrinkles, and tottering gait of decrepid age, and come forth renewed in youth, and vigor, and power.

Quietly and steadily, unmoved by all, the master spirit pursued his labors of preparation. Calm as the autumn day around him, but warm in confidence as the unclouded sun which shone upon him, he over-looked, inspected, arranged, and adjusted the whole, and, with patience unsurpassed, awaited the moment when all should be ready. At length all *is* ready.

The machine begins its work, and slowly and majestically the boat departs from her moorings. Instead of stopping, before well under way, as hundreds believed she would, she moves on steady and fleet, momentarily increasing her distance from those who had come to witness her failure, and carrying with her a thousand eyes, fixed as if a spell were contained in the mysterious power which drove her onward. Surprise and admiration were depicted in every face. The minds of the most incredulous were changed with an instantaneous quickness. Before the boat had proceeded a quarter of a mile, the most sceptical must have yielded up his doubts. "The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, inwardly congratulated himself that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features, as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced, for a moment, by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance." A stop in the progress of the boat, a break in the machinery, or any other impediment, would at this moment have been disastrous in the extreme, but none happened. Away she sped, dashing the waters from under her, like a mailed war horse the dust of the embattled field—walking the waters "like a thing of

life," and seeming to bear away on her proud deck, the bodings, and prejudices, and misgivings of the multitude, who followed her with eager and admiring eyes. At length, after a pause of dumb astonishment, the assembled hundreds yielded to the power of genius displayed before them, and with a common and overpowering impulse, greeted the boat, and her now triumphant conductor, with long, reiterated, and deafening shouts of applause and admiration. The experiment was triumphantly successful—the victory was won—the labors of years were rewarded—and Fulton became, from that hour,

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

In regarding the character of Fulton, we find conspicuous above all other traits, a calm constancy, an industry, and an indefatigable perseverance, which always enabled him to overcome difficulties. In all its points it was worthy of admiration, but in these it cannot be held up in too strong a view. It is as a light-house in the tempestuous waters, warning the mariner on life's troubled sea, of the means by which he may avoid the rocks which are around and beneath him. It speaks a language of persuasive truth, plain to the weakest comprehension, that nothing worth possessing—nothing fit to be accomplished, can be obtained or succeeded in, *without industry and perseverance*. It especially commends itself to the young, by the lesson it inculcates, in that practical and inoffensive way, which, while it leaves deep its impression, wounds not the object to which it is addressed. In this respect it is worth a thousand homilies; because the bare recital of the labors and events of his most useful life, must teach the lesson, without the dull tediousness of a prosy lecture. Few young persons can, by mere abstract description or reasoning, be brought to a vivid consciousness of a great moral truth; while an exhibition before them of the life of one man, such as Fulton, would accomplish the object;—as the mind that would listen with cold insensibility to the most glowing description of the works of a Raphael or a Guido, would burst into an enthusiasm of admiration upon beholding them.

In the long galaxy of great names, become so by a firm reliance in their possessors on their own abilities, industry, and

perseverance, how proud a place is that of Fulton. Born of poor parents; left without a father when yet a child; without family or other extraneous influence to aid him; with nothing, in fact, but *himself*, and leaning only on his own powers, he met fearlessly, and proudly vanquished, the allurements and difficulties that beset him, and reared his own best monument in the indelible impress he placed upon the affairs of the world, in his own and succeeding ages. His was no ephemeral success, hewn out by the golden axe of wealth, to crumble within the hour or the generation of its existence; no tinsel reputation, fading before the first damp and mould of passing time; but a solid, well-based, immoveable fame, which, like the sculptor's marble, becomes more polished and beautiful as it is wrought upon. Such a fame power can neither give nor take away; and its value to the nation of which he was one, can no more be computed, than that of cool water to the dying sufferer in a torrid desert. Such a fame can never be destroyed, while, along the mountain shores of the Hudson, in the blue vales of the Ohio, through the gloomy forests of the Mississippi, or amid "the wild, profound, eternal bass" of the great Ocean, is heard the rushing voice of the flying steamer.

Revolutions have been seen, at intervals, in the world, giving a new course to its affairs for ages afterwards. The discovery of the art of printing opened, as it were, the prison doors, and broke the iron fetters of mind. The use of gunpowder changed the whole art of war, and cut out new tracks of civilization. The discovery of the magnetic needle led the adventurous mariner to earth's remotest bounds; and that of America, gave a new turn to the minds of all Europe, and opened a vast field for the redundant enterprise of an overstocked continent. All these discoveries are marked as eras in the history of man; and each has its mighty train of attendant consequences, challenging the attention of the historian and philosopher, as being the great turning point in the progress of human events. But though from each flowed results of the greatest importance and magnitude, yet from none has so vast a *horde* of influences gone forth, as from the successful application of steam to navigation. From the moment that Fulton's first boat burst proudly away from her moorings, civilization quick-

ened her march. An impulse was given, that, like that which first sent the orbs careering on their eternal pathway, must continue to be felt, while the world exists, ever present, ever acting. It is felt in every branch of the social system, moral, mental, physical; with revivifying power breathing new life into all of human action which has become torpid, and sending abroad continual vigor into the thousand arms of influence which it has stretched over the whole civilized world.

Before Fulton's discovery, the world moved on in a slow, stately, and gradually accelerating pace; individual and national enterprise was sober and steady in its progression; civilization and refinement imperceptibly advanced over society, like the dews which fall unseen, yet refresh and purify; all things were passing onward, with that moderate march, which denotes the absence of any great exciting cause. But no sooner was the applicability of steam to navigation fully demonstrated, than a world was put in motion. New views and feelings, new thoughts of greatness, new aspirations for power, new forces, influences, and capacities, new sources of wealth, new schemes of aggrandizement, new fields for industry, new incentives to energy, with new applications and means, were all developed, with the quickness of light; the vigorous action of which, in a few short years, has accomplished the work of ages; and presented to mankind a splendid and wonderful era, absorbing in its brilliancy the luster of the past, and throwing far onward, into the dim and shadowy future, bright rays, which are to beam in their full splendor on nations yet unborn.

Not only were the occupations of men put in more active motion by this newly applied and mighty agent, but men themselves became agitated as the tempest-lashed waters of the deep. An ever active restlessness seized on the people of the civilized earth, and communities and nations began to heave with a convulsion of thought and effort, which overturned the ancient and ivy-grown fabrics of society, and substituted new and gorgeous edifices: overthrew the battlements of ignorance; prostrated the obstacles which centuries had accumulated; and leaped gulfs before seemingly impassable. Men appear to have become possessed of a spirit of rapidity. All things move with wonderfully increased velocity. The

slow are hurried on by contact, or crushed in the general race. He who loiters, falls behind. Commerce has extended from the ocean to the far interior, waking up the silence and solitude of the primeval forests, with the echoes of her never ceasing voice; manufactures have multiplied a million fold; and agriculture has penetrated new regions, changing the face of the earth from its native sadness to the bloom of the garden and the golden hue of the ripened field; while, at even pace, have come science and the arts, giving to all a finish and a grace.

In this general ferment of the world, people of all nations have been thrown together; national peculiarities, feelings, opinions, and traits, have become ameliorated and improved; men have become assimilated, and have learned to profit by new facilities of communication of products, thoughts, and opinions. The result has been a surrender of old and fallacious views; a doing away of ill-conceived prejudices; an obliteration of imaginary boundaries to mind; in a word, an advance of civilization and refinement, rapid, brilliant, and unparalleled in history, in an equal time.

Nor has the change in the physical, been less than that in the social and mental world. The means, the manner, and the agency, by which physical results are accomplished, have nearly all been changed. A power, scarcely yet developed, but capable of indefinite use and extension, has been applied, and the whole physical world feels the touch; a power which comes at the call of man, and yet is capable of destroying him and his proudest works; which dispenses blessings, while it bears within itself, in furious action, the elements of death; which heeds no barrier; which knows no limit; before which mountains are leveled and valleys elevated; which seems to keep pace with time in speed, and over space to march with gigantic, untired, and ever-increasing stride.

To such a power, who but Omnipotence can assign a limit? To the fame of him who made its greatest application, what but the end of all things, shall say, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

St. Louis: Mo.

C. D. D.

THERE is no trait of mental deformity that so effectually seals up the faculties, and excludes the light of intelligence, as *hypocrisy*.

A LEGEND OF LAKE ERIE.

ON Erie's lake the wind blew mild,
And calm the waters roll'd;
An Indian mother, and her son,
Along its margin stroll'd.
'Twas a beautiful noon, in flowery June,
When Nature gayest seems;
And the soul is wrapt in such wild delight,
As oft cometh to us in dreams.

And proud was that Indian mother, I ween,
Of that, her only boy;
The last bright relic that now remain'd,
Of a doating father's joy.
And oft would a smile come o'er her cheek,
And light up her dark keen eye,
As merrily on, in his native pride,
Before her he would fly.

And the birds, they sang such sweet, sweet songs,
And the air was hush'd and still!
As if it might not disturb the peace,
That did her bosom fill.

"Ay, bound thee on!"—she'd oft exclaim,—
"Fleet as the deer 's my boy!"
"And long may he live to bless his home,
And the foemen to destroy!"

There's a peak of earth by Erie's shore,
That stands full eighty feet high;
And there the wild cherry hangeth bright,
Where man hath never come by.
The boy looks up,—but his mother frowns:—
"Ha! would'st not have some, say?"
Nor waiteth he her reply to hear,
But swiftly 's up and away!

Now lightly as boundeth the antelope,
He braves the dizzy steep:—
Now playfully smiles, as he looketh down,
Where the dark deep waters sleep!
"God save thee, O thou rash, rash boy!"
The frantic mother cried:—
But vain, poor woman, were now thy grief,—
'Twere useless now to chide!

The rich boughs dangle adown the steep,
And the fairest fruit hangs there;—
He hath bent him o'er to grasp the prize,
Which he means to his mother to bear.
But woe! ah, woe to thee, hapless youth!
He hath miss'd him of his hold:—
And down, and down, from that fearful height,
To a watery grave hath roll'd.

And the mother is there, all wild with grief!
Her screams rend the quiet air:—
And madly she rushes around, and around,
Tearing her raven hair!
And she must see where he hath fallen—
Despair hath nerv'd her limbs;
And wildly she starteth, and on, and on,
Up the steep hill-side climbs.

She nears it fast—she hath reach'd it now—
 And she standeth on its brink—
 (Oh, Heaven!—of all her earthly hopes,
 Thou'st severed the brightest link!)
 Now nay! now nay!—he lives! he lives!
 But the deep must yet be his grave;
 For see, O see him—now rise, now sink—
 He never may stem that wave!

But he does! he does!—O Heaven, he does!
 One giant stride he's made;
 And he's reach'd the trunk of a fallen beech,
 That the hurricane there had laid!
 And now a faint gleam of hope hath stolen,
 Across the mother's soul;
 But vain the help she 'd now extend,
 For a storm hath begun to roll.

The wild water-bird is shrieking loud!
 The floods, they pour amain:—
 O God! protect that mother and son,
 For they never may meet again!
 And she hath fainted, and fallen to earth,—
 But still, amid the storm,
 She fancies she hears his high-toned voice,
 And now, clasps his manly form!
 She sleepeth there a dreamy sleep,—
 The wet turf pillows her head;
 And the storm still howls, and the floods still foam,
 Around his watery bed.
 And now, from that dreamy sleep she wakes,—
 The storm hath passed away:
 And the soft mild moon, of the pleasant June,
 O'er a cloudless sky doth stray.

But O! what waleth that mother for?
 To weep, alas! and die!—
 For life hath sure no charms to soothe,
 Or to still her anguish'd sigh!
 But see!—all wildly she starteth up!—
 She's heard a piercing cry:—
 "I'm here! I'm here!—O come, mama!—
 O quick to my rescue fly!"

And she looketh adown the dreadful steep—
 Away, away—Despair!
 He's battled the tide, he climbs the steep's side,
 And she soon will reach him there!
 One effort more, and the summit's gained,—
 ('Twas a thrilling sight, I ween;
 To have seen that trembling mother there,
 As she gazed on that fearful scene!)

He hath clasp'd a point of projecting rock—
 Now, Heaven protect him through!
 And the mother bends o'er and grasps his arm—
 God! strengthen and help the two!
 Joy! joy! joy!—Now the daring boy
 Is safe; and his mother's breast
 Heaves quick and wild, as her rescued child
 To her thankful heart is prest.

Pittsburgh: Pa.

D. A. S.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Chief Towns of Texas—Vegetable Productions
 —Fruits—Flowers—Minerals—Wild Animals—
 Birds.

THE settlements from the Colorado to the Rio de la Neuces—the principal of which, were those in and about the towns of Victoria, St. Patrick, Goliad, and Refugio—were in a great measure broken up during the war, and but few of the inhabitants have yet returned. I might say, as a general remark, that the present improvements of Texas are confined to the Brassos, to a small portion of the Colorado, to the Trinity and San Jacinto, to the towns and vicinity of Nacogdoches and San Augustine, to the neighborhood of San Antonio de Bexar, and to two or three small streams, among the principal of which are Caney and Oyster creeks; and that in such places, the productions of the farmer have as yet scarcely supplied the immediate wants of the people. The farms, generally, are small, and exhibit no great appearance of industry. Before the revolution, some cotton was exported from eastern and middle Texas, but since that event but little has been raised in the country.

The towns of Texas, besides those which have been mentioned, are: Nacogdoches, which is situated in a rich, healthy country, upon the banks of the Nana, a branch of the Naches, and contains a population of about one thousand inhabitants; San Augustine, on Ayish bayou, an eastern branch of the Naches, with two or three hundred people; Anuhac, at the mouth of the Trinity, which at one time was a considerable place, and is now in a great measure deserted; and Liberty, thirty miles above, upon the same stream, handsomely situated, with but few inhabitants. The towns upon the Brassos, are: Velasco at its mouth, with one or two hundred citizens; Brazoria, a few miles higher up, with a population of three or four hundred; and Columbia, formerly the seat of government, with about the same number of citizens. Still higher up, are San Philippe de Austen; Washington, a flourishing place, with two or three hundred people; and Nashville, a small place, high in the interior. There is Matagorda, at the mouth of the Colorado, with two hundred inhabitants; and higher

up the river, besides Columbus, Bastrop, a small place with but few people. But the best of these places look rugged, and are built up with indifferent houses. There is no mechanical labor to occupy the attention of the citizens, and business is confined to the innkeeper, the grocer and the merchant. Besides the towns I have enumerated, there is Victoria, upon the banks of the Gaudaloupe, Goliad, upon the San Antonio, San Anna, at the junction of the La Baca and Navedad, Refugio, on the Aransaso river, and San Patrick, low down upon the Rio de la Neuces. Some of these places, before the war, were in a flourishing condition, but have been, since that event, in a great measure, broken up. I know of no mills, or manufactories of any kind in Texas. I neglected to state, in the proper place, and will therefore mention here, that the population of San Antonio is about five thousand.

It yet remains to say a few words of such products of the country as have not been mentioned before. The sweet-potatoe does very well, but the inferior character of the Irish potatoe is hardly compensated by a double harvest, the produce of a single year. The radish, the turnip, the onion, the melon, the beet, the different kinds of the squash, and vegetables of all sorts, except cabbage, grow as well here as in the best portions of the United States.

If the wild grape, which grows to a size equal to the largest English grape, is any evidence that the climate and soil are adapted to this delicious fruit, there is every reason to believe that vineyards in Texas would not only flourish, but be as profitable, on account of their fine wines, as those in France and Italy. So far, indeed, as experiments have been made with the tame grape, they have succeeded, even beyond the views of the most sanguine. The valley of the San Antonio, I have no doubt, some day, will be as famous for its wines as Madeira, or any part of France.

The fig and the peach of Texas are fine, and while the orange flourishes with proper culture and attention, the hazle-nut, the wild cherry, the plum, the persimmon, the crab-apple, the mulberry, grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in their native woods. I met a few apple-trees in the country which bore, but the fruit looked sickly and dwindled away under the heat of summer. Perhaps those of an early kind

might attain perfection, but even this is extremely doubtful.

Texas abounds in beautiful flowers and native plants, but I will merely mention that among them are the water-lily, the heart's-ease, the wild-pink, the jessamine, the cowslip, the May-flower, and every variety of the rose. To this list I might add the indigo-plant, the wild parsnip, snake-root, blood-root, spikenard and sarsaparilla.

The mineralogical resources of Texas are as yet but little known. Iron, coal and copper are said to exist at the sources of the Brassos, as well as high up the Colorado.—I have seen those who pretend to have met with platina upon the waters of the Gaudaloupe. But I doubt very much whether minerals of any kind to any great extent are to be found any where except in the mountains, and these have not yet been sufficiently explored to reduce it to a certainty that even there they exist in any great abundance. Coal, especially, I should deem exceedingly scarce, at any place within three hundred miles of the coast. Silver mines, beyond a doubt, exist in the mountains of the Madena, west of San Antonio de Bexar. A number of sulphur springs are found in the country, and one quite large upon the Rio Navesoto, a branch of the Brassos.—Salt lakes exist in various parts of the country, especially upon the Trinity, and between the Rio Grande and Rio de la Neuces. It is found in such places, deposited in the bottoms and sides of the lake, in large crystals, and is gathered by the savages and inhabitants for the necessary purposes of life. The scenes which occur around these lakes between those who resort to them are often most sanguinary, and would furnish for the descriptive pen materials of the deepest interest. Stone of any kind is seldom met with in the lower country, but limestone, granite, freestone and quartz, are found in the interior.

In another chapter I have made mention of the insects of Texas, and it only remains to say a few words of the wild animals and birds, to close our account of the productions and natural history of the country.—The buffalo are fast disappearing from the plains of the lower country, but are yet found in great numbers in the neighborhood of the mountains. The deer, as I have mentioned in another place, although much thinned by the rifle, are still abundant every where.—

The mustang, or wild-horse, is certainly the greatest curiosity to those unaccustomed to the sight, that we meet with upon the prairies of Texas. They are seen in vast numbers, and are oftentimes of exceeding beauty. The spectator is compelled to stand in amazement, and contemplate this noble animal, as he bounds over the earth with the conscious pride of freedom. We still meet with many in the lower countries, and during the summer hundreds were seen even in the neighborhood of Houston, darting over the plain, and seeming to dare the sportsman for a contest in the chase. There was, among those that were sometimes seen near the city, one remarkable above the rest, for his perfect symmetry and great beauty. Many an eye was fixed upon him, but he fled before his pursuers like the wind, and so long as I knew any thing of him, he had not met with his equal in speed.

Generally speaking, the American horse, especially such as have been raised upon grain, will out-wind the mustang in the chase, and many are caught with the lazzo, or larriat. The skill of the Mexican in the use of this instrument exceeds belief. He will dart like a falcon into the midst of a drove of mustangs, single out the one that pleases his fancy, and at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, throw the larriat with unerring certainty.

The more ferocious animals of Texas are the bear, the wolf, the Mexican cougar, the panther and the wild-cat. But none of them can be said to exist in great numbers, except the wolf, and, perhaps, the panther. We also find here the squirrel, the skunk, the weasel, the opossum, and the raccoon.

The birds of Texas are not so numerous, neither is their variety as great as one might suppose. Among those whose melody enlivens the grove, is the mocking-bird, the thrush, and the nightingale. The former are numerous, and, from the great regard in which they are held, venture upon a most intimate familiarity with man, and seem to take pleasure in amusing him with their mimic powers, and sweet music. The spectator, as he pauses in the grove to listen to this mischievous bird, finds himself convulsed with laughter, or hushed into breathless silence, as it passes with almost inconceivable rapidity, from the harsh notes of the crow, to the soft sweet tones of the Æolian harp. It seems to delight to stop oth-

ers of its tribe, in the midst of their song, by warbling their notes better than themselves, and after teaching them how to sing their song, will strike suddenly off into its own, to show them that at least they know nothing of music. Other birds, on such occasions, will stop amidst their song, and listen in apparent despair, or move off to hide their chagrin. If the reader supposes that, in what I have said of this bird, I have drawn upon my imagination, let him consult accounts of it by naturalists, who have studied its habits more intimately than myself, and he will see how far I have fallen below others in my description of its great powers of buffoonery, versatility, and, I might add, coquetry.

The hawk, the buzzard, the owl, the green paroquet, the raven, the crow, the wild turkey, the ring-bird, the swallow, the martin, the prairie-hen, the partridge, the woodpecker, the wren, the robin, and the humming-bird, are among the principal birds of Texas.

CHAPTER XIX.

Climate—Diseases—Medicines—Nights—Prevailing Winds—General Health of Texas.

THE climate of Texas has been compared with that of Italy. As my experience has been confined to the former, I am not prepared to say how far the comparison is just. A part of the year, the climate of Texas, so far as regards a clear healthy atmosphere, soft, constant and refreshing breezes, pleasant days and delightful nights, is equal to any in the world; and during other portions, owing to constant rains, cold winds, and scorching heat, it would be perhaps difficult to find another so oppressive and disagreeable. The whole country, during the months of April, May, and part of June, is fascinating beyond description. During these months, the water upon the prairies is absorbed, or carried off by evaporation; and the new grass having taken the place of the old, covers the whole face of the country with Nature's richest and greenest livery.—Flowers, the most beautiful, of every hue and shade of color, stand in clusters, or are scattered over the plains in the most wasteful profusion of nature.

One can sometimes scarce resist the impress, as his eye dwells upon such prospects, that the whole country is inhabited by ge-

nii, who delight to beautify the earth, or that Flora herself presides over the scene. Every thing around and about seems to exert itself to harmonize with the beauty and splendor that covers the face of the country.

There is always a constant cool breeze from the ocean, which purifies the air and tempers the heat of the sun. There is a clearness in the whole atmosphere, and in the heavens, that I never saw in any other country. It seems as if Nature had selected her choicest beauties, and greatest excellences, and blended them into one scene, that she might contemplate the effect of her collected charms; as some virgin, after she has adorned herself with her richest ornaments, surveys herself in a mirror. The heart and mind, which are always under the influence of the scenes around, are particularly so here. Under the dominion of nature, both are bound up by a kind of spell, like that which the grove of Calypso threw around the heart of Ulysses.

At this season of the year, little or no sickness exists in the country. Towards the latter end of June, the heat becomes more intense. I had an opportunity of inspecting a thermometrical table, from the middle to the end of this month; which showed a range of temperature from ten o'clock, A. M., to four o'clock, P. M., between 85 and 93°, and, in some instances, the mercury rose to 100°. As you advance in the month of July, the heat becomes more oppressive and the atmosphere more sultry. The system now, under long continued heat, begins to lose its tone, and both mind and body sink into a state of debility and indifference. Many seek to overcome this languor by stimulating drinks, which, like most temporary expedients, only aggravate the disease, and often lead to the horrors, to settled melancholy, or delirium, and other morbid diseases, which indicate a deranged state of the system, and especially the brain. Sickness now begins to show itself in the shape of intermittents, which are marked with no particular violence, but as the system is at this time much overrated, and has lost much of its stamina, they are extremely difficult to eradicate. Those who are attacked in this month, are extremely happy if they do not suffer during the whole summer, and even winter; and still more so if the disease, in the progress of the season, does not assume a more dangerous type, and end in death.

During the months of August, September, October and November, the poisonous principle of the atmosphere becomes more highly concentrated, and the diseases are of a much more malignant character. Remittents of the most dangerous types, cases of scarlet-fever, obstructions of the liver, neuralgia, every disease, indeed, dependent on miasmata, begins, at this time, to make its appearance. But, generally speaking, they all come to a speedy crisis.

At this season, every now and then, there is a heavy fall of rain, but accompanied with much less thunder and lightning than is common at such times in the latitude of the Middle States, and even higher.

There is something peculiar to the thunder heard here, which cannot escape the attention of the most unobserving. A peal is broken into several swells, and rolls through the heavens like a park of artillery discharged at regular intervals. Although the rains serve to cool the atmosphere for a short time, the moisture which they impart to the vegetable mould, increases the malaria under the action of the sun. I do not think that the heat at this period, as indicated by the thermometer, would vary much from the latter part of the month of July; but it is certainly more insufferable as the powers of endurance in the system are much more reduced. If the unacclimated escape an attack at this time, they may regard themselves more fortunate than those who were in Texas for the first during the summer of 1837. Very few of such persons, so far as my knowledge extends, escaped.

During these four months great sickness prevailed in Houston, along Buffalo Bayou, as low down the San Jacinto as New-Washington, and along the whole course of the Brassos.

The inhabitants upon the Trinity, and in the eastern part of Texas, had also their full share of disease and suffering. Among the afflicted there was quite a number of deaths. In Houston there were many deaths, but some of them were owing to adventitious causes, such as exposure, and the want of proper attention. A person cannot be said to be acclimated, until after a residence of three years; and if a writer who has written upon the Southern climate generally, is correct, there is quite as much danger of attack during the second and third years, as the first. Calomel, in enormous doses, is the main dependence, in the fevers of this

country; and so fully has experience proved its superior efficacy over all other remedies, that less prejudice exists against its use among the uninformed, than is common in most other countries. Every old woman has her supply of this medicine, and has acquired great knowledge from experience, in its proper use.

The use of the lancet is not so much relied upon, as one at first view would suppose, from the inflammatory character of the diseases. It will not do here, as it does no where else, to deplete very freely, when miasm is the active principle of the disease. Dr. McCullough would find a fine field in this country to prove the truth of all he has written upon the diseases of malaria and their proper mode of treatment.

The remarks which are here made in relation to health, are not intended to apply to that portion of Texas, which lies so far west as the Colorado. The great scarcity of rain, and when we get still farther west, even the absence of dew, and the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, admit of no animal or even vegetable decay.

I have spoken, in another place, of the great health of San Antonio de Bexar, from this cause, and what is there said may be applied to all the western parts of the country. I should add that the lower country, from the Rio de las Neuces to the Colorado, is more healthy than that along the coast, from the Sabine to the Trinity, and that the latter is more salubrious than the coast, from the Trinity to the Colorado.

From December to April is a period of rains, high winds, cold weather, and of the most opposite and unpleasant vicissitudes. At this season the plains in the lower country are covered with water, so as to be almost impassable. The weather is much colder, owing to the north-west winds which blow from the mountains, than would be supposed, from the latitude of the country. The mercury frequently falls as low as 32° of Fahrenheit. If the feelings were to be taken as the thermometer, it would be set down much colder than that; for the rapidity with which the temperature passes from 70° to 32°, as the wind shifts from the south to the north and north-west, is so great that the system is scarce able to endure the reverse. I suffered more from the cold wind of March in this country, than I have during the winter in latitude thirty-six. The great vicissitudes of the climate affected the system

more sensibly than the difference of four and a half degrees of northern latitude. During this portion of the year, rheumatic complaints, and a great variety of chronic diseases, make their appearance in the lower country.

During the summer, the great heat upon the prairies rarefies the air, and creates a constant current of wind from the gulf; and during the months of winter, owing to the snow upon the mountains, the air of these regions is more dense than that of the lower countries, especially in the gulf, which gives rise to a north and north-western wind at this season of the year: so that the winds alternate from the south to the north-west as the seasons vary. The breeze of summer commences about nine o'clock in the morning, as it requires from the rising of the sun to this time to take from the air and earth the chill of night, and destroy the equilibrium between the atmosphere of the gulf and the prairies, and continues until the shades of night have again restored the equipoise. The wind, from October to April, frequently blows from the east and north-east, and as it sweeps over the marshes of Louisiana, comes loaded with pestilence.

The summer nights of Texas are proverbial for their beauty. The sky is seldom otherwise than very clear, and the moon and stars, shining with a silver luster, throw a soft mellow light over the earth, that, from some mysterious sympathy in our nature, awakens feelings of calm reflection, much akin to melancholy. I have traveled at the hour of midnight over the plains to avoid the heat of the sun, at a time when the silence of nature was perfect, and as I looked over the beautiful garden of the earth, spread out before me like a rose-bed, and there surveyed the heavens, lit up with their million lamps, I could scarce resist the impression that I had wandered off to the land of the fairies, and that Oberon and his train were laughing at me from every flower, and dancing around me in every moon-beam. The nights, until the latter end of July, are so cool that a blanket is necessary for comfort, but during the remainder of summer, they are much more warm and sultry. Sleep at such times is neither sound nor refreshing. In the lower country, it is unsafe to be exposed to the heavy dews and night-air, at any time during the summer season; for they are frequently

the cause of disease, as I know from sad experience.

Were I asked my opinion of the health of Texas, in a comparative point of view, I would say that the lower country, from the Trinity to the Colorado, is as sickly, to say the least of it, as the most unhealthy portions of Louisiana; that, between the Trinity and Sabine, it is as salubrious as the most healthy parts of this State; and that, west of the Colorado, and from this river to the Rio de las Neuces, even down to the coast, no southern country is more free from disease. It might be added, as a general remark, that the country becomes more healthy at any point as you recede from the gulf.

THE DEAD STUDENT.

As standing by a new made bier,
And musing on the form before me,
I could not check the swelling tear—
I could not crush the thoughts that o'er me
Rushed like a torrent, till the brain
Throb'd wildly—ay, but throb'd in vain!
It could not bid the grief depart,
That rag'd like madness in the heart—
It could not bid proud passion, peace!
It could not bid the memory cease
Of friendship blighted—hopes then fled—
It could not stir the stark, cold dead!

There was a calmness on that brow,
A softness round the dark-fringed eye—
Oh, God! it seems before me now!
So stern a power hath Memory,
It brings that scene unto me still,
As when, beside the coffin'd clay,
I felt the sentence through me thrill,
'Tis thus that all must pass away!
I gazed upon that visage then,
And marked the fixed, serene, cold look:
Oh, how unlike the aspect when
It lived, and breathed, and moved, and spoke,
And men on every accent hung,
And every feature seem'd a tongue
That, quivering quick and warm, express'd
The feelings burning in the breast!
I gazed upon that fixed, cold look,
And spoke—yet scarce knew what I spoke;
It might be, thus:

Sleep on, sleep on!
Thy strife on earth is past;
Thy requiem rings—thy hopes have flown,
Like mists before the blast,
That even now was o'er thee driven,
And now is in the far-off heaven.

Sleep on! thy clay-cold bed is drest—
No dreams, to-night, can mar thy rest!

But, nay! Up! up! Thy soul inspire
With themes of godlike thought!
Awake! Was not Promethean fire
With that spare frame inwrought?
I've seen it in thee, flashing high!
I've marked it glancing in thine eye,
When mortals struck for mortal sway
And thou wert panting for the fray!

Arise! and see before thee set
Ambition's wreaths unpulld;
There are some palms of victory yet
As bright as e'er were culled!
Then, up, and join the war of mind!
He must not slumber who would find
The pledge of victory—glory's bough,
And twine it firmly round his brow!

Ah, no!—What though thy soul retained
Some sparks of that proud stock—
A greater than the Titan chained
Prometheus to the rock!
A greater—not a prouder wing,
For pride is but a human thing—
Has waved o'er thy aspiring head—
Thou canst not rise!—the sequel's said!

Sleep on! Life's fountain and its streams
Are dry—to flow no more!
Childhood and manhood—hopes and dreams—
Thy cravings now are o'er!
And here thou liest—a stark, cold form—
What now to thee is strife or storm
Of mind?—thy panting soul has gone—
The goal—not glory—has been won!

Not glory? Ay, a brighter glory
May rest upon thee now,
Than history or tradition hoary
E'er gave to mortal brow;
There have been men—the gods of men!
Frail deities of harp or pen—
But what were these to one like thee,
If thou art what thou now should'st be!

Sleep on, frail tegument, sleep on!
Thy light hath passed away,
To light that needs no noonday sun
To gild it into day.
Like thine own taper's borrowed gleam,
With us it was a radiant beam;
Like that, extinguished here, its flight
Speeds to its source—eternal light!

Ambition was thy ruling star—
Ambition?—and for what?
To win men's hearts and spread afar
The realms of truth and thought.
And oh! 't is glory to believe
The thoughts which minds like thine conceive,

Tho' lost on earth, may still be woven
With the pure thoughts of God, in heaven!

Sleep on, sleep on! Lo! heavy-hearted,
Thus our adieu we tell;
Bright spirit of the young departed,
Hear this, our last farewell!
We mourn thee in thine early day,
But oh! we would not wake that clay,
Nor chain again to this gross clod
The spirit purified with God!
Cincinnati: O.

* *

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY.

MY SCHOOLMATES: NUMBER FIVE: MY DUTCH COUNTRYMAN.

"If a body kiss a body
Need a body frown?"

"Do, Granny! do say yes! You do not know how good I will be, if you will only let me go to boarding school."

"*Yaw! yaw!* and bring home enough French airs and nonsense to make us all uncomfortable and yourself disagreeable all your life. No, child! I want no French *pollyvooving* about me."

"But, Granny, I will not talk French and be silly. I will come home and learn Dutch, and only speak French when it is absolutely necessary. You know how sorry you was last spring for that poor fellow who stayed here so long, and could not speak either Dutch or English,"

"*Yaw!* he was an honest man, though he was a Frenchman;" and the *goede vrouw* turned on her heel, rather more in favor of French than before thinking of the Frenchman.

Alida Van Sunderland was as pretty a little Dutch girl as you would wish to see. By Dutch girl, it must not be supposed that she bore any resemblance to the raw-boned German girls of this city. Alida was descended from some of the first settlers of New Amsterdam, who, it will be recollected, were jolly Hollanders. Her rosy cheeks and tidy person alone testified of her origin. Her pretty little feet and ankles, and the airy gracefulness of her slight form, might vie with the most approved Parisian belle. The arch humor of her eyes evinced as little of the phlegmatic coldness of her ancestors, as the ringing clearness of her voice seemed capable of grunting forth their unpronounceable words. In short, Alida Van

Sunderland was a merry-hearted, good-natured, pretty little body; caring more for doughnuts and mince pies, than for books or science. Her grandmother was an old Dutch lady, presiding over a substantial farm, in Dutchess county, in the State of New-York. Her son Martin resided with her, and the old lady thought him the exact counterpart of her worthy husband, long since dead. This, according to Granny Van Sunderland's creed, was saying volumes in his praise. Martin, or cousin Martin, as we called him, he being a cousin of my mother's, was a plain, honest farmer; proud of nothing but his daughter and his crops. Having lost his wife when Alida was an infant, his mother had taken charge of her. The old lady had relaxed her discipline very materially since the time she had brought up her own family of six daughters, all of whom had married and settled comfortably in life, without even the advantages of French and music. They, poor girls, had been doomed to the ignominious employment of making butter, pies and cake, of being taught housewifery, so that their husbands were obliged to sit in comfortable homes, and of having the misfortune of being happy without accomplishments! Poor ignorant creatures! Many of them died in the mistaken belief that "woman's province is home." They little knew the pleasure of having their house crammed full of useless furniture and as useless company; of frequenting crowded watering places; and the glory of conversing with Italian Signors, French Counts, and English Lords. But I have digressed.

I was saying, Alida was not brought up in the mistaken manner of her aunts; neither was she allowed the other extreme; but at the time I mention, her education was at a stand. She understood the mysteries of neither the kitchen, the boudoir, or the schoolroom. She would have been that most disagreeable of all things, a "spoiled child," if indulgence could have spoiled her. But though her grand-mother humored and her father petted her, she was at the age of thirteen a kind-hearted gentle little girl.—The cause of this was perhaps in a measure owing to her intimacy with Philip Rhinelander, a neighbor's son. Philip was the youngest of a large family of children, all of whom were girls. His father, a plain farmer, was desirous that his only son, the pride of the household, should become a

great man; accordingly, as soon as he was deemed capable, Philip had been placed under the tuition of the clergyman, who lived near. He had so far profited by his instruction that at the time our story opens he was prepared to enter college. He was now sixteen years of age, a tall, awkward youth, as is commonly the case with boys of that period of life. He had the most exalted opinion of the wit, beauty, and goodness of Alida; but at the same time he had sense enough to see that she needed to go from home to receive polish in manner and education. It was a long while before the united efforts of Alida and Philip could induce the old lady and cousin Martin to consent that Alida might go to boarding-school, and especially a French one. Alida had fixed upon the school of Madame L., not from any preference to the lady herself, for she had never seen her; but because she had seen me; and our relationship, however distant, made her feel a disposition to be at the same school. At length, after *teazing* most unmercifully, a reluctant assent was given, and, shortly after Philip entered college, Alida became a member of our school.

My pen would become a fountain of tears, if I were to attempt to relate the trials of poor, petted Alida, during her novitiate at a large boarding school. Her letters home were so pathetic, and her homesickness so direful, as expressed in them, that Granny Van Sunderland would cry by the hour, as she pored over them with her spectacles—by the way, it must be remembered that two-thirds of the time was occupied in wiping and replacing these said glasses. However, things soon wore a brighter aspect. Her letters became more cheerful, and before the close of the year, they were interspersed with French phrases and witty remarks about the old homestead; which did not please the old lady, as she could not understand the first, and was particularly attached to the latter. But on the whole, they showed great improvement.

Four years glided by. Alida had not been at home during all this time, and with the exception of three annual visits from her father, she had not seen any friends from home. She was now seventeen; and when her father came to remove her from school, he looked with parental pride on the animated and intelligent countenance of his daughter.

Great preparations were made at home to receive this pet of her fond parents. The old-fashioned parlor was repainted, recarpeted, and renovated in every particular.—The piano, sofa, and chairs, from the city, were all arranged by the grandmother, but re-arranged by Philip, who had now returned from college. He, too, had altered materially in four years; but only in appearance and manners. He still possessed the same simplicity of thought and feeling, the same candor of speech and sentiment, and the same purity of heart and motives. He had hastened over to Mr. Van Sunderland's as soon as he arrived home, where he became a still greater favorite, by his inquiries about Alida and his attentions to the old lady. He placed the piano in the best situation, hung the paintings in the best light, and arranged the flower stands tastily, with flowers from his sister's garden; he succeeded in making the "big parlor," an old-fashioned room, look something like a modern drawing room. Very much in the manner that old bachelors put on new wigs and flourish small canes, to make themselves appear like young fops.

It was a delightful afternoon in May, when Alida Van Sunderland arrived with her father at the home of her childhood. Her grandmother stood with open arms to receive her, and, as she pressed the darling of her heart to her bosom, tears of pleasure fell in showers from the eyes of both parent and child. The venerable old lady fervently blessed the youthful creature who was restored to her in additional beauty and intelligence, and felt repaid for the sacrifice she had made in parting with her. They were talking very fast and very loud, when Alida, happening to glance towards the door, saw a young man gazing at her attentively. Upon catching her eye, he advanced, saying, "Excuse me, Alida; but you were so busy, I did not like to interrupt you; and besides, I was nearly petrified with astonishment by the change that has taken place in your appearance."

The change these words produced on Alida was to *electrify*, not *petrify*. Her simple joyous tone was immediately modified to a most Frenchified accent, and, looking at him with as much *sang froid* as she could assume, she said, "And whom may I have the pleasure of addressing?"

Her grandmother, who did not notice the young lady's constrained manner, cried out,

"Why, child, do you not remember Philip Rhineland! Well, I do not wonder; boys do grow so fast."

Philip, who had advanced with both hands extended, looked mortified and embarrassed, and especially, when Alida said carelessly, "I do recollect something of a neighbor by that name," at the same time moving towards the piano and opening it, commenced thrumming upon it. Presently she said, "Well, I am sure I shall die in this horrid gloomy place. I must persuade papa to alter this antique house." Then turning to her grandmother, who, fortunately, was too deaf to hear the foregoing speech, "Ma chere grandmamma, how is society around here, *a present*."

"Shaw! shaw, child! what are you gabbling about! Philip, dear, talk to Alida, while I see about getting supper."

Philip did try to talk to her, but his companion spoke French so fast and so foolishly, that he soon asked her to play and sing a song. She sat down at the instrument, after much persuasion, and commenced an Italian bravura, which she performed with so much spirit, that Philip, who, unfortunately, understood not a word of Italian, fairly felt induced to stop his ears, lest he should be so overpowered with the melody, as to be obliged to leave the room in an agony of transport.

But it is as needless as impossible to relate all the airs and graces of Alida Van Sunderland, for the first few months after her return from school. In the main, she was a good-hearted, agreeable, accomplished girl, and such she appeared at home among her own immediate family; but to Philip her affectation was intolerable, and after two months' trial, he was not sorry to again leave home to complete his studies in the city of New-York. Notwithstanding his disappointment in Alida, while he remained in her neighborhood, he went daily to her father's house. He always returned home in a bad humor; yet, if a storm prevented his going, he wandered about restless and uneasy, and was sure to be at Cousin Martin's an hour earlier than usual the next day. The day before leaving home he rode over to bid "Granny good bye," a duty incumbent on him, he said to himself, while (so strangely are we constituted) his thoughts dwelt more on Alida, for whom he imagined he felt not the least partiality, than on the old lady, whom he revered so highly.

He found Alida practising an English ballad. It was the first time he had heard her sing naturally, and with simplicity, although, when no one was present but her parents, she would sing so sweetly and touchingly, that even her grandmother would forget her knitting, and close her eyes while listening. It was much earlier than she expected Philip, (for she anticipated his visits with no little anxiety) as the day previous had been unusually fair. The weather was very warm, and the darkened room showed to advantage the interesting countenance of Alida, as it varied with the emotions of her heart. Her hair was parted simply upon her brow, and her pretty figure showed well, wrapped in a loose white dress or wrapper. Philip stole gently into the room, and threw himself on the sofa by an unopened window. Her simple dress and unaffected song became her so well, that Philip began to feel a little twinge of regret that he was going so soon. Alida finished her song, and commenced a lively waltz.— Suddenly rising, and continuing the air with her voice, she placed her hands on her waist, and flew round the room with astonishing rapidity, totally unconscious of the presence of any one. After innumerable evolutions, her voice failed her, and she was continuing her dance without music, when Philip caught the air where she left it, and commenced whistling. Alida staggered to the sofa to recover herself, and ascertain the intruder, when she was caught in some person's arms, and a hearty kiss imprinted on her cheek. Her senses returned immediately, and starting from him, the fire flashing from her eyes, and the warm blood rushing to her cheeks, until her whole face was scarlet. She attempted to speak, but the words were choked, and bursting into tears, she sobbed aloud. Philip was shocked at his impetuosity, and in vain attempted to apologize. He was young and inexperienced; and the very emotion that an older and more practised person would have made the foundation of forgiveness, made him awkward and silent. After a few moments of embarrassed silence, he took her hand, and speaking in low tones to her, said, "Miss Van Sunderland, I dare not ask forgiveness for my imprudent conduct, at which you are so justly displeased, but I assure you I will never again intrude myself in your presence, without your express command. I leave here to-morrow, and will

probably never again reside in this portion of the country ; so do not let the fear of seeing me deter you from visiting at my father's house. And allow me the privilege of an old friend and playmate, to advise you to be always what you have been this morning—that is, Alida Van Sunderland, not *Mademoiselle Alide*, as you have hitherto been." He dropped her hand, left the house, mounted his horse, and forgot his errand, until his mother asked him what the *goede vrouw* said to him.

Alida cried bitterly after Philip had gone, but whether because he kissed her, or because he left her, I am not at liberty to disclose. To do Alida justice, she immediately took Philip's advice, and laid aside her airs and graces, and became her own sweet simple self.

In the course of time Philip visited home, but he never went to cousin Martin's.—The *goede vrouw* wondered, and cousin Martin looked grave whenever his name was mentioned. Both ascribed it to New-York manners, namely : cutting country acquaintances, a fashion not confined, I presume, to the citizens of New-York.

Five years had passed away, during which time Alida had refused some of the best offers in the county, and still remained unmarried. She had gone two successive winters to New-York, but got homesick, and returned in six weeks. She began to talk of being an old maid, and can we wonder that single blessedness stared her in the face, when she had attained the advanced age of twenty-two, and when nearly all her classmates and companions were either married or engaged.

About this time the *goede old vrouw*, who had long been getting feeble, was taken very ill, and became putulant and obstinate.—She grew childish, with the united weight of infirmity and disease, and insisted that Philip should be sent for. Alida endeavored to dissuade her, but opposition only made her more obstinate ; and Alida was compelled to write to him. Her pride revolted at writing the command, that alone was wanting to bring back her old friend and lover, as she inwardly felt him to be.—The few lines she dispatched to him were couched in the most distant and frigid terms, but Philip looked not at the terms, so that the order was given. He came, if not on wings of love, at least as rapidly, in these days of steam-engines.

When I last saw Alida Van Sunderland, it was at the old homestead. When I entered, she was superintending the family baking, with the little Martin in her arms. She was a notable, good-humored housewife, and her husband a *ci-devant* doctor and good farmer. When I left her, she was leaning on the arm of her husband, smiling us a long adieu. Cousin Martin was seated on the front stoop, with a chubby little fellow on his knee, with a stick in his mouth, gravely imitating his grandfather smoke his pipe.

A. S. V. V.

EPITAPHS.

I HAVE a particular affection for epitaphs. I have ever made them my delighted study, and dearly like them all, after their degree, good, bad, and indifferent. For it is meet that the marble, like the men whom it commemorates, should speak a various language. I say I like them all, and I can easily excuse their faults, if they are not too glaring and utterly incongruous to the spirit of the subject and the scene.

There are few amusements that afford me more delight, than rambling at leisure like another Old Mortality, through some retired and solitary place of graves, and reading the last mementoes of the dead. An old tombstone, say of some centuries, covered with moss and lichen, is a perfect treasure to me ; and I pore, with the utmost gusto, over those quaint epitaphs that are clad in the rusty vestments of antiquity. They seem to me to be a kind of legacy from a past age—a mystic link connecting us with times gone by, and conveying us back by solemn associations to the once bustling and jostling generation, whose vacant places we now occupy.

Yet let it not be understood that I am indifferent as to the literary merit of an epitaph. I am really sorry to see this species of writing so much neglected. For it is a field that affords no small scope for the exercise of talent.

It requires genius to write a good epitaph, and not genius only, but tact and taste, an idea of propriety and a fine sense of the sublime and beautiful. Bonaparte evinced this when he substituted in place of a turgid eulogy to the great French general, the proud name of "Turenne !" There is an epitaph

after this fashion in the vaults of the Escorial; and to the Spaniard there could scarcely have been a more stirring inscription than the bare name of — "Carolus V."

We have ever admired the epitaph of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, in Westminster abbey; one equally expressive and sublime, reposing as that distinguished artist does amidst the splendid productions of his genius.

"Si quæris monumentum, circumspice!"

The gifted rival of Shakspeare is there also happily commemorated by the line

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

He was himself excellent at this kind of writing, and we are indebted to him for two as beautiful epitaphs as there are in the language. I will copy one on the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, although perhaps it may be familiar to the reader.

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of each verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

As I am in the humor of copying I will trouble the reader with another upon the unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica; who having mortgaged his kingdom to the London Jews to "raise the wind," died at last within the limits of the King's Bench.

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and Kings;
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead,
Fate poured this lesson on his living head;
Bestowed a Kingdom and denied him bread."

It was a happy thought that engraved the Binomial Theorem on the tomb of Newton. Archimedes gave orders that a sphere containing a cylinder should be placed upon his tomb, with the equation expressing the proportion between them; which was one of his numerous discoveries. This is as it should be—making a man's deeds tell their own story. Such inscriptions as these cannot lie.

There is a beautiful Latin distich which I have picked up somewhere, I forget where, and I know not to whom it was inscribed. If it is not an Augustan, the sentiment is at least worthy of Rome's best days. It is the epitaph of a young wife, and she is represented as thus addressing her husband,

"Immatura peri, sed tu felicior, annos
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos."

I will conclude with the humorous epitaph of Stephen the fiddler, who was somewhat memorable for beating time to his music.

"Stephen and time are now both even,
Stephen beat time and time beat Stephen."

B.

ON A MINIATURE.

If God to man denies the skill to trace
The heart's affection in the living face,
Can from the shadow she an image gain,
Who, copying from the substance, strove in vain?

By the mute canvass or the marble cold,
Can love be sung, or burning thoughts be told?
Where are the touch, the tone, the speaking eye,
The joyous laugh or agonizing sigh?

No thought ethereal can the magic art
Of sculpture to its studied forms impart;
The fading light and varying shade combined,
But show Apollo dumb and Venus blind.

Yet Fancy's pencil every fault amends,
And Memory's colors with the artist's blends;
Each feature touches with a living hue,
And to the loved one makes his image true.

Oh Memory! thou mirror of the past,
On thy bright surface every shade is cast;
A sister's smile, a mother's murmuring prayer,
And maiden's tear, are all reflected there.

Thou art no flatterer; no deceptive light
Can charm the vision with a rainbow bright;
But sorrow lingers on the trembling ray,
And pleasure lightly quivering flits away.

Cincinnati: O.

G. L. S.

PARTIALITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW."

As Death and old Nick were traveling together,
Both facing the storms of our cold winter weather,
And helping each other, as friends ought to do,
Though the cold made old Nick the more slack of the two,
They came where a Hornbook, a friend of them both,
Had lain up in sickness, or lain down in sloth;
"O ho, sir," said Death, "is this you, my dear zany?
I'll spare you as yet, you have sent me so many;
Both in science and art, you're the friend I confide in;
You've the science of death, with the sly art of hidin'.
With permission, Sir Satan, we'll spare him awhile"—
"I'm perfectly willing," said Nick, with a smile;
Farewell, dearest doctor, send patients to me,
And when we meet at my house, I'll be patient to thee."
"Ha, ha," laughed the doctor, enjoying the sport,
"'Tis a blessing indeed, sirs, to have friends at court."

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

CLIMATE: WINDS: STORMS: TRAVEL: DROUGHTS:
INUNDATIONS: AGRICULTURE: THE CAMEL:
THE CROCODILE: ET CETERA.

BY JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE climate of Egypt is usually regarded by Europeans as excessively hot; but this is an error. Egypt does not lie within the tropics, but the whole country is situated within the temperate zone. To one from the north of Europe, the ordinary temperature would appear very warm; to an inhabitant of India it would seem quite cold; while I, who have lived in both, call the climate temperate, and consider it as exactly suited to produce the highest and most favorable development of human nature, both mental and physical. The succession of the seasons takes place there just as it does in all countries north of the equator. In that respect, there is nothing peculiar. The lowest point to which the thermometer falls is from twenty-five to thirty of Fahrenheit. Frost is very rare, and when it does take place, it continues but for a few hours, being quickly dispelled by the beams of the morning sun. The highest degree of heat is 90 degrees; the thermometer very seldom rises over that degree. The vicissitudes of the climate are not so great as those which I am told you frequently experience in Washington. Egypt is a very pleasant

country to inhabit, provided you can avoid too much exposure to the sun. There is a delightful blandness and softness in the air, and, though the climate is warm, it is not oppressive; and it is not just to denominate Egypt a hot country.

The chief peculiarities of the climate consist in the prevailing winds, and in the absence of rain. In most countries the wind is exceedingly variable, blowing from every quarter of the compass, and that in so uncertain a manner that no man can tell to-day what wind will prevail to-morrow. The only general exceptions to this state of things are found within the tropics, where the monsoons prevail, and nearer the equator, where the trade winds blow steadily in one direction. In Egypt, however, the wind is not variable as in Europe and America. They have but two winds there, one from the north and the other from the south, which divide the year between them, though not in equal proportions. The north wind prevails for ten months, the south for two. The former is most favorable to health and for the general purposes of navigation; the other is remarkable for its effect on animal life. The first was called by the ancients the Etesian wind; it has now a name among the natives, signifying *winds of the north*. The winds bring health and vigor on their wings. They are cool and refreshing, like the sea breezes in the West India islands. Coming from Macedonia and Thrace, they pass over Mount Taurus, and the snow clad top of the Cretan Ida, and sweeping thence across the Mediterranean Sea, they bring into Egypt a refreshing coolness which renders them peculiarly welcome to the inhabitants. So anxious are they for this enjoyment, that they construct their houses with a view to obtaining it. They are built with flat roofs, in the center of which there is a square elevation inclosed on three sides and leaving the other open, like what is called the companion hatchway on board a ship. This opening is always towards the north,

* This is the second of the several *Lectures on Egypt*, delivered in New-York by Mr. BUCKINGHAM, the distinguished Oriental Traveler, and reported for the New-York Observer. Its perusal has interested us very much, and enlightened us upon several topics with regard to which we were in the dark; and we trust that our readers will derive a like pleasure and benefit from it. The land of the Pharaohs is a portion of the earth, a correct description of which, at this day, cannot fail to entertain every mind at all conversant with Scripture History: and that Mr. Buckingham's descriptions of this, and other parts of the Ancient World, are correct, wonderful as some of them appear, we have yet heard no good cause of doubt assigned.—ED. HESPERIAN.

and operates like a funnel or ventilator to catch the desired breeze, which is carried down by pipes and let off by valves and cocks into every apartment of their dwellings; and the inmates, when gathered in their domestic associations, sit round about these openings in the same way, though for an opposite reason, that we do round the fire-side. The ventilation thus produced conduces equally to health and pleasure; and my wonder has been, why a similar practice does not prevail in all warm countries.

The Etesian winds, while thus favorable to the general health, are of equal advantage in the navigation of the Nile; and as they prevail during so large a portion of the year, strikingly evince the beneficence of Providence. The Nile is not influenced, like our rivers and yours, by tides from the Ocean. The great Oceanic tide, by its alternate ebb and flow, produces on great rivers an effect favorable to their navigation. These effects are common to the rivers of America, Africa and India; and as they extend for a considerable distance from the mouths of those streams, vessels are enabled by this assistance to ascend them without and even against the wind. But throughout the Mediterranean, it must be remembered that there is no regular tide rising and falling at fixed hours as elsewhere. When indeed the wind has continued long to blow in one direction, a slight tide is perceptible; but even then the water does not rise a foot, save in one spot, which is in the strait between the mainland of Greece and the island of Eubœa or Negropont, where there are four changes of tide in twenty-four hours. This absence of tide would render the Nile unnavigable, were it not for the north winds. These not only supply the defect, but as long as they prevail, render the navigation of that river more uniform and certain than that of any other. In ascending the river, you have a current of seven or eight miles an hour against you, to meet which you must provide a boat with tall masts, ample yards, and great compass of canvass. By this means you are enabled, by the steady impetus of the north wind, not only to resist the current, but to make good ten miles an hour in the opposite direction; thus in fact effecting a passage through the water of eighteen miles an hour. The boats are built sharp in the bows, with a small draught of water, and are thus en-

abled to skim over the surface and feel in a less degree the force of the current. But when you wish to descend the river, you of course reverse this state of things. You load the vessel as deeply as you can, so that the current may have as strong a hold upon it as possible; you place her side in an angle to the stream, with a view to the same object; and finally, you reduce the sail, and in sea phrase, "make all snug." There may therefore be seen upon the Nile, what can be seen no where else, save under the power of steam, vessels passing each other in opposite directions under the same wind and the same current, and traveling with equal ease and speed up and down the river. For all these reasons the Etesian or northern winds are dear to the Egyptians.

I have said that during two months of the year the South wind prevails. The ordinary name of this formidable wind is *Simoon*. It is called in Arabic *Sumyed*, the wind of the desert, and by another title, which signifies the wind of fifty days. It is remarkable for its suffocating heat, and no less so for its enervating effects on the constitution. No inhabitant of a northern clime who has never traveled in these countries, can form any adequate idea of the power of the *Simoon* in completely unstringing the human system and oppressing the frame with a painful sense of languor and lassitude. It produces a state of feeling which explains a proverb common among the Hindoos, "It is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie than to sit; but to sleep is the best of all"—a saying which very well exemplifies the grammarian's degrees of comparison, positive, comparative, and superlative. During the prevalence of this visitation, the chief object with every body is to wear away the time. These qualities in the southern wind are occasioned by its passing over the vast deserts which lie south of Egypt and Nubia. So great is the heat which it contracts while passing over these burning wastes, that it feels upon your cheek like a blast from the mouth of a furnace. It affects alike all animal life. Both man and beast wither under its power. Those who can afford to live without any active employment, shut themselves up and retire within the most secret parts of their houses; while the poorer classes, whose necessity obliges them to labor, do it in such a reluctant and sluggish manner, that I do not believe there is as much work done

through all Egypt during the two months in which these winds prevail, as is accomplished in one week at a different season of the year. In crossing the Mediterranean Sea, the Simoon loses a portion of its heat, in consequence of which its deleterious effects are in some degree mitigated when it reaches the shores of Sicily and Italy, where it is known by the name of the Sirocco, or south east wind. The Italians and Sicilians are so affected by its prevalence, that they are disabled from doing any thing with the accustomed spirit or success; and so well is this fact understood, that the prevalence of the Sirocco furnishes a standing excuse for failures and defects of all kinds. If a poem proves flat, if a play has no plot, a picture no composition, a statue no grace, an amatory epistle no tenderness; the authors shrug their shoulders and ask, "what would you have—it was done in the Sirocco." If among the vivid and enthusiastic Italians, and after traversing half the length of the Mediterranean Sea, this wind is still able to produce such effects, you may judge what it must be in Egypt, where it comes fresh from the face of the desert. And again, if in Egypt its effects be such as I have described, what must this wind be when encountered on the deserts themselves? I have myself, on three occasions, been exposed to its effects in such a situation; and so terrific did they prove, that, although in early life I have seen danger in almost every shape, I have beheld nothing half so appalling.

In some part of the desert the sand is soft and movable; so much so, that a track of a caravan remains but a short time visible, being almost immediately effaced by the slightest passing breeze. And here I may mention that the insecurity of persons and property throughout all the East has retarded the improvement of the convenience of travelling to such a degree, that there is throughout all Turkey no such thing as a road made and built for the purpose of traveling; nothing of what we understand by the term a *highway*. Hence the spaces which intervene between large cities, such as Cairo and Jerusalem, for example, or Aleppo and Bagdad, are all passed over by caravans. A caravan is only a name for an immense assemblage of travelers, making a journey in company for the sake of mutual protection. The different groups who are to make up this company assemble at some common

rendezvous, as a fleet would do which is to sail under convoy. Having often been on board such fleets, the resemblance very forcibly struck me. At Cairo, in the spring, a large caravan sets out for Jerusalem. Notice is given by the Governor of the city, six weeks beforehand, of the day on which the caravan is to start. A public proclamation is made, requiring all who wish to go to send notice within that time to a certain office in the city, stating the number of camels they intend to take with them, and giving the requisite security that they will furnish themselves with an adequate supply of provisions and water. These are laid in at an established rate, so as to secure a surplus to meet contingencies. In the caravan which I accompanied, there were five thousand camels, besides five or six hundred dromedaries—an animal nearly resembling the camel, but bearing no burdens, and being employed chiefly on account of its speed. The number of pilgrims was about ten thousand. The conducting of such an army as this through a desert country, where it is exposed to hostile attacks, requires of course a system of discipline, an acknowledged leader, and some slight degree of coercion. When the merchandize has all been arranged and placed on the camels, when the requisite quantity of water has been inclosed in skins, and the necessary amounts of bread, flour, coffee and butter have been prepared and made ready for carriage, the whole assemblage gets under way and performs a slight journey of two or three hours. It then encamps, posts are established around it, where a strict watch is maintained, a set of signals is agreed upon; and the orders of the Chief, who occupies the post of a Commodore, and whose will is law, are conveyed by a sort of telegraph. At day-break a cannon fires, all rise, and a certain time is occupied in solemn prayer, in which every human being of the entire company takes part. Breakfast being over, the outskirts of the caravan are then guarded, messages are then conveyed by the bugle, a second cannon fires, and the caravan resumes its march. At night at a signal given, a halt is made, the camels are unloaded, a barricade is formed, the watch is again set, and thus they proceed under a regular system of discipline, like that which governs the movements of an army.

In a caravan of this description, I was overtaken by the Simoon when crossing the

desert. The first symptom of its approach was a sudden and oppressive heat in the air. The instant this was felt, my companions, who too well understood what was predicted by it, turned their eyes with one accord toward the quarter from whence the wind proceeded, when we perceived a lurid streak of reddish light upon the horizon; and now, not only the Arabs were struck with terror, but the animals which accompanied us appeared equally conscious of the approaching danger, giving affecting signs of uneasiness and distress. A halt was instantly sounded, and under the orders of the prince, as he is called, or leader, as we should term him, the caravan formed in line. The method of accomplishing this arrangement was singular and impressive, resembling very much the maritime evolutions of a fleet of transports when threatened by an enemy. All the camels were immediately unloaded, the riders of the dromedaries dismounted, the women and children were gathered in the center, the camels were then moored (I know no term better to describe the operation) in lines consisting of a hundred each, head to tail, having their two fore legs bent and bound with a thong and their bodies placed sideways to the wind. As the wind approached, the animals, by a singular instinct, buried their nostrils in the sand. The people placed themselves under their lee, and all the arrangements having thus been completed, we remained in our places while the dreadful blast passed over us. Those in the company who were in weak health, became faint, almost to suffocation. The atmosphere at length became perfectly opaque, and so filled with sand that you could not see the length of a camel. Nay, at times a man could not see his own hand. It was then that I realized for the first time the full force of the Scriptural phrase, "darkness that may be felt." The darkness of the most pitchy night I ever passed at sea was not to be compared with it. The sun was utterly obscured; and when the darkness relaxed, a yellow haze filled the atmosphere in every direction. There were many women and children in the caravan, whose terror was indescribable. The most doleful shrieks and groans, mingled with prayers for mercy, filled our ears. All was utter confusion. No man could help his neighbor. We were every moment apprehensive that the sand would accumulate, until, becoming higher than the camels' backs, it would shelve over

and bury the persons of the people who had taken shelter behind them. When this takes place, every body rises and the camels must be moved further to windward, where they are moored again. But this is a tedious operation, and if attempted during the intensity of the storm, must be fatal to beasts and men. On the occasion I have described, the blast continued from eight to ten hours. Had it lasted two hours longer, we must all without doubt have perished as a convoy would founder at sea.

While I was at Damascus, a caravan from Mecca containing fifty thousand souls was thus overwhelmed, and only sixteen persons, who were on horseback, escaped the catastrophe. The Pacha immediately despatched a large detachment of troops to the spot to save the goods from depredation, who arriving at the melancholy scene, found the face of the desert encumbered with heaps of the dead.

I consider these storms of the desert much worse than storms at sea; and were there printed journals in those countries, as there are in ours, we should hear more frequent accounts of their terrible consequences. As it is, the intelligence does not reach Europe, but is well known in the countries adjacent. Without doubt it must have been in this manner that the expeditions of Cambyzes and of Alexander, for the discovery of the sources of the Nile, perished in the deserts through which they were prosecuting their march.

Another peculiar feature in the physical condition of Egypt is the absence of rain. In lower Egypt, slight showers do sometimes, though rarely, fall; but in upper Egypt, the Thebaid of the Greeks, the Mizraim of the Scriptures, rain is utterly unknown. Not a shower has fallen there for centuries. This is an assertion which I know some persons find it hard to believe. They at once pronounce it impossible; and ask, if that were so, how vegetable life could exist, and how animal life could be continued. This is very natural. Such a state of things is so entirely different from any thing we are accustomed to see, that it is as hard for us to credit it, as it was for the African prince to believe that in Europe water ever became as hard and solid as glass. Yet the fact is none the less true; and I will now show you, by three interesting proofs, that this has always been the condition of Upper Egypt.

My first source of evidence is found in the Bible. It comes to us from the authority of Moses, who was an inspired historian, and had himself resided long enough in this country to be familiar with all that related to its physical as well as moral state. When Moses had traversed the deserts and was approaching the border as the promised land, he rehearsed in the ears of the people all the story of their departure from the house of bondage, the wonders which had been wrought for them by divine power, together with the ingratitude, stubbornness and unbelief which had provoked God to destroy their fathers and strew their dead bodies in the wilderness. He then exhorted them to obedience, and as an encouragement, set before them the excellences and advantages of the land of promise. "For the land," said he, "whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot as a garden of herbs," (alluding to the manner of irrigation practiced among the Egyptians, where the water is drawn up to the higher levels by the use of a simple water wheel formed with steps like a ladder, and moved by the feet in the manner of a tread-mill) "but the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven; a land which the Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even to the end of the year." He would not have used language like this, had such been the condition of Egypt. He contrasts the one with the other. In Egypt their country had been watered only at particular seasons of the year, and then by the overflowing of a river; but the country to which they were going was entirely different. That drank in rain from heaven, and the eyes of the Lord were upon it throughout the whole year. In another part of the same speech he characterizes it as "a land of brooks, of water fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." This indirect allusion is strengthened by a direct assertion which we meet with in one of the minor prophets, where the inspired messenger, summoning the Jews to the celebration of the feast of tabernacles, declares that those who neglect to obey shall be punished by having no rain upon their land.

But now to the classical authorities. Herodotus, whose writings are the most au-

thentic source to which we can resort in regard to ancient Egypt, informs us that in the reign of Psammetichus, a phenomenon occurred which was deemed an alarming prodigy, and filled the inhabitants of Thebes with the utmost consternation. The people clothed themselves in sackcloth, while the priests redoubled the public offerings to the gods; and this prodigy, which terrified the inhabitants of that great city, consisted in the fact that a few drops of rain fell in Thebes. This is of itself conclusive proof that rain was a thing unknown to that climate. Should a shower of fire fall in the city of Washington, it would produce the utmost astonishment. Should the same thing happen in Catania, it would produce none at all; for the simple reason that in the one place the thing never occurred, while in the other, from the neighborhood of a volcano, it was frequent.

My third proof is taken from a fact to which I have myself been an eye-witness, and it may be called a monumental proof. In traveling up the Nile, after I had passed the Cataracts and entered into Nubia, I found a temple in a condition unlike that of any that I had yet seen. All those which I had yet examined, though now in ruins, had once been completed, as the ruins distinctly showed; but this was a temple which had never been finished. The process of its erection had been carried to a certain point, and there, for some reason now unknown, had been abandoned. This gave me an opportunity of observing the process of the Egyptian architecture. On the frieze which ran around the outer portion of the building, there was the representation, so frequent in their temples, of a group of figures engaged in the performance of religious ceremonies. A portion of this work was in a state of perfect completion. The figures were raised in bas-relief and then painted. The workmen appeared to have commenced at one end of the building and proceeded in regular order. There was another portion of the frieze, in which the sculpture was completed, but the figures were not yet painted. Further on there was another division, where the figures, though raised, were still in a rough state; while yet further on the surface remained untouched by the tool, but exhibited the outline of figures yet to be carved. Observing this outline, I was forcibly struck with the fact, that lines drawn with paint

should have remained on the stone for so many centuries; for buildings of this description ceased in the reign of the Ptolemies, when the ancient Egyptian mythology was superseded by that of the Greeks; so that this temple must have been at least two thousand years old. My first impression was, that some penetrating liquid must have been employed, which was absorbed by the stone, and by which it was indelibly stained. To satisfy myself farther, I obtained ladders and ascended to the spot. Judge of my astonishment, when I discovered that instead of any fluids being made use of at all, the lines had been drawn by a simple pencil of red ochre, and by moistening my finger I could at pleasure rub them off as readily as we remove figures drawn on a schoolboy's slate. Here is proof positive that no rain had fallen in that spot for two thousand years; nor had there been sufficient moisture, by night or day, to remove an inscription so fragile that in England it would not have lasted a month.

On this subject of the absence of rain, I happened to meet with a very amusing illustration, and one which shows the feeling of the people of Africa in relation to it. A caravan was traveling from Timbuctoo northward; and as they came into the vicinity of the place where I was, I went into their camp with the view of making inquiries, chiefly in relation to the geography of the country. I found that the people used only the African tongue, a language with which I was not acquainted; but I at length came across a chief among them, who was an Arab. As I spoke the Arabic, I had the means of communicating with this individual, from whom I obtained much information. I felt a good deal of curiosity about the latitude of Timbuctoo, and was particularly anxious to ascertain whether it lay within the rainy belt ten degrees north of the equator. With this view I asked the chief whether much rain fell there; but he did not appear to understand my question. The Arabic word for rain is *matta*; but this word seemed to be unknown to him. He said that it sounded very much like an Arabic word, but he had never heard it before, and did not know what it meant. Much surprised at this, I at length supposed he might be ignorant of the thing itself, just as a native of the West Indies might be unacquainted with the word *ice*, because the thing itself had no existence there. I there-

fore asked the chief whether in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo much water fell from the clouds. He laughed; but finding me serious, said in reply, "How can you ask such a question? It is impossible that water can fall from the sky." I explained to him the process of evaporation, the formation of clouds, and the nature of rain; but I talked to a deaf man. He thought I was endeavoring to deceive him and play upon his credulity, and in such cases the best and shortest way is to say no more. Some time after, however, in retaliation for my attempt to play off a joke upon him, he made me the subject of another in his turn, and one of a practical nature. Dipping up a bowl of water from a vessel where it had been placed for the use of animals of the caravan, he came behind me and turned it over my head, saying to me with a roguish leer, "If there is water in the sky, it must come down." I was therefore fully satisfied that in that part of Africa, as in Upper Egypt, there is no rain.

This fact naturally leads me to the next subject on which I propose to speak to you, viz. the inundation of the Nile. By that process of nature the same effect is produced upon this country, as in other lands is effected by showers of rain; just as on the Nile the same result is obtained from the Etesian winds, as from the alternate tides in other rivers. That great rivers should have a periodical inundation is nothing peculiar: it happens to most rivers of any length in spring and autumn, and is easily accounted for by the rains which there fall; but in Egypt the fact is amazing, and to this moment has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The rise of the waters of the Nile commences invariably on the 24th of June, and this punctuality in time adds still more to the wonderful nature of the phenomenon itself. At that period, all the population are full of hope, mixed with anxiety, since on the copiousness of inundation their hopes of harvest entirely depend. At that season the waters of the river are at the lowest stage. It is in fact a shallow stream, running between high muddy banks, with a sluggish current of not more than one mile an hour; while its average velocity at other seasons is that of three miles. The first indication of the approaching overflow is the hastening of the current, which soon recovers its velocity of three miles per hour. The next is, the increased breadth of the

stream, which increases with a slow but steady progress. The waters continue constantly on the rise, not very rapidly indeed, but like the progress of diurnal tides at a wharf. If you look at intervals, you will always perceive that the water has made some progress; and this goes on, till at length the surface of the stream rises to a level with the banks. If you were there on the spot you might stand upon the terrace of your house, and looking over the country, you would see the Nile filling its channel, but confined within it, and no part of the surrounding ground invaded with its waters; but going up to the same spot next morning, you would look out upon one vast sea, extending on all sides quite back to the mountains; so that you would no longer call it the "land of Egypt," but the sea of Egypt. It spreads from mountain to mountain, completely submerging all between. The water, it is true, may be in some places but an inch deep; but this cannot be ascertained by the eye, which sees every where one vast sheet of water, studded every here and there with a little archipelago of islands raising their heads over the universal flood. On some of these are seen cities and towns; for in that country these are erected on mounds with this express view, while individual dwellings are, for the same reason, erected upon piles. Previous to the inundation, precautions are of course taken to remove every thing that would sustain injury from the water. The cattle are driven off. Ploughs and harrows and other implements of husbandry are removed into places of safety. All the weeding is done. The water continues rising for weeks, till it is on an average about five or six feet deep. Boats may now be seen passing over the fields and between the trees in all directions, while raised causeways extend from village to village, with sluices to allow the passage of the water.

This, in Egypt, is the season of repose. Agricultural instruments are now repaired, and the process of winnowing and grinding grain is going on, while the thirsty earth is drinking for the ensuing year like a sponge. This, too, is the season for general festivity. It may be called the Egyptian carnival. Ornamental boats, with lamps and music, pass about in the evening serenading, and the population generally abandon themselves to joyful social intercourse.

By and by the waters begin to subside,

and the country people address themselves with joyful alacrity to the renewed operations of husbandry. For this, however, they do not wait till the whole of the waters have gone off the surface of the ground; but so soon as a strip of the soil has become dry, the farmer forthwith commences his work. There are of course two of these strips which at the same time furnish the same opportunity, one on each side of the river, and at the points remotest from it. The land dries at the rate at which porous mud dries here; and the husbandman waits till it will bear his tread, when he immediately proceeds to scatter his seed and to tread it in with the foot. This, to be sure, is a most imperfect mode of cultivation; yet, rude and humble as it is, it is more than enough. During the first week of the subsidence of the waters, one narrow strip of land is thus seeded; the next week another, and then another; the footsteps of the farmer constantly following the wave as it recedes, until the Nile, having thus accomplished its fertilizing task, retires into its bed and runs during the residue of the year within its accustomed banks. If you could be there when the last sowing takes place, you would see from your boat, or still better from the top of your house, a picture which far exceeds my power of description. Immediately adjoining the river, you would behold the whole agricultural population busily employed in sowing. Immediately behind them, you would see a belt of country covered with wheat; in the back of this, another with wheat in the stalk; further back from the river, a parallel strip with wheat in the ear; yet farther, the grain in the rich tints which mark it ready for the reaper; beyond this, the farmers in full harvest; and yet beyond, next to the base of the mountains, the country covered with stubble. You have thus seed time and harvest, spring and autumn, stretched out as it were beneath your feet at one and the same moment.

The whole of their first harvest, of which wheat forms the principal grain, is commenced and completed in less than three months. As there are now nine months remaining during which the Nile continues in its bed, the necessary watering of the fields is effected by a system of artificial irrigation. A number of what are termed in mechanics "Persian wheels," are employed for this purpose. The machine consists

of a large wheel, placed in a vertical position, and kept in motion by oxen; having on the periphery a set of earthen vessels, which, dipping into the ditch filled with water drawn from the river, are carried up and emptied into a raised trough, from whence the water is conducted by small canals over the surface of the country. These canals occur every quarter of a mile, and often at shorter distances. Thus the words of Moses are interpreted, where he says that the land of Egypt was "watered like a garden of herbs." Having been thus irrigated, the land is then ploughed. This, like all the other agricultural operations in this country, is performed at once by the whole farming population. You see the whole people engaged, together, in ploughing, in sowing, in reaping, in watering their fields. After an interval of four months, there is a second harvest, and after five months more, another. Thus there are three successive wheat harvests taken off the same land in the course of a single year! I know not the fertility of your celebrated Mississippi Valley; but I am acquainted with the productiveness of England, and I am persuaded that such a yield could not be obtained there, if a field were reaped but once in twenty years. With us it is necessary to let the land frequently lie fallow, and afterward to manure it highly, and then to vary with care and skill the succession of crops, or our soil would speedily become exhausted: but in Egypt they do not know even the name of manure; and yet the return of grain, in proportion to the seed sown, is beyond that of any other part of the earth. In the beautiful parable of the sower, intended by our Savior to illustrate the different effects produced by preaching of the gospel, he represents the return as in some cases thirty, in some sixty, and in others an hundred fold. This has been represented by some writers as oriental exaggeration; but, although only a parable, the language is strictly conformable to the actual fact, at least as it is found at this day in Egypt. While in England a return of twenty fold is considered as a golden harvest, in Egypt forty fold is the *minimum*, sixty and seventy fold are common, and in some years ninety fold is obtained. Then reckon three crops annually, and you will have some conception of the exceeding fertility of this very extraordinary country; nor will it seem surprising that it could sus-

tain a population of twenty millions on an area not greater than one-tenth that of Great Britain.

In the classics, Egypt and Sicily are always spoken of as the granaries of Rome and of the world. In the Scriptural account of Paul's journey to Rome, we find him taking passage on board of a ship at Adramyttium which was loaded with wheat. It is probable that this was, like that in which he embarked after his shipwreck, a vessel from Alexandria, which had put into Adramyttium upon her way. Egypt always exported grain, but never imported any. In addition to the staple of wheat, they have also rice and indigo, cotton and flax. From the latter they produce a fabric which is referred to in Scripture as "fine twined linen;" and well may it be so denominated, for it is equal in fineness to the best French cambric. It was employed to wrap the bodies of the mummies, after the process of embalming. Thus we have, in the climate and products of Egypt, a striking illustration both of scriptural and classical accuracy and fidelity.

I will now add a word or two in regard to the animals peculiar to the country. Those which come strictly under this head are the *Hippopotamus* and the *Crocodile*. As to the Camel and the Dromedary, although found in Egypt in great numbers, they belong more properly to Arabia. I will just refer, however, to a very common error in relation to the distinction between these two creatures. It is very generally supposed that the camel has but one hump, and the dromedary two: but the fact is not so. There are two species of the camel, one of which has a single bunch or protuberance upon its back, while the other has two of them. The camel of one hump is common to all Africa, to Arabia and to India; while that with two humps is peculiar to Bactria. This is far less numerous than the other. In a flock you will not see more than one in ten which has two bunches on its back. The term dromedary is rather distinctive of the employment of the animal, than of its species. When used to carry burdens, it is called a camel; when used to ride upon, it is called a dromedary; and those thus employed travel with great rapidity. They both come from the same stock, but are distinguished respectively, by strength and fleetness. The one is called *Gemel*, the other *Hegee*. A stout camel

will carry a burden of from 800 to 1,000 pounds. Thus loaded, it patiently traverses the widest and most inhospitable deserts, being called with great beauty and propriety, by the Arabs, "the Ship of the Desert." Its foot is broad, and formed in the manner which peculiarly adapts it to this service, while the bunches upon the knees fit it for receiving, as it does, its immense loading, while in a crouching posture. The dromedary is an exceedingly pleasant animal to ride on. I have often traveled ninety English miles between sun rise and sun set on one and the same animal; and at the close of the march the animal was less fatigued than the rider, being ready, without any more than the night's rest, to resume the journey on the following morning. It will travel on a trot from 18 to 20 miles within the hour; nor is it near so fatiguing to travel at this rate upon its back, as to ride a horse as we do. The horse used in Egypt is the Arabian, long celebrated as the most perfect species of that beautiful and useful animal.

The Hippopotamus was once common; but it has gradually receded, I do not say before the progress of civilization, but before the face of its hunters, until it is now considered as a valuable prize. It is comparatively seldom found below the Cataracts. The hippopotamus is hunted not merely for pleasure, but for profit also. Its hide is esteemed as the best material for the construction of the shield commonly used by the Arabs. It is the thickest kind of skin known, and so hard as to resist, when dried, any thing short of a cannon shot. The shields made from it are of a circular shape, and often embossed with silver and highly ornamented. A silver clasp attaches it to the arm. Nor are these ornaments thrown away on slight and perishable material; for one of these shields, when properly prepared, will last for centuries, and for the use to which it is put, is better than iron or brass. Hence a hide will bring from \$100 to \$150. The smaller portions are used for the construction of bottles and other vessels for the holding of liquids; while the scraps and strips which remain, are applied to the making of whips. A large hide, thus sold in detail, will sometimes realize to its owner between two and three hundred dollars. A late discovery in Europe has rendered the hunting of the hippopotamus still more a matter of profit, since it is found its teeth supply one of the best mate-

rials out of which to fabricate those artificial imitations of human teeth, now so commonly used by those who have unfortunately lost their own. Large quantities of the teeth of the hippopotamus are annually sent to London and Paris for this purpose; but they grow scarcer every year, and the price is proportionably enhanced, while various substitutes are resorted to for supplying the deficiency.

As to the crocodile, it is so exclusively and peculiarly Egyptian, that it may be denominated the creature of Egypt. Hence, on ancient coins, that country was often symbolized by the crocodile and the palm. Having, myself, no great liking to the crocodile, from all I had heard of the animal, I was not very much gratified to learn, as we were going up the Nile and had arrived opposite to the town of Crocodilopolis, that there were about fifty of them on an island a little ahead of our boat, lying basking in the sun. I was familiar, from a residence in India, with the alligator, and knew it to be of a most ferocious temper, not hesitating to seize upon a man who was unfortunate enough to fall into the water, and devour him without ceremony. These animals are kept by some of the princes in Hindostan, as a means of preventing desertion by the soldiers stationed on garrison in the forts of that country. For this purpose they are suffered to remain in the ditches which surround the fortress; so that, should the wretch wishing to desert, succeed, either by bribery or the force of fellow feeling, in passing the sentry at the gate, he may find, on attempting to swim the ditch beyond, a sort of sentry not to be either bribed or wheedled. Remembering this, and supposing the crocodile to be a similar sort of creature, or even more formidable, it is not surprising that the announcement that we were presently to pass close by fifty of them should occasion me some very unpleasant feeling. I felt, in fact, a tremor creeping over me; but to be prepared for the worst, I went below and got my double-barrelled Joe-Manton fowling piece, and returned to the deck with the gun in my hand. The captain of the boat, seeing this, smiled and said, "What? are you afraid?" I replied that I was not exactly afraid, but thought it best at all times to be prepared against danger. "Poh!" said he, "put aside your gun. I never saw so timid a man for your size before." It was early in the morning, and there was

but little breeze on the river. We approached, with muffled oars, and in profound silence. There lay the crocodiles, asleep upon the sand. As the boat approached them, I held my breath in anxious suspense, watching the effect when they should discover who was near them. But no sooner did the prow touch the sand, than, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, they all rushed into the water and disappeared beneath its stream. The captain now turned to me and said, "I hope you are not afraid now." On farther inquiry, I discovered why my apprehensions had excited so much mirth. The crocodile is, in fact, the most harmless of animals, as perfectly so as a pigeon or a dove. The women on the banks of the Nile come down to the river with jars, which they fill with its water; and in order to get it as clear as possible, they wade out from the banks into the stream as far as they can go, sometimes quite up to their necks, and often bring their children with them. While both women and children were thus in the water, I have frequently seen the crocodiles swimming very near them, but their presence excited not the least fear in either. The impression is universal, that they are perfectly harmless. How they might behave if attacked and wounded, I will not say. Perhaps it might then be very formidable; but while undisturbed, it is quite peaceful, and avoids man. It seems, in fact, to be a cold blooded creature, like the turtle, and feeds on worms and roots.

There is one circumstance respecting this animal alluded to in the classics, I think by Juvenal. There existed a long feud between the Tentarites, or inhabitants of Tentara, and the inhabitants of Crocodilopolis, both cities on the Nile; and the question which divided them was, whether the crocodile was to be worshipped as a god or not: the one party affirming and the other denying. At length they came to a physical mode of settling the controversy. On a certain day, the one party appeared riding on the backs of crocodiles, whom, it appeared, they had trained to war, and thus approaching their enemies, dared them to the combat. This statement was, for a long time, doubted as a fable; nor do I pronounce it a fact; but I say that the account is not incompatible with the quiet and tractable nature of the crocodile.

In conclusion, I will merely add that I

once had the satisfaction of a discussion with Cuvier and Geoffroy de Sentillare, two distinguished naturalists and osteologists, on the question whether the crocodile and the alligator were, in fact, but varieties of the same animal. The heads of both animals were produced and compared, when the difference at once became apparent. The head of the alligator showed from its structure vast strength in the jaw, which was in all respects adapted to a beast of prey; while that of the crocodile, on the contrary, was wholly weak and inefficient. The habits of the two creatures may be deduced from their organization. Here, then, was an osteological proof of the correctness of what I have stated as the fruit of my own observation, and also of that of the classical allusions to the crocodile; on which I may be permitted to remark, that the farther we extend our investigations, the more we see reason to resume our confidence in many assertions of the ancient writers, the truth of which we had at first distrusted.

THE YOUNG POET.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

No titled birth had he to boast,
Son of the desert, fortune's child;
Yet not by frowning fortune cross'd—
The muses on his cradle smiled.—*Dermody.*

THE tone of his wild harp oft beguiled
The sorrow that dimm'd his eye,
And the spirit that breathed in his song was mild
As the breath of the moonlight sky:
The call of ambition, whose magic fills
The vista of life with its thousand ills,
Though it spoke to his heart of a proud career,
Never woke one kindred emotion there.

The bright spell of beauty that light hearts wear,
In the dreaming of childhood known,
All dimm'd by the dark gelid shades of care,
Went fading when youth came on;
Yet the pure, warm sunshine of feeling, threw
Its halo upon him, when life was new;
And, fairer than Eden's first morning bloom,
Illumined his pathway through years of gloom.

He has gone from the cold world's sympathy,
To the garden of life above,
In the strange, bright regions of poetry,
And beauty, and light, and love:
Through the depths of that many-spangled way
Where the children of fancy are wont to stray,
To the blissful home of the deathless nine,
Where the stars of genius forever shine.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN.

To the Editor of the Louisville Literary News-Letter:

Among the papers of Gen. George Rogers Clark, now in my possession, I have met with the following letter of his, detailing the circumstances connected with the murder of Logan's family, which induced the Mingo Chief, in his celebrated speech to Lord Dunmore, to charge the atrocity upon Capt. Cresap; and also showing clearly, that Cresap was innocent of the crime alleged, and, so far from being the monster of cruelty represented by Mr. Jefferson, and by subsequent writers who have followed his authority, that he was a prudent and humane man, and "an advocate of peace." The error appears to have originated in a mistake with Logan, and to have been adopted by Mr. Jefferson, in his version of the story, from the speech. The high authority of the "Notes on Virginia," and the fame of Logan's speech, have immortalized the memory of Cresap; but it has thus far been "an immortality of infamy"—how ill-deserved, the following letter will show. And as the descendants of Cresap are still numerous in the United States, I beg you to publish it, with this note, in the "Literary News-Letter," both as an act of justice to them, and to correct a historical error. The letter, of which this is a literal copy, is found in a Letter-book of General Clark, in his own hand-writing; and is, probably, the original draft. General Clark, at the date of the letter, resided in Louisville or its immediate vicinity.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LEONARD BLISS, JR.

Louisville College, Jan. 10, 1839.

JUNE 17, '98.

DEAR SIR:

YOUR letter of last month, honored by Mr. Thruston, was handed me by that gentleman. The matter contained in it and in the inclosed papers was new to me. I felt hurt that Mr. Jefferson should be attacked with so much virulence on account of an error, of which I know he was not the author. Except a few mistakes in names of persons, places, etc., the story of Logan, as related by Mr. Jefferson, is substantially true. I

was of the first and last of the active officers who bore the weight of that war; and on perusing some old papers of that date, I find some memoirs. But independent of them, I have a perfect recollection of every transaction relating to Logan's story. The conduct of Cresap I am perfectly acquainted with. He was not the author of that murder, but a family by the name of Greathouse, though some transactions that happened under the command of Capt. Cresap, a few days previous to the murder of Logan's family, gave him sufficient ground to suppose that it was Cresap that had done the injury.

To enable you fully to understand the subject of your inquiries, I shall relate the incidents that gave rise to Logan's suspicion; and will enable Mr. Jefferson to do justice to himself and the Cresap family, by being made fully acquainted with facts.

This country was explored in 1773. A resolution was formed to make a settlement the spring following, and the mouth of the Little Kenaway appointed the place of general rendezvous, in order to descend the river from thence in a body. Early in the spring the Indians had done some mischief. Reports from their towns were alarming, which deterred many. About eighty or ninety men only met at the appointed rendezvous, where we lay some days.

A small party of hunters, that lay about ten miles below us, were fired upon by the Indians, whom the hunters beat back, and returned to camp. This and many other circumstances led us to believe, that the Indians were determined on war. The whole party was enrolled and determined to execute their project of forming a settlement in Kentucky, as we had every necessary store that could be thought of. An Indian town called the Horsehead Bottom, on the Scioto and near its mouth, lay nearly in our way. The determination was to cross the country and surprise it. Who was to command? was the question. There were but few among us that had experience in Indian warfare, and they were such that we did not choose to be commanded by. We knew of Capt. Cresap being on the river about fifteen miles above us, with some hands, settling a plantation; and that he had concluded to follow us to Kentucky as soon as he had fixed there his people. We also knew that he had been experienced in a former war. He was proposed; and it was

unanimously agreed to send for him to command the party. Messengers were despatched, and in half an hour returned with Cresap. He had heard of our resolution by some of his hunters, that had fallen in with ours, and had set out to come to us.

We now thought our army, as we called it, complete, and the destruction of the Indians sure. A council was called, and, to our astonishment, our intended Commander-in-chief was the person that dissuaded us from the enterprise. He said that appearances were very suspicious, but there was no certainty of a war. That if we made the attempt proposed, he had no doubt of our success, but a war would, at any rate, be the result, and that we should be blamed for it; and perhaps justly. But if we were determined to proceed, he would lay aside all considerations, send to his camp for his people, and share our fortunes.

He was then asked what he would advise. His answer was, that we should return to Wheeling, as a convenient post, to hear what was going forward. That a few weeks would determine. As it was early in the spring, if we found the Indians were not disposed for war, we should have full time to return, and make our establishment in Kentucky. This was adopted; and in two hours the whole were under way. As we ascended the river, we met Kill-buck, an Indian chief, with a small party. We had a long conference with him, but received little satisfaction as to the disposition of the Indians. It was observed that Cresap did not come to this conference, but kept on the opposite side of the river. He said that he was afraid to trust himself with the Indians. That Kill-buck had frequently attempted to waylay his father, to kill him. That if he crossed the river, perhaps his fortitude might fail him, and that he might put Kill-buck to death. On our arrival at Wheeling, (the country being pretty well settled thereabouts,) the whole of the inhabitants appeared to be alarmed. They flocked to our camp from every direction; and all that we could say could not keep them from under our wings. We offered to cover their neighborhood with scouts, until further information, if they would return to their plantations; but nothing would prevail. By this time we had got to be a formidable party. All the hunters, men without families, etc., in that quarter, had joined our party.

Our arrival at Wheeling was soon known at Pittsburgh. The whole of that country, at that time, being under the jurisdiction of Virginia, Dr. Conolly had been appointed by Dunmore Capt. Commandant of the District which was called Waugusta. He, learning of us, sent a message addressed to the party, letting us know that a war was to be apprehended; and requesting that we would keep our position for a few days; as messages had been sent to the Indians, and a few days would determine the doubt. The answer he got, was, that we had no inclination to quit our quarters for some time. That during our stay, we should be careful that the enemy should not harass the neighborhood that we lay in. But before this answer could reach Pittsburgh, he sent a second express, addressed to Capt. Cresap, as the most influential man amongst us; informing him that the messages had returned from the Indians, that war was inevitable, and begging him to use his influence with the party, to get them to cover the country by scouts until the inhabitants could fortify themselves. The reception of this letter was the epoch of open hostilities with the Indians. A new post was planted, a council was called, and the letter read by Cresap, all the Indian traders being summoned on so important an occasion. Action was had, and war declared in the most solemn manner; and the same evening two scalps were brought into the camp.

The next day some canoes of Indians were discovered on the river, keeping the advantage of an island to cover themselves from our view. They were chased fifteen miles down the river, and driven ashore. A battle ensued; a few were wounded on both sides; one Indian only taken prisoner. On examining their canoes, we found a considerable quantity of ammunition and other warlike stores. On our return to camp, a resolution was adopted, to march the next day, and attack Logan's camp on the Ohio about thirty miles above us. We did march about five miles, and then halted to take some refreshment. Here the impropriety of executing the projected enterprise was argued. The conversation was brought forward by Cresap himself. It was generally agreed that those Indians had no hostile intentions—as they were hunting, and their party was composed of men, women, and children, with all their stuff with them. This we knew; as I myself and others pre-

sent had been in their camp about four weeks past, on our descending the river from Pittsburgh. In short, every person seemed to detest the resolution we had set out with. We returned in the evening, decamped, and took the road to Redstone.

It was two days after this that Logan's family were killed. And from the manner in which it was done, it was viewed as a horrid murder. From Logan's hearing of Cresap being at the head of this party on the river, it is no wonder that he supposed he had a hand in the destruction of his family.

Since the reception of your letter, I have procured the "Notes on Virginia." They are now before me. The act was more barbarous than there related by Mr. Jefferson. Those Indians used to visit, and to return visits, with the neighboring whites, on the opposite side of the river. They were on a visit to a family of the name of Greathouse, at the time they were murdered by them and their associates.—The war now raged in all its savage fury until the fall, when a treaty of peace was held at Camp Charlotte, within four miles of Chillicothe, the Indian capital on the Ohio. Logan did not appear. I was acquainted with him, and wished to know the reason. The answer was "that he was like a mad dog: his bristles had been up, and were not yet quite fallen; but the good talk now going forward might allay them." Logan's speech to Dunmore now came forward, as related by Mr. Jefferson. It was thought to be clever; though the army knew it to be wrong as to Cresap. But it only produced a laugh in camp: I saw it displeased Capt. Cresap, and told him, "that he must be a very great man; that the Indians palmed every thing that happened on his shoulders." He smiled, and said "that he had an inclination to tomahawk Greathouse for the murder."

What I have here related is fact. I was intimate with Cresap. Logan I was better acquainted with, at that time, than with any other Indian in the Western country. I was perfectly acquainted with the conduct of both parties. Logan was the author of the speech, as altered by Mr. Jefferson; and Cresap's conduct was as I have here related it.

I am yours, &c.

G. R. CLARK.

PITTSBURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

WITH the enlargement of our paper we commence to give a brief account of the population, business, and various manufacturing and other establishments of Pittsburgh and vicinity. In our remarks we will include our very flourishing neighbor—the beautiful town of Allegheny, separated from us only by the river, over which we have now two bridges, an aqueduct, and another bridge in course of construction. We will also include the twelve or thirteen towns and villages which are clustered around Pittsburgh, and embraced within a compass of five miles. The vote given in this space, at the general election in October last, was about 5,700. Calculating, as is usually done, ten souls for every voter, the population would be 57,000: we presume, however, that 55,000 would be a fair estimate. Alleghenytown alone has a population of near 10,000, and is rapidly increasing. Business, all over the United States, for the last two years, has been rather stationary, from the general suspension by the banks and the derangement of the currency, and the consequent draw-back upon our trade and commerce. But notwithstanding this, our city has steadily advanced in population, a large number of buildings has been erected, and now every house is filled. Not a failure of any considerable importance has taken place; our merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and men of business generally, are in the best heart and condition; our debts abroad, have generally been paid; the credit of Pittsburgh, at home and over the world, stands deservedly high; and her energies, resources and enterprize are about opening to her a great increase of business, to keep pace with the immense extension of business and population of the vast valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers, and their numerous tributaries. If we mistake not, the year 1839 will find Pittsburgh doing a larger and a better general business than she has ever yet done. Her merchants, manufacturers and mechanics are prudent and untiring in their industry and enterprize, and every possible preparation is making to meet the general revival of trade.

The annual business of Pittsburgh has been fairly estimated at about 31,590,750 dollars—which may be divided as follows:

Pittsburgh manufactures,	\$11,606,350
Mercantile sales,	13,100,000
Commission business,	5,875,000
Coal trade,*	1,000,000

There are five banks, with a capital of about \$4,500,000; 3 insurance offices, and one or two agencies; 3 exchange offices; extensive water and gas works, to supply the city with water and gas light; 3 Post Offices, viz. City, Allegheny, and East Liberty; 4 sets of City and Borough officers, viz. Mayor, Select and Common Council, and subordinate officers, for Pittsburgh; Burgess, Town Council, &c., for Allegheny, Birmingham, and Lawrenceville respectively. A United States Custom House; United States Arsenal at Lawrenceville, that cost about \$300,000, and has generally from 50,000 to 80,000 stand of small arms, and is likewise supplied with a large number of heavy and field cannon, and a corresponding quantity of ammunition and equipments. Board of Trade and Reading Rooms, receiving weekly upwards of 50 of the best papers in the United States; merchants and strangers can at all times visit it on being introduced by one of the members. Of newspapers, 13 are published: 2 daily and 11 weekly—1 German, 3 religious, 1 counterfeit detector, 1 mercantile, 1 literary, and 6 business and political journals. Several Libraries and Societies; an Institute of the Arts and Sciences; 2 Theological Seminaries; 1 University, and a large number of seminaries and public and private schools. About 50 clergymen of various denominations, and about as many churches and Sabbath schools; 1 Western Foreign Missionary Society, and a number of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Humane and Benevolent Societies. About 56 Physicians and Dentists. Five different Courts are held in Pittsburgh:—United States, Supreme, District, Common Pleas, and Mayor's. Law Officers—3 Judges, 2 Associates, 1 Recorder, 1 Sheriff, 1 U. S. Marshal, and under officers; and about 60 Attorneys at Law. 9 Fire Companies, and 10 Volunteer Companies, all well organized and handsomely equipped, 4 Steamboat officers, and about 62 Steamboats, owned either in whole or in part by our commission and other merchants, who are generally agents. 10 Canal and Rail

Road Lines, 4 Canal Packet Offices, 80 Canal and Packet Boats between Pittsburgh and Johnstown, 4 mail Stage Offices with 9 stages going out and coming in daily, 8 Turnpike roads, 4 Bridges, finished and unfinished, and 1 Aqueduct.

The following will show pretty correctly the Business Department:

Wholesale Merchants.—46 Grocers, 23 Commission Merchants, most of whom are also grocers, or receive all kinds of goods on consignment; 21 Dry Goods, 6 Hardware, 5 Variety, Comb, and Fancy; 3 Queensware, 13 Shoe and Boot, most of whom keep Bonnets and Chip Hats; 1 Bonnet and Hat, 12 Hat, 9 Leather, 17 Drug, (almost all of which retail,) 2 extensive Auctioneers, 4 Paper warehouses, 3 Looking Glass dealers.

Manufactories.—9 Iron and Nail, 2 Shovel and Spade, 10 Iron Foundries, 10 Steam Engine manufactories, 6 Cotton, 8 White Lead, 1 Platform Scale, 1 Patent Asbestos Chest, 3 Plough, 6 Wagon, 3 Coach, 3 Engravers, 4 French Burr Millstone factories, 11 Steam Sawmills, 1 Gold Leaf factory, 1 Sash do., 5 Breweries, 2 Oil Mills, 5 Steam Flour Mills, 1 Carding Machine factory, 4 Rope Walks, 1 Chemical factory, 3 Steam Planing Machines, 1 Saddle Tree factory, 1 Hat Body do., and about 374 mechanical establishments of various kinds. There are also about 9 Hotels, 40 Taverns, and 80 Boarding Houses.

We might add, in conclusion, that in addition to the goods brought to and taken from Pittsburgh annually, by the canal and rivers, there are about 6,000 loaded wagons arrived from the Eastern cities, and from all parts of the country, and it may be fairly computed that they bring in and take out about 3000 lbs. on an average—making 36,000,000.—*Harris' Intelligencer.*

DIFFICULTY.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—*Burke.*

* We estimated the value of the Coal Trade in 1837, at \$565,200 since then it has greatly increased. Mr. Riddle, of the Advocate, estimated it at a million, which we think is correct or nearly so.

CRITICISM AND POETRY.

THE ages in which the master-pieces of imagination have been produced, have by no means been those in which taste has been most correct. It seems that the creative faculty and the critical faculty cannot exist together in their highest perfection. The causes of this phenomenon it is not difficult to assign.

It is true that the man who is best able to take a machine to pieces, and who most clearly comprehends the manner in which all its wheels and springs conduce to its general effect, will be the most competent to form another machine of similar power. In all the branches of physical and moral science which admit of perfect analysis, he who can resolve will be able to combine. But the analysis which criticism can effect of poetry, is necessarily imperfect. One element must forever elude its researches; and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry. In the description of nature, for example, a judicious reader will easily detect an incongruous image; but he will find it impossible to explain in what consists the art of a writer who, in a few words, brings some spot before him so vividly that he shall know it as if he had lived there from childhood; while another, employing the same materials, the same verdure, the same water, and the same flowers, committing no inaccuracy, introducing nothing which can be positively pronounced superfluous, omitting nothing which can be positively pronounced necessary, shall produce no more effect than an advertisement of a capital residence and a desirable pleasure-ground. To take another example: the great features of the character of Hotspur are obvious to the most superficial reader. We at once perceive that his courage is splendid, his thirst of glory intense, his animal spirits high, his temper careless, arbitrary and petulant; that he indulges his own humor without caring whose feelings he may wound, or whose enmity he may provoke, by his levity. Thus far criticism will go. But something is still wanting. A man might have all those qualities, and every other quality which the most minute examiner can introduce into his catalogue of the virtues and faults of Hotspur, and yet he would not be Hotspur. Almost every thing that we have said of him applies equally to Falconbridge. Yet, in the mouth of

Falconbridge, most of his speeches would seem out of place. In real life, this perpetually occurs. We are sensible of wide differences between men whom, if we are required to describe them, we should describe in almost the same terms. If we were attempting to draw elaborate characters of them, we should scarcely be able to point out any strong distinction; yet we approach them with feelings altogether dissimilar. We cannot conceive of them as using the expressions or the gestures of each other. Let us suppose that a zoologist should attempt to give an account of some animal—a porcupine, for instance—to people who had never seen it. The porcupine, he might say, is of the genus mammalia, and the order glires. There are whiskers on its face; it is two feet long; it has four toes before, five behind; two fore teeth, and eight grinders. Its body is covered with hair and quills. And when all this had been said, would any one of the auditors have formed a just idea of the porcupine? Would any two of them have formed the same idea? There might exist innumerable races of animals, possessing all the characteristics which have been mentioned, yet altogether unlike to each other. What the description of our naturalist is to a real porcupine, the remarks of criticism are to the images of poetry. What it so imperfectly decomposes, it cannot perfectly re-construct. It is evidently as impossible to produce an Othello or a Macbeth by reversing an analytical process so defective, as it would be for an anatomist to form a living man out of the fragments of his dissecting room. In both cases, the vital principle eludes the finest instruments, and vanishes in the very instant in which its seat is touched. Hence those who, trusting to their critical skill, attempt to write poems, give us not images of things, but catalogues of qualities. Their characters are allegories—not good men and bad men, but cardinal virtues and deadly sins. We seem to have fallen among the acquaintances of our old friend Christian: sometimes we meet Mistrust and Timorous; sometimes Mr. Hate-good and Mr. Love-lust; and then again Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

That critical discernment is not sufficient to make men poets, is generally allowed. Why it should keep them from becoming poets is not, perhaps, equally evident. But the fact is, that poetry requires not an ex-

aming, but a believing frame of mind. Those feel it most and write it best who forget that it is a work of art—to whom its imitations, like the realities from which they are taken, are subjects, not for connoisseurship, but for tears and laughter, resentment and affection, who are too much under the influence of the illusion to admire the genius which has produced it; who are too much frightened for Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, to care whether the pun about Ootias be good or bad; who forget that such a person as Shakspeare ever existed, while they weep and curse with Lear. It is by giving faith to the creations of the imagination that a man becomes a poet. It is by treating those creations as deceptions, and by resolving them, as nearly as possible, into their elements, that he becomes a critic. In the moment in which the skill of the artist is perceived, the spell of the art is broken.

These considerations account for the absurdities into which the greatest writers have fallen when they have attempted to give general rules for composition, or to pronounce judgment on the works of others. They are unaccustomed to analyze what they feel; they, therefore, perpetually refer their emotions to causes which have not in the slightest degree tended to produce them. They feel pleasure in reading a book. They never consider that this pleasure may be the effect of ideas which some unmeaning expression, striking on the first link of a chain of associations, may have called up in their own minds—that they have themselves furnished to the author the beauties which they admire.

Cervantes is the delight of all classes of readers. Every school-boy thumbs to pieces the most wretched translation of his romance, and knows the lantern jaws of the Knight Errant, as well as the faces of his own playfellows. The most experienced and fastidious judges are amazed at the perfection of that art which extracts unextinguishable laughter from the greatest of human calamities, without once violating the reverence due to it; at that discriminating delicacy of touch which makes a character exquisitely ridiculous without impairing its worth, its grace, or its dignity. In Don Quixotte are several dissertations on the principles of poetic and dramatic writing. No passages in the whole work exhibit stronger marks of labor and attention; and no passages in any work, with which we are ac-

quainted, are more worthless and puerile. In our time, they would scarcely obtain admittance into the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Every reader of the *Divine Comedy* must be struck by the veneration which Dante expresses for writers far inferior to himself. He will not lift up his eyes from the ground in the presence of Brunetto, all whose works are not worth the worst of his own hundred cantos. He does not venture to walk in the same line with the bombastic Statius. His admiration of Virgil is absolute idolatry. If indeed it had been excited by the elegant, splendid and harmonious diction of the Roman Poet, it would not have been altogether unreasonable; but it is rather as an authority on all points of philosophy than as a work of imagination that he values the *Æneid*. The most trivial passages he regards as oracles of the highest authority, and of the most recondite meaning. He describes his conductor as the sea of all wisdom—the sun which heals every disordered sight. As he judged of Virgil, the Italians of the fourteenth century judged of him; they were proud of him; they praised him; they struck medals bearing his head; they quarreled for the honor of possessing his remains; they maintained professors to expound his writings. But what they admired was not that mighty imagination which called a new world into existence, and made all its sights and sounds familiar to the eye and ear of the mind. They said little of those awful and lovely creations on which critics delight to dwell: Farinata lifting his haughty and tranquil brow from his couch of everlasting fire—the lion-like repose of Sordello—or the light which shone from the celestial smile of Beatrice. They extolled their great poet for his smattering of ancient literature and history; for his logic and his divinity; for his absurd physics, and his more absurd metaphysics; for every thing but that in which he pre-eminently excelled. Like the fool in the story, who ruined his dwelling by digging for gold, which, as he dreamed, was concealed under its foundations, they laid waste one of the noblest works of human genius, by seeking in it for buried treasures of wisdom, which existed only in their own wild reveries. The finest passages were little valued till they had been debased into some monstrous allegory. Louder applause was given to the lecture on fate and free will, or to the ridiculous astronomical theo-

ries, than to those tremendous lines which disclose the secrets of the tower of hunger, or to that half-told tale of guilty love, so passionate and so full of tears.

We do not mean to say that the cotemporaries of Dante read with less emotion than their descendants of Ugolino groping among the wasted corpses of his children, or of Francesca, starting at the tremulous kiss, and dropping the fatal volume. Far from it. We believe that they admired these things less than ourselves, but that they felt them more. We should perhaps say, that they felt them too much to admire them. The progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization produces a change similar to that which takes place during the progress of an individual from infancy to mature age. What man does not remember with regret the first time that he read Robinson Crusoe? Then, indeed, he was unable to appreciate the powers of the writer; or rather, he neither knew nor cared whether the book had a writer at all. He probably thought it not half so fine as some rant of Macpherson about dark-browed Fingath, and white-bosomed Strinadona. He now values Fingal and Temora only as showing with how little evidence a story may be believed and with how little merits a book may be popular. Of the romance of a Defoe he entertains the highest opinions. He perceives the hand of a master in ten thousand touches, which formerly he passed by without notice. But though he understands the merits of the narrative better than formerly, he is far less interested by it. Xury, and Friday, and pretty Poll, the boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the canoe which could not be brought down to the water edge, the tent with its hedge and ladders, the preserve of kids, and the den where the old goat died, can never again be to him the realities which they were. The days when his favorite volume set him upon making wheel-barrows and chairs, upon digging caves and fencing huts in the garden, can never return. Such is the law of our nature. Our judgement ripens, our imagination decays. We cannot at once enjoy the flowers of the spring of life, and the fruits of its autumn, the pleasures of close investigation, and those of agreeable error. We cannot sit at once in front of the stage and behind the scenes. We cannot be under the illusion of the spectacle, while we are watching the movements of the ropes and pulleys which dispose it.—*Carlyle.*

THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. DR. STONE.

The Bible! What is it? Its language you know. I shall not, therefore, exhibit myself as a mere textuary, in recalling it to your mind. But what is it in its *grand and peculiar characteristics*?

To be brief as I may, it is, first, an *ancient book*; more ancient than any other. The incidents which it records, and the characters which it describes, have held converse with every age since the creation of man. It is a volume of the oldest light that ever shone. It is a *pencil of rays*, streaming from the point of creation, as it lies in a past eternity; falling down through the darkness of the fabulous ages; penetrating the periods of historic day with a light above the brightness of the sun; and resting at last with broad illumination, on our own times. It opens the only unbroken vista of light, through the shadowy past, up to that mysterious period when the throne of God rested on chaos.

This characteristic of the Bible invests it with a peculiar interest. The antiquity of *error* and of *prejudice* only renders them, when detected, the subjects of a juster and deeper abhorrence. But the antiquity of *truth* and *reason* clothes them with a more and more venerable authority; an authority which we cannot shake off if we would, and which a wise mind would not shake off, if it could. The mind, I know, loves to repose in truth, simply because it is truth. And yet,—tell me not to the contrary,—it is so constituted, after all, that it reposes, with increasing comfort to itself, in *that* truth which is most ancient to the knowledge of man, and whose salutary power has been longest tried in human experience.

Again: The Bible is a book of *facts*; of facts more significant and important than any others that have ever happened. The ages of the world, for thousands of years, have been one vast wilderness of facts. Collect from among them all those which by way of special eminence, deserve to be termed *the* most important, and you will find that you have brought out from that wilderness, and fitted together, precisely the great frame-work of Bible history. The facts of this book tell of the creation of the world, of man, and the place of his habitation; of the redemption of a race of sinners; and of

the sublime movements of a universal Providence. Many of its incidents are instinct with the spirit of *prophecy*; many of its characters are full of the mystery of *types*; and its whole chain of narrative is but a sort of *living thread*, which runs throughout, and makes a part of, the whole web of God's dealings in the salvation of man. The facts of the Bible are moral, significant, speaking. They are full of soul, of movivity, of power. In their sway over the human mind, they are without a parallel, and they place the Bible on a ground peculiarly its own,—a book by itself, the only *one* in the library to which it belongs.

Once more: The Bible is a book of *literature*; of the most remarkable literature with which the world was ever acquainted. I speak of it now, not as a body of *inspired* compositions, but as a body of *human* writings; conveying, indeed, inspired truths, but still in human language, addressed to the human understanding, and subject to the laws of human taste. Viewing it in this light, then, I say it is a book of the most remarkable literature ever given to the world. Its *historic* compositions are inimitable specimens of translucent brevity. Its *biographies* are almost living men. Its *narratives* and *descriptions* of detached facts and scenes are surpassing models of simple and striking power. Its *poetry* is full of fountains of the most unparalleled beauty and sublimity, from which the greatest have been content to draw in replenishing or enlivening their own streams. Its *eloquence* is like one of the perfectly manly and graceful forms of ancient sculpture, at the feet of which have set a thousand docile imitators and copyists. Its *style* is as varied and wild, as smooth or as rough, as pure or as strong, as unpretending or as sublime, as the ever-diversified face of all-glorious Nature herself. Its *pathos* is the purest, truest, deepest feeling of the soul, pouring itself, living and exhaustless, into the hearts of numberless successive generations. And its *devotional strains* have taught or shall teach the world to worship. There are *mourning*s of *penitence*, learned in the secret chambers of the soul; or *wrestlings* of *faith*, prompted by insight into the sure promises of God; or *harpings* of *praise*, caught from listenings at the gate of heaven. Every age to which it has been known has paid the literature of the Bible this homage, and, without concert, has yet conspired to place it, in this respect, too,

alone—a book without an equal and without a likeness.

The Bible, moreover, is a book of *philosophy*; of philosophy the deepest and most spiritual ever studied. I do not mean that it analyzes, arranges, or teaches philosophy as a system. But it *is* philosophy. It knows what man is made of; it enters into man; it finds him out thoroughly; it has power over the secret workings of his heart; and it can carry a torchlight of truth into the very darkest closets of the soul. The Bible is not a *theory* spun out of the human brain; but it is *practical* philosophy, taking man just as he is; and making him feel that he has a Master, who has studied him deeply, and who understands the darkest mysteries of his spirit. This feature is one of the best proofs that He who created *man*, indited also the *Bible*.

Again: The Bible is a book of *thought*. In a manner, it may be said, it is *all* thought. No book spends so little time as this on the accessories or embellishments of thought; none so little in unfolding and pursuing thought. It has been well said, that it is a book “full of the *seeds* of things.” It is a book in which systems often lie compressed within the limits of a sentence; or in which many a lofty tree, covered with the flowers, foliage, and fruit of expanded and ripened thought, may, by the skilful eye, be seen comprehended as yet in the unbranched root of a single word. It is a book full of hints, suggestions, sketches, outlines; in taking, following, filling up, and finishing which, the mind may work for ages, and yet leave its work growing under its hand, and waiting for its last and perfecting touches. Hence the Bible never tires, and is always full for those who wish to draw; full of thoughts, no one of which is light or trivial, but multitudes of which are profound as eternity, and rich with the interests of salvation to the soul.

Once more: The Bible is a book of *the Spirit*. Its great philosophical, moral, and spiritual truths have all been revolved in the mind of God. His Spirit taught them to holy minds of old. His Spirit guided the recording hands that penned them. His Spirit taught those hands to trace *only* truth on the sacred page; truth without a tincture from error. And His Spirit is still the companion of his Holy Word; shining in its truths, speaking in its thoughts, and acting through its philosophy.

Hence, combining all the characteristics which have been named, the Bible is, emphatically, a book of *power*. No other book, nor all other books can match it. It is to the minds of men like the atmosphere to the earth; which moves resistlessly the ocean or the land, according as the Mighty One may bid it blow. The Bible is a book of power, not as the master pieces of men are books of power. Its great strength does not lie in harrowing up the passions, in throwing the bosom into unnatural tumults, or in leading away the mind amidst the mazes of metaphysical, or along the track of logical reasoning. When it acts on the *individual* mind, its power is that of a silent light, of a purifying fire, of a comforting energy, of a new-creating touch. And when it acts on the *collective* mind, it is that of a universally applicable agency, capable of reaching, with its influences, all times and all places; capable of working up permanent features on the face of nations; capable of breathing an undying spirit into the dead bodies of earthly dominions.

Clothed, then, in these characteristics, and with this power, it is not a matter of wonder, as it is a matter of fact, that the Bible has not only *had*, but actually *made*, more students than any other book, perhaps than all other books on earth; and that it has left the traces of its influence more widely and more indelibly than any, or than all, on the literature, the history, the religion, the living men, of the world. Looking back over the wide past, we can see its deep marks almost every where; and, in numberless cases where we cannot *see* them, we know, nevertheless, that they are, or have been *felt*.—*Christian Witness*.

RIGHTS OF MEN.

FAR am I from denying in theory, full as far is my heart from withholding in practice, (if I were of power to give or to withhold,) the *real* rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule.—*Burke*.

HAYTI.

THE subject of opening negotiations and establishing international intercourse with the republic of Hayti, having been introduced into Congress, by the presentation and reference of memorials on the subject, and the discussion rising out of it being likely to interest the people, more or less, we have thought that a short notice of the history and condition of the country, would be acceptable to all parties. We have compiled the facts without any reference to the merits or demerits of the objects of the memorialists.

Hayti, or Haiti, (the mountainous) is the original Indian name of a large and fertile island of the West Indies, discovered by Columbus, in 1492, and by him named Es-panola (Hispaniola.) The English and French called it St. Domingo, after its capital city. The island lies about 60 miles S. E. of Cuba and two degrees east of Jamaica, between latitude 17 43 and 19 58 N. and longitude 68 24 and 74 55 W. Greatest length 390 miles, breadth from 60 to 150; containing 30,000 square miles. The face of the country is generally mountainous, interspersed with deep valleys. The highest summits of the Cibao Mountains which cross the island from east to west, are 6000 feet above the level of the sea.—There are numerous rivers which water the island, and the soil is very fertile, producing a great variety of the tropical fruits, and many of the necessities of life. The climate varies according to the location of different places, being fatal to people from northern countries in some of the towns, while the mountainous parts are healthy. Sugar cane, coffee, cocoa and cotton, grow luxuriantly, and form the principal exports. Indigo is not as much cultivated as formerly. Mahogany, satin wood, iron wood, and oak, are found in the forests, some of which are exported.

The commerce of this island is very considerable, and gradually increasing. It was most flourishing when part of the island was subject to the French. In 1791, over 68 millions of pounds of coffee, and 163 millions of sugar, were exported; whereas, in 1824, under the present government 37,700,000 lbs. of coffee and 725,000 lbs. of sugar only were exported.

A notice of the history of Hayti is deemed important before giving a view of the

present government and state of the country. The first European colony was established there by Columbus, on his first voyage, in 1492, at the bay of St. Nicholas, being the first European settlement made in America. He formed a second town at Isabella, in 1493. In 1498, his brother Bartholomew removed the colony to the south side of the island, and founded the city of St. Domingo. The Spaniards compelled the natives to labor at the mines and on the plantations; but these miserable Indians soon dwindled away under an accumulation of hardships, and became nearly extinct in less than a century. During the 17th century, the French obtained possession of the island. African slaves were introduced, and the cultivation of the sugar cane renewed.—From the middle to the close of the 18th century, the French colony was very prosperous and the commerce flourishing. But an insurrection broke out in the French colony, in 1791, which finally assumed the character of an organized revolution, and the white inhabitants were either slaughtered indiscriminately, or compelled to escape from the Island.—The most celebrated negro chiefs during the sanguinary contest from 1791 to 1798, were Macayd, Toussaint Louverture and Rigoud. The English made an attempt to take the Island, but were compelled to abandon it, after great losses of men, in 1798. Hayti was declared independent in 1801. Bonaparte, First Consul in France, sent an army of 20,000 men to the Island in 1801. Toussaint was taken prisoner, and carried to France, where he died, in 1801.

Dessalines, a black chief, then took command of the Haytian forces. The remnant of this French army, having been reduced by diseases and the sword, surrendered to an English squadron, in 1803. In 1804, the chiefs renounced all dependence on France, and appointed Dessalines governor for life, who afterwards assumed the title of Jaques I, Emperor of Hayti. After a short reign, he fell a victim to a conspiracy, in 1806. One of his chiefs, Christophe, assumed the administration immediately after his death; but his authority was disputed by Petion, another chief, and a war commenced between the two competitors. Finally, the latter was defeated, in 1807, and Christophe was appointed chief magistrate for life. In 1811, he took the title of king, under the name of Henry I, establishing a

hereditary monarchy. The French part of the Island remained from 1811 to 1820, under the two rival governments of Christophe and Petion. The former held the north part, and the latter established a republic in the south. Petion was a mulatto, and a wise and virtuous chief. He was elected president for life, which office he continued to hold until his death, in 1818, when he was succeeded by Boyer as president.

Christophe was a black of considerable talent, and was born a slave, in 1767, in either the Island of Grenada, or St. Christopher, (it is not certain which.) He distinguished himself in the early part of the Haytian revolution by his boldness, decision, and activity in the cause of the blacks. His government was a military despotism, and his name stands conspicuous in the annals of avarice and cruelty. He reigned with great pomp, imitating the style of European sovereigns in many respects, taking Napoleon for his principal model. In 1820, an insurrection broke out among a part of his troops, who, being assisted by Boyer, declared the abolition of royalty, and Christophe shot himself to avoid falling into their hands, October, 1820. His widow and daughter were protected by Boyer, and retired to Europe with a large fortune. The Spanish colony, in the east part of the island, placed themselves under the government by Boyer, in 1821, who thus became president of the whole island. In 1825, Charles X, King of France, acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of a stipulation on the part of Boyer to pay to France 150,000,000 francs, as an indemnity to the former colonists for the loss of their property.

The present form of government is republican; the president, who exercises the executive power, commands the forces, and appoints all officers, is elected for life by the senate. He receives an annual salary of \$40,000. The legislature consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. The former is composed of twenty-four members, who are chosen for nine years by the representatives, from a list presented by the president. The House of Representatives is elected by the people, once in five years, and consists of one from each commune, three from Port au Prince, and two for the chief town in each department. The code of laws is similar to the French, embracing trial by jury. The island is divided into

six departments, subdivided into 66 communes and 33 parishes. The principal towns are Port au Prince, (or Port Republican,) the capital; Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, and Jacquemel. The French language is spoken, being used by the government and the people, except in the eastern part, where Spanish is spoken. In 1824, the population of the island was 953,335—nearly all black and mulattoes; the regular troops, 40,000, the militia, 113,000. The revenue was 4,000,000.

The education of the people has received much attention from the government. A college is established at Cape Haytien, and schools in all parts of the island. The catholic is the established religion, but all sects are tolerated.

On the 1st of February, 1828, a new treaty of peace was concluded at Port au Prince between the Republic and the Kingdom of France. The balance due from Hayti to France was fixed at 60,000,000 francs, to be paid by annual instalments from 1838 to 1863.

We believe that Jean Pierre Boyer, who in 1820 was appointed for life, is still President. The government is sometimes spoken of as a sort of military democracy.—*Madisonian*.

CARLYLE.

WHAT do the writings of Carlyle show us of the writer? We see him, in them, as a Poet: his criticism is poetical, he reconcives and reproduces the work which he is criticising, if a work be before him; and if a character, he draws it as a poet, more or less perfectly; that essay on Burns, which we think the best of his writings that have come before us, is all poetry; let but verse be added to it, and the whole world would recognize it as a poem. In his teaching he is a poet also; rather speaking to what is in us directly, and thereby leading us to recognize its existence, than speaking of it to the mere intellect.

We see him also as a fearless and frank speaker of what is in him: his imitation results from love, not subserviency, and never is thorough and deadening; and his very imitation he speaks out boldly; will not assume to be other than he is, while he is diseased, for we doubt not Carlyle knows that

his mind is in no healthy state, as well as any of his critics.

We see him as an original thinker; by which we mean not a giver of new thoughts, but an originator of the thoughts given, be they new or old.

He is a man of genius, of insight, not leading us to new truths by argument, but by revelation, to matters for meditation and recognition; what he says may have no meaning to-day, and but a misty meaning to-morrow, and yet, on the third day, be clear to us, for it is not a merely new combination of old truths, but the statement of a new truth, which we must see by our own exertion of the power that is in us. He is a man of keen understanding, too; seeing relations as quickly as any one, and capable of combination, and arrangement, and the most strict and logical speech. He is a man of enthusiasm; his heart is in his labor; he lives, as we have said, in an idea; thence come his earnest sympathy, his hearty scorn, his warm approval, his deep dislike; and from these, and his noble openness, come his mixture of tolerance and bigotry, his ironical indifference, his assumed but not sustained impartiality: he is bigotted, however, with regard to principles, not men; he goes wholly neither for nor against any man: indeed, there is much that would lead us to fear that he cares less for men than abstractions; that he looks at them, not as immortal spirits, but as the individual exhibitions for a time of the true, and pure, and holy.

In a word, we see in these writings a man of great insight, keen and clear understanding, most unlimited fancy, and an imagination that can raise the dead, and build the fallen temples again; and this intellect is combined with deep earnestness, quick sympathy, and perfect fearlessness: this whole nature comes before us undeveloped, but self-possessed; as it looks forth into the depths of creation, its powers unfold and stretch abroad, but in the fever of growth lose their self-possession, and are, for a time, unbounded by force without, or law within; this man has looked up to the heights, and down into the abysses, of being, till he is dizzy, and staggers like a drunken man.

Of the particular views of Carlyle we have not much to say. He regards man as a spirit: and as he believes the Father of Spirits to have truth within himself, so he

believes Man to have received from God knowledge of truth; in this truth, which was from our birth in us, he finds the only grounds for morality. His morality is, to do what we know to be right because it is right, without regard to consequences here or hereafter; to obey God, whether He speak through our reason or an Inspired Teacher, unquestioning as to the effects of obedience. His religion is to worship God in spirit and in truth; his views of Christianity are nowhere clearly explained, and those of this journal are too well known to require exposition here, or, we trust, to allow any to think we mean to approve of the pantheism or rationalism which many, with whom Carlyle is associated in men's minds, hold to. When we find clear exposition of religious faith, we can meet it; we shall not fight shadows and dim hints. What we know of his political views we shall consider when speaking of his revolution;—one thing, meanwhile, is clear, that he is no believer in the doctrine of majorities,—the voice of his Maker is not heard by him in the shout of the mass; far more likely in the whispers of one or two pure and truth-seeing spirits.

But it is not Carlyle's particular system on any subject that we think worthy of thought, (if, indeed, he can be said to even hint at system,) but only that principle of spiritualism which he holds in common with many, but which he has so variously and vividly set before us in forms more suited to general readers than those used by more systematic writers: his writings will lead any attentive reader of them to meditate, and in that is their great worth. That the Spiritual view may become known and effective everywhere is our earnest prayer; not known in words, and phrases, and oddities, but in a faith that shall walk through affliction unfearing, a courage that shall make martyrdom easy as it was of old, a love that shall bind men together with stronger bonds than those of municipal law. That the Utilitarian system can never produce such faith, courage, and love, may be readily seen by reading it as it is written in the book of Ethics, called Deontology, by Bentham; and that such should be produced by a true system no believer in the New Testament can doubt. In spiritualism, let it come in the German, French, or some new English or American form, we think will be found the central metaphysical

idea of the Christian Theology, for in spiritualism we see most clearly the utter mystery of man's whole being, and learn to realize that illustration used by Jesus: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."—*New-York Review.*

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,—
A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know;
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring tide,
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,—
I've never pulled such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,—
As all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day,—
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in that old lime,
Where, hours and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew;
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray time—
Seemed woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And Blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavored then;
And hazle-nuts, such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again,—
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime!
How *all* is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

LIGHT LITERATURE.

IN the world of literature there is food for all palates, be they ever so various—solid and substantial fare for those of healthy and wholesome digestions, light and nutritive for the weak or idle, or stimulative for the languid: so that a man need never be at a loss for literary matter suitable to his inclination or constitution; and he may vary it as often as he pleases, according to the mood in which he finds himself, with the happy consciousness that, let him consume as much as he will, he can never exhaust the common stock.

"Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety."

Of those books to which we have recourse for pleasure or recreation, we have a particular fancy for a gossiping book—a collection of choice *morceaux* and short dissertations, in which an author gives us the cream of a diversity of subjects, without calling upon us for any rigid attention or nice examination of his arguments—a kind of reading which resembles the very best conversation, but which is, at the same time, more artificially dressed up and more elegantly turned. When, for instance, we have been wading through a ponderous or tedious volume, for the purpose of analysis or for the sake of a few good extracts, we return with a keen relish to a literary gossip with an author of this kind, whom we can take up with the certainty of being instructed and amused—the smooth current of whose thoughts we can follow without effort or constraint, and to whose guidance we abandon ourselves with a desultory but luxurious preference, and whom, when we have read such as to our humor or idleness seem good, we can lay down without a sense of weariness or a feeling of dissatisfaction. And then, if his disquisitions be short, and have no sequel or dependence upon each other, we can select from the bundle such in length or quality may suit our time or fancy. Truly this may be an idle, but it is a pleasant mode of reading, and that is sufficient to recommend it. Indeed, we do not see why it should not be carried even farther than for the mere purposes of relaxation and amusement. It is, without doubt, much better to pursue an agreeable road to the temple of knowledge than to pick out the most rugged and uninviting path. The latter

course, it is true, calls upon us for a greater sacrifice of ease and comfort—it requires more resolution and pains-taking, and we ourselves should have no objection to it where it is inaccessible by any other means. But to select this briery path in preference to one more easy and agreeable, voluntarily to lacerate ourselves with the thorns which stick in the way, is, we cannot help thinking, a labor of supererogation—an infliction of penance for its own sake, the effect of which can only be to discourage and disgust. And one would think there are pleasures few enough sprinkled in this pilgrimage of three-score and ten, to induce us not inquisitively to make "that little less." Nor can such a mode of study be called vain and unproductive, for the richest fruit grows on the sunny aspect of the hill, where nature has been busiest in scattering her May-flowers and ornaments of a gay season. The countenance of wisdom is not naturally harsh and crabbed and repulsive; if it be wrinkled, it is not with care and ill-temper, but with the lines of deep thought. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness," and her smile is as genial and refreshing as that of young Beauty, and equally invites us to be joyous and glad. She teaches us

"To live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweets of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain."

We feel no sympathy with those authors who would do every thing by the square and the compass—who would rudely snap the springs of feeling, and torture us into wisdom or virtue. It is the author who gives utterings to the promptings of the heart, who mingles human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays fast hold of our affection, and whom, above all, we love and venerate.

OPINIONS.

It must always have been discoverable by persons of reflection, but it is now obvious to the world, that a theory concerning government may become as much a cause of fanaticism as a *dogma* in religion. There is a boundary to men's passions when they act from feeling; none when they are under the influence of imagination.—*Burke*.

EXCERPTS FROM JEAN PAUL.

WEALTH bears heavier on talent than poverty; under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may be crushed down and buried! When among the flames of youth, and above all of hotter powers as well, the oil of riches is also poured in—little will remain of the Phoenix but his ashes; and only a Goethe has force to keep, even at the sun of good fortune, his Phoenix-wings unsinged. The poor historical professor, in that place, would not, for much money, have had much money in his youth. Fate manages poets, as men do singing birds; you overhang the cage of the singer and make it dark, till at length he has caught the tunes you play to him, and can sing them rightly.

Philosophy is properly home-sickness; the wish to be everywhere at home.

Man is the higher sense of our planet; the star which connects it with the upper world; the eye which it turns toward heaven.

Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; whose tones are keys to higher strings in us.

Every beloved object is the center of a paradise.

It depends only on the weakness of our organs and of our self-excitement, that we do not see ourselves in a fairy world. All fabulous tales, are merely dreams of that home-world, which is everywhere and nowhere. The higher powers in us, which one day as genius, shall fulfil our will, are, for the present, muses, which refresh us on our toilsome course with sweet remembrances.

The spirit of poesy is the morning light, which makes the statue of Memory sound.

Only in villages, not in towns, where properly more night, than day-labor, have the evening cuckooes a meaning and beauty, and are the swan-song of the day: the evening bell is, as it were, the muffle of the over-loved heart, and, like a *rans des vaches* of the plains, calls men from their running and toiling, into the land of silence and dreams.

Most men judge so badly; why wouldst thou be praised by a child? No one would respect thee in a beggar's coat: what is a respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee?

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows

on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

DE WITT CLINTON.

THE closing paragraph of Governor Seward's message, is a beautiful eulogy upon De Witt Clinton:

"It is now eleven years since this State was suddenly called to mourn the death of a citizen, who illustrated her history by a life of eminent public usefulness. His death happened in the maturity of his manhood, and while yet the policy and purity of his motives were loudly questioned. Experience has more rapidly than the almost inspired enthusiasm of his genius anticipated, sanctioned the one, and posterity has made extraordinary haste to vindicate the other. His remains still rest in that vault of a private friend which hospitably received them as a secret trust until an auspicious period for more fitting public obsequies should arrive. He is understood to have left to his children no inheritance but what they enjoy in common with all their fellow citizens—his fame and abounding prosperity. The custom of honoring the dead commends itself to the natural sentiments of mankind, and although in ignorant and depraved countries it has been abused by the erection of pyramids, and temples, and tombs, to preserve the ashes of tyrants, it cannot, among an enlightened people, be otherwise than right and expedient to perpetuate the memory of benefactors, and thus stimulate and encourage emulation of deeds. Our State early followed the example, by providing a tomb for the remains of a gallant soldier who fell in her service in a foreign land. It cannot be too often remembered or practically illustrated, that worthy as military renown is of posthumous honors, civil virtues less frequently attract their just reward; that statesmen pass through an ordeal more trying than the field of battle, and that the history of this State records the fame of many valiant generals, while it has witnessed only one personification of the genius and virtues of DE WITT CLINTON. I therefore respectfully recommend that the ashes of that illustrious citizen be deposited underneath a monument to be erected in this city."

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

WHEREVER, O man, God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayest love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou must not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and laws, of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, nor foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting reason, in which dwells a still higher freedom,) which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.—*Arndt.*

BOOKS.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a

burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, the proof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.—*Milton.*

O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner! Thou too art a conqueror and victor; but of the true sort, namely, over the devil.—*Carlyle.*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

In the state of the world at which we are now arrived, with the mighty printing-press in perpetual operation everywhere, like another power of nature, it is not to be apprehended that any important movement in human affairs can happen, at least in the civilized parts of the earth, without an account of it being immediately drawn up, and so multiplied and dispersed, that it cannot fail to go down to posterity. Without any regular machinery established and kept at work for that purpose, the transmission of a knowledge of everything worth noting that takes place to all future generations is now secured much more effectually than it ever was in those times when public functionaries used to be employed, in many countries, to chronicle occurrences as they arose, expressly for the information of after-ages. Such were the pontifical annalists of ancient Rome, and the keepers of the monastic registers in the middle ages among ourselves, and in the other countries of christendom. How meagre and valueless are the best of the records that have come

down to us compiled by authority, compared with our newspapers, which do not even contemplate as at all coming within their design, the preservation and handing down to other times of the intelligence collected in them, but limit themselves to the single object of its mere promulgation and immediate diffusion.—*New-York Mirror*.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A PERSON who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, assuring him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of oar said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith and the other works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other with all his strength, upon which the boat turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do, let us try if works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see, don't do either: let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished-for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world, to the peaceful shore of immortality."

HONESTY.

A CERTAIN poor widow, one winter's day, had consumed her little stock of wood in providing a scanty meal for her children, without knowing where she could obtain more. She put her children to bed, soon after, and sat shivering over a handful of embers, in full view of a large woodpile, belonging to a rich and hard-hearted neighbor. The thought entered her mind that she would take a handfull of this wood, and the owner would never miss it. After many struggles, she concluded to go after her neighbor had gone to bed, that she might prepare her children some breakfast. She

went and picked up the wood, but the thought of stealing so overwhelmed her, that, forgetting where she was, she spoke aloud, "Have I come to this? Must I steal? Oh, I cannot steal! but if I don't I must freeze. But oh! I can't steal!"—and throwing down the wood, she walked away. She went home and went to bed. The rich man stood in his door and heard all the poor woman said, and it softened his heart. Early next morning he sent eight loads of wood and other articles, telling her she was welcome, and adding, "You fairly beat the devil out of me last night!"

A LYRIC.

"OLDEN MEMORIES."

BY WILLIAM D. CALLAGHER.

There's a voice from every bird,
There's a tone in every tree,
That recalls some burning word
I have utter'd when with thee:
There's an eye in every star,
There's a look in every cloud,
That bears my thoughts afar
Where thou rulest Fashion's crowd:
And I wonder oft if thou,
In thy far and wedded home,
Ever think'st of him who now
To thy presence may not come.

Every sweet and breathing flow'r
That scents the twilight breeze,
Hath a ministry and power
Over "Olden Memories;"
Every ripple of the stream
That goes singing on its way,
Hath a tale of Boyhood's Dream,
And of Manhood's merry May:
And I wonder oft if thou,
In thy far and wedded home,
Ever think'st of him who now
To thy presence may not come.

I have treasured every look,
I have garnered every tone,
Till my heart is like a book
Fill'd with memories alone:
I have ask'd no higher bliss,
'Mid the world's incessant din,
Since our last hope died, than this—
To dream of what hath been:
And I wonder oft if thou,
In thy far and wedded home,
Ever think'st of him who now
To thy presence may not come.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TOKEN.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New-Year's Present.
 Edited by S. G. GOODRICH. Boston:
 Otis, Broaders, and Company. Colum-
 bus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839.

WE have been not a little disappointed, in the perusal of this the oldest of the American *souvenirs*. At the time we took it up, we had seen it very generally condemned by the eastern and western press, as deficient in both of its departments of Art and Literature; and we laid hold of it in rather an ill humor, not doubting but that we were called upon to record our opinion adverse to its claims upon the attention of begloved and bewhiskered young gentlemen, and belaced and bejewelled young ladies—the two varieties of the human family, or rather the two sexes of the one variety, for whom, as we understand the matter, such works are specially prepared. We soon found, however, that we had been grossly deceived; and a half hour served to “lap us in Elysium,” as effectually as could have been done by the choicest narcotic ever administered to suffering humanity.

As the tale-writers have it, “how long we slept, we could not tell;” but when we awoke, we found ourselves in the very midst of all that magnificent machinery which the “Author of Lafitte” has built up and put in operation in the winding galleries and subterranean passages of the mysterious temple of “The Sacred Fire.” This “Sacred Fire” was the first thing in *The Token* which we approached; for it was a bitter cold night, and we observed over the entrance to the “Temple,” a placard or sign, which informed us that it had been kindled by a gentleman for whose genius we have a high admiration, and of whose friendship we are proud. We therefore felt at liberty to walk up to it at once, without any ceremony, and warm our pinched toes and benumbed fingers by its genial

heat. The doing of this, as we have stated, lapt us in an elysian slumber; but waking therefrom, after some time, we found that we were truly in the very presence of our friend the builder, and him we followed patiently, all over the “Temple” which he had erected, threading every labyrinth, peeping into each dark corner, skipping from end to end of every long gallery, and mounting each flight of steps that came in our way. It was a work of infinite labor, it is true, but then we have an infinite degree of patient perseverance; and having, moreover, a nice perception of the ridiculous, it afforded us an infinite quantity of amusement. It is a great structure, beyond any doubt; and how it could have met the disapprobation of good-natured editors and learned critics, is hard to divine. To the bewhiskered and bejewelled personages heretofore alluded to, an examination of its interior must give the highest delight; for among the ornaments of every chamber may be found something that will carry their minds back to the refined nonsense of Monk Lewis and the sublime tomfooleries of Mrs. Ratcliff.

Having sufficiently warmed ourselves at “The Sacred Fire,” we sallied out to take a peep at “The Comet.” For the discovery of this new wonder, we are informed by a placard similar to that hung up over the entrance to the “Temple” described above, the world is indebted to the genius of “S. Austin, jr.” It is a surprising affair altogether, and covers an immense deal of space, as all genteel comets must be allowed to. It keeps up a wonderful fuss and stir, and whisks its tail around right saucily, as much as to say, “Halloo! you Earthlings down there! what do you think of me!” With all its might and menacing, however, we do not think that it will ever “set the world on fire.”

On our way from the “Temple” aforesaid to “The Comet,” we passed hastily by a modest little building, surrounded by

flowers and almost buried in rich shrubbery. To this we returned, and found that it was an "Alms-House," put up for a charitable purpose by "Mrs. L. H. Sigourney," who can do a matter of this kind as well as the best architect in the land. We passed a few very interesting minutes in examining its interior, and departed thanking the builder for the pleasure she had afforded us.

Pursuing our desultory course, we next picked up "The White Scarf" of a Yankee Lady, whose genius is an honor to our country. This is an exceedingly beautiful work, by Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," etc.; and with the taking up of it, we throw aside the mood in which we found ourselves constrained to enter the recesses of "The Temple of the Sacred Fire." The "White Scarf" covers the first sixty pages of *The Token*; and when we say that it is a production worthy the pen and name of its distinguished author, we bestow upon it very high praise. There are a number of other good things in the volume, among which are a capital sketch of "Cape Cod" and Cape Codders, a well wrought "Dramatic Fragment," a touching translation from the Italian, entitled "Il Sasso Rancio," and "Leonor," a little poem by Mrs. Osgood, an American lady who is now achieving something of a poetical reputation, but from whose pen we have not heretofore seen anything which pleased us half so much as the annexed lines:

"LEONOR loved a noble youth;
But light was Leonor's maiden truth;
She left her love for wealth forsooth!
Faithless Leonor!

Now she paces a palace hall;
Lords and ladies await her call!
Wearily Leonor turns from all:
Languid Leonor!

Leonor lies on a couch of down;
The jewel-light of a ducal crown
Gleams through her tresses of sun-lit brown:
Beautiful Leonor!

Leonor's robe is a tissue of gold,
Flashing in every graceful fold;
And braided gems on her arms are roll'd:
Radiant Leonor!

Diamonds sparkle in Leonor's zone,
With a starlike glow in every stone;
But the heart they smile on is cold and lone!
Joyless Leonor!

To be free once more she would give them all,
The crown, the couch, and the sculptur'd hall,

And the robe with its rich and shining fall:
Poor, lost Leonor!

Like a captive bird, through the beaming bar
Of gold, she looks on her home afar,
And it woos her there like a holy star:
Vainly, Leonor!

Leonor's lip hath lost its bloom;
Her proud blue eyes are dark with gloom;
She will sleep in peace in her early tomb!
Suffering Leonor!"

In the artistical embellishments of the present volume of *The Token*, there is certainly not much to praise; but we apprehend that the cause of this exists in the indifference of the American people to works of Art, much more than in any dereliction of the publisher. It is wrong to blame a publisher for not doing what those for whom he publishes do not wish him to do, or at least will not reward him for doing. Yet on account of its inferior embellishments, *The Token* for the present year has been very generally condemned, while its literary productions are manifestly superior to most of the contents of such works, English or American. Several of them seek to blend usefulness with their amusement, and in some of these wholesome lessons are vividly presented to the young reader and forcibly impressed upon his mind. It is true that some eighty pages are taken up with "The Sacred Fire" and "The Comet;" but these constitute nearly all the chaff of a sheaf which has yielded a reasonable quantity of nutritious grain. That this is mostly *European* grain, and not *American* grain as it ought to be, is a stronger objection with us, against *The Token*, than any we have seen named.

AYDELOTT'S ADDRESS.

An address on Collegiate Departments of the English Language and Literature.
By B. P. AYDELOTT, D. D., President of Woodward College. 21 pages 8vo. Cincinnati: Kendall and Henry. 1838.

DR. AYDELOTT states that there is not, so far as he is informed, in the colleges of either our own country or Great Britain, a department of English Language and Literature; and the object of the address before us, which was delivered to the College of Teachers at its annual Convention, is to point out the necessity of such a department

and show the practicability and probable usefulness of its establishment. The Doctor, in the outset, thus explains what he means by a department of English Language and Literature, which he would term the "Professorship of English Philology." "Let it then, he says, be as extensive as the most liberal but just interpretation of the terms will admit. But to be particular,—let it embrace the origin and structure of our language, its progress, its means and modes of youth, its peculiarities, the signification of its words and their various shades of difference, its correct and graceful utterance in reading and speaking, and its various kinds of style with the several advantages and beauties of each as exhibited in the sacred desk, in the senate, and at the bar, in conversation and epistolary writing, in the different kinds of history, in controversy and philosophic discussion, in the grave and the light essay, and in poetry in all its varieties. It should, in a word, comprehend the *history, grammar, and criticism* of the language."

Having made this explanation, Dr. Aydelott proceeds, under ten heads, to show what he considers some of the advantages which would result from the establishment and faithful prosecution in our colleges generally, of a department of English Language and Literature. He thinks that it would tend greatly to improve and fix our language, and to encourage the more general, thorough, and practical study of the Greek and Roman classics. He is of opinion that it would do much to improve common schools, and make a collegiate education more generally desirable than it now is. He believes that the establishment of such a department in our colleges, could not but be a great means of pushing forward the triumphs of literature and moral science, of bearing far and sowing wide the blessed seeds of genuine christianity, and of advancing the cause of knowledge generally.

In support of these several positions, and some others, Dr. Aydelott reasons well. We are more pleased with his remarks under the first division of his subject, than with any other portion of the address. We respectfully commend the following extracts, to the attention of those gentlemen in our own State,—we allude to our legislators,—who have it in their power to do so much for the preservation and triumph of our noble English tongue, and the dissemination

of those immortal principles of civil liberty which are incorporated into its rich and various literature.

"I. Would it not greatly tend to *improve and fix our language?*"

The student in this department would, of course, make himself master, not only of the grammar of our tongue, but of general or philosophical grammar. He would go also to the classic pages of Milton, Dryden, Taylor, Barrow, Addison, Pope, and, above all, to our noble version of the Bible, and there drink deeply into the fountains of pure English style. The sources of our tongue, its genius, its changes, its peculiar excellences and defects, its vast capabilities would thus be spread before him.

Such study, deep and persevering, combined with diligent practice in the different species of composition, must give him a mastery of the subject, which no other training could confer. And with these high advantages, would not taste, and gratitude, and a laudable ambition, constrain him to labor to remove the defects, and to cultivate all the excellences of the language?

When, then, our educated men have generally passed through such a course as this, we may reasonably expect to behold our mother tongue attain to that improvement and stability which the venerable patriarchs of our literature desired to see, but died without the sight. It is not a few men of learning and taste, here and there, that can fix a nation's language. There must be the combined efforts of multitudes of various talents and pursuits, all contributing their offerings to this common treasury.

But is it not a fact that our brightest students are too often deplorably ignorant here? They will consume the midnight oil over the pages of Lucretius and Livy, of Homer and Demosthenes, and concentrate every power of thought upon the demonstrations of mathematics; and search with avidity into every department of the physical sciences; whilst attention to their own language is nearly confined to drudgery of the first form, and only renewed in those few moments of leisure, and with that superficial haste, which the other subjects of college class will now permit.

It ought not, therefore, to surprise us to find so many works of modern science, admirable for their profundity of research, and strength of argument, but clothed in a style not only devoid of all elegance, but deformed with gross inaccuracies. Great is the love of learning which urges the reader on through the perplexing grammatical blunders, and heavy uncouth periods of such authors. Doubtless many are driven back in disgust. They prefer ignorance to knowledge at such a price.

And are not the poverty and deformity of much of our modern literature owing to a superficial acquaintance with our language? How often do we see, in the prose and poetry of this day, really great vigor and comprehension of mind, and lofty genius, trammelled and besoiled by their own scanty and mean habiliments. Familiarity with the classics of their mother tongue, would have taught these writers to avoid their faults, and to imitate their excellences, and press forward with a purer ardor toward perfection. But with too little of the good of former authorship, they exhibit more than

all of its defects. Such men of letters do much to corrupt and change the language; but they contribute little to improve and fix it.

Does not the wide diffusion of our language tend to corrupt it? It bids fair to be the universal tongue. 'It is,' says a recent traveler, 'the predominant language among all those whose society travellers fall into from the Rhine to Norway.' Indeed, it is spoken quite extensively in all civilized nations, and has been planted among nearly every barbarous people. The commercial and christian enterprise of England and the United States has carried their speech to the very ends of the earth. It has thus encompassed the globe, and is rapidly diffusing itself in all directions.

But as our language recedes from its great centres—England and the United States—its danger of foreign admixture increases; and the continuous tendency of these corruptions is to flow back and stain the fountains themselves.

Now, in what other way can we counteract this evil and protect ourselves, than by keeping the springs pure, and continually sending forth streams of unadulterated English through every channel of communication? If this be not done, instead of subduing all nations to our tongue, it will itself be overwhelmed and lost amid the floods which are setting in upon us from every quarter.*

The tendency of the immense immigration from all parts of the world into our country, is too obvious to need remark. It has excited the anxious attention of the patriot, as imperiling our free institutions; and of the Christian, as dangerous to the pure principles of the gospel, and the morals of our people; but have we been duly careful to prevent its corrupting influence upon our language?

Ought we not to discourage every attempt, however apparently benevolent, to keep up the use of foreign languages in our country? And ought we not to do all we can, to make the crowds of emigrants, who are flocking to our shores, thoroughly AMERICAN, not only in heart, but in tongue? Indeed the former can never be accomplished without the latter. They will ever remain foreigners among us, and exert an influence more or less adverse, upon our institutions, if we do not so prize our language, as not only to guard it from every admixture, but to be zealous for its acquisition by all who come among us.

We may draw an argument, also, from Greece and Rome. These nations loved their language. In their schools it was the object of their fondest and most persevering attention. Many of the very

amusements of the Greeks tended to enlarge their knowledge of their tongue, and purify their literary taste. The assembled nation were the critics of their finest writers. It was at the Olympic games that Herodotus recited his history, and received the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen.*

And Cicero in writing to his son, then a student at Athens, while he enjoins upon him to prosecute vigorously his philosophical pursuits under the renowned Cratippus, and to make the best use of all the advantages which that celebrated seat of learning afforded him, urges upon him, with peculiar earnestness, to 'join Latin with his Greek.' The prince of Roman orators did not undervalue the language, the literature, or the philosophy of Greece; far from this, he ardently admired and diligently studied them, and ascribed to them much of his success as a speaker and an author; but he loved his own language more: and would have his son also, in whatever else he might excel, become a master in this. '*Your improvement in Latin,*' says he, '*is what I chiefly desire.*'†

It is not wonderful, therefore, that these people so refined and perfected their speech, and have left us such noble monuments in history, poetry, and eloquence. And if we would have our own language excel that of Rome in vigor and varied beauty, and emulate the Greek in fullness, flexibility, and expressiveness, we must prize it more, and we must faithfully study its excellences and defects, that we may labor to remove the one and perfect the other.

When we have in our halls of education, as they had in theirs,‡ multitudes of eminent and cherished professors of our own language and literature; and when parents, with enlarged and liberal views of all that is excellent in education, can yet say, with Cicero, that their chief solicitude is for the improvement of their sons in their own tongue; may we not expect to see our language rapidly advancing to a maturity in those powers and graces which merit while they ensure stability to it?"

* On this occasion, Olorus, with his son Thucydides, then a youth of fifteen years old, was present. The boy listened to the history of Herodotus with deep attention, till unable any longer to suppress his feelings, he burst into tears. The historian noticing his emotion exclaimed to the father—the heart of thy son is inflamed with the love of learning! How truly the Father of History judged none need be told. But it should not be forgotten that the Greeks were not satisfied with applause; they bestowed, by a popular decree, ten talents upon Herodotus.

† Cicero De Officiis, Lib. 1. Cap. 1.

‡ The study of Philology was introduced into Rome from Greece, hence the term "*semitræci*" was applied to the first professors. The pursuit soon found abundant encouragement.

Whoever would see a very curious account of these "*clari* professors," as Suetonius calls the *grammatici*, or teachers of Philology, may consult the latter part of his Lives of the Emperors. It seems that their instructions were not attended merely by the youth, but by the most distinguished men in the state, with whom also they were on the most intimate terms, and in whose palaces they frequently taught. "M. Antonius Grippus—docuit primum in Divi Julii domo.—Scholam ejus claros quoque viros frequentasse aiunt; in his M. Ciceronem, etiam quum prætura fungeretur.—Quartus ab Augusto quoque nepotibus ejus preceptor electus, (Verrius Flaccus) transiit in *Palatium cum tota schola.*" See also Cicero pro Archia.

* A devoted missionary now laboring in Hindostan, begins the biography of his wife recently deceased, with an expression of his fears lest his English should have become so much affected by his long residence among a people of another speech, as to be unpleasant to his readers. But if it be so with one thoroughly trained in our literary institutions, and sent abroad with all the high attainments and fixed habits of a professional man, how must it be with his children, claiming this as their country and our language as their own, and yet born in a foreign land, and from their earliest years in the daily habit of conversing in another tongue.

Many extraneous terms and phrases—along indeed with much valuable information—must reach us in the correspondence and other writings of these our countrymen abroad. The tendency of this is, sometimes to enrich, but generally to corrupt our language.

We differ from Dr. Aydelott, somewhat, as we understand him to express himself in parts of the preceding extract. We have no faith in the policy, nor do we believe in the possibility, of prescribing metes and bounds beyond which the flexible pen that traces English characters shall not move, and within which our vigorous language must become stationary. No two ages are the same, either in their literature, their science, or their religious development: for no two ages, therefore, is the same compass of language, any more than are the same forms of speech, suitable and all-sufficient. Notwithstanding all the metes and bounds, rules and regulations, that human ingenuity can invent, with the decline of a nation *will* decline its language: it is but reasonable and natural, therefore, that with the progress of christian civilization, language *should be permitted* to enlarge its boundaries, to vary its forms, and to extend its signification. Nay, it *will* do this, or *knowledge* will become "stable" and remain "fixed" with it.

Against the *ultra* spirit, with regard to this matter, which is now pervading the ranks of literary men, however, we stubbornly set our face. The *Carlylomania* of the day is dangerously infectious, and upon every lover of the pure waters of the "well of English undefiled," devolves the high duty of laboring for its extermination. Our sentiments with regard to "the use of foreign languages in our country," are well known. They are identical with those of the latter part of the preceding extract; and we rejoice that one so capable as Dr. Aydelott of making himself heard far and wide, has leagued himself with the small band of individuals in Ohio who have independence enough to lift their voices against foreign presumption and native servility.

LINSLEY'S INAUGURAL.

Address delivered at the annual Commencement of the Marietta College, Ohio, by JOEL H. LINSLEY, D. D., on occasion of his inauguration to the Presidency of that Institution, July, 1838. 28 pages 8vo. Cincinnati: A. Pugh. 1838.

THIS is a plain and sensible address, without ornament and without circumlocution. Beginning with the exclamation of Philip of Macedon, on the birth of Alexander the

Great, "I thank the gods not so much that they have given to me a son, as that they have given him his birth in the life-time of Aristotle!" it moves straight forward, setting forth the advantages of a collegiate education, insisting upon a more thorough preparatory course than is usual, arguing against the notion frequently entertained and expressed that pupils should be allowed to "follow the bent of their genius" while in college, advocating a paternal but rigid school discipline, and defending the higher institutions of learning in the United States against the often-made charges of *sectarism* and *aristocracy*.

As there is much wrong feeling abroad in the community with regard to these last two points, we extract Dr. Linsley's remarks upon them, which we consider in the main correct:

"By some, they are declared to be, *aristocratic in their constitution and tendencies*. Of all the charges that have been brought against these Institutions, this, I apprehend, has the least foundation in truth. It may, indeed, be valid, to a certain extent, when alleged against some of the foreign Universities, whose privileges are costly, and confined, also, to certain favored classes; but what possible application can it have to the Colleges of this country; and above all, to those in the West? They are open alike to all; and their honors are within the reach of all—the humblest as well as the highest. The most indigent youth in the community, if he is blessed with a sound head, and a resolute heart, may possess himself of their best advantages, and highest rewards; and he may find in our own community, citizens, whom that community delights to honor, who have, by their own example, illustrated the truth of what I state. At this moment, you shall take the census of Western Colleges, and a majority of their students will be found to be the sons of parents who are able to afford them very little pecuniary aid. The proportion of indigent young men, in these Institutions, is as great, and I believe greater, than in our primary schools. With what shadow of candor or truth, then, are our Colleges described as *aristocratic*? So far are they from deserving this reproach, that it would not be difficult to show that their influence is eminently of an opposite character. Look at a single fact. Probably eight-tenths of the members of our general Congress are men who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. Now, I venture the assertion—not without some knowledge of the facts in the case—that three-fourths of the whole number of such, will be found, upon investigation, to have had their origin in families by no means distinguished, either by birth or fortune. They are, for the most part, the sons of farmers and mechanics, or of professional men of very moderate property; and they are indebted, for their present elevated position in society, chiefly to the fact here insisted on, the peculiarly accessible character, and popular bearing of our higher seminaries of learning."

We are inclined to doubt the correctness of the fact stated with regard to "the members of our general Congress." "Again," says Dr. Linsley, "it is charged that our colleges are *sectarian institutions*." And upon this point, his views are certainly correct:

"If by this it is intended, that they are established and conducted with a prominent design of exerting an influence of this kind, the charge is, as a general fact, entirely unfounded. I know of no College, of respectable standing, among any of the evangelical denominations, in which sectarian views, or peculiarities are urged upon the students, either publicly or privately. It is believed, that the Boards of Instruction in these Institutions, have no desire to pursue such a course; and were such a desire cherished, the attempt would be effectually resisted by public sentiment. That the officers of our Literary Institutions, should be men, not only of pure morals, but of elevated piety—holding the fundamental doctrines of the protestant faith, and connected with some branch of the christian church, is certainly desirable. That they should, on all important topics, entertain such a harmony of views, as shall ensure mutual confidence, united counsels, and efficient action, is indispensable; and if, with a view to such harmony, it is judged expedient, as is generally the fact, to select the Faculty, from one, rather than from various denominations, such an arrangement, surely furnishes no just occasion for complaint. All that the public have a right to claim, is, that the Faculty thus constituted, shall not degrade their office; and pervert their influence, to further narrow, selfish, and party views.

I am confident, that the students of Marietta College will testify to the liberal and catholic spirit, which has, thus far governed the officers, in the discharge of their official duties. The same course will continue to be pursued, as a matter of fixed principle. But while I freely and frankly give the public this pledge, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do not regard it as binding myself, or my associates, to neutrality, in relation to those fundamental points of christian faith and practice, in which all evangelical denominations are agreed, and in which, the best interests and hopes of men are vitally involved. God has created us *moral* as well as intellectual beings; and no just system of education can overlook, or disregard this all important fact. The great doctrines of the christian Scriptures, were revealed from Heaven, to sanctify all other knowledge,—to correct the errors, purify the hearts and guide the lives of men; and no system of education, is worthy of confidence, which seeks to advance mental culture, apart from moral principle. Entertaining such views, we can never be indifferent to the moral and religious improvement of the youth, committed to our charge. We avow it as a prominent feature of our plan, to employ that influence which belongs to our office, in all discreet and proper methods to persuade those who resort here for the purposes of education, to become good citizens and intelligent christians, as well as devoted students and accomplished scholars."

SIMMS'S PELAYO.

Pelayo: a Story of the Goth. By the author of "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," &c., &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839.

Of all Mr. Simms's Romances, with the exception of "The Yemassee," this has to us proved the most interesting; and we regard it as a work of more careful elaboration, than any of its author's previous productions. The plot, if *plot* it have, is very simple, the characters are well conceived and distinctly marked, and the incidents, which not unfrequently border on the incredible, are yet such as we may easily conceive probable of the country and age of which the work is presented as a type, and all appear to be necessary to the completeness of the structure.

The Gothic Courtesan Urraca, proud, beautiful and imperious, while moving in the sunshine of adulation, and, after the measurable loss of her power over her associates, penitent, suicidal and murderous; in the same moment,—and the Jew Amri, her cunning and dastardly paramour, are delinquencies with touches here and there of the most perfect naturalness, and marked throughout by unusual power. The disoluteness of the Gothic noble Edacer, the craft and heartlessness of the Archbishop of Cordova, the susceptibility and irresoluteness of the prince Egiza, the rashness, bravery, and nobleness of his brother Pelayo, and the hopes, fears, devotedness and integrity of the old Hebrew Melchior, are all well depicted; and then we have, in the Jewish girl Thyrsa, one of those portraiture of female beauty, gentleness, love, enduring faith and spiritual purity, in the delineation of which Mr. Simms excels.

Our objections to "Pelayo" are, that the story moves on very tardily to its present resting place, that some of the scenes are unnecessarily "long-drawn-out," and that the personages generally, but in especial the Archbishop of Cordova and his two nephews, are at times most unreasonably afflicted with the *cacæthes loquendi*. With regard to these faults, and also concerning a disagreeable mannerism of Mr. Simms, we shall take occasion to speak more fully hereafter, in a second article upon "Our Literary Men," which we purpose devoting to a

brief consideration of the excellences and defects of some of the more prominent and popular of the American Novelists.

CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual. Edited by REV. JOHN A. CLARK. Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839.

THIS annual is gotten up much to our taste, and contains, with a few rather spirited engravings and some tolerable poetry, a large amount of sensible, interesting, and scholar-like prose. Its intended character is thus stated, in a paragraph of the preface: "It has long been the opinion of the editor, that there is no uncongeniality between the highest aspirations of genius and the most profound love of God—between the most exquisite relish for the beauties of Nature, the charms of Literature, and the attractions of the Fine Arts, and the most simple and devoted attachment to all that is spiritual and life-giving in Religion. It has long been his opinion that it would prove one of the happiest means of extending a holy and regenerating influence through this world of sin, to combine as much as possible with the Literature of the land, and with all that is ornamental, and sweet, and graceful in the Fine Arts, the *hallowing* and *sanctifying* influence of EVANGELICAL RELIGION. He would write HOLINESS TO THE LORD, under all that is beautiful and picturesque—majestic and sublime in Nature—under all that is exquisite and transcendent in Art. He would have every garland and chaplet which the literature of the country weaves, composed of the fragrant leaves of the tree of life. Then would there go forth from every field of elegant literature, a holy and heavenly influence."

The present is the second volume of the *Keepsake*; and it bears a strong impress of the peculiar opinions of its editor with regard to a Christian Literature. We approve both the design and the execution; but we should have liked the work none the less, had a few of its foreign contributions been set aside to make room for one or two more papers of a character somewhat similar to the admirable temperance tale of Mrs. Stowe, entitled "Let every Man mind his Own Business."

PICTURE OF CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Almanac for 1839. To be continued annually. Cincinnati: Glazen and Shepard. 1839.

ALTOGETHER the neatest and completest picture of our great western city that has yet been given to the public, is that now before us; and when we thank the publishers for the copy they have sent us, we thank them for what we regard as an exceedingly valuable present. In the compass of about a hundred small pages of clear print, is here comprised all the information that a stranger would wish respecting the business, size, intelligence, etc., etc., of Cincinnati, together with all the tables and directions that a business citizen finds it necessary to refer to in the course of a year.

As the best commendation to public attention, which can be given this work, we state that it contains, besides a small reference map and a well-arranged calendar, a historical and topographical sketch of Cincinnati, a table of distances, the names of city officers, a statement of the finances of the city, an account of banks and insurance companies, a list of steamboats running on the western waters, and full statistics of the common schools, colleges, churches, hotels, population, etc., etc., etc. Its details, which appear to have been collected with care, are arranged with perspicuity, and as far as our personal knowledge extends may be relied upon. The work is valuable in every sense, and we think that no business man in the State should be without it.

LILLA.

Lilla; or, The Offering. By "D'ORVAL." 12 pages, 18mo. J. C. Noble: Lexington, Ky. 1838.

THIS is the production of a young gentleman very ambitious to excel in poetical compositions, but not very likely, we fear, to succeed in that object. It would give us sincere pleasure, could we afford him any encouragement by way of praising the little pamphlet which he has sent us; but as it is not *poetry*, it would not be right to call it so, and as it is not intended for *prose*, it would be unjustifiable in any person to criticise it as such.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

HUMANE INSTITUTIONS OF OHIO.

THE condition of the several humane asylums of the State, as presented in the reports of their trustees and directors to the present General Assembly, is such as must be highly gratifying to the feelings of the benevolent throughout the land. The plans upon which these institutions were founded, were such as the most extensive experience recommended; and although neither of them is yet in full and complete operation, a brief reference to their present condition, will show that the brightest anticipations of the humane are not likely to be clouded in the result.

Of these institutions, the *Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb* is the oldest. We have before us the twelfth annual report of the trustees of this; and from it we learn, that the number of pupils in the institution at the present time, is seventy, six of whom have been sent from other States. At the close of the last term, in August, 1838, eleven pupils left the school, having completed the allotted time; and since the commencement of the present term, twenty-one have been received. Of the whole seventy, now in the institution, fifty-eight are State pupils, and twelve pay pupils. At the last session of the Legislature, an appropriation was made for the erection of workshops, that the different kinds of mechanical business might be commenced and pursued in the institution. Since then, a substantial and roomy brick building has been put up by the trustees, in which, as soon as practicable, several mechanical trades are to be commenced. The female pupils are at this time instructed in sewing, knitting, and general housework. The health of the school has been remarkably good throughout the past year, not a single case of illness having occurred. "In all its operations and interests," say the trustees, "the institution has been abundantly prospered, and attracts the attention and commands the approbation of intelligent and benevolent visitors of our own and other States." Its government is intended to be of a parental character. "The Principal and his family, and the pupils, eat at the same table, and lodge in the same building; and it is desired by those who are intrusted with the

daily supervision of the institution, that it should be made as much like *home*, as the number of pupils and other circumstances will permit." The branches of education taught, are those of the common schools of this State—viz. reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and grammar. Lectures twice a week, on history, biography, moral philosophy, and the natural sciences, are delivered during the greater part of each session, by the intelligent and benevolent Principal, Mr. H. N. HUBBELL.

The trustees of the *Institution for the Instruction of the Blind*, have just presented their third annual report. The building for this institution, which has been erected and put under roof during the past year, is a very handsome and commodious structure. It will be finished, and ready for the reception of the school, early next fall. It is calculated for the accommodation of from sixty to seventy pupils. The number of pupils now in the institution, is seventeen, two of whom are supported by their friends, and fifteen by the State. Some of these have been under instruction for fourteen or fifteen months, and have made the most astonishing progress in the branches taught. Of the whole number, six are in spelling lessons, or begin to read imperfectly; seven can read with some facility, and have begun writing and arithmetic; and four are able to sustain an examination, more or less thorough, in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. All the branches of a common school education are taught in this institution, and in addition thereto, vocal and instrumental music, from the study of which the pupils derive exceeding delight. The trustees say it has not yet been in their power to begin the mechanical departments of the school on a systematic plan, chiefly for want of a suitable workman to whom it could be intrusted. Something, however, has been effected in the way of introducing some kinds of work, especially among the female pupils. Nearly all of them can knit, and several of them can sew pretty well, and can do some parts of housework. In the course of the present year, the trustees expect to be able to get this important department of the school into full and successful operation. "It is very satisfacto-

ry," say the trustees, "to be able to state, that the health of the pupils has been good throughout the year, and that they have appeared to be contented and happy. In the enjoyment of recreation, or in application to the kinds of business to which their efforts have been directed, they fall not behind others of their own age; and it is very evident that the habits and the tempers which are formed or strengthened during their residence in the institution, will be of unspeakable importance to them in future life."

The directors to whom was committed the charge of erecting a *Lunatic Asylum* for the State of Ohio, have reported the completion of the building so far as to admit of the reception of patients in the east wing. Two additional buildings were constructed in the rear of the main edifice during the past year, "for the reception of the violent and filthy classes, who are entirely destitute of the power of self-control, and cannot with safety and propriety be confined with the cleanly and peaceful in the wings of the Asylum." These lodges are not intended as prisons, nor are they in any sense to be used with the view of punishment, but simply as necessary places of temporary confinement, during the stages of violent excitement in particular individuals. They are well constructed, with regard to safety and comfort. The heated air from the furnaces is applied directly against the floor of each cell, which is formed of large flat stones; and over these the frantic, ungovernable, and sometimes naked maniac, has his bed. Particular attention has been given to the subject of ventilation, in the construction and arrangement of the whole Asylum; and judging from an examination of the buildings, we think the important object, of having at all times a free admission and circulation of pure air, has been fully attained.

The buildings which have been erected for the use of these noble State Institutions, all of which are within reach of the eye of a person standing near the center of our young and beautiful Capital, are the first things here which arrest the attention and prompt the inquiries of intelligent visitors. The Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum very justly observe, in the report heretofore cited, that "Ohio may well pride herself in such exhibitions of her liberality; and it has been truly remarked that no other State in the Union, perhaps no government in the world has established such institutions as this, and the institution for the blind, and the asylum for the insane, solely by legislative authority, and by appropriations from the public treasury. Other States, older, and more populous and wealthy, may have appro-

priated larger sums, or may have aided more institutions designed for the relief of suffering humanity; but none, so far as we are informed, have adopted and carried out the principle which may be safely affirmed to be correct—that such establishments should be made by the State, and be her property, and be governed and sustained in this manner, without calling for individual bounty as a condition of public patronage."

There are some matters connected with these several institutions, to which we shall refer hereafter.

THE MASTODON OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

MENTION has been made, over the whole Union, of the bones of the Mastodon discovered in Crawford county during the past summer. These bones were in this city a few weeks ago, for a number of days; and we can truly say that "our special wonder" has seldom been more excited, than it was while we were looking upon the gigantic bones, and viewing the enormous head, of this being of the olden time. We are happy to have it in our power to give a more interesting account of these relics, than was furnished in the hasty and imperfect statement of their proportions which has traveled throughout the States in the newspapers. We are indebted for our particular information, to the forthcoming Report of Professor Briggs, of the Ohio Geological Survey.

The Skeleton, which is more nearly perfect than any gigantic fossil heretofore discovered in the Mississippi Valley, was found near the dividing ridge between the waters of the St. Lawrence and those of the Gulf of Mexico, in a bed of fresh-water-shell marl about four feet in thickness. Similar beds are common in that part of the State. They are deposited in undulations in a stratum of yellowish clay, which reposes upon a stratum of bluish clay, both containing pebbles of primitive and secondary rocks, but being destitute of organic remains. The yellowish stratum, intermixed with vegetable matter, forms the soil of the region, and varies from five to ten feet in thickness. The beds of marl are composed of argillaceous matter and fresh-water shells, among which Professor Briggs observed *lymnæ*, *physæ*, and *planorbi*.—They are covered by layers of peat—the one in which the Fossil Mastodon was found, to the depth of four feet. Professor B. considers that these marl beds are of a more recent deposit than the yellowish clayey stratum mentioned, and contemporaneous with the beds of peat and marl with which the western part of the State is known to abound; and thence concludes, that the Mastodon

has become extinct since the deposit of the materials upon the surface of which rest the forests and prairies of the Ohio Valley.

The following is Professor BRIGGS's description of the Skeleton:

"HEAD. The entire head, with the exception of the tusks.

VERTEBRÆ.	6 Cervical.
"	6 Dorsal.
"	1 Lumbar.
"	5 Caudal.

RIBS. 28. 12 entire.

PELVIS. The sacrum and the whole of the left side, and the os pubis, and part of the os ischium of the right side.

EXTREMITIES.	1 Femoris.
	1 Tibia.
	1 Fibula.
	1 Radius.
	1 Ulna.
	2 Patellæ.

11 Bones of the feet.

These bones, though not so large as the corresponding ones of the skeleton in Peale's museum, were probably those of an old animal, as ossification had taken place between some of the vertebræ, while some of the sutures between the bones of the head were nearly obliterated.

Head.—The zygomatic processes of the malar and temporal bones were broken from the skull in removing it from the earth: these pieces, however, can be re-united; and, with this exception, the skull is entire. It seems to have undergone little change; and even the superior portions, which are so liable to decay, are most perfectly preserved. In this head, the most striking peculiarities of the mastodon are recognized: as the form of the teeth, their divergence in front, the extension of the palate behind the molars, the great size of the pterygoid apophysis of the palate bones, and the situation of the orbit of the eye, with other particulars which need not now be mentioned. The skull weighed, when taken from the earth, 180 lbs. As a full description is not intended at this time, a few of the measurements only will be given. The greatest breadth of the head, formed by the occipital bone, is $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and this bone extends nearly to the superior part of the head, a slight curve only being formed above it. This bone, which is $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, is very rough and uneven, presenting a proper surface for the insertion of large and powerful muscles necessary to support the enormous head of the animal. The distance from the base of the occipital bone, over the superior part of the head to the termination of the intermaxillary bones, is $57\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The distance across the superior

part of the head, between the temporal fossæ, is $15\frac{3}{8}$ inches; while the greatest breadth of the head, formed by the zygomatic arches, is $27\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Thus large spaces are left within the temporal fossæ to be occupied by powerful muscles. The distance between the orbitary processes, over the anterior part of the head, is 22 inches. The interior diameter of the tusk sockets is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The under jaw weighed, when taken from the earth, 69 lbs.: its length is 2 feet, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and the distance from the top of the condyloid process to the angle of the jaw, is $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches; while the articulating surface of this process is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Teeth.—There are only two teeth in either jaw, the front molars having been shed, and the spaces which they occupied are nearly closed. When taken from the earth, however, one of the front molars of the lower jaw remained slightly attached by the roots, which were nearly absorbed.—The teeth of the upper jaw are $6\frac{6}{8}$ inches long, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; the lower are $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, by 4 inches in breadth.

Vertebræ.—The first vertebra of the neck, for the reception of the occipital condyles is $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, by 9 $\frac{8}{10}$ ths in breadth. The spinous processes of the dorsal vertebræ are from 15 to 16 inches in length; and the transverse diameter, including the transverse processes, is from 11 to $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The whole length of the dorsal vertebræ, including the spinous processes, is from 19 to 21 inches.

Ribs.—The longest measures 54 inches on the outer curve. Only 12 perfect ribs were found; the rest were somewhat decayed.

Humerus.—This is the upper bone of the fore leg: it is a massive bone 30 $\frac{2}{8}$ ths inches in length; its greatest circumference is 33 inches—smallest, $14\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Ulna.—This is the largest bone of the lower part of the fore leg.

Length, measuring the olecranon process, $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Circumference around the elbow 35 "

Radius.—Smallest bone of the fore leg—length 23 $\frac{3}{8}$ ths in.

Circumference in the center of the shaft, 6 $\frac{6}{8}$ ths in.

Breadth of the carpal or articulating surface, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Pelvis.—The left side was broken in removal, but I was able to replace the broken fragments, so that, with some pieces of the right side, I was enabled to make pretty accurate measurements of the pelvis. They are as follows:

Width, measuring from the anterior spine of the ilium to the symphysis of the pubis, 2 feet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Distance from the symphysis of the pubis to the sacrum,	17 inches.
Transversely from the linea innominata, on the margin of the pelvis, to the corresponding place on the opposite side,	20 "
Diameter of the acetabulum or socket, for the reception of the head of the thigh bone,	6½ "
Femur, or thigh bone.—Length,	36½ "
Circumference at the middle of the shaft,	16 "
Greatest diameter at the same place,	6 3-8th in.
<i>Tibia and fibula, (lower part of the hind leg.)</i>	
Tibia, length,	22 inches.
Breadth of superior part,	8½ "
Breadth of inferior part,	7½ "
Diameter in the middle part of the bone,	3 3-8th in.
Fibula, (a slender bone,) length,	20½ inches,
passing 3 inches below the tibia, to form a part of the foot."	

ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA.

WE observe by the Cincinnati newspapers, that Mr. DELAFIELD's volume on the Antiquities of the American Continent, to which we have several times alluded, has been issued in that city by N. G. Burgess and Company. Mr. DELAFIELD's labors are preceded by a prefatory chapter from the pen of Bishop M'ILVAINE, and followed by a dissertation on the northern and southern races of mankind, by Dr. JAMES LAKEY. The *Chronicle* has the subjoined reference to the volume.

"We have not time to make an extended criticism on this remarkably interesting work. We must content ourselves for the present, with a brief notice of its contents.

"First we will say, that the style and dress of the work is much in advance of book publishing in the West. It is a quarto volume, with many plates illustrative of the contents of the work. These plates are, we believe, lithographed, and are executed by Mr. Sameyn, an artist who deserves encouragement.

"Among other illustrations is an *Astec Map* of great length, done on bank note paper. This map was copied from one in the possession of the *Mexicans*, and is said by their traditions, and believed by them to be derived from their ancestors, the original inhabitants of this country, and who emigrated from the north. The map in this work, was copied from one in possession of Mr. Bullock, (formerly keeper of the London Museum,) now a resident of this city. The evidence of this being a true copy of an original map of great antiquity

in the hands of the *Mexicans*, is clear and sufficient. But what credit should be given to it, as an historical document beyond a certain period of the Mexican nation, or who shall truly decipher its contents, is another question to be answered by the reader according to his own convictions. It has been very improperly said, that Mr. Delafield has not given credit to others for procuring this map. The reverse is the fact. He gives the origin of the map, and the chain by which it comes to him, in the body of the book.

"The value of the book, however, does not depend on this map, or its authority. It is a connected statement in a series of propositions, of the historical, monumental and anatomical evidence of all the known facts, to the true origin and character of the *aboriginal Americans*. It involves, therefore, by far the most interesting problem which history has left unsolved. Whatever opinions may be held on the particular theory to which these facts, and we are inclined to believe (with perhaps some difference of detail,) all evidence, sacred and profane tend, there can be no doubt, we think, that Mr. Delafield has performed an honorable and useful service to his country, by collecting these facts and publishing them in an elegant form, on the soil and in the midst of the monuments of a long perished people, who once flourished here, and whose origin and character are the subjects of ingenious and exciting speculations."

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

It is gratifying to observe that some of our best poets are turning their attention towards Dramatic Literature, more than formerly. There is unquestionably among the literary men of this country, a great deal of dramatic talent; and it will be well if the recent success of Mr. EPES SARGENT with his "*Velasco*," and Mr. RUFUS DAWES with his "*Athenia of Damascus*," and Mr. N. P. WILKIS with his "*Bianca Visconti*," and his "*Dying for Him*," should spur them on to enter the lists with BULWER, KNOWLES, TALFOURD; and others of the modern playwrights of Great Britain. In Dramatic Literature, our authors have done but little that is worthy of much praise, and less that will be heard of half a dozen years from this time; yet there is no species of literature which is so likely to attain to immediate popularity, and yield an immediate remuneration for time spent and talent exerted; nor is there one which, if it be but pervaded by the *mens divini*or, will more certainly bear a poor mortal's name up buoyantly, and float it along the stream of time. Cultivated na-

tions always have had a great love for theatrical representations; and, for aught that appears to the contrary, always will have.

Connected with this matter, however, there is one subject of regret; and that is, that at the outset of what will in all probability form an epoch in the history of American Literature, our writers should not be, more than they are, under the inspiration of a sense or feeling of *nationality*. They go abroad for their plots, their incidents, their characters, and too frequently their *spirit*. This whole proceeding is objectionable, in its every feature, but more than all in the last. All else might be pardoned, for reasons which are good, if not exactly sufficient; but the spirit of America is not the spirit of Europe, nor is the spirit of Europeans a spirit with which we should like to see the bosoms of Americans imbued. We have a history of our own, which is filled with instances of high daring, great achievement, and godlike devotion, and which presents many of the noblest traits of human character in the most remarkable lights. In all this, exist the materials of Dramatic Literature in abundance: and why should not our writers seize hold of these, and weave in with them the web of their own thoughts, and infuse into them the spirit of their own country? They should—they can—and, if they wish to erect monuments to themselves that shall endure, they *must*.

At a time of greater leisure, we may take up and pursue these hastily committed thoughts.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE learn that Mr. J. H. INGRAHAM, author of "Lafitte, a Novel," "Burton, or the Sieges," and that rich and excellent descriptive, statistical, and dissertative work, entitled "The South West," has a new fiction in the press of Harper and Brothers, New-York, which he calls "Captain Kidd; or, the Wizzard of the Sea." We have some strong objections to Mr. INGRAHAM, as a novelist, but we freely acknowledge his many and striking excellences as a writer, and think that the materials for fiction, afforded by the character and career of the Prince of Buccaneers, could not have fallen into better hands. A richer treat by far than the author has yet given us in his capacity of novelist, we anticipate from the forthcoming production.

A second volume of the "Transactions of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio," is nearly through the Cincinnati press, and will be published in the course of two or three weeks.

The "Historical Family Library," published at Oxford, by Mr. DAVID CHRISTY, is one of the very best periodicals of the country. A notice of it,

in type for our present number, has been crowded out.

The "Monthly Chronicle," recently established at Cincinnati, is said to be prospering. THE USEFUL is one of its most striking features.

The "Family Magazine," of that city, is likewise an excellent work of the kind. It is issued with exceeding neatness, by Mr. ELI TAYLOR.

The "Literary News-Letter," of Louisville, has been well received throughout the country, and well sustains the character with which it set out. We have drawn upon a late number of it, for an interesting passage in the Early History of the West.

PAMPHLETS.

SEVERAL of the addresses with which we have recently been favored, will be found noticed in the proper department. Others shall speak of and for their authors in our next number. "Too much of a good thing" may be given at once. We have no wish to cloy our readers with sweets. Hence our discretion, in doling out the abundance of things of this sort, with which our table is covered. We acknowledge the reception of the pamphlets named below, since the publication of our January number. The authors will please accept our thanks. Mr. ERASMUS D. MAC MASTER's "Discourse on being inaugurated as President of Hanover College, Indiana;" Mr. J. W. SCOTT's "Address before the Athenian Society of Indiana University;" and Mr. SAMUEL LEWIS's "Second Annual Report on the Condition of Common Schools in Ohio."

THE EYE.

A RECENT number of the Family Magazine, contains a deserved compliment to Dr. F. A. WALDO of Cincinnati, for his skill in manufacturing and inserting artificial eyes, and thus remedying those disagreeable "blemishes on the face of nature," which we sometimes behold where the ball of the eye has been injured. We were witness ourselves, two or three years ago, to a case similar to the one mentioned in the following paragraph:

"We recently saw a man, who we were apprised had an artificial eye inserted by Dr. Waldo of this city; and after the closest inspection of both eyes, we were unable to decide which was the natural and which the artificial one. Both had the same brilliancy, the same color, the same motion, and to all appearance the same capacity to see, and yet one had been inserted within a few hours."

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME II.

MARCH, 1839.

NUMBER V.

Hesperian

v 2 no 54

Feb. ~~Mar.~~ 1839

*Lacking, leave
Quard*

any other tenacity of heart and mind, instruct in the duties of life, strengthen in the performance of good works. These are the primary objects of the publication; and to these mainly will it ever be devoted.

The HESPERIAN differs from most other magazines, in this, that it contains a department for

INT.

ons, which is filled from month to month extracts from the best of the current periodicals of Great Britain and the United States, and the new publications in general literature are every day issuing from the book press of the Country. With a knowledge of this fact, and an examination of the numbers of the which have already been published, every person can form a pretty correct idea of the character and quality of the reading matter which will hereafter appear in its pages, from month to month.

DITIONS.—THE HESPERIAN is printed on paper of superior quality, with new and beautiful type of the long-primer and brevier sizes. It is published about the middle of each month, containing from eighty to ninety royal pages of letter-press, well covered, stitched and trimmed, so as to make two handsome volumes a year, of five hundred pages each. The annual subscription is *Five Dollars*, payable in advance at the time of subscribing.

A failure to give the Publisher timely notification of a determination to discontinue at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will of course be considered equivalent to a new and bona fide engagement for another year.

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EDITOR'S FILE.

On file for the April number of the HESPERIAN: "Notes on Texas," chapters 22, 23, 24, and the conclusion of the series.

"A glance at Society," after the fashion of the writer about "Talk and Talkers."

"The Reviewer Reviewed," being some strictures upon the author of "Fifty years of Ohio."

"The Cheerful Wife," abridged if the writer objects not.

"If on the Earth there be a spot."

"Love of Country."

Could we with propriety comment upon the contents of our own work, we should have a word or two to say about some of the original papers in the present number, which appear to us to be

highly meritorious in themselves, and to possess, from the subjects of which they treat, peculiar claims upon the consideration of the community. As we are debarred this privilege, however, we can only recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers, the address on the "Education of the People," the third article on the "Internal Trade of the Mississippi Valley," and the replication, in the "Notes on Texas," to Doctor Channing's Letter to Henry Clay. In our select department, Miss Sedgwick's "White Scarf" will afford the lovers of good story-telling a rich treat; and he that wishes to "laugh and grow fat," may almost crack his sides by placing himself face to face with the "Old Clock."

THE HESPERIAN;

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Original and Select.

VOLUME II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

NUMBER V.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE OHIO STATE
EDUCATION CONVENTION.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT: It can scarcely be necessary, after what has already been said during the session of this Convention, to attempt any definition of Education. The term is well understood to apply to all that training and culture of body, mind and morals, which fit man for usefulness to himself or his fellow men. We come, then, to speak of the importance of Education, thus defined. It is almost, if not altogether, impossible for us fairly to appreciate the importance either of that which we have never seen, or that which has been constantly before our eyes. The savage who has never glanced his eye on a solitary trace of human improvement, can have no adequate conceptions of the benefits and blessings of civilization, arts and education; and the man who has lived exclusively in a community where all those benefits and blessings abound, is but little better able to form a proper idea of the horrors and misery of human life, in the contrary extreme.

It is, then, only by bringing those extremes together, and setting them in contrast, that we can form proper conceptions, either of the blessings enjoyed in one condition of life, or the miseries endured in the other.

Let us, then, in our imagination, (for I shall not attempt to body it forth in words,) take a brief glance at the comparative con-

dition of those human beings, who live in savage life, destitute of the advantages of civilization, science and religion, and those who enjoy all their benefits; and we shall have some just conceptions of the importance of the subject under consideration. Nor did the world ever afford either time or place, more suitable for such contemplation. Standing, as we do, in point of place, midway between the wealth, and learning, and splendor, and refinement, of the Atlantic border, and the unbroken forests and trackless wilds of the western wilderness; standing, as we do, in point of time, in the twilight of civilization; like the sprightly huntsman, who ascends a lofty hill at the break of day, to bid adieu to the sombre clouds of night that yet linger in the valleys below, and welcome the glories of the morning sun, as he rises in the east, flooding the heavens with molten gold; we may contemplate at once, the council-fire of the red man, crowded with warlike chiefs, muttering over scenes of meditated blood, slaughter, and rapine: and the majestic halls of legislation, filled with the talent of a rich and powerful State, deliberating on the means of securing the future peace, and happiness, and wealth, and prosperity of the people—we may contemplate the wretched savage, suffering the vicissitudes of surfeit and hunger, of heat and cold; alternately scorched by the burning suns of summer, and pelted by the pitiless storms of winter; wandering up and down with his bow and arrow, seeking the precarious chances of game: and the

peaceful and happy farmer, protected by his comfortable mansion, from the changes of heat and cold; tilling his fruitful fields, and gathering his golden harvests; in the enjoyment of peace and plenty; placed, by the industry of his hands, and the prudence of his economy, beyond every corroding and anxious thought, as to what he shall eat, and what he shall drink, and where-withal he shall be clothed. We may contemplate the rude quarry, where lately Reynard dug his hole, and Lupa made her den: now teeming with the magnificent forms of art, the solid base, the majestic column, and the massive entablature. We may contemplate the naked Indian paddling his tippecanoe along the weedy margin of the western waters, turning a wistful eye towards the rising storm, and starting at the prophetic scream of the loon: and the gallant steamer, as

"She walks the water, like a thing of life;
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Subduing, in her majestic course, the whirling eddy, and the headlong current; bearing in her ample hold the rich trophies of our commerce, and the richer products of our soil; carrying on her wide-spread decks, and in her splendid cabins, all the variety of life, from the rude but gallant sailor on her foredeck, to the tiny form of beauty that leans from the latticed stern, to overlook the troubled flood below; and all the variety of mirth and music, from the hoarse and boisterous song of the fireman on the fore-castle, to the dulcet note of the light guitar in the ladies' cabin. We may contemplate a vast and trackless wilderness, extending over almost half the globe; peopled only by scattered tribes of hostile savages; ever and anon rising up in battle, and steeping the murderous war-club in each other's brains, or feeding the flames with each other's tortured bodies: and the glorious confederacy of twenty-six free and independent States, united in the bonds of peace, by the kindred ties of language, and blood, and laws, and religion. Nay, more. We may contemplate a people wrapped in the clouds of moral gloom, ignorant alike of the Author of their being, and the end of their existence; or, guided only by the glimmering light of nature, which

"Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;"

without the prospect of a future world, to punish their vices, or reward their virtues,

save, perhaps, some dubious dreams of fishing and hunting beyond the grave: compared with a people illuminated by the light of divine revelation, and governed by the sublime and holy precepts of the christian religion.

And whence this wonderful contrast? It is the effect of Education. Of education in the liberal and enlightened sense of the word. Of physical, mental, moral, and religious education. That kind of education, which is, or ought to be, within the reach of every one—the rich and the poor, the high and the low. That kind of education, which, with judicious legislation, in a few years will be attainable in every country school-house in Ohio.

It is not my purpose, at this time, to speak of those higher attainments in science, which, under the most favorable circumstances, none but those whom God has endowed with superior mental powers, can ever reach.—On this topic every tongue is eloquent:

"Earth has no voice of solemn-sounding chime,
But wakes some memory of the brows that wore
The crowning impress of immortal thought."

I now speak of common school education. I do not use the adjective *common*, in that vague and every-day sense of the word, in which it is applied to any thing and every thing that is not as good as it should be; but in its better, and more literal sense, in opposition to the word *partial*; in that sense of the word, in which we apply it to the rains from heaven, and the light of the sun—as the *common* blessings of Providence, bestowed without partiality, on all the children of men. I speak of a system of education, which, in spite of birth, and fortune, and pomp, and pride, will, in proportion to their capacity, put all men upon a level, so far as mental and moral worth is concerned; leaving to the fawning slave of wealth and power, no other apology for admiring the rich, and despising the poor, than the frank acknowledgement that it does him good to be a beast of burden, if his master will but ride him with a costly and shining equipage.

But, while we represent our condition in a flattering point of view, as contrasted with that of those who do not enjoy the advantages of education at all, it will readily occur to the mind of every reflecting man, that our real condition with regard to education, compared with what it

ought to be, exhibits a contrast equally strong. The man who in his dream finds a bag of gold, and hides it beneath his pillow, and in his imagination already buys lands, builds houses, and makes presents to his poor friends, until he awakes and finds it all a dream, is not more deluded, than the man who dreams of the future stability of our institutions without an efficient system of popular instruction, and an actual improvement in popular intelligence. The contrary opinion prevails to a great extent, I know; and there is nothing, perhaps, that retards our progress more, than the flattering delusion, that the people of the United States are already the wisest people on the face of the whole earth—so much so, that it is impossible to make them wiser. Sir, this is a fatal delusion. There are no genii of incantation in the earth, there is no spirit of inspiration in the air, by which the son of Columbia leaps into existence a full-grown Solomon, while the unfortunate European is doomed to toil and struggle up the hill of science a long, long life, and die at last far below its summit. It is the glorious privilege of being born free and equal, which distinguishes us from all others. But this is the rich and blood-bought legacy left by our ancestors, and does not necessarily carry with it either their virtues or their wisdom. The registers of all our institutions of learning, our legislative assemblies, and offices of trust and honor, flatly contradict this prevailing idea. Look, for example, at the list of members of the General Assembly of Ohio, and of the Congress of the United States, and other important officers of trust and honor, and you will find the number of foreigners in office large out of all proportion to the number to be found in the common walks of life among us; and that, too, in a country where office is sought with sufficient eagerness by our native born citizens. And yet we claim for our people superior intelligence.

But it is not marvelous that we should be thus deceived. There is no essay written, no speech spoken, whether the topic be politics, literature, morals, or religion, that is not fraught with flattery of the intelligence of the people; until by common consent it is set down, that "what every body says must be true." It is the chant of the flatterer, the cant of the hypocrite, the rant of the demagogue, and the potent humbug, by which in our country, the unworthy of all

parties in politics, and all creeds in religion, rise to popularity, power, and opulence; while the people thus flattered grow neither richer, wiser, nor happier, by feeding on the "chameleon's dish." The people have that, which as a fundamental principle of government, can never be too much admired. They have the universal right of suffrage; which in a political point of view, makes them the source of all honor, and all power. They hold in their hands the sovereignty of the nation, giving dominion to whomsoever they will; and if it was not for the powerful tendency of flattery, to relax their iron grasp, we should hear less of their intelligence. It is the love of the inestimable treasure of power, placed in the keeping of the people, and not love of the people themselves, that inspires the pen of the writer, and the tongue of the orator, to celebrate their wisdom.

The great father of fables, who has left on record so many lessons of wisdom, has illustrated this subject so clearly, that, although the tale has been told in every nursery, and is familiar to every child, I cannot forbear alluding to it. A crow, he tells us, having found a piece of cheese, flew up into the top of a tree, and sat upon one of its boughs. The fox finding himself unable to take the prize by force, sat beneath the tree, and paid his compliments to the crow. "I declare," said he, "though I never observed it before, your feathers are of the most delicate white I ever beheld. Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there; and I make no question but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fair as your complexion, I do not know of a bird that can pretend to compete with you." The credulous crow, delighted with Reynard's flattery, willing to give him a specimen of her vocal powers, immediately opened her mouth and began to sing. The cheese dropped, and the wily fox, snatching it up, ran away, laughing in his sleeve, at the credulity of the bird. And such is a fair specimen of the hundred and one demagogues, who daily and hourly descant upon the wisdom of the people, without putting forth one effort to promote the great cause of education.

But I dismiss this unwelcome part of the subject, with this single remark: that if these views are wrong, I shall be glad to find them so; but, if they are right, it shows conclusively the vast importance, in a political point of view, of providing an uniform and

efficient system of education, by which the means of information will be made coextensive with the right of suffrage.

Universal education and universal suffrage, are twin sisters—the guardian angels of our liberty. They are one and inseparable, bearing before them the shield and the bulwark of universal liberty. “United they stand, divided they fall.” What is liberty worth without the universal right of suffrage?—and what is the universal right of suffrage worth, without the universal means of education? They are both a mockery. The present enjoyment of liberty, without a voice in the enactment of those laws by which life, and liberty, and property are protected, is but the respite of the ox, grazing heedlessly over the fields, without knowing the hour when his master shall lay the yoke upon his neck, and exact his sweat and labor, to pamper his luxury and indulge his ease. And what is the right of suffrage worth, without the intelligence necessary to exercise it understandingly? It is like the medical aid of the physician, who would place before an ignorant patient his bane in one cup, and his antidote in another, and tell him he must drink or die, without a friend, or even a label, to direct his choice.

Our government, in this respect, is unlike any other in existence. Its whole frame and structure, rest upon the hypothesis, that the people are capable of self-government; and whatever is at war with this hypothesis, saps the foundation, and threatens the destruction of the whole fabric.—And what are the qualifications necessary to govern? Wisdom and Virtue. Wisdom, to direct the true policy to be adopted, and virtue to secure its faithful execution. Our system presupposes both these qualities, inherent in the people; and if they are not thus inherent in the people, they are not capable of self-government. Government is not the work of chance. No, sir. I had as lief believe that the glorious machinery of the universe was constructed and put in motion by chance, as that the government of a nation, and more especially a free government, can long exist, without a portion at least, of the divine attributes of wisdom and goodness. The people bring neither of these attributes into the world with them; and in what way can they be imported? If you would have the people wise, you must illuminate their understandings with the light of science; if you would have them

good, their hearts must be imbued with the principles of morality and religion; and then will they understand the rights and perform the duties, of free citizens of a free government. The co-ordinate importance of the universal means of education, with the universal right of suffrage, is a principle I have long contended for. It presented itself to my mind among the first dawnings of reason; and in its adoption,

“My heart became the convert of my head.”

I have cherished it until it has become one of the passions of my life, and I shall carry it with me to my grave. Nay, but I shall not carry it with me to my grave, any more than the mountain daisy at evening, shall fold forever in his tiny petals, the glorious splendor of the sun that gave him birth. It is a principle in the charter of our liberties, in the constitution of our country; and will last, when the smallest atom of dust that enters into the composition of these frames of ours, shall be scattered with the idle winds.

But it may be said that the people of the United States have thus far maintained their liberties, without any superior advantages of education. That is very true, so far as book-learning is concerned. But our ancestors, to whom we are mainly indebted for our liberties, took their education in the school of experience. They knew the evils of tyranny, because they had been oppressed by the mother country. They knew the value of liberty, because they had purchased it with blood. They understood the frame of our government, because they were present when its foundation was laid, and helped to build the superstructure with their own hands. And with all this, the fire of patriotism burned in their hearts with a purity and ardor, which neither we, nor the generation that shall come after us, can ever feel. The immediate descendants of those men gave heed to their counsel, as if an oracle had spoken; because, as the oracles of freedom, they could say to them in the language of inspiration, “that which our eyes have seen, which our ears have heard, which our hands have handled, declare we unto you.” But those hoary chronicles of the past are rapidly passing from among us; and with them the history of the times in which they lived, and the lessons of experience which they taught; and, I fear, the influence of their great and virtuous example. And what does it avail, either us or our children, that

we are their descendants, if we inherit not their wisdom and virtue?

"What can ennoble slaves, or sots, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

We must then provide some other guard for the safety of our children, than the reputation of their ancestors; and that other guard is an efficient system of education, common in its benefits to all conditions of people.

It is the glory of our system of government, that it knows no distinctions among men, but such distinctions as wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, make; then let us endeavor, so far as human agency can effect that object, to break down those distinctions also; and nothing farther is wanting to the perfection and duration of our system. Has it never occurred to you, on reading the horrible outrages of the ignorant and infuriated mob, in some of our eastern cities, that there is nothing under heaven so dangerous to human liberty, or so ungovernable in its fury, as an ignorant multitude? "Let a bear bereaved of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his wrath." Yes, let me rather be shipwrecked on some solitary isle of the ocean, and spend the remainder of my days among savage beasts, than live in a community where the mob is paramount to the civil authority. And what is an ignorant and wicked nation of people, but a mob on an extended scale. They are not capable of self-government, and there are but two ways by which they can be governed—force and fraud. The former is the government of slaves; and the latter is like the government of the brute creation. In the despotisms of the East, the people, though ignorant, are nevertheless governed; but it is the government of slaves: by putting the implements of war into the hands of one portion of them, and the implements of labor into the hands of the other; and taxing the laboring class, for the support of those who keep them in subjection. They may for a time be governed without force; but, like that of the brutes, it is a government of fraud. If the patient ox but knew his strength, or the generous steed his swiftness, the former would never bend his neck to the yoke, nor the latter wear the caparison of his master: but man, the haughty lord of the lower world, accomplishes that by stratagem, which he has not the power to do by force: and such must be the condi-

tion of a people too ignorant to understand the frame of the government under which they live. They feel its influence, and enjoy its protection, without perceiving either the power by which it is kept in motion, or the hand that is secretly working its ruin: and when it is hurried into ruin, they feel the shock and suffer the consequences, without being able to determine which was the destroyer, the benevolent hand that kept the machine in play, or the malevolent hand that brought on the disaster: like the senseless brute whose shed has been burnt down, shivering in the winter's blast, unknowing whether to attribute his sufferings to his kind master who reared the shed for his protection, or the incendiary who set it on fire. In such a state of ignorance, no republic can exist longer than the wisdom and virtue of its rulers outweigh their interest and ambition; and when the corrupting power of interest and ambition comes, the liberties of the people are swept away.

But it may be said that such a state of ignorance does not exist among us. So far as a great majority are concerned, it does not as yet exist. But without an efficient system of Education, what assurance have we that it will not exist in half a century hence; when that which to the last generation was matter of experience, shall become matter of history to the learned, and matter of tradition to the unlearned; when the rich valleys of the West shall be flooded with a foreign population, ignorant alike of our language, our history and our laws; and when that generous American enthusiasm, caught from our revolutionary fathers, shall have died away; and when the wily demagogue, forgetful that we are all Americans, in whatever country we may have been born, shall proclaim himself "the Fatherland's friend" here, the "Frenchman's friend" there, and raise the shout of "*Erin ma vourneen*" yonder?

And here I cannot refrain from remarking, that nearly all our fashionable schools for the education of the wealthy classes of society, and all the literary periodicals I have read, with a few exceptions, have an anti-american tendency. Indeed, such is the rage for foreign manners, and foreign fashions, and foreign tongues, that your barber shaves you according to the fashion latest from London or Paris! your lady's milliner dresses her out with a Victoria bonnet! and the dandies begin to curse their

grooms, and the *madames* to scold their husbands, in French! while good old patriotic Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia give way to the Italian Air and Polish Waltz! And here I fear I shall come in contact with the views of my good friend from Cincinnati, (Professor Stowe,) in relation to the introduction of some of the living languages into our schools as a part of common school education. In doing so, I hope, indeed I know, I shall give no offense. A gentleman, whose learning (great and acknowledged as it is) is not so bright an ornament to his character as is his love of truth, will pardon me all I shall say from an honest conviction of what is right, even if it should not meet his views. I do not believe, as my friend does, that Spanish, or French, or other languages, either living or dead, except where the necessity of the case may require it, should ever become a part of our common school education. The attempt to introduce them would defeat the benevolent object of the gentleman; because at last it would be only the children of the rich who could enjoy its benefits. The poor man who has a large family to educate, (and children are the poor man's blessing,) requires the labor of the elder children to support the younger ones; and indeed he cannot support them without it; and when the population of our country shall become more dense, and the rents of property and the price of land dearer, the labor of the poor man's children will become of more and more importance to him. The period then to be employed at school, being necessarily short, ought to be devoted to the acquirement of that kind of knowledge most important in the common operations of life. And after reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, mathematics, mechanics, and other practical branches shall be acquired, there will be no time left for the study of branches, to say the most of them, of secondary importance. And would it be advisable to fritter away the time of youth on such pursuits? But "there is no disputing about taste." Give me the solid beef, and bread, and bacon, and potatoes, of learning; and let those who can, subsist on the sweetmeats. But I would be opposed to that course of education, because our common school education should be patriotic; and to be patriotic, it should be American in its character. Yes, it should be *American* in its character, even

at the risk of being homely. The association between the tune and the ballad is not stronger than that between the sentiment and the language of a nation; and when you adopt its language, you take its feelings and its manners along with you "for better or for worse." And is there anything in the fiddling frivolity of France, or the bigoted haughteur of Spain, that would be worth engraving on the character of an American republican? I cannot believe that the character of our people would be improved by the contact with either. As for my own part, if driven to a choice between evils, I should not know whether to elect a French Revolution or a Spanish Inquisition.* Do not mistake me, Mr. President. I do not make these remarks from any hostile feeling towards foreigners. I entertain no such feelings. I make them for the purpose of showing, that if ever those miserable clanish feelings that now widen the gaps in society—by setting the Irishman on the throat of the Dutchman; by stirring up the ancient prejudice of the Gaul against the Briton; and by provoking the jealousy of the native-born American against them all—can be broken down, it is by an efficient and uniform system of common school education; because no prejudice of family or nation can be so strong as the bonds of youthful friendship strengthened by the thrilling recollections of school-boy associations. I make them for the purpose of showing, that if ever a patriotic devotion to the honor and interests of our own country is to be made a part of the education of our own children, it can never be so effectually done as by a well regulated system of free schools; because nothing can so much endear their country and its institutions to them, as the grateful recollection that they are indebted for their education to the munificence of those institutions.

* These remarks drew from Professor Stowe a reply, in which he disclaimed the desire to have languages introduced into common schools, to the exclusion of those other branches, which he admitted were of paramount importance. He only meant to be understood, that common school teachers ought to be able to teach these languages if it were required; so that the farmer's son might be fitted in the common school for any situation to which he might be called. A rejoinder followed, and a short colloquy, in which Mr. Stowe promised that he would not ask foreign languages to be taught in common schools, until those more important branches should be acquired; and Mr. Johnson promised, that if any time should be left after their acquirement, he would aid Mr. Stowe with his project for teaching languages.

But again. If ever the thousands upon thousands of poor children, whose parents are too poor in purse, or too poor in spirit, to send them to school, or pay a competent teacher for instructing them, are to be educated at all, it is by a well organized system of common schools, in which no preference shall be shown to the rich or the poor, the high or the low. Nothing short of such a system, independent of private immunity, will answer the purpose. Say what you will about the wealth and liberality of your people; and yet it is manifest to any one who will look over the neighborhood in which he resides, and make the estimate, that there are not less than thirty thousand youth in the State of Ohio, whose parents are unable to give them an education; and it is more than probable that there are as many more, whose parents are too penurious to do it. And how are they to be provided for? Only think of sixty thousand of the future sovereigns of the State, growing up in ignorance for want of the means of education. But this is a scene too deep for me to draw. I wish they stood before you this evening, and would speak for themselves. Yes, sir; I wish they stood before you just as they are; with their cheeks pale with want, and hung round with the ragged habiliments of squalid poverty, and yet with the pulse of patriotism throbbing in their hearts, and the fire of immortality beaming in their eyes. Although their tongues should be mute and their lips motionless, they would speak to you in the impassioned language of nature. Their language would be, "Sir, provide for us the means of education, and we ask no more. We ask you not for a subsistence; our country has no hill so barren, that we will not force it for bread. We ask you not for wealth; the ocean has no danger, that we will not dare for commerce. We ask you not for cultivated fields; our country has no forest, from which we will not hunt the savage beasts, and which, with these bare but iron sinews, we will not fell at our feet. We ask you not for honor; our country has no field of danger, that we fear to enter; no haughty foe, that we will not subdue. Only give us Education. Our fathers were ignorant; and because you were more wise, more cunning than they, the property that would have been ample for us all, has fallen into your hands, and we are destitute of the means of education. Perhaps (for we will

not conceal the truth) many of them were dissipated, and squandered their property. Suppose they did. We had no control over the early habits of our fathers: and must we, for their sins, be doomed to perpetual ignorance and degradation?—With all this we are no agrarians—we desire no distribution of property—we envy no man his wealth. Only spread the book of knowledge before our eyes, and teach us to read it. For this boon we ask, in the name of our revolutionary fathers, who mingled their blood with the blood of your fathers, to secure the blessings you enjoy, and to drive out the savages from the fruitful fields you cultivate. Not upon the principles of making the rich poor and the poor rich; but upon the broad and magnanimous principle, on which our 'Father which is in heaven, maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' " And is this not the principle, on which a great, and rich, and magnanimous State, should provide for the education of all its youth; without regard to their condition in life? But it may be asked, as it frequently is, whether it is not sufficient to provide free schools for the education of the poor; and let those who have the means provide for themselves.—The answer is very simple. Nature knows no distinction of this character between the rich and the poor. Our constitution knows no such distinction; our religion knows no such distinction; and would you create such an one by law, in that too, which of all others affects the character of your population most,—the education of your children? Would you say to that noble boy, who has the lineaments of a future philosopher, statesman, or hero on his manly front: We have provided a charity school for you and other poor boys, where you may get an education, but our sons must not go with you; we are able to pay for their education ourselves? How would his noble spirit brook the insult, and with a tear of honest indignation in his eye, how would he spurn your offer to degrade him? And is there a poor widow in the State of Ohio, so destitute of spirit, as to degrade her orphan boy by sending him to such a school? But if you could so subdue the spirit of the poor, as to induce them to accept of an education, on the condition of such an odious distinction, what would you gain by it? The virtual enslavement of one tenth of your popula-

tion. And what could you expect of spirits thus cowered and broken? Would they bare their bosoms to the shot of death for the country that had thus degraded them? I tell you nay:

"In vain might liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke."

Charity schools are not indigenious to the soil of America. They belong to despotic governments, where the spirit of the poor is already broken, and where the greatness of a man depends on the accident of his birth, and not upon the vigor of his genius, or the industry of his habits. But our schools must be efficient, uniform and free—good enough for the rich, and bad enough for the poor; and ample for the wants of all.

Let us now for a moment inquire, whether such a system would not be for the benefit of those who are denominated rich; by making their lives and property more secure for the present, and their prosperity more happy after they are dead and gone to their graves. Among whom do you hear those frequent murmurs against the rich? Around whose heart does the serpent envy coil, as he passes the comfortable, or the splendid dwelling of his more wealthy neighbor? Is it the poor but educated man? No sir. Such a man looks at the world with a philosophic eye. In his estimation the real distinction between men, consists in intellectual and moral worth; and if he is conscious of the possession of these, it is impossible he should envy any man. It is the ignorant and degraded man who envies his neighbor his better fortune. Not so much in reality because he is richer than he, but because he feels a consciousness of his own inferiority, and fain would find the difference in the bestowments of fortune; and because he knows that the superior taste, and education of his neighbor's children, have flung an insurmountable barrier in the way of that matrimonial alliance, by which his children might otherwise have shared the wealth he envies. Break down then the distinction which education has made, and trust me, sir, the evil is cured forever. You at once pare away the claws, and extract the teeth of the agrarian lion; and having accomplished that, you may then knock out his brains at your leisure. But the children of the rich have a far deeper interest in the education of the poor; because sooner or later their blood

must mingle; and it is always safest to provide for that which must inevitably come.

A man by prudence and industry has amassed a princely fortune, out of which he is reluctant to contribute one dollar for the education of the poor man's children; because he thinks his own children better entitled to the benefits of his labor, and because he expects his wealth to go down to his grand-children. But this is the short-sighted view of a miser, and confined within the narrow limits of his own calculation: while if he were permitted, in fifty years after his death, to revisit this world in search of his offspring, he would find them intermarried, and connected by the ties of consanguinity, with the very children he refused to educate; and the wealth that cost him so much in the gathering, squandered for want of better education. This is an abhorrent thought to the proud; but it is the common fate of all wealthy families: and there is no way to prevent it but by laws of primogeniture, and the establishment of hereditary orders of nobility. You cannot control the marriages of your own children, in your life-time; much less those of your children's children, after you are dead. You cannot open the eyes of Cupid, after six thousand years blindness; and if you could, can you chain the hearts of your sons and daughters, to the iron chest in which you lock your pelf? or make life happy by the union of enormous estates?

"So two rich mountains of Peru,
Might rush to wealthy wedlock too;
And make a world of love."

If the great inequality of property among us is an evil so much to be complained of, there is no way of curing that evil so effectually, as by giving every individual an opportunity of acquiring an education. Property is the legitimate reward of industry and economy. Such is the order of Providence. The hand of the diligent maketh rich. There is no man ignorant of the powerful influence of education, in weaning youth from habits of indolence, and teaching them the value of property, and the means of acquiring and preserving it. This, together with its well known tendency to prevent young persons from falling into those popular vices by which property is so frequently lost, makes it certain that so far as that is concerned, it would greatly better our condition.

There is another advantage that would accrue to the public, from the extension of education to all classes and conditions of men. It would have the tendency to develop and bring into the public service more talent, in all the various departments of life. A close observer of men in public life cannot resist the impression, that the connection of more than one-half of them with business is wholly unnatural; and that they are either impelled by necessity, or deluded by a false ambition, into spheres in which God never designed them to move; and that among those who have just pretensions to talent, there is a very great inequality. If, for example, you look into a legislative assembly of one hundred members, you will find a full half of the talent confined to ten, and frequently to a smaller number. True, those master spirits are usually overrated, shining with more brilliancy, by contrast with their more stupid associates; but still they are the master spirits, and give tone and direction to every thing: and much as has been said about these men leading the common sense of their associates astray, doubtless the condition of affairs is much better with than it would be without them; but how much better would it be, if the learned professions, and the various departments of public life, were supplied with a greater number of such men. This unnatural connection of men with public life, sometimes, and indeed frequently, happens in this way. A, in his day, has been a distinguished lawyer, physician, or divine. He is blessed with six sons, each of whom possesses a sufficient share of understanding to figure respectably in some mechanical profession, but no one of whom possesses talent enough, even under the most favorable circumstances, to fill the place of his father, with credit either to himself, his family, or the profession. But the father is caught with the foolish conceit that it would degrade his family if one of his sons should learn a mechanical profession, and, in spite of nature, forces the whole six into situations in life, where, in the course of a few years, they must necessarily dwindle down into comparative insignificance. B, on the other hand, is an obscure mechanic, and has neither money nor friends. He also is blessed with half a dozen sons, one of whom was designed by nature for a great man. But his father is too poor to give

him an education, and no generous stranger takes him by the hand; there is no provision made by law for his education at the public expense; and thus, with a genius that might have enlightened the world, he lives and dies in obscurity; for it is a characteristic of Nature's make of great men, that they are too proud to thrust themselves into situations they are not qualified to fill. Thus it frequently happens, that a man whom honest nature intended for a tailor, and who would have been an honor to the trade, finds his way to the bench instead of the board, where he wears the judicial ermine with about as much grace as the fabled jackdaw wore the borrowed plumage of the peacock. And thus, too, it frequently happens, that, for lack of better material to work upon, your bishops and presbyters are under the necessity of laying holy hands

"On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn."

Such a system of education will not only bring more talent into the public service, but it will drive a world of impostors out of it, who foist themselves on all the various departments. It will bring down to the ground, that mysterious, owl-like gravity, in which blockheads of all ages have wrapped themselves, to keep the world in awe of some superiority they never possessed: while it will place the man of genius, and talent, and learning, on the elevation where God and nature designed him to stand, and which his merit deserves to occupy. Sir, I am not one of those who think that science can be domesticated in a day, or that any branch or department of it can be taught without its appropriate nomenclature; but it is high time that *that* darkness which has so long passed for depth, should flee away, and that monkish mystery which has so long been imposed on the world for sanctity, should be driven from the face of the earth. It is said of Alexander the Great, that he took offense at Aristotle, his preceptor, when he published his metaphysical works, supposing that it was not proper that the vulgar multitude should know those sublime mysteries, which elevated them above the rest of mankind: and the same notion prevails with some to this day, that science is only an engine for the favored few, by which they may keep an ignorant world in awe of their wisdom, and in dread of their power. One of the happiest illustrations of the character of those

mysteriously great men, is to be found in the tomb of Rosicrucius, the leader of a sect of philosophers, who professed to be in the possession of some important secrets, which were never to be revealed to the rest of mankind. After his death, a peasant had occasion to dig near his monument, and finding a narrow door between two walls, he was prompted by curiosity and the love of gain to force it open, to see what lay beyond. When he opened the door he was struck with astonishment by the light of a brilliant lamp, illuminating a beautiful vault; and still more by a giant in a coat of mail at the farther end of the vault, sitting with his left arm leaning on a table, and a truncheon in his right hand. On the peasant advancing one step towards him, he stood upright. On his advancing a second step, he lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. On his advancing a third step, with one furious blow of the truncheon, he dashed the lamp in a thousand pieces, and left his curious visitant in darkness and terror. On the rumor of this grisly spectre spreading through the neighborhood, the people came with torches, and, on examination, found it to be a mere piece of clockwork; the floor of the vault being loose, was so underlaid with springs, as to produce the several motions performed by the brazen statue, successively, as the peasant step by step advanced to examine his structure. Such has been the gloomy and pompous parade, by which those mysterious dungeons of science have eluded the scrutiny of an ignorant world; and such the emptiness of all their pomp, when scrutinized by the piercing eye of science. But educate the people; spread the light of science far and wide; let it not twinkle alone in the beacon's lofty tower, nor burn unseen in the funereal vault, but light up every torch, and lamp, and taper; and in the redundant light of their united blaze, those mousing owlets of science, whether in church or state, whose vision dares not meet the light of the sun, will hide themselves in the shades of obscurity; while the noble, enlightened, and generous votaries of patriotism, science, and religion, will shine forth, the lights of the world, and the benefactors of mankind.

But although we believe that one of the beneficial tendencies of a well organized and efficient system of common schools, would be to develop and bring into the

public service a much larger amount of talent, yet it is not, and ought not to be their immediate object, to erect mental pyramids, to frown down the common sense understanding of the people, in the common walks of life. On the contrary, its objects are, and ought to be, to provide for the farming, mechanical and other productive classes of the people, the means of a good common sense education, such as will enable them to discharge all the private and relative duties of life, pertaining to their stations, with credit, or rise to the more arduous and responsible relations of public life, when the interests of their country shall require it.

In our admiration of antiquity, (for we are continually running mad with admiration of the great improvements of the present day, or the grandeur of the past,) we frequently speak of the arts of Greece and Rome, and more especially of their architecture. Indeed, the specimens to be found among us, are but faint imitations in miniature, of the noble edifices of Greece and Rome. But while they impoverished the nations to erect those magnificent temples for the habitation of the gods, the people themselves dwelt in miserable hovels, hardly fit for the accommodation of swine; and while the gods drank libations from vases of silver and gold, supposed to be beyond the reach of modern art, the multitude of the people themselves were supplied with an article, compared with which, a well-dressed backwoods gourd would have been a luxury. Their arts and architecture furnish a happy illustration of their education: for whilst a few individuals spent years and years of the most rigid self-denial and arduous study, to qualify themselves for artists, orators, statesmen and warriors, and attained to heights in sculpture, painting, poetry, elocution and mathematics, which we can never reach, yet the great mass of the people were not taught to read even their vernacular tongue; and in this fact, more than in the ambition of Alexander and Cæsar, is to be found the cause of the downfall of the ancient republics. The superior learning of the few, gave them greater advantage over the ignorance of the many, and made them to be alternately worshipped as gods, and deprecated as demons, by the infatuated multitude: borne through a triumphal arch to-day, and driven into exile to-morrow, without any change of character, but only as rival orators and rival demagogues could

turn the tempest and tide of popular opinion. Against similar evils, growing out of similar causes, our fathers, at the formation of our government, and at all subsequent stages of its progress, have endeavored to guard. The deeds of cession, the Constitution of the United States, the Ordinance for the government of the North-Western Territory, and the Constitution of the State of Ohio, all contemplate a future system of common schools, and mention education explicitly, as one of those things that should be provided for by law. Nor have our legislature been wholly negligent in this matter. A law for the regulation of schools, has for years existed among us, gradually approximating to perfection. That it is as yet imperfect, its best friends do not pretend to deny; and it never will be perfect, until its permanent fund shall be sufficiently large to keep it in operation without the aid of taxation on individual property, and the people shall have become sufficiently acquainted with its machinery, to keep it in motion without confusion, and to see its beneficial influence on society. In the meantime let not the friends of education despair. If with the advantage of sovereign power to carry his edicts into execution, it cost Frederick William a labor of forty years, to bring the Prussian system to its present prosperous condition, need it be a matter of surprise, that in our country, where the popular will is to be consulted, and where the conflicting opinions of so many thousands are to be respected, and, if possible, reconciled, we have progressed no further. It is matter of rejoicing, to see the popular opinion every where, in favor of some efficient system; and where a generous enthusiasm prevails, as to one grand object, it is much easier to reconcile conflicting opinions, as to the means by which it is to be carried into effect.

Go on, then, sir, in the glorious cause of education. It is the cause of liberty; it is the cause of patriotism; it is the cause of humanity; it is the cause of religion; it is the cause of God; and it must prosper. Go on, then, sir, with steady and onward step, to the consummation of your country's glory; and in your triumphant march,

"Mountains shall fall, and valleys rise,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain."*

* For some account of the Convention of December last, before which this Address was delivered, the reader is referred to the *Hesperian* for January, page 255.—Ed.

INTERNAL TRADE. No. III.

PROVIDENCE has evidently designed the temperate regions of the great interior of North America, for the residence of a dense population of highly civilized men. Throughout its southern and middle regions, which are elevated but a few hundred feet above the level of the gulf of Mexico, the deflected trade wind bears from that sea the vapors, which, falling in showers, give fertility to the soil, and swell to navigable size their numerous and almost interminable rivers. Towards the north he has spread out, and connected by navigable straits, great seas of purest water to equalize and soften the temperature of that comparatively high latitude, and to aid in irrigating the surrounding countries. And he has so placed these seas, as to give them the utmost availability for purposes of trade; for while they reach to the highest latitude to which profitable cultivation can be carried, they stretch away south almost to the very heart of the Great Valley. Towards the east they approach the Atlantic, and extend westward towards the Pacific more than a third of the distance across the continent. To give the lake and river countries easy access to each other, he has placed them nearly on the same level, and strongly pointed out, and indeed, in some places almost finished, the great channels of intercourse between them. To invite and facilitate migration from Europe and the old States, he has provided the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers, and cut a passage through the Allegheny ridge where flow the "mighty Mohawk" and the majestic Hudson. His munificence ends not here. He has diversified its surface with hills, vales and plains, and clothed them alternately with the finest groves of timber and the most beautiful meadows of grass and flowers. Beneath the soil, the minerals of nearly every geological era, and of every kind which has been made tributary to man's comfort and civilization, are profusely distributed. On the north, the waters of the great lakes begin their expansion in a region of primitive formation. Descending thence by the river St. Mary into, and expanding over, a portion of that great transition limestone bed, which forms the basis of the richest soil of the country, and after entering by their southernmost reach the coal measures of northern Ohio, they are precipitated over the eastern mar-

gin of this great limestone basin, at Niagara. A few miles distant, they again spread out 330 feet below, in a region of salt bearing sandstone and shales; and, finally, pass off to the ocean through a primitive country. Thus a great variety of minerals, useful to man, are placed where transportation and exchange are easy and cheap. Nor in this connection should be overlooked, among the multiplied evidences of providential bounties to our favored region, the immense power to move machinery which is laid up for us at the outlet of lake Erie. Here is a head of 330 feet, with an inexhaustible supply of pure water, easily and cheaply brought under control in a healthy and pleasant country at the door of the great West, and at the best point of connection for uniting the commerce of the lower lake and the ocean, with the upper lakes. Nor should we omit to mention the harbors which abound in the primitive shores to the north, and which are also found at the mouths of all the large streams of the great transition and secondary regions below.

Such is the broad patrimony, the land of promise, which we are invited to enter upon and improve. Our people have begun to take possession. Along the line of the five or six thousand miles of habitable shore which is offered to the mariner of these lakes, he may now and then see, a cluster of houses, a nascent city with a few tall spires, and anon, small indentations of their forest borders, where farmers have begun to hew their way to independence. The southern shore of lake Erie, and both shores of Ontario, are so far advanced in settlement, that it is easy to anticipate the speedy triumph of the art and industry of man. Already in many places he has achieved his victory; for his farms and villages have nearly driven his forest enemy from his sight. Here he has already built himself spacious barns and comfortable dwellings; nay, he has made roads on which to carry the products of his industry to market, for he can now not only feed himself, but he can spare a large portion to be exchanged for other comforts. More than this, he has built towns, constructed numerous harbors, and created a commercial marine that, two hundred years ago, would have been a source of pride, if possessed by the greatest commercial nation of Europe.

In anticipation of the early settlement of the fine country bordering these waters, and

its capacity to furnish the basis of a large commerce, the Erie canal was projected and opened. But its banks had hardly become solid, its business been got into train and reduced to system, before the discovery was made, that its capacity would scarcely suffice for the business of the country through which it runs, and of course, that it would be entirely inadequate to the passage of the trade then just springing up, with indications of a vigorous growth, on the upper lakes. Wild as were thought the visions of Morris and Clinton by the practical men of their day, it turns out that their organs of hope were far from being sufficiently developed. Ten years after the *chimerical* grand canal was completed, *practical* men saw the necessity of making it more than three times as large, and forthwith entered upon its enlargement in that ratio. The rapid growth of the lake trade within a few years, has also opened other eyes besides those of the New-York Legislature. It is evident that practical men in other States believe, that such portion of this trade as they can divert from this great rout, will pay them for the outlay of so many millions as will be necessary to construct two more canals, and the same number of rail-roads, from the Atlantic waters to those of the lakes. Not only are cities and States entering upon a competition for our trade, but a few years will probably witness an active emulation between our general government and the government of a foreign nation, in endeavors, on the one hand to retain, and on the other to acquire it. On all sides it is admitted that the city of the Atlantic coast which receives the greatest portion of our eastern business, will be the leading city of that border; and if it is not now admitted, it soon will be, that the emporium of the Mississippi Valley which commands the best channel of intercourse with the lakes, must be, and forever, the queen city of that Valley.

But what is it that makes this lake country of such commanding importance? In the first place, it is of great extent. Its navigable shores, including bays and straits, measure more than five thousand miles, being of greater extent than those of the Atlantic States and gulf of Mexico together. Not only do these command a large country lying back in many places much beyond the head waters of the streams which flow into them, but by means of canals and other ar-

tificial facilities, no inconsiderable portion of the Mississippi Valley is made tributary to their commerce. This is owing mainly to the circumstance that they afford the cheapest and best rout to New-York. Even with the small canal between Buffalo and Albany, levying tolls high enough to have already paid for its construction, we find a strong inclination to that rout, not only for the foreign and eastern manufactures that are purchased in the great Atlantic emporium and brought into the lake and Mississippi valleys, but for the farming produce of sections of country that formerly floated it down to New-Orleans. This is strongly exemplified on the Ohio canal, the lake end of which receives, of the agricultural productions transported on it, a vastly greater portion, probably five times greater, than the Ohio river termination. When the Erie canal shall be made three times as large as it now is, the cost of transportation on it will be materially diminished, so as to draw trade to the lakes from a still more extended portion of the great Valley. This tendency will be materially strengthened by the great Wabash and Erie canal system, and the other canals and rail-roads extending from the lakes into the interior. Until the cities and towns of our great Valley become numerous and large enough to consume most of our agricultural surplus, our main exertions will be directed to the construction and improvement of great channels for its transport to New-York.

The country lying north and northwest of the lakes, to an almost indefinite extent, must carry on its main exchanges through these waters. This, though new, and but little improved, will at no distant day become populous and powerful. Before the recent troubles, the migration to Upper Canada from the United Kingdom was unexampled in the history of colonization; being for several seasons upwards of fifty thousand annually. Quiet being again restored, the current in that direction will become stronger than ever.

The soil of the countries bordering the lakes is, in general, of the most fertile character, and the climate for health and pleasantness, equal to that of any part of the continent, except perhaps the table lands of Mexico. They join, and are in the same latitude with, those Atlantic States having the densest population and greatest wealth; and the expenditure of time and money to

change a residence from these to our shores is now small, and is constantly lessening. Two years from next summer, when the rail-road line from Boston to Buffalo will in all probability be in operation, three days will suffice for a journey between Maumee and Boston. The main current of surplus population from those States has for several years flowed into the lake region; and that current will grow wider, and deeper, and stronger, in proportion to the removal of obstacles impeding its progress.

Now let us see what means are in a course of preparation for making easy and cheap the intercourse between the lakes and the Eastern States. First in importance, looms up the enlarged Erie canal. This work is now in rapid progression, and will be finished in a few years. Its dimensions are seventy feet in width and seven feet in depth, with double locks throughout, large enough to pass vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen. The commissioners who recommended the enlargement, demonstrated that, tolls excluded, transportation on this canal would be cheaper than on any river or sea of the same length navigated by steam boats or sailing vessels. When, therefore, the canal shall have paid for itself, and become a common highway for the West, exempt from all charges but such as are necessary to keep it in repair, it will afford a channel for exchanges as good as if the Hudson river, instead of terminating its navigable facilities at Troy, had extended them to the waters of lake Erie at Buffalo. Supposing the cost of enlargement to be fifteen millions, and the annual net amount of tolls one million and a quarter, in less than fifteen years from this time, it will again have paid for itself. But such will be the increase of business arising from its enlarged capacity, and the rapid extension of lake trade, that the amount of tolls mentioned may be raised with the rates reduced, on the average of the fifteen years, to one-half of what they are at present. Next in importance, when finished, will be the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, with its continuation from Pittsburgh to Cleveland. This will be a continuous line of canal, about five hundred and twenty miles in length, connecting the tide-water at Baltimore and Georgetown with lake Erie at Cleveland. Its dimensions vary, from forty feet wide and four feet deep to sixty by six, averaging probably about fifty by five. The Pennsylvania

line of canal and rail-road will join the last mentioned rout at Pittsburgh, and from tide-water at Philadelphia to Cleveland will be not less than five hundred and seventy miles in length. The same line to the Allegheny river, and thence up to Erie on the lake, will be about five hundred and ten miles in length. These are the rival canal routs in the States for the trade of the lakes. Let them stand close together, that we may see how they compare.

	Length in miles.	Size in feet. wid. dep.	Lockage, ri. & full in feet.	No. of trans- shipm'ts.
1. Erie, - - -	363	70	7	698
2. Chesap'ke & Ohio, and Cleveland, Pennsylvania,	520	50	5	4,500 ab't. none
3. To Cleveland, To Erie, - - -	570	40	4	5,700 ab't. three
	510	40	4	5,200 ab't. three

It is a contrast rather than a comparison. If, however, the routs were to afford equal facilities, that to New-York would have a decided preference, because it leads to that established and controlling mart.

But the Erie canal is to have a formidable foreign rival. Canals are being constructed around the rapids of the St. Lawrence, of a size and with locks large enough to admit large steamboats; and it is in contemplation to enlarge the Welland canal between lakes Erie and Ontario to about the same dimensions.

These would give entrance at once for the iron ships of England to our upper lake ports. That portion of the business done by steamers, would probably occasion a transshipment at Montreal from the two thousand ton ships of the ocean to the five hundred ton boats of the lakes. A comparison of the New-York and Canada routs would stand thus:

From Buffalo to N. York by canal and Hudson river.					
Whole dist. in miles.	Size of canal and locks, feet.	Length of canal.	Lake and river.	Lock- age, feet.	Trans- ship- ment.
508	70 by 7-120 by 24	363	145	698	one

From entrance of Welland canal on lake Erie to Montreal.

Whole dist. in miles.	Size of canal and locks, feet.	Length of canal.	Lake and river.	Lock- age, feet.	Trans- ship- ment.
400	110 by 10-200 by 50	60	340	568	none

The committee on roads and canals, at the last session of Congress, made an able report in favor of the construction by our government of a large steamboat canal around the falls of Niagara on the American side. This, according to the best plan sub-

mitted, would be about fifteen miles in length and its cost about four millions and a half. When made, it will be shorter than the Welland canal by more than twenty-six miles. That it will be constructed, so soon as our national government is again in funds, admits not of doubt, but by those who expect every thing to move as lazily as their own mental operations; and that Great Britain will, as she has heretofore done, exert her powerful energies to direct the lake commerce through the St. Lawrence channel, is not less certain. In a report of the board of directors of the Welland canal in 1835, it is stated that "merchandize from London would be conveyed to Cleveland for two pounds ten shillings per ton," when the St. Lawrence shall be rendered navigable to the lakes by the works now being constructed. This would be but *fifty-four cents per hundred pounds*—being but little more than half the present cost of freight from New-York to Cleveland.

If the statement of that canal board is not greatly erroneous, European goods will be delivered at the ports of lake Erie, so soon as the improvements now under way shall be finished, cheaper than at the port of New-Orleans. It is then plain, that the only rival which New-York has to fear, is the power which holds the natural outlet to the lakes and the lake trade; and that her contest with that power to maintain her present supremacy *will be no child's play*. She must not only make her canal large and convenient, but she must place the tolls on a very moderate scale.

The railroads now being made between tide water and the lakes, are; 1st, That from Buffalo to Albany and thence to New-York, Boston, and, by branches, to all the large towns of New-York and New-England; 2nd, The Hudson and Erie, from Dunkirk to New-York; 3rd, The Sunbury, from Erie through Sunbury to Philadelphia; and 4th, The Baltimore and Ohio, which, beginning at Baltimore and Washington, is expected to terminate on the lake at Cleveland and Maumee—the former branch passing through Pittsburgh, the latter through Wheeling. The rout near the line of the Erie Canal possesses nearly the same advantages over the others, as that canal has been shown to offer over the other canal routs. It avoids the ascent and descent over the Alleghany mountains, and passing along a level country, is much

straighter—is made and kept in repair at much less expense—and consequently it will allow a much greater speed to the locomotives that fly along its track.

Such are the great works made and making; and for whom? Surely not for the million and a half that within a few years past have fixed their homes in the lake countries. No: but for the anticipated tens of millions of intelligent and industrious freemen who will, as a moderate forecast enables men to see, in no long course of years, spread over, and clear, and cultivate and beautify, these pleasant and fertile shores. Whatever error may arise from making the past a basis of calculation for the future, that error in no enlightened country of our day, and least in ours the most flourishing of all, would be a too sanguine estimate. A slight sketch of the towns and commerce of the American shores of the upper lakes, in 1830, and in 1838, from our imperfect data, will enable the reader to form his own opinion of their future destiny.

Towns.	Population.	
	1830.	1838.
Buffalo,	8,653	20,000
Erie,	1,329	3,500
Cleveland,*	1,076	8,500
Sandusky city,	400	1,500
Lower Sandusky,	351	1,500
Perrysburg,	182	1,600
Maumee,	250	2,000
Toledo,	30	2,000
Detroit,	2,222	6,500
Monroe,	500	3,500
Chicago,	100	5,000
Milwaukee,	20	3,500
Michigan city,	10	1,800
Newburyport,	10	1,500
Navarino,	100	1,500
Huron,	100	1,500
Dunkirk,	50	1,500
	15,383	66,900

There are some thirty towns on these shores, not named above, most of which commenced their existence since 1830, and which, if included, would of course show a greater ratio of increase. Thus it appears that our town population has more than quadrupled in eight years. Business has increased in a still greater ratio. In 1830, the number of vessels which cleared at the

port of Cleveland with cargoes was 327;—in 1838 it was 3,028, being nearly ten times in number, and probably more than twenty times in tonnage. The value of exports from the same place in 1830, was \$377,197, and in 1838, the value of those exports that arrived by the canal exceeded five millions of dollars. The value of imports in 1830, was estimated at less than one million, and in 1838 at over nine millions. It is probable that Cleveland exported, in addition to that received by the canal, to the value of near a million. Thus that single port must have sent abroad, of the produce of Ohio, about six millions of dollars in value. Not having sufficient data, I am unable to compare the exports of the upper lakes from Buffalo down the Erie canal for the years 1830 and 1838, but it will be sufficient for my purpose to compare a few of the leading articles for the years 1832 and 1837, of which I have authentic information.

	Bush. of Wheat.	bbls. Flour.	bbls. Pork.
1832.	100,533	21,730	4,630
1837.	450,350	126,805	24,414

Of the leading articles passing out of lake Erie by the Welland canal, I have only been able to obtain the returns for the years 1832, 1833 and 1834, which show a regular and rapid increase. Here is a comparison of the first and last of those years.

	Bbls. Pork.	bush. Wheat.	thou. Staves.
1832.	5,422	155,170	146,136
1834.	23,422	364,919	392,055

The exports of wheat and flour, for the year 1838, from the upper lakes, must have nearly doubled those of 1837. From the port of Cleveland they were, in

	Bush. Wheat.	bbls. Flour.
1837.	548,697	207,593
1838.	1,228,521	282,831

The increase of tonnage has of course kept pace with the exports and imports. In 1830, that of steamboats on the upper lakes was about sixteen hundred tons, and it was then a general impression that the business was greatly overdone, and that it would require many years to give all the boats profitable employment. Since that time the tonnage has been augmented to about *eighteen thousand*, with a fair prospect of good employment. Much of the business on the upper lakes, done by sailing craft, is carried on in vessels from lake Ontario; and on that

* Including Ohio city.

account partly, but more by reason of the preference given to steamboats, for most kinds of freight, our upper lake sailing vessels have increased much less rapidly than our steamboats. The tonnage of both is now about the same.

The exports of the lake region would have been considerably larger for several years past, but for the great number of new settlers that have come in and required to be fed from our surplus. Of the million of people now living within the influence of our upper lake trade, it is probable that not more than half, certainly not more than two-thirds, have so far improved their lands as to turn off anything for export. The others are either in a condition merely to raise their own food, or still require aid from the older settlers. But it should not be forgotten, that while the relative amount of products of the soil in proportion to the population is rapidly augmenting, our cities, towns and villages, on account of the great accession of mechanics, manufacturers, and business men they are receiving, will more and more tend to keep down exports to the East. Our intercourse with our Atlantic brethren will doubtless increase as fast, and be productive of as much mutual benefit, as any friend to both sections now anticipates; but our home trade within the limits of our great "North American Valley," will grow much faster, and possess a vigor as superior to the former, as does the action of the great arteries near the heart, to those of the limbs of the human system. Our commerce with the Atlantic border is analogous to that of the Eastern and Middle States with Europe. The latter has had a rapid increase, but by no means in proportion to the augmentation of that with its own coast and interior. The foreign commerce of Philadelphia, for instance, is no greater than it was in 1787, when the population of the city and liberties did not exceed forty thousand; while its domestic trade has increased more than ten fold, and its population become five times forty thousand. It will surprise many of our readers to be informed, that the exports and imports of our upper lake region, the past season, have probably exceeded those of all the colonies on an average of six years preceding 1775. According to Pitkin, the annual exports from the colonies on the average of the six years ending with 1774 amounted to £1,752,142, (\$8,410,250,) and the imports to £2,732,036, (\$13,-

113,750.) It has been shown that the exports and imports of the single port of Cleveland during the last year were nearly three-fourths as much as the above, and no one, we believe, would contend that Cleveland does three-fourths of all the exporting and importing of the upper lakes. It would probably be within bounds to estimate our exports at eight millions and our imports at fifteen millions. Such are the results of the infantile labors of the young giant of the lakes.

Before closing, it may not be amiss to make a few observations on the prejudice in relation to our soil and climate, more particularly the latter, that have distinguished most writers on the great North American Valley. No one is chargeable with more errors in this respect than Mr. T. Flint, whose candor and accuracy, in relation to those portions of the Valley in which he resided, are remarkable. In regard to the lake country he seems to have relied on prejudiced or incompetent authorities. It is strange that so philosophical a mind as his, could be brought to the conclusion, that these immense bodies of water, in most parts near a thousand feet deep, could have any other effect on the climate of their borders, than greatly to temper and moderate the cold of winter and the heat of summer. The soil he represents as clayey, cold and marshy; and he almost brings a shiver over you in mid-summer, when he describes the climate; while, in fact, so small is the proportion of our marshy land, that to characterize the whole country by it, is about as fair as it would be to represent Massachusetts as the country of crazy people, because it has a thousand insane inhabitants. As to climate, Count Volney expressed the opinion, that the southern shore of lake Erie and the southern declivity of the Alleghanies in Georgia and Alabama, would, when improved, possess the best to be found in the States. With a personal knowledge of these sections, of many years duration, we entirely concur in this opinion; and we moreover entertain the belief, that it will, at a period not very distant, become the settled opinion of the well informed all over the country.

Our next article on "Internal Trade," will be confined chiefly to the commercial intercourse, present and prospective, between the basins of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence.

J. W. S.

Maumee City, Feb. 15, 1839.

TO THE WIDOW OF A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

"And the angel said unto me, 'Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

ON HIGH—before the everlasting Throne,
Another voice is heard—another harp
Among the heavenly harps—and louder still
Swells the loud anthem of unceasing praise,
The song of the redeemed!

Ten thousand saints,
Clad in their bridal robes—ten thousand bands
Of shining seraphs, with their harps of gold,
Take up the joyful strain: "Praise ye the Lord!
Salvation, honor, glory, power, to Him
Who sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb!
To Him who loved us with eternal love—
To Him who bought us with his precious blood—
To Him whose presence makes a Heaven of Heaven—
Be praise forevermore!

ON EARTH, is heard
A voice of lamentation! He is gone!
A shepherd from his flock—a man beloved
Of God and man—a chosen instrument
To break the bread of life—to heal the heart
Wounded by sin and sorrow, and proclaim
Glad tidings of great joy!

Gone to his rest!
His smile has vanished from the once glad hearth!
His place is vacant at the festal board!
His voice is silent in the house of prayer!
Spring, with her robe of beauty—the rich bloom
And fragrance of the Summer, have gone by,
Since he lay down to sleep that dreamless sleep
That hath no waking, till the last loud trump
Of the Archangel.

But the undying soul
Hath sought a better land:—Beyond the moon—
Beyond the sun—beyond the utmost bound
Of visible creation—fairer far
Than human eye hath seen—more glorious
Than human fancy can conceive:—a land
That needs no sun or moon to give it light,
For God, the ever-living God, is there,
Their everlasting light!

And there he dwells,
So late a wanderer in this vale of tears!
Beneath the tree of life, beside the stream
Whose living fountain is the Throne of God!
There is naught evil in that blessed land!
Sickness and sorrow may not enter there!
Ended are tears and sighing—God himself
Hath wiped away all tears!

And who would call
The wand'rer back, to tread Life's thorny maze,
And drink her cup of bitterness again?
To lay aside the crown and robes of light,
For the dull garb of frail mortality!
Exchange the song of Moses and the Lamb,
For earthly melodies! and be once more
A stranger and a pilgrim?

And for thee,
Lone mourner, in thy solitary home,
To whom this earth seems but a desert waste,
Whose glorious beauty was a fading flower,
Withered, e'en now, beneath the chilling blight
Of the destroyer,—in thy loneliness
Look up—there is a house not made with hands,
And in it many mansions;—robes of light,
And crowns of victory, and harps of gold!
What though the spoiler's hand make desolate
Thine earthly home, and blight thine earthly hopes;
Thou hast a home eternal in the Heavens,
A strong assured hope, to meet once more
Thy parted friend before the Throne of God!

New-Albany: Ia.

VIOLA.

SPARTA AND OUR OWN COUNTRY.

It is well enough, at times, for the purposes of pleasure as well as improvement, to recur to the past; to look upon it, as it is, a great marvel in the history of man, an increasing novelty, whereon curiosity may always banquet.

We live in an age far removed from what is called antiquity, upon a territory purely modern, and in the midst of events that are but recent in their origin. The old world has become but a remembrance daily passing away, and claims no sympathy from the active selfishness of the present hour. And when, with filial respect and becoming acknowledgments, we do turn back our minds and hearts upon ancestral character and achievements, and attempt to trace the line of history, in the downward series from effects to causes, our reflection is wearied, and our feelings become indolent, long before we arrive at the great dividing line of the ancient and modern world.

In the long interval between that period and the present, events have occurred, which, as we pause from our pursuits and look behind, stand before us in such towering magnitude, in such near connection, and so far-reaching, that, like a chain of mountains in the distance, they intercept all vision of what lies beyond.

Under the influence of the liveliest curiosity, so long has it been since our imagination has left the periphery of its immediate home, we now propose to go beyond, and at this present time, while so many great, absorbing causes are operating in their midst—in this self-conceited, high-opinionated age—in this the nineteenth century of the second beginning of man, to comment upon some of the chiefest productions of his primeval efforts. The one, which we select, and which strikes us as peculiar and remarkable, is the government of Sparta, its design and tendencies.

Educated in an age and country devoted to commerce and all unwarlike pursuits, where the burden of ethics is universal peace, and national courtesy, and social intercourse, we contemplate with wonder the foundation and character of the kingdom of Sparta.

Like many other nations, she was, in her infancy, conspicuous for a great law-maker, who enstamped upon her, in deep and visible impress, the seal of his peculiar character. Lycurgus made Sparta for war. Commerce, friendly national intercourse, literature, the arts and sciences, were no primary objects in his scheme. He passed them by in the silence of a mind absorbed in some one great Idea. That idea, we are clearly shown, was to establish and perpetuate the glory of his people by the power of her arms. And he succeeded. This principle was inwoven through the whole framework of her government; it commingled with and coursed with her life-blood, its rigid, and paramount, and controlling element, and with this distinct, stern, unsocial, and daring character, Sparta commenced her national career.

As it began, so it continued, one unbroken series of wars. The character of soldier was never merged in that of the peaceful citizen, being higher, nobler, and more glorious. Her kings were qualified and honored, as they were warriors, and her subjects valued and useful, according to their physical organization. The martial note was always sounded; her armories were always open, and her banner always in the field. War was her profession, battles her delight, and victories her aim. If an enemy were defeated, if she, herself, were defeated, they brought no lasting peace; for her ambition with its infinite resources, still remained. In the one case, she sought a new foe; in the other, she retired for a moment;

the roar of preparations began through her dominions, and she was prepared and advancing to a renewal of the contest.

Such was her permanent policy. She became, indeed, what her great law-giver designed, a people famous in battles and heroes, but at the same time, the pest, and scourge, and terror, of the rival cotemporary nations. There have been other governments, it is true, that have eclipsed her, even in what alone she was conspicuous for—that, founded upon different motives, adopting other means, and pursuing other aims, having been diverted from their legitimate course, have turned into the pathway of war, and accomplished results, that the kingdom of Sparta in her wildest visions and in her most desperate efforts, never could aspire to. But it is not in this view we would contemplate her. We boast for her, of no boundless power, of no achievements, that enlarged her into universal empire. It is not in the number and brilliancy of her victories, or in their enriching and glorious consequences, that she claims our particular attention. The career was not of such a kind. No triumphal pomp, no Roman parade of captive nations, no princely presents from haughty vassalage, no heaped-up trophies, no extended swell of dominions, attended it. It ended, leaving her almost as she began, small in population, small in extent of territory, and, comparatively, impoverished in her means. She conquered in a hard contested and important battle; but we read of no gala day among her people. She subjugated a neighboring nation; and there was no show, and long and solemn procession, through her streets, of captive nobility and heavy spoils, "slow-moving to the sound of martial music," and rejoicing multitudes. She warred through all the vigor and manhood of her days, and not so much as Greece did her homage.

It may be said of her, that she was always encompassed by powerful neighbors; that she was but one of that vast assemblage of States which were ever ready to pledge their lives, their liberty and their all, in freedom's cause, and which, for their many virtues and elevated character, have been embalmed in highest eulogy; and with this knowledge, her own strength in war, although it achieved no more, stands unassailed and unimpeached. Where was the match for her far-famed phalanx? In the Roman legion? We would pause long, be-

fore we would crown the glory of the latter by the preference. Ask not what she did in her individual capacity as a mere handful of warriors; but rather what she did, when, with the other States of Greece, she was united under Alexander. The whole known earth did homage to her universal lord; and jewelled satraps in the farthest East, where western footsteps "ne'er before had trod," paid tribute in barbaric pearl and gold.

We would dwell not upon the practical effects that were attendant upon the character of the kingdom of Sparta, but upon the origin and elements of that character, as strange and peculiar to an observer of the present age. To discover them, we have but little more to do, than to investigate the character of Lycurgus, for that in all its tenor and effect, was similar to hers. The age and country, in which Lycurgus lived, was somewhat peculiar. The nations immediately around him were reaching an approximation to the first stages of civilized systems of government, had assumed a distinct and independent existence and name, and were fairly and professedly set off by metes and bounds. In this situation, consisting of a considerable number of nations, they were all starting, it may be said, upon their different careers. Each was possessed of inhabitants at least vigorous in body and mind—all were ambitious, and in the advantages and exertions of a few of them, were clearly visible the high eminence and power, to which they shortly attained.

It may further be assumed, that all the kingdoms of Greece, and the islands round about her, were small in extent of territory; that many of them, from this fact, from their locality, and from other reasons, would not be authorized in anticipating commercial importance; and that commerce was then but scarcely known and lightly esteemed. With these data, then, first, that Greece and the territory near her, were thus minutely divided, and occupied by many small and independent governments; that they were all ambitious, with a people of great natural strength and capacity, and *pari passu*, as it were, starting with the struggle of national competition; that the question was settled and the fact established, in regard to Greece, that it was, and would thus remain subdivided, and full of a great many rival powers: second, that many of these powers, by reason of their peculiar locality, their scarcity

of territory, and other good causes, were to resort to other means than commerce, for any considerable advancement and renown; and third, that commerce was then but trivial and attracted but little attention, we may draw an inference which will furnish some clue to the subject we have in hand. That inference is, that some of these nations would adopt measures of precaution, and prepare themselves for offensive and defensive wars. And so it was with Lycurgus, in legislating and planning a constitution for the kingdom of Sparta. He saw the true aspect of things around him; the position of Sparta independently and relatively; the ambitious character of many of the nations that were growing up near her; their resources, and the resolute and warlike temper of their people. He saw, that they could not all succeed; that there would be great efforts; that there must be, at some time, great collisions; that some must be crushed and swallowed up, and others swell in dimensions and advance to a formidable degree of power. The idea must have occurred to him, with great force, that under such circumstances, among so many, small, and rival States, there would be long, and frequent, and desperate wars. Commerce, either because it was not then a subject of serious attention, or because, in the locality and resources of Sparta, it promised her but little, did not enter into his scheme, as is clearly indicated by the kind of money it introduced.

To the above views, in part, we may attribute the origin of his peculiar code of laws.

There were other causes, also, which may have been instrumental in producing it.—Lycurgus was acquainted with the writings of Homer, and felt and admired the heroic sentiments, in which they abound. The moral and religious tone of the period in which he acted, the result, in a great measure, of Mythology, may also have operated upon him, and persuaded him, to establish a system of government, so new and bold in all its features.

No matter what may be the origin of Grecian Mythology, whether we regard it as the invention of priestcraft, as an allegorical method of exhibiting truth, and intellectual and material qualities, and so esteemed by the people, or as the gross, unguided conceptions of ignorant minds, under the promptings of that natural piety of the heart,

that will find an object to revere and worship, we cannot escape the acknowledgment that by its paramount agency, it swayed and fashioned her illustrious destiny. Its chief and legitimate effect, was to create and nourish the bolder and fiercer passions.—The mildness, and mercy, and peacefulness of the present christian creed, were no attributes of its greatest gods; but power and terror, and destroying anger, mark their universal action. The gentle and more amiable qualities belonged to its goddesses and the innumerable lesser divinities, and attracted but a little of the Greek's devotion and worship, in the days of Lycurgus. His soul, with its whole energies and an intense and absorbing enthusiasm, consecrated itself to high physical achievement and heroic fame. To the perfection of these alone, his stern, vigorous and war-hunting spirit, did pious homage. He bowed, in prayer and becoming modesty, before his Olympus, but because it was the habitation of the mighty Jove: he was a worshipper at the altars of his peculiar religion, but not in the character of the modern christian. His gods were great beyond all human capacity, and to the full extent of his conceptions, still, with the acknowledgment, there was no passivity and quiet of his strong passions. The power of faith and the principles it inculcated, wrought no new character in him, but strengthened and confirmed the old one. He was animated and earnest in his devotions, and there was no utter abandonment, no lowly humility, no innocency, no serene meekness, nothing of that giving of one's self up, of that despairing, supplicating resignation, crying out "what shall I do to be saved;" but his passions grew bolder and bolder under his heroic prayers, and he went out from the temple with the resolve to imitate, to do as his gods had done, to make himself great in what they were great; and erect, and fierce, and invigorated with this new resolve, he sought out contentions, and wars, and personal strifes.

Such was the character of the inhabitants of Greece at the period to which we refer, and so it was understood by Lycurgus.

With these causes in view, there is nothing miraculous in the government of Sparta. The origin of it is sufficiently accounted for. But there is a peculiarity about it, that still remains. We still contemplate her, in the midst of her times and the contemporary nations, with a degree of curious and

inquiring wonder. Our impressions will not grow common place and ordinary; but we still pause before her, as something marvellous and strange: so unlike was she to all other nations, ancient or modern. The same causes, which existed for her, existed, and have since existed, for many other nations; but, she is alone in the line of policy, she adopted under them. There is nothing savage, barbarous and ignorant, in her aspect as a government; on the other hand, the study of it rather begets the idea, that it was the deliberate choice of superior wisdom. If it be urged, that Sparta was rude and ignorant, when the laws of Lycurgus were given her, we pass to a later period of her history, and answer, that these same laws, unaltered and in all their original force and spirit, regulated and controlled her, when the countries around were effeminating with polish and all species of luxury, and after she had exchanged a long intercourse and acquaintance with them. Lycurgus was no barbarian, but a wise and prudent law-giver. He had visited other nations on his errand of governmental knowledge, had studied and analyzed their laws, had compared them with the strictest scrutiny, and in long and severe application and examination, had trained his reason and matured his judgment. When he took upon himself this legislation for Sparta, he was a great man, in far advance of the age in the science of government; and with such qualifications, with all his comprehension of view, with his clear and deep insight into the springs and workings of human action, slowly and deliberately and designedly, he chose the system we are now examining. Herein, mainly, is there something strange about it, especially to a modern observer. Admit the reasons we have advanced, and others that are omitted, still the peculiarity, and broad and bold difference between it and all other systems, excite in us a wonder that will not subside. So all think and feel towards it. It has been the unique subject of various comment and high eulogy with all pens, and among all nations, from that day to this.

It was, indeed, a remarkable system: a nervous and iron constitution, wrought out from the laboratory of a mighty mind, and which, forced into the very vital seat of the kingdom of Sparta, made her anew. She was thereby, as it were, born again, and under the fierce and masculine workings of her new constitution, hardened, and strengthened.

ened and developed into a terrible and dreaded power among all the nations of her day.

We do not, by any means, propose at this time to enter into a detailed examination of the laws of Lycurgus; but merely to present their great tendency or general character. It was, as we have said before, almost wholly warlike; upon the subject of commerce, external or internal, and as a means of revenue and national advancement, these laws are barren and silent. The arts and sciences, elegant literature, and elevating and refined knowledge, were avowedly despised, and studiously and successfully excluded from the government, and education had, for its only aims, the promotion of courage, physical strength, great physical endurance, cunning, fortitude, intrigue, and extreme indifference and simplicity in the manners and habits of life. There were among the people, no riches or gold; the established coin of the kingdom was iron—no amassing of large landed estates, for property was arrested from individual hands and distributed equally among the Spartans—no banqueting and feasting, for they all sat at a public table, and eat of the plainest fare—no palaces, or splendid mansions for the aristocracy; for the laws provided that all dwellings should be constructed in the simplest style. All the manners and morals and civil relations, that previously prevailed, were surrendered to the uncompromising requisitions of the new constitution. The stranger and foreigner came uninvited to the country, and was forbidden to stay long; while her own citizens could not leave it, and journey among other nations. Walls could not be erected around her cities and towns to secure them when invasions threaten; but their safeguard was to be, their courage, and unceasing watchfulness. In other words, the kingdom of Sparta, through the whole extent of its dominions, was to be, and become one perpetual garrison of war.

Such was Sparta in her governmental organization. As we have before said, she became, indeed, according to her design, famous for battles and heroes. The policy of Lycurgus was successful. She ran a long and conspicuous career of cruel and wasting wars, and filled a distinguished part in the scenes that were then enacting. The states of Greece, that were around her, and with whom she should have united in the bonds of amity and love, were not suf-

fered to pursue their various schemes for their advancement and happiness, without interruption and disturbance; but prosperous quiet was, everywhere, destroyed, and individual policy broken up, and impressed into the service of the stronger powers. War was going on, at all times, it may be said, and there was no alternative but to take sides either for or against Sparta. If at any time it happened, that peace was restored, and that she had no just cause for engaging in new hostility somewhere, she immediately set to work, and by the aid of her celebrated and prostituted oracle, made a cause, and fixed upon the enemy. Success followed her, as if it had been so ordained; and she was universally regarded as the desperate, valorous, and fighting nation. The allies felt secure under her protection, received her dictation, and complained to her of their enemies; while the other inferior and less abject States, listened to the sound of her coming, with the pallid visage and despairing terror of the doomed. Her rivals, those who were equal in resources and renown, who stood erect before her, and confronted her in the responsible and hazardous conflict of battle, did it with a solemnity, preparation and effort, that proclaim in an eloquence higher than all language, the strength and awful significance to which she attained. Her end is familiar. Its causes we will not delay upon; but we should be slow to conclude, that its end is intrinsically and materially to be ascribed to a change in the institutions of Lycurgus, for others, more lenient, more peaceful, and more civilized.

And now we leave Sparta, and return to our own equally peculiar country.

An inquiry into its origin and character, presents a strong contrast between the two nations. We commenced our career as an independent government, not with a people fierce, uncommercial, and ignorant, but with a peaceful, free, commercial, and enlightened people. Our infant history is the record of a great war, but not a Trojan war. We have displayed a kind and amount of courage, an endurance under hardships, and a patience under toil, that need no comment, and ask no eulogy. The time was, when the American people, as one man, indignant and determined, sought a contest and triumphed in it—a contest, which the pen of Homer would have coveted—but not to avenge the theft and flight of a mis-

tress queen. It had its origin, not in revenge but in manliness, not in pleasure but in suffering, not in heroism but in the love of freedom.

We had no great lawgiver, who, by his single unaided exertions, framed for us a code of laws, that fashioned our character and controls our destiny; but a vast con-course of lawmakers, who peaceably embodied all their wisdom and experience in a constitution, which even now, has strengthened us into the mightiest empire of the earth.

We were not designed and fitted to exist and flourish by a course of wars, as no causes existed to suggest such a character and formation of government. We were not one independent nation, small in extent of territory, in population, and in means, and located in the midst of a vast assemblage of equally independent nations, all ambitious, and all starting with their individual, exclusive, and selfish policy. Our beginning was not in the near neighborhood of rival powers, filled with warlike inhabitants. Far otherwise. Our territorial possessions were almost boundless, and we were alone in their enjoyment—the governments that lay around us were insignificant, and too weak to excite the apprehension of danger.

No immortal bard had sung of our illustrious deeds in war, in our primitive days, and inflated us with quixotic notions of renown; but our souls were animated and aroused by the love of freedom, and a sense of wrong.

No doctrine of mythology remained, to stir up and keep in action our fiercer nature—to temper and fashion our character into a fitness for strife. It had been, long before, supplanted, and the new religion of modern times had subdued and softened us by its mild and quiet power. It taught us the all-perfect and stupendous character of its Love, and the haughtiness of our nature was broken, and we adored in lowliness and humility of heart—it urged upon us the practice of the more amiable and social duties, and we found happiness in new and harmless occupations—it impressed upon us the command of universal peace and good will, and we laid aside the aspect and profession of war, and with the genuine spirit of philanthropy, and the truest wisdom, incorporated them into our political creed.

In the character of the two nations, as recognized and understood, there is no less a difference, than in the few causes and circumstances we have mentioned, as existing and prevailing at the times of their origin.

We have not passed by commerce as unimportant and unworthy of us, but possessing the necessary spirit, exhaustless resources, and extended facilities, have cautiously provided for its protection and increase.

The arts and sciences, and knowledge, we have not spurned, but promoted the former, and made the latter the corner-stone of our national edifice. Our schemes of education teach, not the science of expert stealing and lawless cunning, but, associated with a pure christian morality, aim to acquire and inculcate all that is good and useful in man and things.

We have riches and gold among us, and make laws to facilitate their acquisition; and iron, instead of being our established coin, is a staple of our trade. The amassing of large estates, is not forbidden with us. We have no laws, which arrest property from private hands and distribute it equally; but rather laws which multiply the incentives to exertion and toil, by throwing round their golden product, the high wall of its protective power. We lay no interdict upon private banqueting, by public tables of the coarsest food; but holding sacred the rights of property and personal liberty, invade not the sanctuaries of our citizens, feasting upon the rich exuberance of our happy land. We legislate not for the architecture and style of our residences, prescribing the limit of expenditure and taste; but rejoice in their elegance and classic beauty, as the tokens of our prosperity, and the specimens of our advancing arts. The gates of our entrance are never shut against the stranger and foreigner; but stand wide open forever for the persecuted of every nation and tongue under heaven, professing ourselves to be not less the "asylum of the oppressed," than "the home of the free." No grim walls encompass our thousand cities, not solely because we depend upon our courage and watchfulness, or upon the vast oceans that roll between us and foreign powers; but as well because the meaning of our laws contemplates a condition of everlasting peace.

Such, in part, and in contrast with the

character of Sparta, is the character of our own country.

By the power and virtue of this character, she has been carried forward to a point of advancement, where no nation ever before has stood; and to the question, whether her present laws are all-sufficient for her happiness, put by her own lawgivers, by monarchists, or statesmen of whatever school, we should say, that a higher than the Delphian oracle has answered: "The United States will remain the most prosperous of all nations, so long as it observes its constitution." The only desire can be, that it may not be changed. We have no recorded oath in the archives of our government, such as Lycurgus, "the great lawgiver and savior of Sparta," obtained from her citizens, when he bound them not to alter their laws until his return; but rely for its perpetuity, upon our integrity and wisdom: and we shall always cherish the hope, while we may, that it will be preserved and pursued, until the final coming of the Savior, not of a nation, but of the world.

Cincinnati: O.

S.

WHERE ARE THEY?

I stood amidst the scenes of my childhood, but the friends of my youth were gone far away. The trees were stripped of their bloom, the gay carol of the feathered songster was hushed, and Desolation waved her wings over the deserted halls of Ivon. In the bitterness of despair, I called aloud, where are they? The distant hills gave back the shout, and echo answered—"where?"—*Ossian*.

WHERE are the friends that erst we knew,
In youth's unclouded, sportive prime,
When the rapturous moments swiftly flew
Upon the wings of Time,
And brows were yet untouched by care?
Where are they? Echo answers, "where?"

Where are the bright and joyous hours,
When fairy songs were round us sung?
Where are the trees, and birds, and flowers,
That sweets around us sung?
Like Creusa's ghost, they're gone to air:
Where are they? Echo answers, "where?"

Where now are gone the courtly throng,
Who bowed at Pleasure's gilded shrine,
When loudly rang the laugh and song,
Lit up by 'dance and wine;
And gallant men, and maidens fair,
Where are they? Echo answers, "where?"

Hamilton: O.

E. R. C.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

CHAPTER XX.

A replication to Doctor Channing's letter to Mr. Clay.

I do not know, said Burke, how it is possible to draw up an indictment against a whole people. This matter, which was so difficult to do a half century ago, even with the master spirit of the age, has become quite easy at this day with all classes of people, where Texas is the subject of crimination. Did we believe all that we hear, we should be led to regard the people of Texas, as a collection of outlaws from the four corners of the earth, driven from other lands for their crimes; and having met here as in a common SEWER, have united themselves under the appearance of a community, to plunder Mexico of a large part of her Territory. A few words will serve to put this matter in its proper light.

The people of Texas may be divided into two classes. The first class embraces men of families, who had acquired their quota of land from the different commissioners before the revolution, and had commenced the business of the farmer or grazier. The second includes those who came to Texas since the difficulties with Mexico commenced; men generally without families, and who have come to the country in the spirit of adventure. In a division so general, their must necessarily be many exceptions, but I believed it possible to give the reader a correct notion of the whole population, under the two-fold classification.

Those who come within the first class, are principally emigrants from the United States, who took advantage of the colonization law of Mexico, to improve their worldly condition; and like all pioneers to new countries, were men of more than common enterprise, and, in many instances, of intelligence. But whatever may have been their original force of character, it is too obvious to pass unnoticed, that the climate and their mode of life, have worked a material change in the original texture of their composition. It can be no matter for wonder, in a country where the climate is oppressive, and where wealth by means of stock can be acquired with little labor, that the people, in the course of time, should lose their original energy.

It is among this class of people, that we

must look for the most upright part of the population, whose morals and ideas of propriety differ but little from the standard upon such subjects, adopted in the States of the South. Their greatest fault is indolence; and many add to this that of gambling and drinking. Should I be asked what proportion this class of people bear to the entire population, I would say, but without any pretension to certainty, that it would number between one-half and two-thirds of the whole, admitting that there are eighty thousand inhabitants in Texas. The backwardness of this class of people to engage in revolutionary measures, has led some to suppose that they were in principle opposed to a separation from Mexico, which was exclusively a measure brought about by that portion of the population who have received the name of speculators. In this they have been misunderstood. The truth of the matter is, that although they were opposed to the war in its inception, under the hope that the justice of Mexico would remove all cause of complaint, when resort to arms became inevitable, and the armies of their enemy were seen marching to drive them from their homes, they were among the first to take the field. Since the defeat of Mexico, and the withdrawal of her armies from the borders of Texas, this part of the people have relapsed into their former unconcerned mode of life, and seem to take but little interest in the affairs of their government.

There was among this division of the population, a description of men who constitute an exception, composed of lawyers, merchants, citizens of towns, and such as may be called speculators. Whatever agency the people of Texas had in bringing about the difficulties with Mexico which led to the revolution, is to be mainly ascribed to this class of men. But, before we attribute dishonest motives to all those who come within this division, for the part they took in the disturbances, let it be borne in mind, to their advantage, that when they agitated the causes which led to the revolution, they could not have been unmindful of the fact, that the vast possessions which many of them had acquired, would be exposed to the most imminent hazard, in a struggle where the odds were so fearfully against them. Still, it cannot be denied that there were a great many among them who saw, in the weak and distracted condition of Mex-

ico, a human certainty, at least, that Texas as poor as she was, would be able to work out her emancipation; and who, like gamblers, were willing at least, to say nothing of an active agency in widening the breach between the two countries, to risk their all upon an event which, should it terminate with their wishes, would add two-fold to their possessions.

I shall not stop now to inquire what were the causes which put the ball of revolution in motion, or upon whose shoulders the blame is to be fixed, while I remark that no sooner was it seen to move, than hundreds from the United States and other countries, rushed to Texas, impelled by motives as different as can govern the conduct of men, and who constitute the second class in the general division of the people. In views and purposes, this class of men were as various and opposite as the colors of the different spirits invoked over the cauldron of Hecate. Some were men of desperate fortunes, some were cast off by the society in which they lived, some came to seek a theater for their ambition, some from a love of adventure, and some from genuine sympathy to relieve the sufferings of the oppressed. The body of conspirators which Cataline collected from the mass of the Roman people, for the overthrow of the Republic, were not more dissimilar in their purposes, than were this description of men. They did not stop to inquire from what causes sprung the revolution: it was enough for them to know that it had already begun. It was from these adventurers that the army of Texas was principally supplied; and they in a short time took upon themselves the management of the whole affairs of the nation. It should not at all surprise, if Texas, admitting that all her relations with foreign powers were amicably settled, should, for a quarter of a century at least, have to struggle against the elements of dissolution which she necessarily embodied within herself, in the character of many of her citizens. Let me here be understood to except from the general mass, quite a number of highly respectable gentlemen, now citizens of Texas, who went there from the purest motives, and who are included in the second class in the division of the population, merely from the time of their arrival in the country. But, unfortunately, such men are too often compelled to remain silent spectators of the scenes around them.

It has been charged against Texas, that her population contains many fugitives from justice, and that a large portion of those who have distinguished themselves in the field and in council, were only notorious in other countries for their superiority in crime. It would be folly to deny a charge of this kind, when the fact is so incontrovertible. But the odium of the charge is in some measure removed, when we consider that many such persons give assurances of reformation, by an improved course of life. Charity requires that the mantle should be drawn over their former frailties.

In speaking of the population of Texas, it would be correct to say that those who were in the country previous to the revolution, were correct, honest men, with some exceptions. That those who come within the exception, were the ones who are to be principally blamed for whatever reflects upon the good faith of Texas in her relations with Mexico; and that those who came to the country during the war, are, for the most part, far from being desirable citizens. Whatever censure is to be thrown upon those citizens, who assisted to widen the breach with Mexico, great injustice has been done them by Doctor Channing, of Boston, in a letter addressed to Henry Clay, in assigning the causes of the revolution: a letter more remarkable for the good intentions of its author, than for a profound knowledge of his subject. Let Texas have justice done her, at least. The writer of this letter, in speaking of the causes of the revolution and the motives which governed those who took a leading part in the disturbances, says, that fraud was at the foundation of the whole. If this writer is to be regarded as authority, a spirit of criminal speculation was the foundation of the revolt, and throughout it was sustained by the grossest mercenary motives not in the remotest degree connected with any principle of human liberty.

As a proof of all this, he states that the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, under the influence of bribery, granted to a company of land speculators, composed of citizens from the United States, four hundred square leagues of the public lands. Scrip was then issued by the company for perhaps ten-fold the amount of the original grant, and sold to the unwary in different portions of this Union. By this means, a large number of people in this country ac-

quired, as they supposed, a proprietary interest in the soil of Texas. Mexico, says the author of the letter, shocked by such palpable and wholesale fraud, pronounced the grant to be void. Those who had an interest in the grant now saw that all was lost, unless the connection between Mexico and Texas could be dissolved, and the independence of the latter established. But let the Doctor speak for himself.

"Texas indeed has been regarded as a prey for land speculators within its own borders and in the United States. To show the scale on which this kind of plunder has been carried on, it may be stated, that the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, in open violation of the laws of Mexico, were induced 'by a company of land speculators, never distinctly known, to grant them, in consideration of twenty thousand dollars, the extent of four hundred square leagues of the public land.* This transaction was disavowed, and the grant annulled, by the Mexican government, and led to the dispersion of the legislature, and the imprisonment of the governor, Viesca. And yet this unauthorized, and perhaps corrupt grant of public lands formed the basis of new speculation and frauds. A new scrip was formed; and according to the best information we have been able to obtain, four hundred leagues became, in the hands of speculators, as many thousands. The extent of these frauds is yet to be ascertained; for such is the blindness of cupidity, that any thing which looks fair on paper, passes without scrutiny, for a land title in Texas.' The indignation excited in the Mexican government by this enormous grant, and the attempt to seize the legislators who perpetrated it, were among the immediate excitements to the revolt. In consequence of these lawless proceedings, great numbers in this country and Texas have nominal titles to land, which can only be substantiated by setting aside the authority of the General Congress of Mexico, and are of consequence directly and strongly interested in severing this province from the Mexican confederacy. Texan independence can alone legalize the mighty frauds of the land speculator. Texas must be wrested from the country to which she owes allegiance, that her soil may pass into the hands of cheating and cheated foreigners. We have here one explanation of the zeal, with which the Texan cause was embraced in the United States. From this country the great impulse has been given to the Texan revolution; and a principal motive has been, the unappeasable hunger for Texan land. An interest in that soil, whether real or fictitious, has been spread over our country. Thus 'the general zeal for freedom' which has stirred and armed so many of our citizens to fight for Texas, turns out to be a passion for unrighteous spoil."

Now "mark how a plain tale" will put this straight. If the doctor had given himself the trouble to examine the constitution

* Another account says, 411 leagues for thirty thousand dollars.

of Texas, he would have been under no necessity to ascribe to the grantees, under the law of Coahuila and Texas, any agency, either in bringing about, or in sustaining the cause of the revolution. *The constitution expressly provides that this grant shall be void.**

By what system of reasoning can it be made to appear, that that company was at the bottom of all the disturbances which resulted in a new order of things as much opposed to their interest, and perhaps more so, than the old? Will it be contended, that the grantees raised the storm, and afterwards were not able to control it? Should this be the answer, the reply is easy.

The grant of the Legislature of the States of Coahuila and Texas, was always odious to the great mass of the people of the latter State. It was not through their representatives that it was procured; for, in point of number and power, compared with those of the State of Coahuila, they were but a drop in the bucket. The fractional existence, if I may be permitted the expression, of the people of Texas in the Legislature, which disabled them from consulting their interest in matters of the highest importance, was one of the grievances of which she long had reason to complain. So soon, however, as this connection was dissolved, and Texas had power to make her wishes known, she declared, through her constitution, that the odious grant was void; expressing, in the strongest manner possible, a total disclaimer of all participation in this enormous fraud. The company, and those who claimed under them, were aware of the feelings with which their grant was regarded by the people, and knew that they had even less to expect from the independence of Texas, than might be hoped for, in the course of events, from Mexico herself.

These men, who had an interest in the grant, could not then surely have taken the part in the revolution which Dr. Channing has been pleased to ascribe to them. But the author of the letter goes further; and, to sustain the charge, that a corrupt spirit of speculation was at the bottom of the revolt, alleges, that, in fact, Texas had not such grievances to complain of as would justify her in resorting to the remedy she did for redress.

* The section of the constitution is too long for insertion. Those who are anxious to see it, can do so by reference.

One of the greatest grievances, in the eyes of Texas, says the author of the letter, was the change of the Mexican government from a federal to a central or consolidated form. This, the Doctor would have us believe, was no cause at all. Let justice be done Texas in this particular also. The constitution of Mexico, in the year 1824, when the first emigrants began to move to Texas, was federal, in the sense in which the term is understood in the government of this Union. Whether the constitution of Mexico was unfortunate, as Dr. Channing would seem to intimate, in conforming too much in this particular to our own, and that a central form was better adapted to the condition of the empire, is a question which need not here be determined. It is sufficient to know, that the emigrants, who were principally from the United States, went into the country under the most solemn assurances which Mexico could give, that they should live under a government similar, in most respects, to the one they left behind them.

In this state of the case, they penetrated the untouched and boundless wilderness, where they suffered all the privations and underwent all the dangers which attend the settlement of every new country. If history is entitled to any credit, no people ever suffered more than the first settlers of Texas. The whole country was filled with savages, who understood the fatal consequences of permitting the white man to get a foothold in their country. Contending for their homes, upon both sides, it was a war of extermination. The early history of Texas is a record of bloody butcheries, of conflagrations, and scenes of all descriptions, which my own feelings will not permit me to dwell upon, or attempt to describe, even had I the power to do so. Mexico was too much taken up with difficulties at home, or was too indifferent to the fate of the emigrants, to afford them any assistance; and if she was liberal in the grant of lands to her colonists, every inch of it was earned by the risk they run to maintain it. A league of land to each family was no compensation for the sufferings and exposures they underwent in the conquest of the country. But all dangers were encountered and privations endured, in the belief that the Indians, in time, must give back, when they might live in security, and enjoy their dear-bought and hard-earned possessions. As this period was rapidly approaching, and

the colonist began to breathe easy, a cloud made its appearance in the political horizon, which spread and grew darker until its muttering thunders were heard over the plains of Texas. A party of disaffected and disappointed politicians in Mexico, with Bustamente at their head, sought to destroy the federal constitution, and erect a central government upon its ruins. At this important crisis, Santa Anna appeared upon the theater, and was hailed as the leader of the liberal party. The people of Texas, alive to the vital importance of preserving inviolate the federal constitution, flew to arms, and uniting with Santa Anna, then called the Liberator of Mexico, succeeded in crushing these innovations upon their government and rights. In the people of this country Santa Anna recognized the most devoted supporters of the constitution of Mexico, and the firmest advocates of human liberty itself. When he got into power, it was thought, from his previous history, that all things would go on well. But it seems, from the outset, he began to imagine some resemblance between his own situation and character, and that of Napoleon, which was strengthened, and perhaps first suggested, by a comparison of his success in the civil war of '32, with the 18th Brumair.

When this thought once entered his mind, it grew daily until it became the hight of his ambition, to carry out the resemblance, which had been so auspiciously begun.—This singular discovery, which was confined to the Mexican himself, completely turned his brain, and in the extremity of weakness and delusion, he turned his back upon every principle which he professed had governed him during the whole course of his public life. Inch by inch, and little by little, he encroached upon the liberties of the people; and concentrated in his own person the power, which he had wrongfully taken from others, until with one fell swoop he swept from the earth, what remained of Mexican liberty.

The federal constitution must now be put down, and a consolidated government take its place. In vain did the people of Texas remonstrate, and exclaim against this violation of their rights. When their most respectful petitions were treated as insults, and they had nothing more to hope from the justice of Santa Anna, they took up arms to contend for precisely the same principles, which drove them to the field once before.

Will any one have the hardihood to say, that the people were right in going to war in defence of the federal constitution in 1832, under Santa Anna, and that they were wrong in 1836, in taking up arms against him when he attempted to destroy it? If the Mexican proved recreant to his principles, it is no reason the Texians should do so; neither is their conduct in 1832 justifiable, because he was with them, any more than it was criminal in 1836, because he was against them. The contest in both instances was for human liberty, and it made no difference who were the actors. The people were right in severing their connection with Mexico, when she ceased to respect their rights, and in doing so, they proved themselves the descendants of the Pilgrims.

In answer to all that, says the author of the letter to Henry Clay, although the federal constitution was destroyed, and a consolidated form substituted, it was done according to the rules prescribed by the constitution, and was sanctioned by the Mexican people. Very well. But how was all this brought about. Was it done in the spirit of the constitution? Santa Anna, as I had occasion to observe, gradually and artfully gathered into his own person all the powers of the government. in fact, if not in appearance, and when there was scarce any thing to resist him, effected by violence what he dared not submit to the suffrages of the people. He destroyed the constitution, and then called upon the people to approve the act. He well knew the difference, in this case, between doing a thing himself, and then asking the approval of the people to that which they had not the power to refuse, and calling upon them in a constitutional way to do it themselves. Had the question been submitted to the Mexican people in the mode pointed out by the constitution, they never would have given their assent to the change; and there can be no better evidence of the fact, than that the man who brought it about, dared not submit it to their decision.

After the constitution had been destroyed, after it had no longer an existence, how could any change be brought about in a constitutional way? It is a solecism of the grossest kind to suppose it possible. The whole truth of the matter then is, that Santa Anna placed himself in a situation to destroy the government, and with it, the liberties of his country, and when he had done so,

he called upon the people to approve what he had done, as they had not the power to better themselves. It is the case of a highway robber who has taken from you your purse, and then asks permission to retain it when you have not the power to refuse.

But all this mockery of form did not satisfy the people of Texas, who had been too well schooled in the true doctrines of civil liberty, to give up the substance for the shadow. They knew of no principle of transposition in the science of government, in a case where the people were to take the first step to bring about a change, that they could be made to take the last. The subterfuge might answer among the weak degenerate Mexicans, but what would satisfy them, would answer for no one else. "Mexico is not wise, Mexico is not skilled in human rights," says Doctor Channing; and we are left to infer from all this that the people had a right to expect misgovernment, a right to expect that the federal constitution would not be respected, and having gone to Texas with their eyes open, they had no reason to complain when the hour of their calamity came upon them.

The world has yet to learn that imperfect civilization is any justification of the violation of a solemn compact, for gross injustice and oppression. It has nothing to do with the question whether Mexico was skilled in the science of human rights, or not.—It was sufficient for the people of Texas to know that certain relations existed between them and her, which she dared not violate, even under the plea that her civilization was imperfect. It would have sounded oddly to the leaders of the American revolution, had it been answered, to their many petitions for redress, that England was unskilled in human rights, and that they must suffer until, in the progress of ages, she improved in her civilization and acquired new lights in the science of government.

The people of Texas had acquired rights and property in the country; and when Mexico undertook to encroach upon both, and they had to choose between the triple alternative, either to abandon the country, to wait until Mexico improved in her civilization, or resort to arms; it is not difficult to tell, from the blood that runs in their veins, what course they would pursue. Nothing on earth can be more certain than that from the moment that Santa Anna began to think of consolidated power, he regarded the Tex-

ians as the greatest obstacle to the leading objects of his ambition. The politicians, too, of Mexico, at last began to see the dangerous policy of permitting a people, so different in feelings, and so opposite in every thing, as the people of Texas from those of Mexico, to get a foothold in the country. What made it still worse, the former were allied by ties of consanguinity and every other consideration which unite one people with another, with the inhabitants of the North, whom, from their geographical position, Mexico had reason to regard as her most dangerous enemy, in case of difficulty between the two nations.

The light in which Santa Anna viewed the people of Texas, and the growing jealousy of the nation generally, made them subjects of oppression, and created a settled determination on the part of Mexico to drive them out of the country. The representative of Texas in the general congress of the empire, was imprisoned under the false pretense, and which was known at the time to be such to the Mexican authorities, that he was a creator of sedition and disturbance. Stephen F. Austin was a good man and a loyal subject, as is proven by the whole tenor of his life, and the people of Mexico were aware of the fact. But his imprisonment was nothing more than the commencement of a series of acts of injustice and oppression, which had for some time been preparing for the people of Texas.

Before any very serious difficulties had arisen between the two people, it is a fact well known to the Texans, that Almonte, an artful and accomplished intriguer, was sent into the country, to spy out their true condition, and acquire all such information as would be important in the great crisis which was hastening on. After his return, Santa Anna came out in his true colors, and meeting with just such resistance from Texas as he both wished and expected, placed himself at the head of an army, which, as he thought, left no alternative to the people but expatriation or death.

Now, such is the true statement of the case; and it would have been impossible for Texas, even had she given the most unqualified submission to the oppression and "imperfect civilization of Mexico," to avoid the alternative of renouncing her allegiance.—War was forced upon her, and she could not decline it, no matter what her wishes may have been at the time. Because there

are some, and perhaps many, who have espoused the cause of Texas from improper motives, and because a large part of her population is not altogether unexceptionable, let it not be said that there was nothing but a spirit of criminal speculation at the bottom of all her difficulties with Mexico; for such is not the case.

Many other matters in this letter to Mr. Clay, are worthy of notice, but I shall pass them all but one. From the fact that only fifty-seven original Texians were in the battle of San Jacinto, the author draws an argument to prove that the citizens themselves were opposed to the war, which was got up and managed by hordes of speculators. A little light upon this branch of the subject would have been no disadvantage to the learned divine. The army of Texas at the Colorado was eighteen hundred strong.—When war became inevitable, the citizens flocked to that point, under the belief that the issue of battle would be tried there. No provision had been made for the removal of families, as no one supposed for a moment, that the enemy would be suffered to penetrate further than this point into the interior. When General Houston disappointed the reasonable expectations of the whole country, in this particular, and commenced retreating, for reasons best known to himself, beyond the Brassos, it became a matter of absolute necessity that the citizens should leave the flying army, and make arrangements for the removal of their families.—None knew where the retreat would end, but all knew how important it was that the army of the republic should not get in advance of the women and children. Taken up with the sacred duties of husband and father, the old Texian was not, and could not be present on the memorable 21st of May, to show his devotion to the cause of the revolution. No set of men could be more eager for battle than they were upon the banks of the Colorado; and it is with them at this day, a subject of bitter invective, and which will always remain the “*immedicable vulnus*,” between them and their general, that he withheld from them on that occasion the opportunity to battle.

To show that this is not the spirit of bragadocio after danger has passed, I will state that most, or, at least, many of the citizens, after they had taken their families beyond the Sabine, or placed them elsewhere in security, retraced their steps to rejoin the

army. Had the battle been postponed a few days longer, there would have been no ground to say that the original citizens were opposed to the war, which was furnished to their enemies by their absence from the field on the 21st of May.

CHAPTER XXI.

Army, Navy, and Treasury, of Texas—Land-Laws—Government Scrip—Pecuniary Resources.

As no report was ever made from any of the departments of government, during my stay in the country, it will be impossible for me to give the reader any thing more than a general view of the army, navy and treasury of Texas. Why no reports were made from any of the bureaus, is difficult to understand, unless we suppose that the offices of the nation were in such confusion, that it was impossible to tell any thing about them, or because policy required that their true condition should be unknown.

At the commencement of the revolution, as we have already seen, a large number of foreigners rallied under the standard of Texas; and it was principally through them, owing to circumstances explained in the previous chapter, that she succeeded in driving back her invaders. Out of the army of San Jacinto, and from volunteers who came to the country after the battle, a standing army was created, which amounted, during the summer of 1837, to six or seven hundred men. As many of the men, and some of the officers, were not actuated by the most honorable motives, either in coming to the country, or in joining the army, mutiny, insubordination, and difficulties of all kinds, among one another, were the natural consequences. The storm which had been gathering among such discordant elements, broke out during the summer. An officer, high in command, who was esteemed for his courage, and the services he had rendered the country, but who, by a rigid adherence to military discipline, had incurred the displeasure of the soldiery, was assassinated by some unknown hand while asleep in his tent. Anonymous letters were thrown in the way of the commander-in-chief, directing him to leave the encampment immediately, and which contained threats against his life, in case of refusal.

From the exasperated state of the army,

it was thought prudent that General Johnson should retire until this feverish state of things had time to work off, and men became cool. But the indomitable spirit of the soldiery could not be kept within the bounds of the encampment, and sought an object on which to exert its fury in the government itself. By the constitution, all those who were in the country previous to the declaration of independence were to have a portion of land, as "a head right," and which was entitled to a preference in location, when the land office should be opened, over all other claims.

Most of the soldiers came in after that period, and as a matter of course, their claims upon the public domain would be postponed until others were satisfied. This preference in favor of those who, it was said, shared none of the sufferings and privations of the war, over others, whose days and nights were spent in the tented field, was pronounced unjust, ungrateful, and oppressive. Threats were openly made that if Congress, then in session, did not take some measures to repeal this odious part of the constitution, the soldiery would march in a body to the seat of government, and take the remedy into their own hands.

When things came to this extremity, and greater danger was to be apprehended from the army of Texas, than from Mexico herself, the executive commenced reducing it gradually by furlough until the whole force of the country did not exceed two hundred men. Such is the state of things at this day, and such is the whole force that Texas is able to bring into the field in case of invasion, without calling upon the militia of the country. The time has gone by for Texas to expect volunteers from the United States. Of those who had gone already, many died and nearly all were disappointed. Those who went from motives of gain, found their bounty land of little or no value, and the government scrip little better than trash. Such as went from an ambition to distinguish themselves, and fill high places, found the field too circumscribed for the first and too many candidates for the latter. The spirit of disappointment with which many of these men left the country, has made itself felt among their countrymen at home, and must act as a powerful sedative in quieting the spirit of adventure. Besides, the romance which was once associated with the name of Texas and her struggle, has in a great

measure subsided. She must hereafter look principally within herself for the means of her protection. What her militia will amount to on the day of battle, I have no means to ascertain, unless the number that rallied upon the Colorado, which did not exceed one thousand, may be taken as a criterion. To be sure a much larger force than this might be brought into the field, if all would rally in time of danger, but history has proven that even in Texas every man is not a hero. What remained of the Texas navy was completely annihilated during the storm, which desolated nearly the whole southern coast. Efforts have been and are making to rebuild it, but I should think with but little hope of success under the present condition of the treasury.

Such is the physical condition of Texas to resist invasion. What are her financial resources to meet the ordinary expenses of the civil list, and to clothe and feed an army in the field, no matter from what source it is derived?

This is a question more easily asked than answered. Heretofore her means to meet all such demands upon her, were derived from loans, donations, the sale of public lands, and scrip for the redemption of which, the faith of the government is pledged. If repeated attempts, and as repeated failures, are any proof that it has become extremely difficult, to say the least, for Texas to borrow money, I am sure she has had enough of that kind of evidence in the experience of the last year. The reason I do not pretend to assign, yet such is the fact. The sources of benevolence, which once ran freely, are now nearly dried up. Whether they will again break out with their original freshness in an hour of great distress, I will not pretend to say. But the public domain has been and is still regarded as the principal source of revenue. A number of agencies were established in different parts of the United States, to sell the land scrip of the government at the moderate sum of fifty cents an acre. What amount has been sold or what sums have been realized from this source, I cannot pretend to say, as no report upon the subject has yet been made. A call, however, was made by the last congress on the executive for information on this important branch of the revenue. But I do know that the government has charged many of her agents with fraud, and that the purchasers of scrip have in many instances

retorted the same charge against the government. They complain that they were given to understand when they paid their money, that they stood upon the same footing with the most favored, when the land office should be opened. When they learned that their rights were postponed to another class of claims, which it was understood would cover the best parts of the country, many lost confidence in the government, which could practice such deception. Whatever may be the fact, I never could be persuaded that the government in this matter intended to commit fraud. The last congress put an end to the commissions of all her agents in the United States, and raised the price of lands to one dollar and fifty cents an acre. What was intended by raising the price three-fold, would be difficult to tell unless it was to put a stop to all sales in future. But what will hereafter mainly interfere with the sale of land scrip, at any price, is the belief that claims already exist upon the public lands to such an extent as will take up all that is worth possessing. There is certainly much truth in this opinion. All the different kinds of land claims, including head rights, soldiers' discharges and government scrip, cannot amount to less than twenty millions of acres. The whole is probably much more. When we keep in mind the fact, that a very large portion of the best land was taken up by the first settlers before the revolution, and that the timber, an indispensable requisite, at least in my opinion, is almost entirely confined to the streams, I cannot withhold my assent from the growing belief, that when Texas has satisfied what claims exist against her, she will have but little left of much value.

Another means employed by the government to cover her expenditures, was the creation of money scrip. This scrip was held in such poor repute that it depreciated as low as ninety per cent, and never in any instance, so far as it fell under my observation, brought more than twenty-five dollars in the hundred. It was a great subject of complaint with the holders of this paper, that it would not be received at the custom house in payment of duties. In order to quiet the public mind, an effort was made by congress to raise the value of such scrip, by making it a funded debt, the interest to be paid annually until the principal was liquidated.

The government was owner of some real

estate which it was supposed would readily sell at a high price. A law was passed directing a sale, with the proviso that the purchaser should pay down a portion of the purchase money, which should be applied to the interest of the funded debt. A portion of the remainder was to be applied in the same way, until the government had the means of liquidating the whole amount.—Such I believe is the substance of the law, as I derived my information from members of congress. The result was that the funded scrip rose rapidly. Admitting that this expedient is practicable, still it falls far short of affording any great relief to the impoverished treasury of the nation. It may serve to relieve Texas for a time against the pressure of existing debts, but never can be of any service in a prospective point of view. The principal source to which the government must look for its means of support hereafter, is the duty upon importations.—What amount of revenue may be expected from this source I have not the means of knowing, but will hazard the opinion, that it will not cover the expenses of the civil list for some years to come.

A post-office department cannot be said to exist in Texas much beyond the name. Mails, during the summer, were carried on horse-back between several of the most important points in the republic; but even these, from late accounts, have been discontinued for want of the proper support.

THE SILVER HAIR.

"Thy cheek—it is pale, my mother,
And the light of thine eye is dim."

THERE sat beside a sleeping babe,
A mother, fond and young;
And a fitful shade o'er her features played,
As from tender memories flung.

For a murmur, blent with summer breath
Of breezy sigh and song,
Fell softly round, bearing still the sound
Of seasons, parted long.

But a voice has broke the silver chain,
That thus, to other days
Had borne her back o'er life's young track,—
A letter waits her gaze.

A letter! Ha! that mark and hand—
How all her soul is stirr'd!
And that broken chain is link'd again,
As by some wizard word.

A mother's hand hath press'd that seal,
And traced that name and line;
And, with deep'ning dye, her eager eye
Drinks in each well known sign.

The very fold of that seal'd sheet,
To her, hath familiar spell—
What true hearts keep on their records deep,
The memory may hold well.

And melting chords of tender thought,
Each magic token woke;
While, by fingers shook as with palsy took,
The silent seal is broke.

The seal is broke, and—oh! the gush
From that fount, a woman's heart,
In whose only flow, of all tides below,
No impure drop hath part.

Swift tears fell o'er those words of love,
But not for grief they flow'd;
For, through those showers, as of April hours,
Glad smiles all brightly glow'd.

But now she turns another page,
And there, within the fold—
Go, wealth, and hide thy gifts of pride,
Thou hast but gems and gold!

Within that precious fold there lay
A coil of smooth dark hair;
And well she knew, with quick feeling true,
Whose was the tress so rare.

For oft, while pillow'd on the breast,
That hair, with wavy grace,
Had softly stray'd, like a leaflet's shade,
Over her baby face.

And gazing up into eyes of love,
Soft, meek, maternal eyes,
That, like skies of night, shed down a light,
Full of sweet mysteries;

How oft that tress, though then it wore
Perhaps a glossier shade,
She had fondly wound her fingers round,
As o'er her cheek it stray'd.

Oh! sacred tress! Well may she gaze—
That daughter fond and true,—
On its shining fold, as o'er her roll'd
Memory's strong floods anew.

Warm to her lips she press'd its rings,
And then their coil unwound;
And, with steadfast eye, gazed silently,
In intense feeling bound.

But tears—*fresh* tears, that deep gaze dimm'd,
Tears, like a torrent's rush;

And the smile is fled, that so lately shed
Light through their pearly gush.

What *sudden* fount of bitter flow
Was welling in that flood?
What unseen chord, in her soul was jar'd,
Troubling its softer mood?

Amid that lock's dark-shadow'd hues,
Where still her gaze was bent,
One silver hair, gleaming softly there,
Was in pale beauty blent.

And there was fix'd her earnest eye,
On that pure thread of white,
While deep'ning thought her spirit wrought
To sorrow's sweeping might.

And bursting words—words! what are they
Nature's strong gush to tell?—
Broke from her heart. In what feeble part,
Of all its passionate swell?

My blessed mother! has stern age
Thus marked thy sacred head?
Have years, cold years, since our parting tears,
So all remorseless fled?

Cold, feeble age! And from thy brow
The glory, then, must fade;
And pale decay, quenching life's ray,
On thy whole frame be laid;

Thine honor'd form, from all its pride,
In feebleness be bow'd,
And even the mind, whose light is shined,
Dimm'd with time's gathering cloud.

And thy feeble step shall ask support—
Thy step!—and I am here,
Thy child; and thou, with sunken brow,
With none to watch thee, near.

I press glad kisses on rosy lips,
I joy in love's soft light:
Thou—thou art left, of the last one left,
Who could cheer thine hour of night.

Oh mother! mother! far more dear
Thou wouldst be to me now,
Than when the flush of life's brightest gush
Was mantling to thy brow.

Thy voice of age would, o'er my soul,
Have deeper, dearer power,
Than when it pour'd, as from some rich chord,
In thy "life's noontide hour."

And thy stricken frame should wear a spell,
Not worn in thine hour of pride.
Mother, all vain is earth's strongest chain,
To keep me from thy side.

J. L. D.

Vevay: Ia.

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY.

NUMBER SIX: AGNES.

CHAPTER I.

"Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long."—*Bryant.*

"Kneel, and the vow thou breathest there,
At that lone hour, shall float on high—
Spirits of light shall bless thy prayer,
The dead, the crowned, shall greet thy sigh."—*Anon.*

THE last rays of the sun were gilding the spires of a neighboring church at the close of a lovely day in June. In a small house in the suburbs of Philadelphia, in a room of very small dimensions, but exquisite neatness, there lay upon a bed of suffering, an invalid in the last stage of consumption. The cough had left her, and the deep hectic upon her wan and faded cheek, gave evident signs of the approaching steps of the mighty conqueror. Who has not seen the fatal ravages of consumption? who has not witnessed the slow, sure steps with which it strides into the very seat of health and beauty? How heavily, and yet how beautifully, does it lay its remorseless hand upon its victim. Even while destroying the very fountain of life, how wonderfully brilliant does it make the eye, how delicately does it paint the cheek. Alas! that it should

"Like mouldering wood, owe to decay alone, its wonderful lustre."

The person upon whom death had set its seal, was young in years. Beauty had not been hers; but she bore traces in her countenance of that mind which made her even now more an object of interest, than either health or beauty could have done. Beside her stood a young girl who, but for the slight difference in their ages, would have been taken for her daughter; not that there was any resemblance in the marked and pointed features of the elder, to the almost perfect contour of the younger; but the affectionate solicitude and anxiety depicted in her young face, seemed only to proceed from that of the fondest child, for a suffering and dying parent.

"Agnes, my child," said the patient, feebly, "have you decided?"

The color went and came alternately, in the face of Agnes, at these words, and at length, unable to speak, she buried her face

in the bed clothes, and sobbed convulsively. The distressed countenance of the patient showed how much she was affected, and laying her hand on the head of Agnes, she said with much tenderness—"My dearest child, you distress me. I do not urge you to marry Mr. Mason, I only advise you. If you have an aversion to him, or if there is any exceptionable trait in his character, with which I am unacquainted, that renders him unworthy of your esteem, do not give him your hand. But, Agnes," and here her voice trembled with agitation, "Agnes, my child, have you considered how lonely you will be when I am gone. Who will protect and cherish you? You, so idolized and petted—how can you buffet with the world?"

"Oh, mother, mother! it is not for myself I care—it is for Mary that I fear. I can work, I can do anything, but what will become of her," and again she sobbed aloud.

"Agnes," said her mother, solemnly—"Agnes, do not marry on my child's account. I have passed weary days, and sleepless nights, dwelling on the probable fate of my little orphan. I have wished that it had pleased our heavenly Parent to lay his hand on her innocent head, and call her to himself. Yes, Agnes! I could have borne to see her a corpse beside me—to have looked on her young face, and received no answering look—to have heard the heavy earth close above her, but shrink to leave her in this cold and heartless world, alone and unprotected; for, Agnes, with all your love for her, you cannot protect her from the insults of the unfeeling crowd. I have told you, Agnes, how I have dwelt in anguish on her future fate, but believe me, the idea of your becoming a sacrifice for her sake has never entered my mind. If you can marry Mr. Mason, it will be of advantage to yourself, and in this light only refuse or accept him."

There was a silence of some minutes: then Agnes, raising herself, and standing so that the setting sun shone full upon her, giving an indescribable air of spirituality to her appearance, said in a firm and resolute tone, "Mother, I have no particular dislike to Mr. Mason; I respect and esteem him, but do not love him. I will tell him so, and if he will take me on these conditions, I will become his wife." An hour before, Agnes Loraine was a child, and now she felt herself a woman. She resolved, let the sacri-

face be what it might, to make a home, and ensure a protector for her little step-sister.

"Mother," said she, energetically, as she knelt beside the bed; "Mother, hear me vow, that come weal or woe, in prosperity or adversity, in sickness or in health, I will devote myself to your child. I will, to the best of my endeavors, be to her what you have been to me. She shall in all respects share my happiness, and be shielded from my reverses. Can I promise more? Tell me, my dearest mother, my kind, indulgent friend! A whole life devoted to gratitude can scarcely repay what I owe you."

"God bless and protect you," was all the other could reply, as she laid her hand upon the head of Agnes, and breathed a fervent, silent prayer to heaven.

CHAPTER II.

"Her manners, by the world refined,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polished courts agree
With candid truth's simplicity
And uncorrupted innocence."—*Lyttelton.*

"How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music, and withered its frame."
Moore.

"Have you written to Mary to-day," said Mr. Mason to his wife, as that lady entered the room prepared for walking.

"I have," said she, "and have left room for you to write a postscript, as I know she prizes the least word from you. I feel a little jealous of her affection for you; I really believe she would rather receive a letter from you than from me."

"You love to flatter, Agnes," returned Mr. Mason; "however, I suppose Mary loves to get letters from home, let them come from whom they may. She is a dear little girl, and I heartily wish her school-days were over.

"That is-wishing me very old," said his wife, playfully. "But come, I have a great deal of shopping to do."

They went out of one store into another with a rapidity quite astonishing to those who are uninitiated in the mystical business of shopping. At length the purchase being done for the day, they proceed down Chestnut street, when they met a young man of extremely handsome appearance. Agnes had noticed him, and was about to remark upon him, when stepping hastily forward

he grasped the hand of her husband, which was hastily, and at the same moment, extended to him. "William Seton!" "My dear fellow!" exclaimed they in one breath.

"Come immediately to my house," said Mr. Mason, when the usual ceremony of introduction had passed between his friend and his wife. "When did you come, and where are you going?"

"I came this morning, and leave to-morrow for the South."

"Leave to-morrow! why, my dear fellow, you must stay a week, a month, a year if you can!"

"Thank you," replied Seton, laughing; "but it is impossible; important business calls me South; and I fear, too, the longer I stay, the more difficult it will be to leave your pleasant city."

"Well, I am glad you happened to come this day, of all others," said Mr. Mason to his friend, as they sat at dinner that day.—"Mrs. Wilson gives a private concert this evening, and, I assure you, it will be a treat, for some of the best vocalists I ever heard, have volunteered their services. It is for a benevolent purpose, and being something new, many young ladies, whose mammas would shrink at the idea of exhibiting them, are to exert their musical powers. So you will have a fine opportunity of losing your heart."

"I see matrimony has not diminished your passion for music."

"Not in the least. How could I, when my wife has such means of keeping it alive. But you shall not hear her until to-night, as she is to be one of the performers."

"Then, of course, I shall lose my heart," said Seton, looking at Agnes with the admiration her youthful and blooming countenance always inspired.

The rooms of Mrs. Wilson were resplendent with light and beauty. A temporary stage was erected in the back parlor, upon which the performers appeared as they sang, and again retired to give place to the next. Agnes was the last who sang. At first she was so overwhelmed with timidity and embarrassment, that she felt unable to proceed; she almost regretted that, to gratify her husband, she had consented to sing. But as she thought of what she owed him, she became more self-possessed, and, exerting herself to the utmost, she surpassed even her own expectations. The song was Campbell's beautiful one of the "Exile of

Erin," to which she did full justice. As her face lighted up with the sentiment of the song, and her exquisite figure showed to advantage upon the elevated situation in which she stood, Seton gazed upon her as if for the first time. His heart beat quick with suppressed emotion, and he became totally unconscious of the existence of any other beings but himself and the sweet minstrel.

There she stood, the same, yet not the same Agnes who, four years before, had been the sole nurse and attendant of her dying stepmother. To whom does not four years bring its changes? Who are there, upon looking back four short years, cannot feel that time has changed their feelings and their situations? Four years had brought many changes to Agnes. She was no longer a child. Intercourse with the world had refined and improved, without contaminating, her mind and manners. Flattery and admiration had not affected her affectionate heart, or altered the winning grace of her simple, unassumed manners. Esteem for her husband, had grown into sincere affection, which, although (as he was much older than herself) it might partake more of filial than conjugal love, was nevertheless pure and disinterested. He fully deserved her affection; he had proved a devoted husband to her, and a father to the little Mary.

When the song was ended, and the last pathetic strains of "Erin go bragh" had died away upon the ear, Seton was aroused from his trance by Mr. Mason clapping him upon the shoulder, saying, "Well, what do you think of my wife's singing?" Seton almost recoiled at the touch of his friend, conscious, for the first time, of the feelings of passionate love, with which he had been regarding his wife.

"You do not answer. Do you not admire her style?"

"If I do not speak, it is because I have not words to express my deep, my passionate admiration."

When William Seton returned to his room that night, his brain seemed on fire. In vain did he endeavor to banish the form of Agnes from his thoughts: in vain did he recall the thoughts of the guilt of loving the wife of his friend—a woman bound irrevocably to another—of the hopelessness of his passion—of the sin which he was committing. In vain did these convictions press upon his mind. Stronger than any of these,

came the thoughts of her beauty, her voice, her very *self*. But Seton was accustomed to control himself, and, notwithstanding the urgings of his friend, his own inclinations, and even the solicitations of Agnes, he tore himself away. He took his leave, and to Agnes he appeared but as the passing visiter, whom she might or might not ever again see. To her, the event was but the occurrence of a day. To Seton, it was an era, upon which turned the most eventful period of his life: an event, that time nor absence ever effaced the memory of; an event, upon which hung his future destiny.

CHAPTER III.

"'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour."—*Moore*.

Two years after the above occurrences, William Seton was again in Philadelphia. As he walked up Chestnut-street, he seemed to look for Agnes again to approach. He recollected, as if it were but yesterday, the expression of surprise and pleasure she had exhibited when her husband recognised in him an old friend. That husband was now in his grave; his wife a penniless widow. Seton had heard of Mr. Mason's death, which took place a year previous; but it was not until now, that he was aware of his bankruptcy, and that Agnes, the secret idol of his thoughts, the woman for whom he would have sacrificed everything, was now perhaps poor and friendless. He hastened to offer her the heart which she had long possessed, to lay at her feet the wealth that successful business had increased, but which, without her, now that she was free, appeared to him valueless. It was in vain, however, that he endeavored to find her abode; her old friends and acquaintances could give him no clue; they only knew that she had left the city with Mary, without telling her destination. Seton thought it probable that she had procured a situation as music teacher in some school, and directed his inquiries particularly in this quarter. He was indefatigable in the pursuit of his object; he left no means untried; but in vain. At the end of three months' constant search, he was no nearer the desired result than before. His fruitless endeavors at length wore upon his nervous system to such a degree, that quiet

was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life; his health and spirits were suffering from "hope deferred," which truly "maketh the heart sick."

He was in New-York, when, contrary to his wont of late, he determined to seek change of scene and thought in the theater. After the tragedy, he looked attentively among the female faces in the boxes, in hopes of meeting the "one loved face," but, as usual, without success. The curtain was raised, and Mrs. Reynolds, a celebrated ballad singer, who was attracting crowds nightly at the Park Theater, made her appearance. The shouts of rapturous applause that greeted her, and which rung again and again throughout the building, were unheeded by Seton; he heard them not; for there, upon the boards of a public theater, the gaze of hundreds fastened upon her, stood the long-loved, the long-sought Agnes. He almost doubted the evidence of his senses; but there were the same lovely features that were so indelibly fixed in his memory. But even had these been wanting, there arose that clear, silvery voice, which he could have distinguished among a choir of all others; that voice, whose tones had vibrated continually in the inmost recesses of his heart, making melody that time could never mar. Yet how sadly had sorrow altered that joyous creature! Where was that ever-dancing eye, speaking every emotion of that innocent and light heart? Where were the roses that had dwelt on the dimpled cheek? Where was the open brow, radiant with joy and gladness?—the fair hair, which gave such a sweet childlike expression to

"Her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."

That eye was now sad; the cheek was pale; sorrow was written on the pensive brow; and the hair now bespoke, in its simple arrangement, the unambitious spirit of its owner. The voice, too, that used only to fall upon the ear of admiring and partial friends, was now the theme of newspaper paragraphs, and listened to only by gaping crowds or fastidious critics.

The song was finished, and her exit made; but the audience were not satisfied. She again appeared, and, waving the orchestra to be silent, she sang with a pathos that cannot be described, the following simple song:

"You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But, oh! they all were taught to me,
By friends now far away:
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chain his wing;
His song is not a happy one—
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home,
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me!
Alas! 'tis vain, in winter time,
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf—
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing."

The next day Seton, following the direction of the manager of the theater, knocked at a small two-story dwelling, in Broome street. The door was opened by an elderly female, who, upon the inquiry if he could see Mrs. Reynolds, ushered Seton in a small parlor. The room was neatly furnished, with what appeared the remains of former elegance. The piano was open, and music scattered about it, as if the musician had lately occupied it; books and sewing indicated feminine occupations, which relieved Seton of a heavy fear that Agnes had changed in her opinions and habits, as a stage life can be little suited to the discharge of womanly duties. He had scarcely time to calm his turbulent thoughts, when Agnes entered. She looked at him a moment, speechless with emotion, and fell fainting in his arms.

After the death of her husband, and the settlement of his estate, Agnes found herself without the means of supporting Mary and herself, without strenuous exertions.—She left Philadelphia, where everything reminded her of former days, and went to New-York. She endeavored to get music scholars, but, alone and friendless, she saw week after week depart, without any hope of success. Her promise to her mother weighed heavily upon her, and, despairing of gaining a livelihood, she applied to the manager of the Park theater. She made a successful debut, under the assumed name of Reynolds. She placed Mary at boarding school, who little knew the sacrifice her sister was making for her benefit: nor

did she, till in after years, when Agnes besought her, let what might happen, never to enter upon the stage for a livelihood.

Agnes became the wife of Seton, and in

"The sweet sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind;
In body and in soul, can bind,"

she felt a happiness that she never knew, even in younger years. They left the places that had witnessed their sorrows, and on the quiet banks of the Hudson, their lives pass in peace and happiness. The only circumstance that has disturbed the even tenor of their way, was the late marriage of my schoolmate Mary Lorain.

A. S. V. V.

THE LESSON OF HISTORY.

'Twas midnight in Rome. A youth whose purple-bordered toga showed him to be of patrician blood, stood on one of the terraces which adorned the hill of the capitol, and gazed on the sleeping city. Well might he gaze! for the bright moon which shone clear and full above him, never looked down on a fairer or a nobler vision. The Forum lay spread beneath him. The pillared porticoes which formed its enclosure, stretched away in long colonades, till their lines became blended with the dark shadows of the distant Palatine. On the one hand, rose the Flavian Amphitheater, that broad arena whose sands were, in after times, so often stained with christian blood; and on the other, lay the Golden House of Nero,—itself alone a city of palaces. Rows of stately elms, whose luxuriant foliage seemed softened into dense masses of verdure, marked the direction of those streets through which successful generals were conducted on the day of triumph. The Parian columns of many a fane gleamed in the radiance reflected from their polished shafts. Here a gushing fountain sent up its silvery spray, lulling the ear with soft and soothing harmony; and there a tall obelisk upreared its lofty spire far into the clear air of heaven, the mournful monument of Egypt's fallen grandeur. Palaces, whose proud façades bespoke the wealth and luxury of their masters, gardens which filled the dewy air with fragrance, and temples, worthy of the gods, whose statues they displayed, lay mingled in boundless profusion.

Such was Rome in the reign of her sixth Augustus. And there she lay in the mellow moonlight, a vast sea of splendor, undulating in gigantic waves, which threw their sombre shades in broad, dense masses over its marbled surface. Silence brooded over it. Not the faintest murmur was borne on the evening breeze up to the spot where stood the young patrician.

And can this, thought he, be the work of human hands? What mighty changes have transpired since our great ancestor first constructed that straw-thatched cottage which our filial care has still preserved! Alba, Etruria, Latium, his ancient enemies, have long since become the heritage of his descendants. Carthage has bowed in servile dependence to our yoke, Nilus pours his yellow waters to enrich our coffers, and the far fields of Palestine yield their golden harvest only to administer to our luxury. Our eagles soar in every clime. O divine Apollo! Thou alone canst predict our future destiny.—Grant me to know the fate of Rome, and an hundred hecatombs shall smoke on their altars, a thousand sestertia shall enrich thy shrine.

A voice more musical than mortal tongue might utter, breathed upon the hushed air of night. "Son of Vespasian," it said, "thy prayer is heard. Look forth again." The youth, awe struck at the presence of the God, obeyed. But how was the scene changed. Huge mountain masses of mist gathered swiftly over the wide expanse, and enveloped all beneath in impenetrable gloom. The very spot where he stood seemed to melt away till he was left standing on a single slab amid a vast and shapeless ruin.—Slowly her clouds rolled away on either side, and revealed to his wondering gaze, Rome, as it appears in the nineteenth century.

'Twas sunset. But the calm beauty of the summer sky seemed painted forth as if in mockery of the ravaged scene below.—The wide suburb, whose groves and vineyards once smiled in the sloping light of evening, was become a dreary waste, over which hung the deadly malaria, poisoning the air and drying up the very sources of life. Where was Rome? Where were her temples, her baths, her palaces? The youth looked for them in vain; for desolation had stalked over them. A few only remained, shattered and mutilated, the sad remnants of other days, Here a group of columns, tot-

tering on their mouldered pedestals, hardly sufficed to mark the spot where once rose a consecrated dome; and there a rifted statue threatened hourly to be added to the wreck which everywhere was heaped around it. The Coliseum still lifted its massive walls in lone and mournful grandeur, though its mossgrown buttresses and deserted corridors told but faintly of its former magnificence. Instead of the proud, tall Roman, the conqueror of the world, who had once in the majesty of freedom trod the streets of his imperial home, there now crept along a feeble and effeminate race of *slaves*; and in the temples of her ancient gods were heard the mummeries of a strange and unintelligible superstition. The youth mused on the scene of desolation. Must it, thought he, be ever thus? Must every nation calmly await its destiny, hopeless of immortality? Must it ripen from infancy to mature age, and then decay, till it sink at last into the grave of oblivion, to be remembered only in the history of the past? Tell me, voice divine! can nothing preserve a people from this common fate? Is there nothing which can ensure them permanence?

His voice broke the charm. The vision melted away and left him standing, as before, in the vestibule of his paternal palace. But his question was unanswered. Eagerly he strained to catch the softest whisper that might float in the evening air. But there came no sound. Heathen oracle could not answer him. He can be answered only by the precepts of one who taught as never man taught, by the principles of the Christian religion.

On them have our fathers based the government of this new Western Republic.—Countrymen! Let us cherish them, for they alone will prove the ægis of our National Immortality.

G. W. P.

Cincinnati: Ohio.

HABIT.

WE are so wonderfully formed, that, whilst we are creatures vehemently desirous of novelty, we are as strongly attached to habit and custom. But it is the nature of things which hold us by custom, to affect us very little whilst we are in possession of them, but strongly when they are absent.—*Burke*.

LINES.

INSCRIBED TO A LITTLE GIRL.

SWEET CHILD! the reflections of light from thee winging
Come purity-fraught to my mind as I gaze;
To my bosom a sense of that innocence bringing,
Now lost, sadly lost, with my youth's sunny days!

Oh could I, again to that pure state returning,
Be what thou art now, but I never can be,
I would yield every hope that before me is burning,
And gain by becoming a brother to thee!

Thy innocence comes o'er the great deep of feeling,
A spirit of blessing, its impress to leave!
And would that I might the emotions now stealing,
For others, with language expressively weave.

Life's sun seems to turn in its dial, and place me
Amidst the loved scenes of my childhood again;
But in vain would I hide from the phantoms that chase
me—

Age bears with it knowledge those walks to profane!

Thou hast called up around me, in freshness and beauty,
The bright days of youth, to be lived o'er again;
With fond recollections of friendship and duty,
Which, slumbering, have long in forgetfulness lain!

O'er the green grassy hill-sides I seem to be straying,
And through the deep groves with spring-flowers arrayed;

Anon, on the banks of the rivulet playing;
And lingering, now, in the sugar-tree's shade:

The sweet song of birds on my rapt ear is swelling;
Again, half-enchanted, I hang on the lay:
Now my favorite dog, from my ever-dear dwelling,
Comes bounding to meet me, his welcome to play:

With some I appear once again to be meeting—
Each form, and each feature how wondrously true!—
But alas! in the midst of our mutual greeting
The last parting scene coldly comes on my view!

How mournfully tender the thoughts that are springing!
My much-loved companions! and are ye no more?
Ye charm me no more with your converse and singing!
Nor meet me with smiles when I come to the door.

The circle is broken!—No more the young flowers
We gather from wild-woods, or tenderly nurse!
No, ye are blest cullings of still higher powers,
While free from all stains that humanity curse!

Though clouds of forgetfulness ever are darkling,
Bright stars in the heaven of mem'ry ye stay;
And spells like the present reveal your soft sparkling,
By clearing those time-gathered vapors away!

Oh scenes of youth's morning! like mountains ye tower,
The last, as the first beams of sun-light there fall!
And the dark dimming clouds o'er your summits that
lower,

Are wreathings of passion, and purity's pall!

T. J. D.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE WHITE SCARF.

BY MISS SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF REDWOOD, HOPE
LESLIE, CLARENCE, AND THE LINWOODS.

"Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

THE reign of Charles the Sixth is one of the most humiliating periods of the French history, which, in its centuries of absolute kings and unquestioning subjects, presents us a most melancholy picture of the degradation of man, and disheartening prolongation of the infancy of society. Nature had given Charles but an hereditary monarch's portion of brains, and that portion had not been strengthened or developed by education or exercise of any sort. Passions he had not; he never rose to the dignity of passion; but his appetites were strong, and they impelled him, unresisted, to every species of indulgence. His excesses brought on fits of madness, which exposed his kingdom to the rivalry and misrule of the princes of the blood. Fortunately for the subsequent integrity of France, these men were marked by the general, and, as it would seem, constitutional weakness of transmitted royalty; and were besides too much addicted to pleasure, to crave political independence or renown in arms, the common passions of the powerful and high-born.

Instead of sundering the feeble ties that bound them to their allegiance, and raising their princely domains to independence of the crown, they congregated in Paris, then, as now, the Paradise of the devotees to pleasure, and surrendered themselves, as their chroniclers quaintly express it, to "*festins, mascarades, danses, caroles et ebattemens*," (every species of diversion,) varied by an occasional affray, an ambuscade, or an assassination. The talent, that is now employed upon the arts of life, in inventing new machines, and contriving new

fabrics, was then exhausted in originating new pastimes. Games of cards, and the revival of dramatic entertainments, date from this period,—the beginning of the fifteenth century.

There shone at Charles's court one of those stars, that occasionally cross the orbit of royalty, whose brilliancy obscured the splendor of the hereditary nobility,—the lights, that, according to conservative opinion, are set in the firmament to rule the day and night of the plebeian world.

In the month of September, of the year 1409, a stranger, attended by a servant with a small traveling-sack, knocked at the gate of a magnificent hotel in Paris. He was answered by a porter, who cast on him a glance of inquiry as keen as a bank clerk's upon the face of an unknown bank-note; and, seeing neither retinue, livery, nor other insignia of rank, he was gruffly dismissing him, when the stranger said, "Softly, my friend; present this letter to the Grand-Master, and tell him the bearer awaits his pleasure! Throw the sack down within the gate, Luigi!" he added to his attendant, "and come again at twelve;" and, without more ado, he took his station within the court, a movement in which the porter acquiesced, seeing that in the free bearing of the stranger, and in the flashing of his dark eye, which indicated, it were wise not to question an authority that had nature's seal. On one side of the court was a fountain, and on the other a group of Fauns, rudely carved in wood. Adornings of sculpture were then unknown in France;—the art was just reviving, and the ancient models still lay buried under barbaric ruins. Two grooms appeared, conducting, in front of the immense flight of steps that led up to the hotel, four horses caparisoned for their riders, two for females, as was indicated by the form of the saddles, and the gay silk knots that decked the bridles, one of which was studded with precious stones. At the same moment, there issued from the grand

entrance a gentleman, and a lady who had the comely *embonpoint* befitting her uncertain "certain age." She called her companion "*mon mari*," and he assisted her to mount, with that nonchalant, conjugal air, which indicated that gallantry had long been obsolete in their intercourse.

The interest the wife did not excite, was directed to another quarter. *Mon mari's* eye was constantly reverting to the door, with an expression of eager expectation. "Surely," said the lady, "Violette has had time to find my *eau-de-rose*;—let us go, my husband,—we are losing the freshness of the morning. She may follow with Edouard."

"Go you, *ma chere amie*," replied her husband. "Mount, Edouard, and attend your mistress,—my stirrup wants adjusting,—I'll follow presently. How slow she rides! a plague on old women's fears!" he muttered, as she ambled off. "Ah, there you are, my morning star," he cried, addressing a young girl who darted through the door and appeared well to warrant a comparison to the most beautiful of the celestial lights. She wore a Spanish riding-cap, a cloth dress, the waist neatly fitted to her person, and much in the fashion of the riding costume of the present day, save that it was shorter by some half-yard, and thus showed to advantage a rich Turkish pantalette and the prettiest feet in the world, laced in boots. "Is my lady gone?" she exclaimed, dropping her veil over her face.

"Yes, Violette, your lady is gone, but your lord is waiting for my lady's *mignonne*. Come, mistress of my heart! here is my hand for your stepping-stone." He then threw his arm around her waist, under the pretext of assisting her to mount; but she darted away like a butterfly from a pursuer's grasp, and, snatching the rein from the groom's hand, and saying, "My lord, I am country bred, and neither need nor like your gallantries," she led the horse to the platform on which the Fauns were placed, and, for the first time seeing the stranger, who stood, partly obscured by them, looking curiously upon this little scene, she blushed, and he involuntarily bowed. It was an instinctive homage, and she requited with a look as different from that which she returned to the libertine gaze of Count de Roucy, as the reflection in a mirror of two such faces, the one bloated and inflamed, the other pure and deferential, would have been.

Availing herself of the slight elevation of the platform, she sprang into her saddle and set off at a speed, that, in De Roucy's eye, provokingly contrasted with her mistress's cautious movement. "Who are you, and what do you here?" said he, turning to the stranger.

"My name," replied the stranger, without condescending to notice the insolent manner of the question, "is Felice Montano, and I am here on business with the Grand-Master."

"Did ye not exchange glances with that girl?"

"I looked on her, and, the Saints reward her, she looked on me."

"*Par amour?*"

"I stand not here to be questioned;—I ne'er saw the lady before, but, with Heaven's kind leave, I will see her again!"

"Take care,—the girl is my wife's minion, the property of the house,—ye shall be watched!" muttered De Roucy, and, mounting his horse, he rode off, just as the porter reappeared, attended by a *valet-de-place*, whose obsequious address indicated that a flattering reception awaited Montano.

Montano was conducted up a long flight of steps, and through a corridor to an audience-room, whose walls were magnificently hung with tapestry, and its windows curtained with the richest Oriental silk. Silver vases, candelabra of solid gold, and various costly furniture, were displayed with dangerous profusion, offering a tempting spoil to the secret enemies of their proprietors.

There were already many persons of rank assembled and others entering. Montano stood apart, undaunted by their half-insolent, half-curious glances. He had nothing to ask, and therefore feared nothing. He felt among these men, notorious for their ignorance and their merely animal lives, the conscious superiority of an enlightened man, that raised him far above the mere hereditary distinction, stigmatized by a proud plebeian as the "accident of an accident." Montano was an Italian, and proudly measured the eminence from which his instructed countrymen looked down upon their French neighbors.

As he surveyed the insolent nobles, he marvelled at the ascendancy which Jean de Montagu, the Grand-Master of the Palace, had maintained over them for nearly half a century. The son of a humble notary of

Paris, he had been ennobled by King John, had been the prime and trusted favorite of three successive monarchs, had maintained through all his capricious changes the favor of Charles, had allied his children to nobles and kings, had liberally expended riches, that the proudest of them all did not possess, had encouraged and defended the laboring classes, and was not known to have an enemy, save Burgundy, the fearful "*Jean sans peur*."

The suitors to the Grand-Master had assembled early, as it was his custom to receive those who had pressing business, before breakfast, it being his policy not to keep his suitors in vexing attendance. He knew his position, even while it seemed firmest, to be an uncertain one; and he warily practiced those arts which smooth down the irritable surface of men's passions, and lull to sleep the hydra, vanity.

"The Grand-Master is true as the dial!" said a person standing near Montano; "the clock is on the stroke of nine;—mark me! as it striketh the last stroke, he will appear."

Montano fixed his eyes on the grand entrance to the saloon, expecting that, when the doors "wide open flew," he should see that Nature had put a stamp of her nobility on the plebeian who kept these lawless lords in abeyance. The portal remained closed; there was no flourish of trumpets, but, at a low side-door, gently opened and shut, entered a man, low of stature, and so slender and shrunken, that it would seem nature and time had combined to compress him within the narrowest limits of the human frame. His features were small, his chin beardless, and the few locks that hung, like silver fringe around his head, were soft and curling as an infant's. He wore a Persian silk dressing-gown, over a citizen's simple under-dress; and his tread was so soft, his manner so unpretending and unclaiming, that Montano would scarcely have looked at him a second time, if he had not perceived every eye directed towards him, and certain tokens of deference analogous to those flutterings and shrinkings that are seen in the *basse cour*, when its sovereign steps forth among his subdued and abject rivals. But, when he did look again, he saw the glowing of a restless eye, that seemed to see and read all at a glance—an eye that no man, carrying a secret in his bosom, could meet without quailing.

"Your Grace believes," said the Grand-Master to the Duke of Orleans, who had been vehemently addressing him in a low voice, "that these mysteries are a kind of divertisement that will minister to our sovereign's returning health?"

"So says the learned leech, and we all know they are the physic our brother loves."

"Then be assured, your poor servant will honor the drafts on his master's treasury, though it be well nigh drained by the revels of the late marriages. The King's poor subjects starve, that his rich ones may feast; and children scarce out of leading-strings are married, that their fathers and mothers may have pretexts for dances and masquerades."

"Methinks," said the Count de Vaudemont, the ally and messenger of Burgundy, "the Grand-Master's example is broad enough to shelter what seems, in comparison of the late gorgeous festival within these walls, but the revels of rustics."

"The festivals within *these* walls are paid with coin from our own poor coffers," replied the Grand-Master, "not drawn from the King's treasury, after being coined from the sweat and tears of his subjects. But what have we here?" He passed his eye over a petition to the King, from sundry artizans, whose houses had been stripped of their movables by the valets of certain Dukes—these valets pleading the common usage in justification of this summary process. "Tell our good friends," said he, "it shall be my first business to present this to our gracious sovereign; but, in the mean time, let them draw on me for the amount of their loss. I can better afford the creditor's patient waiting, than our poor friends, who, after their day's hard toil, should lie securely on their own beds at night. Ah, my lords, why do ye not, like our neighbors of England, make the poor man's cottage his castle." After various colloquies with the different groups, in which, whether he denied or granted, it was always with the same gracious manner, the same air of self-negation, he drew near to Vaudemont, who stood apart from the rest with an air of frigid indifference, and apparent unconsciousness of the Grand-Master's presence or approach, till Montagu asked, in a low and deferential tone, "What answer sendeth his Grace of B-b-b-b-b—?" Montagu had a stammering infirmity, which beset him when he was most anxious to appear

unconcerned. He lowered his voice at every fresh effort to pronounce the name, and this confidential tone gave a more startling effect to the loud, rough voice, in which the party addressed pronounced, "Burgundy! his Grace bids me say, that for some diseases blood-letting is the only remedy."

"Tell Burgundy," replied the Grand-Master, now speaking without the slightest faltering, and in allusion to the recent alliance of his own with the royal family, "tell Burgundy, that the humblest stream that mingles with the Ganges becomes a portion of holy water, and that blood-letting is dangerous when ye approach the royal arteries! Ah!" he continued, turning suddenly to Montano, grasping his hand, and resuming his usual tone, "You, I think, are the son of Nicolo Montano—welcome to Paris! You must stay to breakfast with me. I have much to ask concerning my old friend. It is one and twenty years since your mother put my finger in your mouth to feel your first tooth. Bless me, what goodly rows are there now! So time passes!"

"And where it were once safe to thrust your finger, it might now be bitten off. Ha! Jean de Mantagu?" growled Vaudemont.

"When there are wolves abroad, we keep our fingers to ourselves," replied Montagu.

These discorteous sallies and significant retorts were afterwards remembered, as are the preludes to an earthquake after the catastrophe has interpreted them. The assembly broke up, Montagu bidding his young friend to take a stroll in the garden, and rejoin him at the ring of the breakfast bell. When that sounded a valet appeared and conducted Montano to a breakfast room, where game, cakes, and fruit were served on plate, and the richest wine sparkled in cups that old Homer might fain have gemmed with his consecrating verse. "I had forgotten," said Montagu, "that a boy of two and twenty needs no whetting to his appetite; but sit ye down, and we will dull its edge. Ah, here you are, De Roucy. We have a guest to season our fare this morning, the son of my old school mate, Nicolo Montano." De Roucy bowed haughtily, and Montano returned the salutation as it was given. "Why comes not Elinor to breakfast?" asked Montagu of the Count de Roucy, who was the husband of his eldest daughter.

"She likes not strangers."

"God forgive her! Felice Montano is no stranger;—the son of her father's first and best friend—of the playfellow of his boyhood—of the founder of his fortunes, a stranger!"

"I thought you had *woven* your own fortunes, Sir."

"So have I, and interwoven with them some rotten threads. Think not, De Roucy, I do not notice, or that, noticing, I care for your allusion to my father's craft. Come hither, Pierre." De Roucy's son, a boy of seven, came and stood at his knee. "When you are grown a man, Pierre, remember, that, when your father's fathers were burning cottages, bearing off poor men's daughters, slaughtering their cattle, and trampling down their harvest-fields,—doing the work of hereditary lordlings,—my child, your mother's ancestors were employed in planting mulberries, rearing silkworms, multiplying looms,—in making bread and wine plenty, and adding to the number of happy homes in their country."

"But, grandpapa, I wont remember the wicked ones that stole and did such horrid deeds!"

"Ah, Pierre, you will be a lord then, and learn in lordly phrase to call stealing *levying*. Go, boy, and eat your breakfast;—God forgive me! I have worked hard to get my posterity into the ranks of robbers!"

At another moment, Montano would have listened with infinite interest to all these hints, as so many clues to the history and mind of a man who was the wonder of his times; but now something more captivating to the imagination of two and twenty, than the philosophy of any old man's history, occupied him, and he was wondering, why no inquiry was made about the companion of the Countess, and whether that creature, who seemed to him only fit to be classed with the divinities, was really a menial in the house of this weaver's son.

"Your father," resumed the Grand-Master, "writes with a plainness that pleases me. I thank him. It shall not be my fault, if every window in my sovereign's palace is not curtained with the silks from his looms; and, if it were not that my son's espousals have drained my purse, I would give you the order on the instant for the furnishing of my hôtel. But another season will come, and then we shall be in heart again. Your father does not write in court-

ly vein. He says, that, amid his quiet and obedient subjects, who toil and spin for him while he sleeps, he envies not my uncertain influence over a maniac monarch, and dominion over factious nobles. Uncertain,—St. Peter! What think ye, De Roucy? May not a man who has allied one daughter to your noble house, another to the Sire de Montbaron, and another to Melun, and now has affianced his only son to the Constable d'Albret, doubly cousin to the King, may not he throw his glove in dame Fortune's face?"

"Yes, my lord, and dame Fortune may throw it back again. He only betrays his weakness, who props himself on every side."

"Weakness! I have not an enemy save Burgundy."

"And he who has Burgundy needs none other."

"You are bilious this morning, De Roucy. But come, wherewith shall we entertain our young friend? We have no pictures, no statues. Our gardens are a wilderness to your paradises; but I have one piece of workmanship, that I think would even startle the masters of your land." He called the servant in waiting, and whispered an order to him. In a few moments the door re-opened, and a young girl appeared, bearing a silver basket of grapes. Her hair was golden, and, parted in front and confined on her temples with a silver thread, fell over her shoulders, a mass of curls. Her head was gracefully bent over the basket she carried, showing, in its most beautiful position, a swan-like neck. Her features were all symmetrical, and her mouth had that perfection of outline, that art can imitate, and that flexibility, obedient to every motion of the soul, in which Nature is inimitable. Her dress was of rich materials, cut in the form prescribed to her rank. The mistresses were fond of illustrating their own generosity, or outdoing their rivals, by the rich liveries of their train, while they jealously maintained every badge of the gradation of rank. Her dress was much in the fashion of a Swiss peasant girl of the present times. Her petticoat, of a fine lightblue cloth, was full and short, exposing a foot and ankle, that a queen might have envied her the power to show, and which she, however, modestly sheltered, with the rich silver fringe that bordered her skirt. Her white silk bodice was laced with a silver cord,

and her short, full sleeves were looped with cords and tassels of the same material.—"Can ye match this girl in Italy?" whispered the old man to Montano.

"In Italy? nay, my lord, not in the world is there such another model of perfection!" replied Montano, who, changed as she was, by doffing her demi-cavalier dress, had, at a glance, recognised his acquaintance of the morning.

"Thank you! Violette," said Montagu, "are these grapes from your own bower?"

"They are, my lord."

"Then they must needs be sweeter than old Roland's, for they have been ripened by your bright eyes and sunny smiles."

"Ah, but grandfather," interposed little Pierre, "Violette did not say that, when I asked her for her grapes. She said, they would only taste good to her father, for whom she reared them, and that I should love Roland's better."

"And why did you not thus answer me, Violette?"

"You asked for them, my lord,—the master's request is law to the servant."

"God forgive me, if I be such a master! Take away the grapes, Violette, and send them, with what else ye will from the refectory, to the forester. Nay,—no thanks, my pretty child, or, if you will, for all thanks let me kiss your cheek." Violette stooped and offered her beautiful cheek, suffused with blushes, to Montagu's lips.

"The old have marvellous privileges!" muttered De Roucy. The same thought was expressed in Montano's glance, when his eye, as Violette turned, encountered hers. She involuntarily curtsied, as she recognized the gallant of the court. "A very suitable greeting for a stranger, Violette," said the Grand Master; "but this youth must have a kinder welcome from my household. It is Felice Montano,—my friend's son,—give him a fitting welcome, my child."

"Nobles and princes," she replied, in a voice that set her words to music, "have welcomes for *your* friends, my lord; but such as a poor rustic can offer, she gives with all her heart." She took from her basket of grapes a half-blown rose. "Will ye take this, Signor?" she said, "it offers ye Nature's sweet welcome."

Montano kissed the rose, and placed it in his bosom, as devoutly as if it had dropped from the hand of his patron saint. He then

opened the small sack which his attendant had brought to the hôtel, and which, at his request, had been laid on a side-table. It contained specimens of the most beautiful silks manufactured in his father's filature in Lombardy, unrivalled in Italy. While these were spread out and displayed, to the admiration of the Grand-Master, he took from among them, a *white silk scarf*, embroidered in silver with lilies of the valley, and, throwing it over Violette's shoulders, he asked, if she "would grace and reward their arts of industry by wearing it?"

"If it were fitting, Signor, one to whom it is prescribed what bravery to wear, and how to wear it," she replied, looking timidly and doubtfully at the Grand-Master.

"It is *not* fitting," interposed De Roucy.

"And pray ye, Sir, why not?" asked Montagu; "we do not here allow, that gauds are for those alone who are born to them;—beneath our roof-tree, the winner is the wearer;—keep it, my pretty Violette, it well becomes thee." Violette dropped on her knee, kissed the Grand-Master's hand, and casting a look at Montano, worth, in his estimation, all the words of thanks in the French language, she disappeared.

Montagu insisted, that during the time his young friend's negotiations with the silk venders of Paris detained him there, he should remain an inmate of his family; and nothing loath was Montano to accept a hospitality, which afforded him facilities for every day seeing Violette. His affairs were protracted; day after day he found some plausible pretext, if pretext he had needed, for delaying his departure; but, by his intelligence, his various information, and his engaging qualities, he had made such rapid advances in Montagu's favor, that he rather wanted potent reasons to reconcile him to their parting. If such had been the progress of their friendship, we need not be surprised, that one little month sufficed to mature a more tender sentiment, a sentiment, that, in the young bosoms of southern climes, ripens and perfects itself with the rapidity of the delicious fruits of a tropical sun. Daily and almost hourly, Violette and Montano were together in bower and hall. Set aside by their rank from an equal association with the visitors of the Grand-Master, they enjoyed a complete immunity from any open interference with their hap-

piness; but Violette was persecuted with secret gallantries from De Roucy, that had become more abhorrent to her since her affections were consecrated to Montano. At the end of the month, their love was confessed and plighted;—the Grand-Master had given his assent to their affiancing, and the Countess de Roucy had yielded hers, glad to be relieved from a favorite, whom she had begun to fear as a rival. The eighth of October was appointed for their nuptials. "To-morrow morning, Violette," said Montagu to her on the evening of the sixth, "ye shall go and ask your father's leave and blessing, and bid him to the wedding. Tell him," he added, casting a side-glance towards De Roucy, who stood at a little distance, eyeing the young pair "with jealous leer malign," "that I shall envy him his son-in-law;—nay, tell him not that, I will not envy any man aught; my course has been one of prosperity and possession,—I have numbered threescore and fifteen years, I am now in sight of the farther shore of life, and no man can interrupt my peaceful passage to it!"

"Let no man count on that from which one hour of life divides him!" cried De Roucy, starting from his fixed posture, and striding up and down the saloon. His words afterwards recurred to all that then heard him, as a prophecy.

Montano asked, for his morning's ride, an escort of six armed men. "I have traveled," he said to the Grand-Master, "over your kingdom with no defense but my own good weapon, and with gold enough to tempt some even of your haughty lords to violence; but, till now, I never felt fear, or used caution."

"Because till now," replied Montagu, "your heart was not bound up in the treasure you exposed. That spirit is not human, that is not susceptible of fear."

The escort was kindly provided, and, by Montagu's order, furnished with baskets of fruit, wine, etc.; to aid the extempore hospitalities of Violette's cottage-home. Before the sun had nearly reached the meridian, she was within sight of that dear home, on the borders of the Seine; and her eyes filled with tears, as, pointing out to Montano each familiar object, she thought how soon she was to be far separated from these haunts of her childhood. It was a scene of sylvan beauty and rustic abundance. Stacks of corn and hay, protected from the weather,

not only witnessed the productiveness of the well-cultured farm, but seemed to enjoy the security, with which they were permitted to lie on the lap of their mother earth,—a rare security in those times of rapine, when the lazy nobles might, at pleasure and with impunity, snatch from the laborers the fruit of their toil. The cows were straggling in their sunny pasture, the sheep feeding on the hill-side, the domestic birds gossiping in the poultry-yard, and the oxen turning up, for the next summer's harvest, the rich soil of fields whose product the proprietor might hope to reap, as he enjoyed, through the favor of the Grand-Master, the benefit of the act called an *exemption de prise*. Barante, Violette's father, was lying on an oaken settle, that stood under an old pear tree, laden with fruit, at his door. Two boys, in the perfection of boyhood, were eating their lunch and gambolling on the grass with a little sturdy house dog; while an old, blind grandmother, who sat within the door, was the first to catch the sound of the trampling of the horses' hoofs. "Look, Henri, who is coming," she said. The dog and the boys started forth from the little court, and directly there was a welcoming bark, and shouts of, "It's Violette! it's our dear sister!" Amidst this shouting and noisy joy, Violette made her way to her father's arms, and the fond embrace of the old woman.

"And whom shall I bid welcome, Violette?" asked Barante, offering his hand to Montano.

"Signor Felice Montano," answered Violette, her eyes cast down, and her cheek burning, as if, by pronouncing the name, she told all she had to tell.

"Welcome here, Sir," resumed Barante; "ye have come, doubtless, to see how poor folk live?" and the good man looked round on his little domain with a very proud humility.

"Oh no, dear father; he came not for that."

"What did he come for, then, sister?" asked little Hugh.

"I came not to see how *you* live," said Montano, "but to beg from you wherewith to live myself," and, taking Barante aside, he unfolded his errand.

"Come close to grandmother, Violette," said Henri, "and let her feel your russet gown. I am glad you come not home in your bravery, for then you would not seem like our own sister."

"And yet," said the old woman, with a little of that womanish feeling, that clings to the sex, of all conditions and ages, "I think none would become it better;—but, dear me, Lettie, how you've grown! I can hardly reach to the top of your head."

"Not a hair's breadth have I grown, grandmother, since I saw you last; but now do I seem more natural?" and she knelt down before the old woman.

"Yes,—yes,—now you are my own little Lettie again,—your head just above my knee. How time flies! it seems but yesterday, when your mother was no higher than this, and it's five years, come next All-Saints-Day, since we laid her in the cold earth. But why have you bound up your pretty curls in this net-work, Lettie?" Henri playfully snatched the silver net from her head, and her golden curls fell over her shoulders. The old woman stroked, and fondly kissed them, and then passed her shrivelled fingers over Violette's face, seeming to measure each feature. "Oh, if I could but once more see those eyes,—I remember so well their color,—just like the violet that is dyed deepest with the sunbeams,—and that was why we called you Violette; but, when they turned from the light, and glanced up through your long, dark eyelashes, they looked black; so many a foolish one disputed with me the color, as if I should not know, that had watched them by all lights, since they first opened on this world."

"Dear grandmother, I am kneeling for your blessing, and you are filling my head with foolish thoughts."

"And there is another, who would fain have your blessing, good mother," said Montano, whose hand Barante had just joined to Violette's.

"What?—a stranger!—who is this?"

"One, good mother, who craves a boon, which if granted, he desires nought else; if denied, all else would be bootless to him."

"What means he, Violette?"

"Nothing,—and yet much, grandmother," replied Violette, with a smile and a blush, that would, could the old woman have seen them, have interpreted Montano's words.

"Ah, a young spark!" she said. "It is ever so with them,—their cup foameth and sparkleth, and yet there is nothing in it."

"But there is much in this time," interposed Barante; and a little impatient of

the perisphrasing style of the young people, he proceeded to state, in direct terms, the character and purpose of his visiter, and said, in conclusion, "I have given my consent and blessing; for you know, mother, we can't keep our Lettie,—we bring up our children for others, not for ourselves, and, when their time comes, they will, for it's God's law, leave their father's house and cleave unto a stranger."

"But why, dear Lettie," asked the old woman, "do ye not wed among your own people? why go among barbarians?"

"Barbarians! dear grandmother,—if ye knew all that I have learned of his people, from Felice Montano, ye would think we were the barbarians, instead of they. Why, grandmother, Felice can both read and write like any priest, while our great lords can only make their mark. And so much do these Italians know of what the learned call the *arts* and *sciences*, (I know not the meaning of the words, but Felice has promised to explain them to me, when we can talk of such things,) that our people call them *sorcerers*."

"Ah, well-a-day! I thought how it would be, when the Lady Elinor took such a fancy to your bonnie face, and begged you away from us. But why cannot ye content yourself at the Grand-Master's?"

"Oh, ask me not to stay there. He is kind as my father, and so is the Lady Elinor; but," added Violette in a whisper, "her husband is a bold, bad man; he hath said to me what it maketh me blush to recall."

"Why need ye fear him, Violette."

"If all be true that men whisper of him, he dares do whate'er the Evil One bids him. They say he was at the bottom of the horrid affair at the Hôtel de St. Paul, and that, at Mans, he it was, that directed the mad King against the Chevalier de Polignac."*

* The two passages, here referred to, so well illustrate the character of the times, that I am induced to translate them from Siemond's *History of the French*.

"Among these festivals, there was one which terminated sadly. A widow, maid of honor to the Queen, was married a second time, to a certain Chevalier du Vermandois. The King ordered the nuptials to be celebrated at the palace. The nuptials of widows were occasions of extreme licentiousness. Words and actions were permitted, which elsewhere would have called forth blushes, at a time when blushes were rare. The King, wishing to avail himself of the occasion, assumed, with five of his young courtiers, the disguise of a

"But surely, dear child, the Grand-Master can protect ye."

"Now he can,—but we know not how long his power may last. They say that he is far out of favor with Burgundy, and none standeth long on whom he frowneth. Indeed, indeed, dear grandmother, it is better your child should fly away to a safe shelter."

"Ye have given me many reasons; but that ye love, is always enough for you young ones. Well,—God speed ye,—ye must have your day; kneel down, both, and take an old woman's blessing,—it may do ye good,—it can do ye no harm!"

This ceremony over, the boys, who heard they were bidden to the wedding, and who thought not of the parting, nor any thing beyond it, were clamorous in their expressions of joy. Their father sent them, with some refection, to the men, who, at his bidding, had conducted their horses to a little paddock in the rear of his cottage, where they were refreshing them from his stores of provender.

The day was passing happily away. Never had Violette appeared so lovely in Montano's eyes, as in the atmosphere of home, where every look and action was tinged by a holy light that radiated from the heart. Time passed as he always does when he "only treads on flowers," and the declining sun admonished them to prepare for their departure. "But first," said Barante, "let us taste together our dear patron's bounty. Unpack that hamper, boys, and you, dear Violette, serve us as you were wont." Violette donned her little home-apron of white muslin, tied with sarsnet bows, and, spreading a cloth on the ground under the pear-tree, she and the boys arranged the wine, fruit, and various confections from the basket. "It's all sugar, Hugh!" said Henri, touching his

Satyr. Tunics besmeared with tar, and covered with tow, gave them, from head to foot, a hairy appearance. In this costume, they entered the festive hall, dancing. No one recognized them. While the five surrounded the bride, and embarrassed her with their dances, Charles left them to torment his aunt, the Duchess of Berri, who, though married to an old man, was the youngest of the princesses. She could not even conjecture who he was. In the mean time, the Duke of Orleans approached the others, with a torch in his hand, as if to reconnoitre their faces, and set fire to the tow. It was but a sally of mad sport on his part, though he was afterwards reproached with it, as if it were an attempt on his brother's life.

tongue to the tip of a bird's wing. "And this is sugar, too!" replied Hugh, testing in the same mode a bunch of mimic cherries. The French *artistes* already excelled all others in every department of the confectionary art, and to our little rustics their work seemed miraculous. "Hark ye, Hugh!" said his brother; "I believe St. Francis dropped these from his pocket, as he flew over."

"Come, loiterers!" cried his father, "while you are gazing, we would be eating. Ah, that is right, Signor Montano! Is it the last time, my pretty Violette?" to Violette and Montano, who were leading the old woman from her chair to the oaken settle. "Come, sit by me, my child. Now we are all seated, we will fill the cup, and drink 'Many happy years to Jean de Montagu!'"

As if to mark the futility of the wish, the progress of the cup to the lip was interrupted by an ominous sound; and forth from the thick barrier of shrubbery, that fenced the northern side of the cottage, came twelve men, armed and masked.

"De Roucy! God help us!" shrieked Violette.

"Seize her instantly, and off with her, as I bade ye!" cried a voice, that Montano recognized as the Count de Roucy's.

"Touch her at your peril, villain!" cried Montano, drawing his sword and shouting for his attendants. Montano and Barante, the latter armed only with a club, kept their assailants at bay till his men appeared, and they, inspired by their master's example and adjurations, fought valiantly; but one, and then another of their number fell, and the ruffians were two to one against Violette's defenders. The rampart they had formed around her was diminishing. "Courage, my boys, courage!" cried Barante, as he shot a glance at his children, crouching round his old mother, motionless as panic-

struck birds. "Courage! God and the Saints are on our side!"

"Beat them back, my men!" shouted Montano. "Jean de Montagu will reward ye!"

"Jean de Montagu!" retorted De Roucy, "his bones are cracking on the rack! Ah! I'm wounded!—'t is but a scratch!—seize her, Le Croy!—press on, my men!—the prize is ours!" But they, seeing their leader fall back, for an instant faltered.

A thought, as if from Heaven, inspired Montano. De Roucy, to avoid giving warning of his approach, had left his horses on the outer side of the wood. Montano's attendants had, just before the onset of De Roucy's party, saddled their master's horse, and led him to the gate of the court; there he was now standing, and the passage from Violette to him unobstructed. Once on him and started, thought Montano, she may escape. "Mount my horse, Violette," he cried, "fear nothing,—we will keep them back,—Heaven guard you!" Violette shot from the circle, like an arrow loosed from the bow, unfastened the horse, and sprang upon him. He had been chafing and stamping, excited by the din of arms, and impatient of his position; and, as she leaped into the saddle, he sprang forward like a released captive. Violette heard the yell of the ruffians mingling with the victorious shouts of her defenders. Once her eye caught the flash of their arms; but whether they were retreating or still stationary, she knew not. She had no distinct perception, no consciousness, but an intense desire to get on faster than even her flying steed conveyed her. There were few persons on the road, though passing through the immediate vicinity of a great city. Many of those, who cultivated the environs of Paris, had their dwellings, for greater security, within the walls; and, their working-day being over, they had already retired within them.*

The King discovered himself to the Duchess of Berri, who covered him with her mantle, and conducted him out of the hall." Four of the five perished.

The historian, after saying, that Charles, conducting his army into Brittany, left Mans one very hot day, and that, while riding over a sandy plain, under a vertical sun, and excited by a trifling accident and some random words of his fool, he became suddenly mad, proceeds; "He drew his sword, and, putting his horse to his speed, and crying 'On, on! Down with the traitors!' he fell upon the pages and knights nearest to him. No one dared defend himself otherwise than by flight,

and, in this access of fury, he successively killed the bastard De Polignac, and three other men. At first the pages believed they had committed some disorder, which had enraged him; but, when he attacked the Duke of Orleans, his brother, they perceived he had lost his reason." The historian proceeds to say, that, not daring to control him, they agreed upon the expedient of letting him pursue them till he was exhausted; but finally a Norman knight, much loved by the King, ventured to spring up behind him and pinion his arms.

* "In despotic countries, rights are only respected inasmuch as they are sustained by power. The inhabitants of towns, even the poorest, had a

From a *hostelrie*, where a party of cavaliers were revelling, there were opposing shouts of "Stop!" and "God speed ye!" and, of the straggling peasants returning from market, some crossed themselves, fancying this aerial figure, with colorless face and golden hair streaming to the breeze, was some demon in angelic form; and others knelt and murmured a prayer, believing it was indeed an angel. She had just made a turn in the road, which brought her within sight of Notre Dame and the gates of Paris, when she heard the trampling of horses coming rapidly on behind her. Her horse too heard the sound, and, as if conscious of his sacred trust and duty, redoubled his speed. The sounds approached nearer and nearer, and now were lost in the triumphing shouts of her pursuers. Violette's head became giddy; a sickening despair quivered through her frame. "We have her now!" cried the foremost, and stretched his hand to grasp her rein. The action gave a fresh impulse to her horse. He was within a few yards of the barriers. He sprang forward, and in an instant was within the gates. "We are baulked!" cried the leader of the pursuit, reining in his horse; and, pouring out a volley of oaths, he ordered his men to retreat, saying, it was more than the head of a follower of De Roucy was worth, to venture within the barriers. As the sounds of the retiring party died away, Violette's horse slackened his speed, and was arrested by the captain of the guard, who had just begun the patrol for the night. To his questions Violette replied not a word. Her consciousness was gone, and, exhausted and fainting, she slid from the saddle into his arms. Fortunately he was a humane man; he was touched with her innocent and lovely face; and, not knowing to what other place of shelter and security to convey her, he procured a litter, and carried her to his own humble home, where he consigned her to the care of his good wife Susanne. There being then little provision for the security of private property and individual rights, Montano's horse was classed among those *strays*, that, in default of an owner, escheated to the King, and was sent, by the guard, to the King's stables; and thus all clue to Montano was lost.

certain degree of force. Their title, *bourgeois*, in the German, whence it is derived, means *confederates*, a reciprocal responsibility."—*Etudes de l'Economie Politique*, par Sismondi.

As soon as Violette recovered her consciousness, her first desire was to get news of those whom she had left in extremest peril; and, as the readiest means of effecting this, entreated the compassionate woman, who was watching at her bedside, to send her to the Grand-Master.

"The Grand-Master!" replied the good dame; "Mary defend us! what would ye with him?"

Violette, in feeble accents, explained her relations with him, and her hope, through him, to obtain news of her friends. Susanne answered her with mysterious intimations, which implied, not only that he, whom she deemed her powerful protector, could do nothing for her, but that it was not even safe to mention his name; and then, after promising her that a messenger should be despatched, in the morning, to her father's cottage, she administered the common admonitions and consolations, that seem so very wise and sufficient to the bestower,—are so futile to the receiver. "She must hope for the best;"—"she must cast aside her cares;"—"sleep would tranquilize her;"—"brighter hours might come with the morning; but, if they came not, she might live to see what seemed worst now, to be best, and, at any rate, grieving would not help her."

Thus it has been from the time of Job's comforters to the present; words have been spoken to the wretched, as impotent as the effort of the child, who, stretching his arm against a torrent, expects to hold it back! But, to do dame Susanne justice, she acted as well as spoke; and the next morning a messenger was sent, and returned in due time with news, which no art could soften to Violette. Her father's cottage was burned to the ground, and all about it laid waste. Some peasants reported, that they had seen the flames during the night, and men, armed and mounted, conveying off whatever was portable, and driving before them Barante's live stock. What had become of the poor man, his children, and old mother, no one knew; but there were certain relics among the ashes, which too surely indicated, they had not all escaped. Poor Violette had strength neither of body nor mind left, to sustain her under such intelligence. She was thrown into a delirious fever, during which she raved continually about her murdered family and Montano, who was never absent from her thoughts. But, whatever

an individual sufferer might feel, such scenes of marauding and violence were too common to excite surprise. "Barante," it was said, "had but met at last the fate of all those, who were fools enough to labor and heap up riches, for the idle and powerful to covet and enjoy."

This feeling was natural and just in the laboring classes, when the valets of princes were legalized robbers, and were permitted, whenever their masters' idle followers were to be accommodated, not only to slay the working man's bees, and appropriate the produce of his fields, but to enter his house and sweep off the blankets that covered him, and the pillows on which his children were sleeping. Those, who fancy the world has made no moral progress, should read carefully the history of past ages, and compare the condition of the laborers then, like so many defenceless sheep on the borders of a forest filled with beasts of prey, to the security and independence of our working sovereigns. They would find, that the jurisdiction of that celebrated judge, who unites in his own person the threefold power of judge, jury, and executioner, was then exercised by the armed and powerful; that it was universal and unquestioned; whereas now, if he ventures his summary application of *Lynch law*, his abuses are bruited from Maine to Georgia, and men shake their heads and sigh over the deterioration of the world, and the licentiousness of liberty!

On the ninth day of her illness, while Susanne was standing by Violette, she awoke from her first long sleep. Her countenance was changed, her flaming color was gone, and her eye was quiet. She feebly raised her head, and, bursting into tears, said, "Oh, why did you not wake me sooner?"

"Why should I wake you, dear?"

"Why! do you not hear that dreadful bell?" The great bell of Notre Dame was tolling. "They will be buried,—the boys and all,—all,—before I get there!"

"*Dieu-merci*, child, your people are not going to the burial;—that bell tolls not for such as yours and mine. We are thrown into the earth, and Notre Dame wags not her proud tongue for us."

"Ah, true,—true." She pressed her hand on her head, as if collecting her thoughts; and then, looking up timidly and shrinking from the answer, she said, "Ye've heard nothing of them?"

"Nothing as yet; but you are better,

and that's a token we shall hear. Now rest again. It is a noisy day. All the world is abroad. It's the nobles' concern, not ours; so I pray ye sleep again, and, whatever ye hear, lift not your head; there be throngs of bad men in the street, and where such are, there may be ugly sights. I will go below, and keep what quiet I can for ye."

Susanne's dwelling was old and rickety. The apartment under that which Violette occupied, was a little shop, where dame Susanne vended cakes, candies, and common toys. Violette could hear every sentence spoken there in an ordinary tone; but, owing to Susanne's well-meant efforts, her ear caught only imperfect sentences, such as follow.

"Good day, Mistress Susanne! will you lend me a lookout from your window to see the —"

"Hush!"

"They're coming, mother! they're coming!"

"Hush!"

"There are Burgundy's men first; ye'll know them, boy, by the cross of St. Andrew on their bonnets; and there are the Armagnacs,—see their scarfs!"

"Speak lower, please neighbor!"

"It's well for them they have provided against a rescue;—the *bourgeois* are all for him,—every poor man's heart is for him; for why? he was for every poor man's right; God reward him."

"Pray speak a little lower, neighbor."

"But is it not a shame, dame Susanne? But ten days ago and all, save Burgundy, were his friends, and now——"

"There he is, mother! see! see!"

"They stop! Oh, mother, see him show his broken joints! Mother! mother! how his head hangs on one side? Curse on the rack, that cracked his bones asunder!"

"Hush! I bid ye hush!"

"Who can that goodly youth be, that stands close by his side? See, he is speaking to him!"

"Oh, he looks like an angel,—so full of pity, mother!"

"By St. Dominic, neighbor, the boy is right!"

"Oh, mother, what eyes he has;—now he is looking up,—see!"

"Hush!"

"But look at them, dame Susanne,—would ye not think the lamp of his soul was shining through them?"

"See him kiss the poor, broken hand, that hangs down so! God bless him! there's true courage in that; and see, those same lips, how they curl in scorn, as he turns towards those fierce wretches! He is some stranger-youth. Whence is he, think ye, Susanne?"

"I think by the cut of his neck-cloth, and the fashion of his head-gear," replied Susanne, who for a moment forgot her caution, "he comes from *Italy*."

The word was talismanic to Violette. She sprang from her bed to the window, and the first object she saw amidst a crowd was Montano; the second, her protector and friend, Jean de Montagu, the Grand-Master. He was stretched on a hurdle, for the torments of the rack had left him unable to sustain an upright position. Violette's eye was riveted to the mutilated form of her good old master. Her soul seemed resolved into one deep supplication; but not one word expressed its intense emotions, so far did they "transcend the imperfect offices of prayer." Not one treacherous glance wandered to her lover, till the procession moved; and then the thought, that she was losing her last opportunity of being re-united to him, turned the current of feeling, and suggested an expedient, which she immediately put into execution. She had taken her white scarf, in her pocket, to the cottage, to show it to her father; and through her delirium she had persisted in keeping it by her. She now hung it in the window, in the hope, that, fluttering in the breeze, it might attract Montano's eye. She watched him, but his attention was too fixed to be diverted by any thing, certainly not by a device so girlish. The procession moved on. The hurdle, and the stately figure beside it, were passing from her view. She threw the casement open, and leaned out. The scaffold, erected at the end of the street, struck her sight. She shrieked, fainted, and fell upon the floor. That one moment gave the color to her after-life. She had been seen, and marked,—and was remembered.

The Duke of Burgundy had taken advantage of a moment, when Charles was but partially recovered from a fit of insanity, to compass the Grand-Master's ruin. The nobles had wept at Montagu's execution, but they had been consoled by the rich spoils

of his estate. There was no such balm for the sovereign; and it became a matter of policy to get up some dramatic novelty to divert his mind, and prevent a recurrence to the past, which might prove dangerous, even to Burgundy. Accordingly, a new *mystery* was put in train for presentation, and one month after the last act of Montagu's tragedy, and while his dishonored body was still attached to the gibbet of Montfaucon, the gay world of Paris assembled, to witness the representation of a legend of a certain saint, called "The Espousals of St. Thérèse."

The seat over which the regal canopy was suspended, corresponded to our stage-box, and afforded an access to the stage, that royalty might use at pleasure. The King was surrounded by his own family. His wandering eye, his vacant laugh, and incessant talking, betrayed the still disordered state of his mind; for when sane, amidst a total destitution of talents and virtues, he had a certain affability of manner, and the polish of conventional life, which, as his historian says, acquired for him the "ridiculous title of '*well-beloved*.' " On Charles's right sat his Queen, Isabel of Bavaria, a woman remarkable for nothing but excessive obesity, the gluttony that produced it, and the indolence consequent upon it,—and a single passion, avarice. And sovereigns, such as these, are, in some men's estimation, *rulers* by "divine right!" Behind the Queen, a place was left vacant for the Duke of Orleans, who, in consequence of a marvelous escape from death during a thunder-storm, when his horses had plunged into the Seine, had vowed to pay his creditors, and had, on that very day, bidden them to a dinner, at which he had promised the desert should be a satisfaction of their debts. "So soon from your dinner, my lord?" said his Duchess to him as he entered, with an expression of face, which indicated a fear that all had not gone as she wished.

"Yes. A short horse is soon curried."

"What? Came they not? Surely of the eight hundred bidden, there were many who would not do you such discredit, as to believe your virtue exhaled with the shower?"

"Ah, their faith was sufficient,—they came, every mother's son of them, butchers, bakers, fruiterers, and all."

"And you sent them away happy?"

"Yes, with one of the beatitudes;—

blessed are those who have nothing! I charged my valets to turn them back from my gate, and to tell them, if they came again, they should be beaten off!"

There was a general laugh through the royal box. The Duchess of Orleans alone turned away with an expression of deep mortification. Valentine Visconti, daughter of the Duke of Milan and Duchess of Orleans, was one of the most celebrated women of her time. Her lovely figure might have served for a model of one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of her classic land. As she sat by the gross Queen, she inspired the idea of what humanity might become, when invested with the "glorified body" of the Saints. Her soul beamed with almost preternatural lustre from her eyes, and spoke in the musical accents of her beautiful lips. Her gentleness and sympathy, more than the intellectual power and accomplishments, that signalized her amidst a brutified and ignorant race, gave her an ascendancy over the mad King, which afforded some color to the wicked imaginations of those, who, in the end, accused her of sorcery!—an accusation very common against the Italians of that period, whose superior civilization and science were attributed to the diabolical arts of magic. The secret of Valentine's power over the maniac King has been discovered and illustrated by modern benevolence. She could lead him like a little child, when, for months, he would not consent to be washed or dressed, and when these offices were performed at night by ten men, masked, lest, when their sovereign recovered all the reason he ever possessed, he should cause them to be hung for this act of necessary violence!

The spectators, while awaiting the rising of the curtain, were exchanging the usual observations and salutations. "Valentine," whispered the beautiful young wife of the old Duke of Berri, "did not that man,—*mon Dieu*, how beautiful he is!—who stands near the musicians, kiss his hand to you?"

"Yes,—he is my countryman."

"I thought so;—he looks as if the blood of all your proud old nobles ran in his veins;—the Confalonieris, Sforzas, Viscontis, and Heaven knows who."

"He has a loftier nobility than theirs, cousin; his charter is direct from Heaven, and written by the finger of Heaven on that noble countenance. As to this world's honors, he boasts none but such as the son

of a rich and skilful weaver of silks may claim."

"*Mon Dieu!* is it possible; he is a counterfeit, that well might pass in any King's exchequer. But he looks sad and abstracted, and, seeing, seemeth as though he saw not. Know ye, cousin, what aileth him?"

"Yes, but it is a long tale; the lady of his thoughts has strangely disappeared, and, though for more than a month he has sought her, day and night, he hath, as yet, no trace of her. He has come hither to-night at my bidding, for I deeply pity the poor youth, and would fain divert his mind;—but soft, the curtain is rising!"

"Pray tell me what means this scene, Valentine!"

"It is the interior of a chapel. You know the legend of St. Thérèse?"

"Indeed I do not. I cannot read, and my confessor never told me."

"She was betrothed to one she loved. The preparations were made for the espousals, when, on the night before her marriage, she saw, in vision, St. Francis, who bade her renounce her lover, and told her, that she was the elected bride of Heaven; that she must repair to the convent of the Sisters of Charity, and there resign the world, and abjure its sinful passions. You now see her obedient to the miraculous visitation. She has concluded her novitiate. One weakness she has as yet indulged. She has secretly retained the last gift of her betrothed. Hark! there you hear the vesper-bell. She is coming to deposit it at that shrine yonder."

A female now entered, closely veiled and clad in a full, grey stuff dress, that concealed every line of her person. She held something in her hands, which were folded on her bosom, and walking, with faltering steps, across the stage to the shrine, knelt and made the accustomed signs of prayer. She then rose, and raising the little roll to her lips, kissed it fervently, and then, as if asking pardon for this involuntary weakness, again dropped on her knees, and, depositing the roll, withdrew. It would seem, she had entered completely into the tender regrets of the young saint she impersonated, for a tear she had dropped on the last bequest of her lover was seen, as it caught and reflected the lamp's rays. Immediately, through an open window in the ceiling, a dove entered, the symbol of the Holy Spirit. It

was not uncommon, in these mysteries, to bring the sacred persons of the Trinity upon the scene. The bird descended, and took the roll in his bill. As he rose with it, it unfolded, and the *white silk scarf*, given to poor Violette, represented the last earthly treasure of Saint Thérèse. The dove made three evolutions in his ascent, and disappeared. While the cries of "*Bravo! Bravissimo! Petit oiseau! Jolie colombe!*" were resounding through the house, the Duchess of Berri whispered to Valentine, "See your Italian! he looks as if he would spring upon the stage! how deadly pale! and his eyes! blessed Mary! they are like living fires! Surely he is going mad!"

"Heaven help him!" replied the gentle Valentine. "I erred in counselling him to come hither! Would I could speak with him."

"Never mind him now, cousin; the scene is changing;—tell me, what comes next?"

"Next you will see St. Thérèse praying before her crucifix,—ah, there she is! there is the coffin in which she sleeps at night,—there the death's-head she contemplates all day."

"Shocking! shocking! I never would be a nun."

"It is but for the last days of her penitence. After her vows are made, she, like all her order, will be devoted to nursing the sick, and succoring the wretched,—a happier life than ours, cousin!"

"Think ye so? Methinks the next world will be soon enough to be a saint, and do such tiresome good deeds. But why has she that ugly mantle drawn up over her head, so that one cannot see her hair, or the form of her neck and shoulders?"

"Be not so impatient. You see the door behind her. The Devil is coming into her cell under the form of her lover. Ah, there he is!"

"Bless my heart, if I were the Devil, I would never leave that goodly form again. Now she'll turn! now we shall see her face! Pshaw! she has pulled that ugly mantle over, for a veil."

"Pray be still, cousin;—this is her last temptation. I would not lose a word. Listen,—hear how she resists the prince of darkness."

The pretended lover performed his part so as to do honor to the supernatural power he represented. At first, he would have em-

braced the saint; but she shrank from him, and, reverently placing her hand on the crucifix, stood statue-like against the wall. He then knelt and poured out his passion vehemently. He reminded her of their early love,—of the home, where he had wooed and won her; he besought her to speak to him,—once to withdraw her veil, and look at him. She was still silent and immoveable. He described the wearisome and frigid existence of a conventual life, and then painted, in a lover's colors, the happiness that awaited him, if she would but keep her first vow made to him. He told her, that horses awaited them at the outward gate. The force of the temptation now became apparent. The weak, loving girl, was triumphing over the saint. Her head dropped on her bosom, her whole frame trembled, and was sinking. Her lover saw his triumph and sprang forward to seize her. But her virtue was re-nerved; she grasped the crucifix, and, looking up to a picture of the Virgin, shrieked, "Mary, blessed mother! aid me!"

The Evil One extended his arm to wrest the crucifix, when, smitten by its holy virtue, he sank through the floor, enveloped in flames. The saint again fell on her knees, the dove again descended and fluttered around her, and the curtain fell.

In those days, when conventual life had lost nothing of its sacredness, and men's minds were still subjected to a belief in the visible interference of good and evil spirits in men's concerns, such a scene was most effective. The spectators were awed; not a sound was heard, till the Duchess of Berri, never long abstracted from the actual world, whispered, "Valentine, did you see your Italian when she shrieked; how he struck his hand upon his head! and see him now, what a color is burning in his cheek! He will certainly go mad, and, knowing you, he may dart hither before we can avoid him. Will ye not ask Orleans to order those men at arms to conduct him out;—you know," in a whisper, "I have such a horror of madmen."

"You need have none, believe me, in this case. My poor countryman is suffering from watching and exhaustion, and his imagination is easily excited. The next scene will calm him. The saint, victorious over the most importunate of mortal passions, will resolutely make her vows, and receive the veil."

"Oh, then we shall see her face, after all?"

"Yes, and with all the factitious charm, that dress and ornament can lend it; for, to render her renunciation of the world more striking, she is to appear in a bridal dress, decked with the vanities that we women cling last to;—but hush! the curtain is rising!"

The curtain rose, and discovered the chapel of a convent. The nuns and their superior stood on one side, a priest and attendants on the other. A golden crucifix was placed in the center, with a figure of the Savior, as large as life. Before this, St. Thérèse was kneeling. Her dress was white silk, embroidered with pearls, with a full sleeve, looped to the shoulder with pearls. A few symbolical orange-buds drooped over her forehead, certainly not whiter than the brow on which they rested. Her hair was parted in front, and drawn up behind in a Grecian knot of rich curls, and fastened there with a diamond cross. St. Thérèse looked, as most saints would, (not as a saint should;) palé as monumental marble; her eyes not raised to Heaven, but rivetted to earth, as if she were still clinging to the parting friend. The priest advanced to cut off her hair, the last office previous to investing her with the grey gown and fatal veil. As he unfastened the diamond cross, her bright tresses fell over her neck and shoulders, and, reaching even to the ground, gave the finishing touch to her beauty, and called forth a general shout of "Beautiful! beautiful! most beautiful!"

Over every other voice, and soon stilling every other, was heard the King's and, seized with an excess of madness, he rushed upon the stage clapping his hands and screaming, "She is mine! my bride! Out with ye, ugly nuns! She is mine! mine!" finishing each reiteration with a maniac yell.

"Nay, she is mine! my own Violette! my betrothed wife!" interposed Montano, springing forward and encircling Violette with one arm, while he repelled Charles with the other.

A general rising followed. The stage was filled with the nobles, rushing forward to chastise the stranger who had presumed to lay his hands on sacred majesty. A hundred weapons were drawn, and pointed at Montano. There was a Babel confusion of sounds. At this crisis, Valentine penetrated

into the midst of the *melee*, whispering, as she passed Montano, "Leave all to me."

The lords, who had more than once seen her power over the madness of their sovereign, fell back. She placed herself between the King and Montano, and putting her hand soothingly on Charles's, she said, with a smile, "Methinks, my lord King, we are all beside ourselves with this bewitching show,—we know not who or what we are. Here is a churl hath dared to come between the King and his subject, and you, my sovereign," (in a whisper,) "have strangely forgotten your Queen's presence. Unhand that maiden, sir stranger. Kneel, my child, to your gracious sovereign, and let him see you loyally hold yourself at his disposal." Violette mechanically obeyed.

"Nay, my pretty one, kneel not," said Charles, still wild, but no longer violent. "Ah, I had forgot! here are the bridal orange-buds. Come,—come, you lazy priest,—come marry us!" Violette looked as if she would fain again take refuge in Montano's arms.

"To-morrow, my lord King, will surely be soon enough," whispered Valentine with a confidential air, and, pointing to Isabel, she added, "it would not seem well to have the rites performed in her presence!" The Queen, with characteristic nonchalance, had remained quietly in her place, where she seemed quite absorbed and satisfied in devouring a bunch of delicious grapes.

"You are right, *dear sister*," replied the King,—thus, in his softened moods, he always addressed Valentine,—"it is not according to church rule to marry one wife in the presence of another!" He then burst into a peal of idiotic laughter, which, after continuing for some moments, left him in a state of imbecility, so nearly approaching to unconsciousness, that he was conveyed to his palace without making the slightest resistance.

A general movement followed the King's departure, and cries rose, that the stranger must be manacled and conveyed to prison. The Duchess of Orleans interposed. "My lords," she said, "I pray ye give this youth into my charge. He is my countryman. I will be responsible for him to our gracious sovereign." There were murmurings of hesitation and discontent. "In sooth, my lords," added Valentine, "ye should not add an injustice to a stranger to our usages, to the error you have already committed

this night, in bringing our royal master, but half recovered from his malady, into this heated atmosphere and exciting scene;—it were well, if we can avoid it, to preserve no memorials of this night's imprudence." This last hint effected what an appeal to their justice had failed to obtain, and the lords permitted Montano unmolested to withdraw with the Duchess of Orleans.

Intent on making those happy, who *could* be happy, Valentine bade Montano and Violette attend her to her carriage. When they were alone, Violette's first words were, "My father,—my brothers, Montano, can ye tell me aught of them?"

"They are safe,—safe and well, in all save their ignorance of you, dear Violette," replied Montano; "and by this time are they arrived in my happy country."

"Thank God!—and my dear old grandmother?"

"Nay, ask no farther to-night."

"Better it is, my good friend," said Valentine, "to satisfy her inquiry now, while her cup is full with joy, and sparkling;—you can bear, my child, patiently a single bitter drop."

"She was murdered, then?"

"She is at rest, my child,—lay your head on my bosom,—we should weep for the good and kind."

Before the little party separated for the night, Violette told how, in consequence of having been seen at the window on the day of Montagu's execution, she had been sought out by the managers of the mystery, and compelled, in the King's name, to obey their behests.

"And to-morrow," said Valentine, "ye shall obey mine. I, too, will be the manager of a mystery, and real espousals shall be enacted by Montano and Violette; then, ho! for my happy country."—*Token.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE excesses of delicacy, repose, and satiety, are as unfavorable as the extremes of hardship, toil, and want, to the increase and multiplication of our kind. Our physical well-being, our moral worth, our social happiness, our political tranquillity, all depend on that control of *all* our appetites and passions, which the ancients designated by the cardinal virtue of temperance.—*Burke.*

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

TIME still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win, and many lose the race,
For which they struggle day by day;
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems!
How lightly valued, when obtained,
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on Life's inconstant sea:
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee;
This coast, which rises fair to view,
May be thick set with rocky mail,
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that, like a little hand,
Slow lingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volumes o'er the land,
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;
While that which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day,
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain-tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change.
Within ourselves the secret lies,
Let seasons vary as they will;
Our hearts would murmur, though our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

SINGULAR TRIAL.

IN many parts of Europe—indeed in all Europe—primitive customs are more or less preserved in the courts for the administration of justice, as well as in the habits and intercourse of private life. One of the most striking instances of this was recently shown in the summary and singular manner in which a trial for murder was conducted, and the execution of the felons consummated in Malaga—a city of Spain. But before we come to the trial, we will speak of the murder, the details being furnished us by a Paris paper, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Don Jose Randoly Soule, a young cavalier, had recently married a young lady of some fortune. Being fond of dress and

pleasure, this fortune he soon dissipated, and upon this conduct domestic disputes and bitterness followed—so extreme that since his death, for he was the murdered man, his widow has been arrested and held for examination. On the night of the 30th of October, Don Jose was returning home, accompanied by a watchman, from the house where he had spent the evening, when, on reaching the corner of a street, he was treacherously stabbed by a man who lay in wait for him. The blow was terrible. It made a wound of six and a half inches in extent, and penetrated through the heart, cutting it in two. The blood sprung out in such a stream, that it bespattered the walls of the opposite houses to a considerable height.—The unfortunate young man uttered one plaintive cry; it was the cry of death, and he fell bathed in his blood.

The assassin fled the moment his victim fell, attempting no plunder, although the murdered man wore an elegant gold watch and chain. The watchman lost neither his courage nor his presence of mind, but pursued the assassin, who dropped his poinard, hat and cloak, in his flight. He was overtaken, and with the assistance of others carried directly before the Captain General, who expressed a desire to expedite the examination, in order, if possible, to have the assassin buried at the same time as his victim. The assassin declared his name to be Jose de La Rosa, a day laborer. He was married, and the father of three children.—He denounced a young advocate, named Don Juan de Morales as his accomplice, and declared he had received money in advance to induce him to undertake the assassination.

By seven o'clock next morning, Morales and the assassin were confronted. As their declarations greatly varied, they were taken for a second interrogatory into the church and placed beside the dead body of Rando. There under the vaults of the temple, before the cold and inanimate remains of the victim, and in the presence of a powerfully excited multitude, who, agitated by terror, came to witness this extraordinary and impressive scene, the awful voice of Rosa was raised to repeat again the charge against the man he pointed out as his accomplice.—Morales, cast down and spiritless, protested that he was innocent. He muttered in a low voice, "I do not know this man."

"What! you do not know me," said La

Rosa, who was only separated from his fellow prisoner by the corpse. "But you pleaded for me in a criminal cause. You visited me in prison. The jailer and my companions in prison can prove it."

"I know not this man. He is a villain who wants to ruin me," replied Morales trembling.

"You do not know me! Did not we go together and purchase the poinard! I can give the name and address of the man who sold it. He will recollect us."

"This is all a falsehood."

"A falsehood indeed! Do you deny the promises you repeatedly made me for two months to induce me to strike the blow?—Had it not been for that, do you think I would have killed him? (pointing to the dead body.) What harm had he done to me? You instigated me. You brought me to the corner of the street. You made me raise my arm, saying, 'There he comes, the opportunity is favorable.'"

"How can you invent such calumnies?"

"You promised me money for committing the crime, and I can show the house where we met, and where I was to receive the reward of that service you required of me."

"This wretched man wishes to ruin me, but I had no interest in the death of Rando."

"No interest, do you say? You live in adultery with his wife. Did you not tell me that she was seven months gone with child, and that it was necessary to put her husband out of the way before her accouchement? Did not she herself tell me that the best way to kill her husband would be to fire a pistol at him while she, walking with him, would be holding by his arm? Did not you also propose to make use of poison? Did not you make me come from Granada?"

To all these questions Morales faintly answered—"I am innocent."

"You assert that you are innocent," said the Fiscal. "Well, let me see you take the hand of the corpse and invoke curses on the assassins."

The wretched young man, in a state of indescribable stupor, could only stutter out some unintelligible words.

The prisoners were then taken together to the place where the crime was committed, and interrogated on the way to the spot. Rosa continued his assertions and questions to his accomplice, and the latter persisted in his denial. Fifty-one witnesses were exam-

ined, among whom were the seller of the poinard to Morales, who identified the purchaser and the dagger, and others who proved the acquaintance of Morales as an advocate with Rosa, whom he had defended in a criminal case. La Rosa, with a sombre gravity, confirmed all his first charges. He spoke of the atrocious action he had committed with a horrible calmness, while the accents of his voice made all who heard him shudder. All this time Morales remained silent, and completely cast down.—A second examination of the witnesses, the counsel for the prisoners being present, occupied the whole of the night of October 31, and it was not until half past six on the next day that the investigation of the advocates was concluded. At eight o'clock the reading the documents was commenced, and after that was concluded, the "Fiscal" or attorney general summoned up the case and demanded the penalty of death against the accused, who were next heard. The defense of young Morales was read by Don N. Texapa. It was argumentative and spirited, and was listened to with manifest interest by the audience. La Rosa's written defense was short and simple—it only implored pity. When these proceedings had concluded, the corpse of the unfortunate Rando, covered with blood, was brought before the tribunal, and the prisoners being introduced, were again confronted with each other.

Rosa, who is described as muscular and ferocious, "a very proper villain," again detailed all the circumstances, with consistency and apparent indifference. Morales, whose appearance was "pleasing and interesting," persisted in his denial; and said the charges against him were false and calumnious. These proceedings occupied the time till past midnight—and this, the reader will bear in mind, was the third night during which the investigation was continued, having also occupied two days. Nevertheless at two o'clock the President of the Council, Don Fernand Alcocer, directed that the Council, the Fiscal, the prisoners, and their counsel, should proceed to the spot where the crime had been committed; and lighted by torches, which cast a mournful glare around, they set out for this purpose, accompanied by a vast multitude of curious persons. La Rosa, without the slightest emotion, pointed out the different places where, as he asserted, Morales had spoken to him,

and showed the road they went after quitting the Plaza de la Constitution where they had stopped. The tribunal then deliberated upon their verdict, and at five o'clock in the morning delivered their judgment, that the prisoners should be shot in the presence of the corpse. Accordingly at three o'clock in the afternoon, they were taken from the convent where the Military Council which condemned them had been held, and in the presence of a concourse of one hundred thousand persons, led to the place of execution.

La Rosa took the lead, walking with a firm step, surrounded by a picket of soldiers. Don Juan Morales, downcast but resigned, followed, receiving religious consolation from a couple of priests. He saluted his friends and acquaintances. During the passage from the Capilla to the place of execution, La Rosa turned his head round several times to see if Don Juan Morales was being led after him; he seemed to be apprehensive lest pardon should be granted to the *cabellero*, and even expressed his fears on this head.

When they reached Martiricos, the place appointed for their execution, where the body of the unfortunate Rando had been already carried, La Rosa, after the troops had formed a square, persisting in his sentiments, addressed the following words to the people: "Senores, I die the victim of a wretch, who is about to die with me. For the sake of my soul say a *Salva* to Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, another to the Virgin del Carman, and a *Credo* to Almighty God." His confessor here observed that his words were insulting to his accomplice, and that when he stood on the verge of eternity, he should retain no hatred, and direct his thoughts solely to the salvation of his soul. La Rosa immediately exclaimed, "I pardon with all my heart Don Juan Morales. Pray for him."

When the two prisoners were fastened to the fatal post, La Rosa immediately leaned towards Don Juan Morales, and said to him, in a tone of irony, "Behold the good fortune you promised me!" Morales then turned towards his confessor—"Good God!" he exclaimed, "let not this man kill me before the time." His last thoughts were devoted to his family and relations. At four o'clock a discharge of musketry was heard; Morales and La Rosa had ceased to exist. The body of the former was removed by the So-

ciety of Advocates; the body of the latter owed its burial to charity. The widow of Rando and her female servant are arrested, and a new investigation is about to commence respecting their conduct.

We give a great deal of space to this singular trial, as it shows the character of Spaniards in a more favorable light than traditional legends inherited by our parents, and by them brought from Europe, lead us to view that people. If assassinations were so frequent as it has been common to assert, no such excitement would have been produced. We may also remark that though the haste with which the investigation was conducted, and the circumstances introduced for effect, are by no means worthy of all example, it is more than probable that in our court Morales might have been acquitted by legal exertion and trickery, and the other villain have been made to bear the whole burthen; if indeed the interest he excited did not obtain him a reprieve and final pardon by petition; or at the worst an asylum as a maniac, instead of death as a murderer.

THE OLD CLOCK;

OR, "HERE SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES."

A FACT.

SOME years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old family clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hour for years on years with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine a-piece, bemouthed a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a

winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half-closed in a style that gave him the air of "a knowing one," and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke.—Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features that indicated that his mind was well-fitted to be a successful co-partner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull, as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter, and wit their companions, and as Wine in his parti-colored flowing robes presided, there was a "set out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table and around himself to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oho! I understand—no, you don't come over this child! Waiter, another bottle of champagne." The servant left the room, and our heroes inclining themselves over the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed,

"Clocks always go it!"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned

the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half-inquiring, half-decided manner saying

"Won't it?"

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a trice as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning, they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar-room they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due over to the keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the bar-keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the good-natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs! Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with dollars; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!"

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? You couldn't walk it out of

me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot!"

"Done," cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted—"Where's the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore-finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and with his left hand he disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touching him on the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B——, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs; he called one of his neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

"Mr. B——, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He *was mad!*

"He is mad," whispered the friend in a low voice—"We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him. "You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and

his hand continued to go, but his wife would'n't go; she *would* stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife?"—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

"No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid!"—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the!"—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—ms.

"Ah, poor, dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he never again will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord with a little more emphasis,

and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near *the twelve*—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low, bewailing tone continued her utterances—

"No! never; nor of his daughter!"—

"Here she goes—there she goes," almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man,—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah ha! no, Monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh?—look—look—very fine, is n't she?"

"Here she goes—there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes—there she goes!" he responded in the best English he could use—"Vare? vare sall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes—there she—go!" for the last time cried the landlord, *as the clock struck the hour of nine*, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it!—I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars!" But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir!" was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this af-

fair occurred, and "the facts not otherwise than here set down;" but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.*—*New-York Morning News*.

MUSIC.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Blest pair of syrens, pledge of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds.—*Milton*.

Music is under no necessity of speaking any language but its own. A beautiful instrumental composition is its own poetry, exciting the feelings and imagination without need of the intervention of words, and uttering, in fact, a more direct voice of the mystery and beauty of passion than the poetry itself. There is something so angelical in its being thus independent of speech, that it seems a kind of stray language from some unknown and divine sphere, where the inhabitants are above the necessity of words; and, indeed, it is a constant part of the charm of music to seem as it signified still more than we have human words to express; while, on the other hand, it is so linked with all our faculties, and has certain properties of accord and sequence in its composition, so appealing to our very reason and logic, that it is no refinement to say one feels sometimes as if it were pursuing some wonderful and profound argument—laying down premises, interchanging questions and answers, and drawing forth deductions equally conclusive and bewitching: so that our very understanding is convinced, though we know nothing of the mysterious topic! There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *all* philosophy; and music assuredly contains its due portion of them.

Not that the present writer holds poetry, in its integrity, or in most of its particulars,

* We have been informed that the two young men who were the principal actors in this scene were a couple of dashing blades of this city, who have honorably restored the pocket-book and its contents with an L—having been satisfied that they lost the wager!—*New-York Sunday Morning News*, of March 3.

to be inferior to music. God forbid he should be so ungrateful to the art with the productions of whose masters he is most conversant, and the society of which forms at least one-half of his conscious existence. He will be allowed to say this, even in a *Musical Magazine*, conducted as the present one is; for all true lovers of any art are generous to those who love the rest, out of an instinct of their own sincerity and joy. But the truth is, that each of the three sweet sisters—Poetry, Music, and Painting—has advantages and disadvantages, compared with the other; and while Music utters divine inarticulate cries out of the pure heaven of feeling, charming the sense of all, but suggesting distinct imaginations to few, Poetry charms the senses less, but has the power of making all distinctly partake of her imaginations; and Painting has the divine power given her, of saying—"You shall behold with the eyes of sense, what my sister Music makes you hear, and my sister Poetry makes you think of, and what we all three of us feel;" and then the angels of visible form and color, open upon us *their* Paradise, and we stand face to face—eye meeting eye—with the demi-gods of Michael Angelo, and the diviner benignities of Raphael and Correggio.

When, therefore, any one of these three sisters, like proper sisterly goddesses, chooses to borrow from another a grace, or an aid, or a mere companionable something, (whatever you choose to call it,) it is desirable that nothing impertinent, or altogether unfitting, should interfere: that no bad painter should take upon him to illustrate a good poet, and that no foolish, presumptuous words should propose themselves for interpreters or suggesters of the utterances of the true musician.

The musician, occupied with his own sweet art, (which has been described as being a poetry of itself,) and not, perhaps, having had the lot, (good or bad, as it might happen,) of being brought up amidst that other world of poetry to be found in books, is often heard to express his hunger and thirst after "*good words*" for his vocal compositions; and in the present department of the *Musical World*, it is proposed to supply him with them, (for years together, if he pleases,) out of the noble store above mentioned, which has a richness, in point of quantity as well as quality, of which no one dreams, who is not conversant with the

variety, and thorough interior of its departments. The words of Ben Johnson alone, (of which a cheap and beautiful edition has just been published by Mr. Moxon, edited by a living poet of peculiar fitness for the task, being himself both lyrical and dramatic—Mr. Barry Cornwall—with whom the musical public are happily intimate,) furnish a storehouse of words for music, which though long recognized, may be said to have been yet hardly touched. Beaumont and Fletcher are rich in the same materials, with an instinct perhaps still more vocal. Almost every one of the other old dramatists has, at least, exquisite *pickings* of the same kind. Then there are all the professed lyric poets, Herrick, Suckling, Carew, and others, with the fine old natures in the ballads and ancient relics, not excepting the smaller veins of true poetry which are to be found in its more artificial regions—for wherever there is *any* genius, there must be an amount of nature in proportion; and, besides all this, heaps of wealth, hundreds of detached *passages*, eminently fitted to be set to music, occur in the great narrative poems of the *Færie Queene*, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, etc., constantly uttering a chant or a warble of their own, and challenging, as it were, the congenial musician to join them. Nay, *prose* itself has passages of this sort, as may be seen in compositions from *Ossian*, and in some of the divinest works of *Handel*. Finally—not to mention the like extractable passages from the dramas of *Knowles*, *Talfourds*, and *Hornes*—there is all the genius, lyrical and otherwise, of modern and living poetry, so called—*Byron*, *Coleridge*, *Keats*, *Shelley*, *Wordsworth*, *Campbell*, *Barry Cornwall* himself, *Allan Cunningham*, *Landor*, *Scott*, *Southey*, *Wilson*, and *Moore*, (though *Ireland*, and his own sweet-genius for music, make a monopoly of *him*;) with other true names, which, in our hurry, we must not attempt to particularize, lest we should do injustice to those we might omit; taking the liberty, nevertheless, to mention one or two specially adapted to the purpose before us, and hitherto not so universally recognized as they will be, such as *Thomas Wade*, author of the deeply feeling "*Mundi et Cornis Carminia*," etc., and *Dagley*, with the truly sylvan and exuberant fancies of his "*Sylvia, or the May Queen*."

And now, where shall we begin? for that is really a difficulty, owing to the abundance

of our stores. We had better, in our setting out, give two or three specimens, as a taste of the variety, though not undertaking for more than one in future, unless the poem or extract should be very short. We will begin with a song out of the *Maid's Tragedy* of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, as simple and touching as a wasted cheek.

I.—SONG OF A DESERTED MAID.

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear—
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

Here follows an exquisite little narrative—a card-party—which, in *painting*, would make a delicious sight, and in music, perhaps, (under correction from the Editors of the *M. W.*) a charming *crescendo*—not, of course, of the triumphant and noisier order of *Rossini*, but in a graceful *agitato*, as if the bystander's feelings trembled over the spectacle—ending in a burst of beautiful despair. The author is *John Lilye*, a dramatist preceding *Shakspeare*, and a man of genius, notwithstanding the fantasticalness of his once fashionable *Euphuism*, so well ridiculed by *Walter Scott* in the *Abbot*. It is introduced in his play of *Alexander and Campaspe*, and has been admired by the best judges, for its perfect elegance. It is *Anacreontic* beyond *Anacreon*—more intoxicated with love. There is a passion worked up with the fancy, amounting to the pathetic. Let the reader, pray, admire the mixed energetic feeling—the pause, yet hasty emotion of the *stops*.

II.—CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses. Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows—
Loses them too. Then down he throws
The coral of his lips, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how!)
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At length he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise!
Oh, Love! has she done this to thee!
What shall, alas! become of me!

Our patience will achieve more than our force.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

THE church was thronged. In the midst of the congregation, before the pulpit, in the most eligible part of the church, I observed two full-grown negroes. Now, as I am an American, and not an abolitionist, or an amalgamationist, a host of what are called early prejudices, instantly arose within me, and I queried by what right the men of color were there. "Why, sir, they are human beings, and good citizens," said a tailor beside me. This is not the first instance I have witnessed in Scotland, of such familiarity between the races. I do not speak of the dark, elegant East India ladies, who may be seen walking daily, arm-in-arm, with the fashionables of Edinburgh. It is the crispy-haired, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, and ebony black gentleman, whom you shall see in fraternal confab with the polished sons of this modern Athens, to whom I allude. But the prejudices of early education do not here exist, and your negro is deemed nearly as much of a human being as a white man. The last one I saw, intermingling with the whites on a public occasion, was at the theater in Edinburgh. He was a lad, and of a most painfully intense black. He was right in the center of a pit filled with white ladies and gentlemen. Seen from a distance, he resembled a mere little black dot, on a piece of white paper, or, perhaps, a dark wafer, surrounded by a myriad of white ones. He enjoyed the comedy with an exuberance that delighted me. Indeed, with many others in the boxes, my attention was first attracted towards him by his chuckles, and boisterous "ya, ya, ya's," which Mr. Rice himself might have deemed worthy models in his study of negro laughter. The good-humored and intellectual people around him seemed to enjoy his mirth, and the gentleman who had the superintendence of him, every now and then whispered something into his ear, which invariably brought up new and overflowing bursts of gladness. Happy they, if so organized, that in his physical excitement, the peculiarities of his constitution were not distinguishable by more than one of their senses. I turned my eye inward to contemplate that feeling, which I possess in common with most of my countrymen, which abhors the heart-and-hand companionship of the negro, that feeling which is associated with all our thoughts and sympathies,

and which, if able here, would have instantly elevated into a higher atmosphere the youth so cordially associated with, by an apparently respectable portion of the theatrical audience, in one of the most refined and intellectual cities of Europe.

As I have said, the church was thronged. I read in the anxious faces around, that something unusual was expected. In the pulpit, which by the way stands within a few feet of that, long ago demolished, from which John Knox was wont to thunder forth his thoughts against popery, I could see nothing but a mass of reddish hair. The congregation was at length composed, and the minister arose. I had just been told by a gentleman at my elbow, that he was a missionary of the society for promoting the principles of the Reformation, and that he was to discourse on the subject of the abominations of the Romish Church. Having read a psalm, the precentor or leader, stood up in his desk situated just before the pulpit, and singing the first line of the first verse alone, was at the commencement of the second, joined and accompanied to the end, by the voices of the whole congregation—men, women and children. Then came the prayer. With what apparent devotion was it not sympathized with, by every heart in reach of the minister's voice! There was not a stray eye, not a wandering expression, no shifting of positions to break the silence. After the prayer, the minister announced the chapter of the Bible which he proposed to read, not *to*, but *with* the congregation. Immediately a thousand Bibles were opened at the designated portion, and as he read, the eyes of each in the house, followed him in the opened volume. When the text was announced, every book was opened to it, and I may here note down, that whenever reference was made in the sermon to any verse or any chapter, the whole congregation seized their Bibles, and forthwith searched out, with most zealous interest, the cited chapter and verse. I must confess that this visible sympathy on the part of the hearers with everything the minister said and did, impressed me much. It is universal, I believe, in the Scottish Church. I noticed many instances in Edinburgh, and there as well as here, even among the inferior classes, men and women, old and young, in several cases were engaged, most assiduously in taking notes. What an encouragement, and what a check

to the preacher is this surrounding sympathy! Not a thought falls from his lips unappreciated. If deemed sound, it passes inward as spiritual manna to the heart. If unsound, it is noted down, cogitated about, talked about. What a contrast this to the comparative listlessness of congregations in my own country! But I forget that I am among the most dévotional and reflective people in the world.

There was nothing in the preacher's manner that I can well describe. And yet the eye was on him continually. He spoke without notes. His voice was harsh. His gesture was rare, and never made save when it forcibly contributed to aid his words in the development of his thought. In illustration he was abundant and extremely felicitous. I cannot here transcribe the sermon, and yet there were some statements with their proofs and illustrations, which I desire not altogether to forget. I recollect his adducing in proof of the divine origin and God's protecting care of the Scriptures, the fact, that for ages they had survived the first assaults of popery. "Suppose, mee freends," said he, "that a mon were to come intil this room eighteen hunder years auld. Suppose that for a' this time he had been attacked by his worst inimies; and had escaped them a'. That he had been east intil the sea, and not been drowned; that he had been thrown intil the fire, and not been burned; that he had been mangled and torn limb fra limb, and yet not slain. Would ye not say there was somewhat super-human about him? Would ye not say the Almighty Power was taken care of him? Mee freends," added he, after a pause, and putting his hand with emphasis on the Bible before him, "this is that mon!"—*Jewett's Travels in Scotland.*

THE LOVE OF THE DEAD.

BY WILLIS SAYLORD CLARKE.

Nothing but limited and erroneous views of the life present and to come, we conceive, can prevent reflecting intelligences from taking that true observation which merges both in one. Intervals, there are indeed, between separation and reunion; but how brief at the longest—how chequered at the best! That is a beautiful sentiment of Goëthe, where he compares our

little round of being to a summer residence in a watering place. "When we first arrive, we form friendships with those who have already spent some time there, and must soon be gone. The loss is painful; but we connect ourselves with the second generation of visitors, with whom we spend some time, and become dearly intimate; but these also depart, and we are left alone with a third set, who arrive just as we are preparing for our departure." In this true view of human life, there is nothing to displace the idea of *earthly* communion with those who are absent. It is a curious truth, that when two living friends part, they are, as it were, dead to each other, until they meet again. Letters may be interchanged—but the *present* of the one is not the *present* of the other—and what gloomy event may not happen between them! So that, in this respect, to be out of sight, in the estimation of affection, is, as it were, to be out of the world. How little real difference, then, is there, between absence in a world of peril, of transitory continuance—and death indeed? Save only, that absence is probation, and death is not. It is a trite simile, perhaps, that in this world we are like ships on the ocean,—each steering alone, amid the strife of the elements—and in the far forward distance shadowed before us, lie the dim outlines of the Land of Death. Some reach it soonest; but thither ALL are bound,—and there, their state is fixed, immutable, eternal. No change comes there, to the dwellers in that land of the blest, with its waters of chrystal, *beyond* the shadow, "Where the bright islands of refreshment lie."

No darkness there divides the sway,
Twixt startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns,
O'er the wide, silent scene.

These two emblems of the progress to that gate where, ere they pass, all who enter must "pay down their symbol of mortality,"—express the course and goal of life, sublunarily considered. Slowly, one after another, the race of mankind are vanishing away; there are sad partings and sweet remembrances. Let the first be viewed as merely separations for a season—a friendly severance of holiest ties, in hope of quick renewal. Above all, oh thou that readeest, if thou art a mourner, *be faithful to the in-*

junctions of the dead! In that diversified book of Southey's, "The Doctor," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband, in touching terms. They were "to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands." This calm communion of the present and absent becomes religion, hope, fidelity; enduring tenderness, beyond the stern frigidity of time; and well may each one of that retrospective brotherhood, large always in the world, who have loved and lost the lovely; and have, with theirs, to meet the world's encounters, thus greet adoptedly the dear departed:

"The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, thou can'st not see
The wrongs that fall on thine or me."

"For me," says the eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, "I count this world, not as an inn, but as an hospital;—a place, not to live, but to die in; where our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how soon we shall be buried in our survivors." How comfortable a thing it is, then, to cherish and remember the dead—knowing that it is but for a season, and that union will soon come! Thus, with him who mourns the absence of a consort or a sister,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination:
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Than when she lived indeed.

CREDIT.

THE legitimate province of credit is to facilitate and to diffuse the use of capital, and not to create it. I make this remark with care, because views prevail on this subject exaggerated and even false; which, carried into the banking system, have done infinite mischief. I have no wish whatever to depreciate the importance of credit. It has promoted public and private property; built

cities, cleared wildernesses, and bound the remotest parts of the continent together by chains of iron and gold. These are wonders, but not miracles; these effects have been produced not without causes. Trust and confidence are not gold and silver; they command capital, but they do not create it. A merchant in active business has capital of twenty thousand dollars; his credit is good; he borrows as much more; but let him not think he has doubled his capital. He has done so only in a very limited sense. He doubles the sum on which for a time he trades; but he has to pay back the borrowed capital with interest; and that, whether his business has been prosperous or adverse. Still, I am not disposed to deny that, with extreme prudence and good management, the benefit to the individual of such an application of credit is great; and when individuals are benefited, the public is benefited. But no capital has been created. Nothing has been added to the pre-existing stock. It was in being—the fruit of former accumulation. If he had not borrowed it, it might have been used by its owner in some other way. What the public gains, is the superior activity that is given to business by bringing more persons, with a greater amount and variety of talent, into action.

These benefits, public and private, are not without some counterbalancing risks; and with the enterprising habits and ardent temperament of our countrymen, I should deem the formation of sound and sober views on the subject of credit, one of the most desirable portions of the young merchant's education. The eagerness to accumulate wealth by trading on credit, is the disease of the age and country in which we live. Something of the solidity of our character and purity of our name has been sacrificed to it. Let us hope that the recent embarrassments of the commercial world will have a salutary influence in repressing this eagerness. The merchants of the country have covered themselves with lasting honor abroad, by the heroic fidelity with which they have, at vast sacrifices, fulfilled their obligations. Let us hope that hereafter they will keep themselves more beyond the reach of fluctuations in business and the vicissitudes of affairs.—*Edward Everett.*

NOTHING wounds a feeling mind more than praise unjustly bestowed.

THE DEAD LIVE.

I HAVE seen one die ; she was beautiful, and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed, and grace as it were caught from Heaven, breathed in every tone, and followed every affection, shone in every action, invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her ; but she died ! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her ; but they could not save her, and she died ! What ! did all that loveliness die ?

Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in ? Forbid it reason, religion ! bereaved affection, and undying love, forbid the thought ! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel, who live in frail human memory for ever !

I have seen one die, in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty ; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a faculty to action and a success to endeavor ; when wisdom, had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers ; and the being I looked upon, had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge—how to live, and to act well and wisely ; yet I have seen such an one die ! Was all this treasure gained only to be lost ? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse ? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that on the very moment of being finished it should be cast away forever ? No ; the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we shall live forever.—*Dewy.*

WEALTH.

WEALTH in this country may be traced back to industry and frugality ; the paths which lead to it are open to all ; the laws which protect it are equal to all ; and such is the joint operation of the law and the

customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor in one generation furnish the rich of the next. The rich man, who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grandfather ; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness and bitterness against wealth makes war with the prospects of his children and the order of things in which he lives.—*Edward Everett.*

STILL GUSH THY TREASURES, LIVING SPRING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

STILL gush thy treasures, living spring !

Still in the sunlight play

Thy silvery waters, murmuring

Along their pleasant way.

But ah ! how soon in darksome glade,

Or leafy dell, or woodland shade,

Thy chequered course is seen ;

Whence faintly comes thy wonted song,

As pensively thou steal'st along

The changed and darkened scene.

Affection's streamlet ! once I deem'd

Thy waters still would be

Living and bright as first they seemed,

As bounding and as free ;

But like that stream I loved when young,

Joyful the crystal waters sprung,

And gaily danced away ;

But soon dim shadows o'er thee passed,

High rock and tree thy bosom glassed,

And twilight on thee lay.

Yet even though hidden in the shade

Of valley dark and low,

Rich treasures of the heart are laid

Where thy deep waters flow.

Nor would I now thy course should be

Where zephyrs wanton joyfully,

O'er gardens of perfume ;

The diamond's sheen and chrysolite

Make all thy lovely chambers bright,—

Thy hidden depths illume.

Thy rippling surface caught no beam

Of sunlight pleasantly ;

'T was ever but a broken gleam

Of quivering rays to thee :

Now, though the rock hangs beetling nigh,

And tall trees lift their branches high

Above thy gloomier shore,

Down thy pure crystal depths afar

Shines many a ray from many a star

That veiled its light before.

ACCUMULATION.

THE philosophy that denounces accumulation, is the philosophy of barbarism. It places man below the condition of most of the native tribes on this continent. No man will voluntarily sow that another may reap. You may place a man in a paradise of plenty on this condition, but its abundance will ripen and decay unheeded. At this moment, the fairest regions of the earth—Sicily, Turkey, Africa, the loveliest and most fertile portions of the East, the regions that, in ancient times, after feeding their own numerous and mighty cities, nourished Rome and her armies—are occupied by oppressed and needy races, whom all the smiles of heaven and the bounties of the earth cannot tempt to strike a spade into the soil, farther than is requisite for a scanty supply of necessary food. On the contrary, establish the principle that property is safe, that a man is secure in his accumulated earnings, and he creates a paradise on a barren heath; alpine solitudes echo to the lowing of his herds; he builds up his dykes against the ocean and cultivates a field beneath the level of its waves; and exposes his life fearlessly in sickly jungles and among ferocious savages. Establish the principle that his property is his own, and he seems almost willing to sport with its safety. He will trust it all in a single vessel, and stand calmly by while she unmoors for a voyage of circumnavigation around the globe. He knows that the sovereignty of his country accompanied it with a sort of earthly omnipresence, and guards it as vigilantly, in the loneliest island of the Antarctic sea, as though it were locked in his coffers at home. He is not afraid to send it out upon the common pathway of the ocean, for he knows that the sheltering wings of the law of nations will overshadow it there. He sleeps quietly, though all that he has is borne upon six inches of plank on the bosom of the unfathomed waters; for even if the tempest should bury it in the deep, he has assured himself against ruin, by the agency of those institutions which modern civilization has devised for the purpose of averaging the losses of individuals upon the mass.—*Edward Everett.*

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WE must not attempt to fly, when we can scarcely creep.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE genuine will of Shakspeare is preserved in Doctors' Commons. A fervent admirer of the bard must needs behold the last stroke of his inspired pen with a feeling of respect approaching to awe. His name is signed in three places. His hand trembled at the first; when he came to the second, the pauses occasioned by lassitude or anguish would appear to be perceptible, from the tremulous breaks in the writing. When his name was to be signed for the last time, his energies appear to have been subdued; the name is almost indistinct, and the eye which guided the hand in its melancholy office seems to have been filmed. The orthography used by Shakspeare in this instance, of course, prescribes the mode in which his name is to be spelled; yet many learned commentators have erroneously used the *e* final with regard to the first syllable of the word. The way in which his name was pronounced during his life may be learned from an inspection of this will. The notary (who had been called hastily to the performance of his duty) had no opportunity of correction, and he spelt the name of his immortal client, from the recollection of accustomed orthoepy alone, *Shackspeare.*—*Foreign Paper.*

BEN JONSON.

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If asked to give our opinion of Ben Jonson's powers in general, we should say that he was a poet of a high order, as far as learning, fancy, and an absolute rage of ambition, could conspire to make him one; but that he never touched at the highest, except by violent efforts, and during the greatest felicity of his sense of success. The material so predominated in him over the spiritual—the sensual over the sentimental—that he was more social than loving, and far more wilful and fanciful than imaginative. Desiring the strongest immediate effect, rather than the best effect, he subserved by wholesale in his comedies to the grossness and commonplace of the very multitude whom he hectorated; and in love with whatsoever he knew or uttered, he set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies, and never knew when to leave off, whether in tragedy or comedy. His style is more clear and correct than impassioned, and only rises

above a certain level at remarkable intervals, when he is heated by a sense of luxury or domination. He betrays what was weak in himself, and even a secret misgiving, by incessant attacks upon the weakness and envy of others; and, in his highest moods, instead of the healthy, serene, and good-natured might of Shakspeare, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body: nor, when you think of him at any time, can you well separate the idea from that of the assuming scholar and the flustered man of taverns. But the wonder after all is, that, having such a superfætation of art in him, he had still so much nature; and that the divine bully of the old English Parnassus could be, whenever he chose it, one of the most elegant of men.—*Bulwer's Monthly Chronicle.*

CAPITAL ANECDOTE.

I SAW to-day a very splendid cabinet portrait of Henry Clay, painted by Mr. Linen, an artist from New-York. It is said to be the best likeness of any portrait ever taken of Mr. Clay. I think so too. A singular anecdote is in circulation about this portrait. A few days ago, Mr. Clay dined with the President at one of his regular cabinet dinners, which he gives to the members of both houses, in rotation, every Saturday. Towards the close of the first or second course, a servant whispered to Mr. Van Buren—"the house is on fire." Mr. Van Buren rose very coolly, apologized to the gentleman next him, and left the apartment for a few minutes. He discovered that his whole kitchen department was in flames. The fire had not made much progress, and by the application of a few pails of water, in a judicious position, it was quenched. Mr. Van Buren returned to his company in a few minutes. On Mr. Clay being informed what was the cause of his absence, he turned to Mr. Van Buren, with one of those peculiar looks which his expressive face can assume occasionally—"Mr. President, I am doing all I can to get you out of this house, but believe me"—here he put his hand upon his breast—"believe me, I do not want to burn you out." The expression which Mr. Linen has thrown into the portrait, is I am told by a gentleman who was present, the same precisely with which

Mr. Clay said these words to the president. The eye is lighted up—the lips are slightly apart—the big broad mouth is made visible—a half smile spreads over the face—and the whole countenance is full of high intellect, in a state of quiet activity, that blends wit, dignity, and good humor together.—*Letter from Washington.*

ROMAN WOMEN.

THERE are many admirable traits in the general character of the women of ancient Rome, which, in this age of refinement, are truly worthy of imitation. Without encroaching upon the privileges, or hardy occupations of men, they were restrained by no affectation of delicacy from pursuing even the most laborious employments within the domestic sphere. A well regulated household was their highest ambition, and no woman was accounted worthy of the title of wife who was ignorant of the duties of her station. The next object of importance was their strict and unremitted attention to the health and instruction of their offspring; promoting the former by exercise and temperate diet, and the latter by examples of morality, and enforcing a constant application either to study or some useful employment, whereby both their mental and physical powers acquired strength. Children of both sexes were alike committed to the mother's care, and the boy, on discarding the *toga* of childhood, was submitted to the still more rigid discipline of his father, with a mind prepared to profit by the councils of the hero or the sage, and with a frame fitted to encounter toil and danger. The Roman women were ardent in friendship, sincere in love, and chaste from principle.

IMAGINATION.

SINCE the imagination is only the representative of the senses, it can only be pleased or displeased with the images, from the same principle on which the sense is displeased with the realities; and, consequently, there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations, as in the senses of men. A little attention will convince us that this must of necessity be the case.—*Burke.*

WINTER MUSINGS.

BY THOMAS H. SHREVE.

Low midnight comes apace. The wakeful winds,
 Like whispering spirits, momentarily sit by
 With tones so soft that Peace unstartled sits
 On the deep bosom of the solemn Night.
 The burning stars are looking from their heights,
 And seem to sense so clear, to thought so pure,
 That mind needs not the talismanic wand
 Of poetry divine to crowd their courts
 With hosts of seraphim. Ye mystic orbs,
 That roll unwearied through the deep blue heaven!
 Ye fill the mind with dreams like those which play
 Around seraphic brows within your bowers,
 When slumber like a shadow softly falls
 On their lulled sense. E'en now ye shine as bright
 As when the eye of man first gazed from Eden
 With rapture upward, or from Shinar's plains
 The shepherds watched ye through the summer night—
 Strange deeds ye gaze on in this world of ours,
 And stranger yet must see as o'er the tide
 Of ages yet to come ye hold your course.
 The wing of time no shrouding shadow flings,
 Upon the diamond brightness of your light.
 Ye saw the cities which men's hands have built
 Rise up in pomp beneath you, and ye watched
 Their slow decadence, till with desert sands
 Their pride was blent. Ye saw the pyramids
 Grow up to Heaven, and ye shall see them fall.
 When man first stood on earth erect, with hope
 Inscribed upon his brow, ye sang his praise;
 And ye will hymn his last sad requiem,
 When he, with pallid cheek and wandering eye,
 Shall glance upon the world dissolving round,
 And time's last knell bursts on his startled ear,
 And echoes o'er the boundless sea of flame.

Deep as the distant thunder's awful tone,
 And solemn as a funeral note, the dirge
 Of the departed year swells on the wind.
 The joys and woes which marked each feverish hour,
 Seem rising now beneath the vault of night,
 And fling their plaints upon the moaning winds,
 Like Niobe's of old.—Another year
 Hath joined th' innumerable caravan
 Of ages toiling down Oblivion's steep,
 Towards the regions of unbreaking night.
 Some things there are which may not be forgot,
 But which, graved on the inmost sense, shall live
 Until the busy heart has ceased to heave—
 A sigh o'er pleasures lost, and the torn soul
 Escaping from its ligaments of clay,
 Shall, on immortal pinions, rise aloft
 And soar beyond the faintly glimmering star
 That gem the blue immensity of space.
 'Tis true that Time with slow remission steals
 The pang from common grief, yet there is woe
 Beyond the great Magician's skill to heal,

Which stamps itself deep in the central heart,
 And, like the fissure in the ocean rock,
 Resists the waters of the Lethæan sea.

There is a beauty on Night's queen-like brow,
 With her rich jewelry of blazing stars,
 That to the heart which yearns for purer scenes
 And holier love than greets it here, appeals
 With a resistless force. Great Nature then
 Asserts her empire o'er the souls of those,
 Her favored children, on whose eager ears
 There falls no wind which hath not melody,
 And to whose eyes each star unfolds a world
 Of glory and of bliss. The poet feels
 The inspiration of an hour like this,
 When silence like a garment wraps the earth,
 And when the soundless air seems populous
 With gentle spirits hovering o'er the haunts
 Which most they loved while prisoned in their clay.
 The mysteries of the universe then woo
 His mind and lead it up from hight to hight
 Of lofty speculation, to the Throne
 Round which all suns and worlds and systems roll.
 The Past for him unlocks her affluent stores,
 And human crowds long gathered home by death
 To his dark kingdom, people earth again.
 Palmyra rears her towers above the dust
 And proudly points her glittering spires to heaven—
 Rome rises up and seems as once she was,
 Her haughty eagles floating o'er her hills
 And flashing back the gaudy light of day
 Into the blue above—and Babylon
 Lifts up her head, and o'er her gardens wide
 The south wind wantons, while her massive gates
 Swing on their hinges as the human tide
 Beats up against them. Thus rapt fancy oft
 Doth build again what, with his iron heel,
 Wild Ruin ground into the very dust,
 Which cloud-like rises on the tempest's wings
 As it all-conquering sweeps the desert's waste.
 Such is the talismanic power divine
 Of Genius over death and time and space.
 It reads the dim memorials on the tombs
 Of buried empires—peoples' solitudes—
 And sways its scepter o'er the realms of night.
 In its blest missions to the homes of men
 It turns aside from palaces and pomp,
 And gently stoops to kiss the pearly brow
 Of the boy peasant 'neath the humblest roof.
 With eye annointed, it hath read the stars
 And traced out on the boundless blue of heaven
 The wanderings of worlds. Its voice goes forth,
 And o'er the billows of time's wasteful sea
 It rolleth on forever. It hath sung
 Old Ocean's praise, and with his surges' roar
 Its song will ever mingle. It hath poured
 A flood of radiance over hill and stream,
 And reared a fiery pillar in the sky,
 To light the nations on their pilgrimage
 From darkness into everlasting day.

LITERARY NOTICES.

STEPHENS'S TRAVELS.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland. By the Author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land." 2 vols. 12mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

So very rare a thing is it to meet with a man who has not passed through the world with his eyes shut and his ears stopped up, that when we do come across such a person, we are apt to consider him very much of a *rara avis*, and to magnify him into an importance of which he had never dreamt while pursuing, alone, the even tenor of his way. From being a solitary rambler over the world's highways, noting down a singular appearance of nature here, and a little further on picking up a little bit of chance knowledge let fall by some one whom he meets or overtakes, he finds himself suddenly metamorphosed into an object of admiration and wonder, and beholds men crowding around him, and pressing up to him, and hanging upon the skirts of his coat, hungering and thirsting, as it were, after the notes which he has carelessly made in the journal of his memory, and the small bits of knowledge which lie packed promiscuously in the wallet of his understanding. Why he should be an object of such "special wonder," he cannot exactly perceive; but since the people have, all unsolicited, made him what he finds himself, he bows to their supremacy, and acts the *lion* to the best of his ability.

Such, we think, or nearly such, is the situation of Mr. Stephens, the "Great American Traveler," as we have seen him dubbed. Wandering over parts of Greece, Turkey, Russia, Poland, Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land, in the mere spirit of adventure, one part of the time a perfect *jeans culotte* "in outward show," and another part shirted in borrowed linen, and

having a nice eye and a lively fancy, this gentleman saw sights and noted them down very much as we have stated, and picked up and stowed away chance bits of knowledge very much as we have supposed. One of the farthest things from his thought at that time, was the fact that he was making a better use of his eyes and ears than travelers generally do, and laying in stores of materials which were at some future day to make a great lion of him, and cause his name to be spoken with admiration and respect from one end to the other of his native land. Confined to some particular locality for several days in succession, "by stress of weather," or from other cause, the spirit moved him to write to his friends at home some account of what he had last seen and heard. Without his knowledge, the familiar epistles thus written found their way into the pages of one of the best of the American Magazines, from which they were transferred to the columns of those singular chronicles the American Newspapers, and in this manner circulated and read throughout the Union. Returning to his own country, perhaps for a new suit of clothes, after having worn out all he took with him and could borrow of his friends in other lands, he all at once found himself famous, as one who had traveled with his ears and eyes open. Harkening to the advice of friends, well regarded in this instance, he wrote out one portion of the records of his sight-seeing and story-hearing, and handed them over to the booksellers. So pressed the people after them, that before the sheets were fairly dry they were in hundreds of hands, and before a second edition could be issued the first was exhausted and hundreds of unsupplied mouths were watering for the expected treat. Of this first portion of his records, eight editions have already gone off, somehow and somewhere; and of the second portion, published a few months after the first, the fourth edition is now before us!

The popular taste in literature, it is true,

is often very whimsical; but to account for such unexampled success as this, it would seem only reasonable that something more is required than caprice. What has been the touchstone here? Is Mr. Stephens more philosophical, or more poetical, or more accurate, or more intelligible—is he a better scholar, a better describer, a better storyteller—has he a more far-reaching vision, a wider range of thought, a happier mingling of colors, or a more artist-like disposition of light and shade, than have other modern travelers whose first editions still lumber the booksellers' shelves? If so, his works bear no evidence of the fact. The secret of his success is simply this—that he did not go abroad for the purpose of *lion-hunting*, as most travelers do, but to indulge a spirit of adventure in the lands where the “children of men” had first dwelt, and to see how nearly *the people* of other modern nations assimilated to *the people* of his own.

Starting out thus, his eyes were not perpetually straining through mist and cloud after Olympian mountains, nor his ears ever on the stretch for the roaring of Niagaras. He was in a proper state of body and mind to see and think about the thousands of little things which in reality make up the *human nature* of the world, but which separately are too insignificant to attract the notice of the lion-hunting traveler; and it is because he *did* see and note down these thousands of little things, and has since written out his records in a style of great clearness and beauty, that he has all at once become so famous as a traveler, and in the space of two years sold more books than all other tourists put together. His volumes are certainly very delightful reading, and, we think, deserve all the popularity which they enjoy. With a truly magical power he sometimes transports us to the very scene which he is describing, and, artist-like, now-and-then throws off a bold and warming picture with a few touches of his skilled pencil.

For the extracts from his volumes, with which we intend at this time to regale our readers, we shall draw exclusively upon those portions relating to Greece and Turkey, reserving for another month sundry equally interesting and more novel passages which we pencilled while accompanying the traveler from Odessa to Moscow, from Moscow to Petersburg, and from this, the most magnificent city in the world, to the interesting but melancholy capital of dismember-

ed Poland. Mr. Stephens starts from Zante, on a beautiful starlight night of February, 1835, after a short ramble among the Ionian Islands; but we take him up abruptly at Athens, and, very unpoetically in this classic land, draw upon him at once for some school statistics.

“The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find any thing that would particularly touch my national feelings, but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle taught, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only school-master; and I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the existence of such an institution until advised of it by my friend Dr. W.

In eighteen hundred and thirty the Rev. Messrs. Hill and Robison, with their families, sailed from this city (New-York) as the agents of the Episcopal missionary society, to found schools in Greece. They first established themselves in the island of Tenos; but, finding that it was not the right field for their labors, employed themselves in acquiring a knowledge of the language, and of the character and habits of the modern Greeks. Their attention was directed to Athens, and in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-one they made a visit to that city, and were so confirmed in their impressions, that they purchased a lot of ground on which to erect edifices for a permanent establishment, and, in the mean time, rented a house for the immediate commencement of a school. They returned to Tenos for their families and effects, and again arrived at Athens about the end of June following. From the deep interest taken in their struggle for liberty, and the timely help furnished them in their hour of need, the Greeks were warmly prepossessed in favor of our countrymen; and the conduct of the missionaries themselves was so judicious, that they were received with the greatest respect and the warmest welcome by the public authorities and the whole population of Athens. Their furniture, printing-presses, and other effects were admitted free of duties; and it is but justice to them to say that, since that time, they have moved with such discretion among an excitable and suspicious people, that, while they have advanced in the great objects of their mission, they have grown in the esteem and good-will of the best and most influential inhabitants of Greece; and so great was Mr. Hill's confidence in their affections, that, though there was at that time a great political agitation, and it was apprehended that Athens might again become the scene of violence and bloodshed, he told me he had no fears, and felt perfectly sure that, in any outbreaking of

popular fury, himself and family, and the property of the mission, would be respected.

In the middle of the summer of their arrival at Athens, Mrs. Hill opened a school for girls in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided; the first day she had twenty pupils, and in two months one hundred and sixty-seven. Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that very imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of our visit the school numbered nearly five hundred; and when we entered the large room, and the scholars all rose in a body to greet us as Americans, I felt a deep sense of regret that, personally, I had no hand in such a work, and almost envied the feelings of my companion, one of its patrons and founders. Besides teaching them gratitude to those from whose country they derived the privileges they enjoyed, Mr. Hill had wisely endeavored to impress upon their minds a respect for the constituted authorities, particularly important in that agitated and unsettled community; and on one end of the wall, directly fronting the seats of the scholars, was printed, in large Greek characters, the text of Scripture, 'Fear God, honor the king.'

It was all important for the missionaries not to offend the strong prejudices of the Greeks by any attempt to withdraw the children from the religion of their fathers; and the school purports to be, and is intended for, the diffusion of elementary education only; but it is opened in the morning with prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer as read in our churches, which is repeated by the whole school aloud; and on Sundays, besides the prayers, the creed, and sometimes the Ten Commandments, are recited, and a chapter from the Gospel is read aloud by one of the scholars, the missionaries deeming this more expedient than to conduct the exercises themselves. The lesson for the day is always the portion appointed for the gospel of the day in their own church; and they close by singing a hymn. The room is thrown open to the public, and is frequently resorted to by the parents of the children and strangers; some coming, perhaps, says Mr. Hill, to 'hear what these babblers will say,' and 'other some' from a suspicion that 'we are setters forth of strange gods.'

The boys' school is divided into three departments, the lowest under charge of a Greek qualified on the Lancasterian system. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen; and, as Mr. Hill told me, most of them had been half-clad, dirty, ragged little urchins, who, before they were put to their A, B, C, or, rather, their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, had to be thoroughly washed, rubbed, scrubbed, doctored, and dressed, and, but for the school, would now, perhaps, be prowling vagabonds in the streets of Athens, or training for robbery in the mountains. They were a body of fine-looking boys, possessing, as Mr. Hill told me, in an extraordinary degree, all that liveliness of imagination, that curiosity and eagerness after knowledge, which distinguished the Greeks of old, retaining, under centuries of dreadful oppression, the recollection of the greatness of their fathers, and, what was particularly interesting, many of them bearing the great names so familiar in Grecian history; I shook hands with a little Miltiades, Leonidas, Aristides, &c., in fea-

tures and apparent intelligence worthy descendants of the immortal men whose names they bear." * * * *

"But the principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs. Hill, the first, and, except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrywomen. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favor of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, perhaps instigated somewhat by an inherent love of power and extended rule, and knowing the influence of their sex in a cultivated state of society, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed in different classes according to their age and advancement; they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably some at our sewing societies); and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing that influence aright.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and, being Americans, we were everywhere looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I waived in favor of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalissas, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English. Occasionally Mr. Hill called a little girl up to us, and told us her history, generally a melancholy one, as, being reduced to the extremity of want by the revolution; or an orphan, whose parents had been murdered by the Turks; and I had a conversation with a little Penelope, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of a Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.

Before we went away the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women, and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers, and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilized domestic life, firmly grounded in the

principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the missionary labors in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians."

King Otho, the young monarch from Bavaria, was so deeply impressed with the value of this female school, that, a short time before Mr. Stephens's arrival at Athens, he had proposed to Mr. Hill to take into his house girls from different districts and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their homes, there to organize new schools, and carry out the great work of female education. Mr. Hill acceded to this proposal, and since Mr. Stephens's return to the United States, he has received from that gentleman a letter, which communicates the very gratifying intelligence contained in the following extract.

"Our missionary establishment is much increased since you saw it; our labors are greatly increased, and I think I may say we have now reached the summit of what we had proposed to ourselves. We do not think it possible that it can be extended farther without much larger means and more personal aid. We do not wish or intend to ask for either. We have now nearly forty persons residing with us, of whom thirty-five are Greeks, all of whom are brought within the influence of the gospel; the greater part of them are young girls from different parts of Greece, and even from Egypt and Turkey (Greeks, however), whom we are preparing to become instructresses of youth hereafter in their various districts. We have five hundred, besides, under daily instruction in the different schools under our care, and we employ under us in the schools twelve native teachers, who have themselves been instructed by us. We have provided for three of our dear pupils, (all of whom were living with us when you were here), who are honorably and usefully settled in life. One is married to a person every way suited to her, and both husband and wife are in our missionary service. One has charge of the government female school at the Piræus, and supports her father and mother and a large family by her salary; and the third has gone with our missionaries to Crete, to take charge of the female schools there. We have moved in our new house' (of which the foundation was just laid at the time of my visit,) 'and large as it is, it is not half large enough. We are trying to raise ways and means to enlarge it considerably, that we may take more boarders under our own roof, which we look up to as the most important means of making sure of our labor; for every one who comes to reside with us is taken away from the corrupt example exhibited at home, and brought within a wholesome influence. Lady Byron has just sent one hundred

pounds toward enlarging our house with this view, and we have commenced the erection of three additional dormitories with the money."

How oddly it sounds, to hear of "up-town lots," "three-story houses," "property speculators," "the march of improvement," and, more oddly still, the march of those peculiarly modern nondescripts called "omnibusses," in the classic land of Homer, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Phidias, and Solon! Yet here we have it:

"The sentimental traveler must already mourn that Athens has been selected as the capital of Greece. Already have speculators and the whole tribe of 'improvers' invaded the glorious city; and while I was lingering on the steps of the Parthenon, a German, who was quietly smoking among the ruins, a sort of superintendent, whom I had met before, came up, and offering me a segar, and leaning against one of the lofty columns of the temple, opened upon me with 'his plans of city improvements;' with new streets, and projected railroads, and the rise of lots. At first I almost thought it personal, and that he was making a fling at me in allusion to one of the greatest hobbies of my native city; but I soon found that he was as deeply bitten as if he had been in Chicago or Dunkirk; and the way in which he talked of moneyed facilities, the wants of the community, and a great French bank then contemplated at the Piræus, would have been no discredit to some of my friends at home. The removal of the court has created a new era in Athens; but, in my mind, it is deeply to be regretted that it has been snatched from the ruin to which it was tending. Even I, deeply imbued with the utilitarian spirit of my country, and myself a quondam speculator in 'up-town lots,' would fain save Athens from the ruthless hand of renovation; from the building mania of modern speculators. I would have her go on till there was not a habitation among her ruins; till she stood, like Pompeii, alone in the wilderness, a sacred desert, where the traveler might sit down and meditate alone and undisturbed among the relics of the past. But already Athens has become a heterogenous anomaly: the Greeks in their wild costume are jostled in the streets by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Bavarians, Russians, Danes, and sometimes Americans. European shops invite purchasers by the side of Eastern bazars, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms, and French and German restaurants are opened all over the city. Sir Pultney Malcolm has erected a house to hire near the site of Plato's Academy. Lady Franklin has bought land near the foot of Mount Hymettus for a country-seat. Several English gentlemen have done the same. Mr. Richmond, an American clergyman, has purchased a farm in the neighborhood; and in a few years, if the 'march of improvement' continues, the Temple of Theseus will be enclosed in the garden of the palace of King Otho; the Temple of the Winds will be concealed by a German opera-house, and the Lantern of Demosthenes by a row of 'three-story houses.'"

And here again :

"In the afternoon, I walked down to the Piræus, now, as in the days of her glory, the harbor of Athens. The ancient harbor is about five miles from Athens, and was formerly joined to it by long walls built of stone of enormous size, sixty feet high, and broad enough on top for two wagons to pass abreast. These have long since disappeared, and the road is now over a plain, shaded a great part of the way by groves of olives. As usual at this time of day, we met many parties on horseback, sometimes with ladies; and I remember particularly the beautiful and accomplished daughters of Count Armandsbergh, both of whom are since married and dead. It is a beautiful ride, in the afternoon particularly, as then the dark outline of the mountains beyond, and the reflections of light and shade, give a peculiarly interesting effect to the ruins of the Acropolis. Toward the other end we paced between the ruins of the old walls, and entered upon a scene which reminded me of home. Eight months before there was only one house at the Piræus; but, as soon as the court removed to Athens, the old harbor revived; and already we saw long ranges of stores and warehouses, and all the hurry and bustle of one of our rising western towns. A railroad was in contemplation, and many other improvements which have since failed; but an omnibus! that most modern and commonplace of inventions, is now running regularly between the Piræus and Athens."

But we must stop. Athens is becoming decidedly prosy and commonplace. It is no unusual thing, indeed, to hear travelers over all Greece speaking in the same breath of Agamemnon and Mr. Riggs, Themistocles and Peter Smith, Olympus and Wind-Mills, Salamis and Coffee-Houses; and Mr. Stephens gives a *bona fide* account of a Horse-Market on the Plain of Argos! We are indebted to Mr. S. for some hours of delightful reading, but we shall always owe him a grudge for the many long-cherished delusions which he has destroyed, in some instances as if in mere wantonness, by a single dash of his pen.

STANLEY.

Stanley; or, the Recollections of a Man of the World. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1838.

"It was the remark of an eminent moralist,—one of that high order of spirits which cannot err without instructing,—that there was scarce any man existing, from an account of whose life some valuable information might not be obtained. And, in truth, it is not easy to believe that any one has been

so listless a hearer of the instructions of experience, as not to have treasured up some golden sentence which the world might stoop to hear. The path of life is thickly strewn with moral precepts, and blinder than the blind old King of Corinth must he be, who has not read some wisdom as he passed along." So begins, and thus ends, the Introduction to this work: "From the bosom of retirement, with a mind yet clear, and a memory retentive beyond the common, while age has shed around me its stillness, but not its sluggishness, and ere the concerns of preparing for a greater journey to be undertaken, have driven from my thoughts the remembrance of the lesser one I have completed, I take up my pen to trace the record of some of the scenes that I have witnessed, and some of the acts that I have done."

Though there is internal evidence that "Stanley" is not exactly what it professes to be, yet it is much such a production as might be written under the circumstances stated, and is worth, upon a fair computation, about four score and ten of the majority of reprints of British novels which have been thrown in the way of American readers during the past five years. It is not a novel that the novel-reader will like, but is rather a record of thoughts that the student will peruse with interest and advantage. It is well supplied with wholesome maxims, that may be applied in the life of every intellectual man; and the searcher after truth, need not turn from its pages disappointed. The author, we think, has evinced but little dramatic talent. It can hardly be said of his leading characters, that they talk and act. Yet they stir about, and deliver themselves; and in the set *essays* which flow from their tongues, there is much good criticism, much sound philosophy, much practical wisdom. The thinking man will soon lose, in that which is of more value, what little of story there is in the volumes; while the novel-reader, for that little of story, will not willingly trudge over the fields of thought about which it is scattered.

"Stanley" is published anonymously. The authorship we have not even seen or heard guessed at. The publishers, we learn, received a letter without signature, some five or six years ago, which contained a statement of the general plan of the present work, and a proposition to furnish them the manuscripts, if they should be of opinion that it would succeed, and were

willing to run the risk of publishing. In a reply to their unknown correspondent, conveyed after a manner which he had suggested, they gave as their opinion that such a work would be likely to succeed, and signified their willingness to undertake its publication. This was the last of the matter, till some six or eight months ago, when they received from an unknown source, the first part of the manuscripts. Other portions came to hand, at irregular intervals, each one through a channel different from that of the one which had immediately preceded it, till they were put in possession of the whole. The work was then sent to press—came forth in very handsome style—has escaped both the censure and praise of the newspapers of the land—and is fast hastening, if we mistake not, to that oblivion to which, in this our day, quiet, meditative productions, are too apt to be consigned with little or no examination.

Were we in the practice of reviewing novels, "Stanley" is one of the first, among all that have been issued from the American press for two or three years past, that we should take in hand. But the plan of this magazine contemplates only brief notices of such works; and those must necessarily be very general in their terms. To that class of readers, with whom "De Vere," "Valerius," and "Tremaine," are favorites, the volumes may be recommended with an assurance that they will find in them much to admire, and something to remember.

MELINE'S ADDRESS.

Address on the Study of the Modern Languages, delivered before the Eighth Annual Convention of the College of Teachers. By JAMES F. MELINE. 19 pages 8vo. Cincinnati: Kendall and Henry. 1838.

We had the pleasure of hearing this Address delivered, and recollect that we then thought its arguments quite conclusive, as to the propriety of a greater devotion of time on the part of American youth, to the study of the living languages of Europe. A perusal of the pamphlet has strengthened the opinion then formed; and a survey, with its learned author, of the rich and extensive stores of literature and science that are locked up, as

it were, in the languages of France, Germany, and Italy, has convinced us that any loss which the students in our colleges might sustain, by abstracting a portion of the time now given to the Greek and Latin, from those studies, and concentrating it upon one or all of the modern languages named above, would be much more than repaid them by the acquisition of the key to the stores of literature and science to which we have alluded. The acquisition of this key, however, does not necessarily preclude the study of the ancient languages, with at least the *thoroughness* of attention now given them. With the modern, or before them, or after them, those may be studied. But this is a matter which does not properly enter into Mr. Meline's argument. The question brought before the College of Teachers, by him, is simply this: Are the modern languages worth the time, labor, and expense, which their acquisition would cost American youth? He takes the affirmative himself, and although he supports it more by a simple array of facts than any force of argument, yet to our mind he has established it conclusively.

There is one modern language which, we regret to say, Mr. Meline overlooked entirely. This is the good old *English*—more neglected than any other great language, either ancient or modern. We do wish that those who undertake to impress upon the public mind the importance of acquiring languages, would dwell oftener and longer upon this, one of the noblest of them all. It is no uncommon thing to meet men with their heads crammed full of Greek and Latin, and others having a smattering of nearly all the modern languages, who do not know enough of the orthography of their own to spell correctly all the words used in the Lord's Prayer, and are so ignorant of its grammar that to save themselves from the horrors of a rejection they could not write a respectable billet to their sweethearts. A good word for the English language, spoken at a good time, would not be a waste of breath. Dr. Aydelott's "Plea" for it was made none too soon; and we trust that the very sensible views taken therein, will have their proper effect upon both teachers and pupils, and be disseminated and enforced by the lovers of pure English throughout the country.

Mr. M's Address is worthy of an attentive perusal.

MAC MASTER'S INAUGURAL.

A Discourse delivered November 7th, 1838, on the occasion of the author's inauguration as President of the Hanover College, Indiana. By ERASTUS D. MAC MASTER, A. M. 36 pages 8vo. Hanover. 1838.

MR. MAC MASTER is doubtless a learned man, and an able one, or he could hardly have found his way to the head of the very respectable literary institution of which he is President. Nay, there is evidence of both learning and ability in the pamphlet before us. Yet, as a literary production, this Discourse will not bear much praising. At the ninth page, we have such grammar as this: "The metaphysics of Aristotle, notwithstanding the complaints of its incomprehensibility, certainly seem to be much more intelligible" (than the philosophy of Plato;) a little further on, such sentence building as this: "The logic of Aristotle is an attempt to analyze the process of general reasoning, in which, whatever judgment may be formed of its success, I think that whoever reads the account of it given by Dr. Reid, while he may find much that is useless, and perhaps more that is incomprehensible, will find another reason than the one assigned by that learned man, for respecting the power of the Greek philosopher;—namely, that," &c.; and throughout the whole, with occasional obscurities, frequent marks of similar haste or carelessness. It is, however, an interesting consideration of "the progressive improvement and perfection of man," with passages here and there of general excellence, one or two of which we have marked for the select miscellany of our next issue.

AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1839. 324 pages, 8vo. Boston: Charles Bowen. Columbus: I. N. Whiting. 1839.

We spoke some fair words, last month, about one or two of the American Annuals; but of the whole class of these works, commend us, first and last, to the one whose title stands written above. There is not published in the United States, a more useful, more beautiful, or more interesting work.

Recommending itself to every intelligent and inquiring mind, as it does by its peculiar design, and the ability with which that design is carried out, we cannot see how its conductors can fail to receive, not merely a generous, but a very large support. Yet, from the following paragraph of the preface to the present volume, it would seem that they are as yet but barely encouraged to continue their labors, in the hope of an adequate remuneration hereafter.

"The first volume of the American Almanac was published ten years since, for the year 1830; and the one now offered to the public, is the 10th in the series. The work was commenced as a doubtful experiment; and, although it has received a good share of the public favor, yet, when the labor and expense of preparing and publishing it are taken into consideration, its success in a pecuniary point of view, has not been great. But if our labors have been less lucrative than we could reasonably wish, we have, nevertheless, been gratified by the approbation that has been manifested in relation to them; and we trust that we may be permitted to cherish the feeling that they have been, in some measure, conducive to the public advantage."

We shall recur to the Almanac next month for the purpose of extracting some of the interesting statistical matter with which its pages abound. Meantime, we would suggest to our political, legal, mechanical, and merchantile friends, that it is a work which really ought to be supported, and which every one of them will find it his interest to sustain.

ROBERTSON'S BOYLE.

A Biographical Sketch of the Hon. John Boyle: in an Introductory Lecture to the Law Class of Transylvania, November 7, 1838. By GEORGE ROBERTSON, LL. D. 22 pages 8vo. Frankfort, Ky.: A. G. Hodges. 1838.

DR. ROBERTSON has performed a very acceptable service to the western public, by this interesting and finished sketch of one of Kentucky's most distinguished sons. It is a matter to rejoice at, that it is becoming quite fashionable for Americans to hold up the names and deeds of the good and the great dead of their own country, as objects for the respect, and examples for the imitation, of our young men. Instances of sterner virtue, loftier patriotism, or more commanding talents, cannot be drawn from the histories and biographies of the world beside.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

CONTEMPLATED REMOVAL.

WE owe many apologies to our subscribers, for the irregularity with which we have furnished them the *HESPERIAN*, during the past six months. We are conscious that our short-comings, particularly in the matter of punctuality, have been many and great; and we regard it as a mark of especial favor, on the part of our friends, that so few complaints have been entered against us. We shall not fail to bear this indulgence constantly in mind; and hereafter, when our facilities for prosecuting energetically the enterprise in which we have embarked, shall be greater than they now are, or have yet been, we trust that its recollection will only spur us on to ever-renewing exertions, for the entertainment and instruction of those whom it is our pleasure and province to serve with that aliment which elevates the heart and strengthens the understanding.

In thus freely acknowledging our short-comings, however, we must, in justice to ourselves say, that the irregularity with which the *HESPERIAN* has appeared, has been occasioned entirely by circumstances over which we could have no control. In a small city like Columbus, where the mechanical establishments with which a periodical such as this, is necessarily connected, are few, and where during the winter season those particular branches of business are always overstocked with work, it is quite impossible that punctuality in the time of publication can be observed. We have made every effort that could be made, by always keeping prepared to answer a call for "copy," by giving our personal superintendence to matters with which properly we have no connection, and by sundry changes of those in our employ, to issue the *HESPERIAN* by the first Saturday of each month; but notwithstanding these exertions, we have been losing ground from the commencement, and had the keen mortification of sending forth our February number on the *last* Saturday of the month.

Another source of vexation and delay, has been the difficulty of keeping up a sufficient supply of paper here during the winter months, and the apparent impossibility of getting any two lots of the

same quality. The bound copies of our first volume exhibit differences in color, and varieties of texture, which considerably mar the handsome appearance of the work; and we fear that the volume to be completed by our next number, will be still more marked by blemishes of this character.

A word or two now, with regard to some of those departments of the work which are exclusively and peculiarly under our own supervision. Owing to the small number of new books that reach this market, and the long intervals at which those that do come here are received, we have not been able to give that spirit and variety to our critical department, which we originally designed. We regard this as one of the most interesting divisions of the magazine, when properly prepared; and such we had always intended to render it, and hope to do so hereafter. This same cause has likewise entirely frustrated our original design, with respect to the department of select miscellany, which we had expected to fill chiefly with interesting and useful extracts from the many works, in the several branches of literature and science, that issue from the American press every month. We began with a supply of this material on hand, and our first two or three numbers bore most satisfactory witness to the excellence of the design. We have frequently since been hard pushed to make up this department of the *HESPERIAN*, and have sometimes been driven to deplete upon our contemporaries more extensively than the interests of both them and ourselves would seem to render advisable.

It has been plain to us, from the beginning of these several evils, that they could not continue, and our enterprise prosper. We have therefore been casting about, during the past two or three months, for the best means by which they could be remedied; and after long deliberation, and frequent consultations with friends here and in different parts of the State, we have determined to commence our next volume at CINCINNATI, and to make that city, thenceforward, the publishing point of the *HESPERIAN*.

Arrangements are now under way, to carry this design into effect. We have ordered, specially for this publication, and to be attached to it, a new

press, and all other new materials necessary for issuing the work in a style of mechanical excellence not surpassed by that of any periodical in the Union. We shall be enabled to procure paper of a quality superior to any which we have heretofore used, and of uniform texture and color. We shall likewise, by our removal, be put in possession of facilities, much greater than we have heretofore had, for rendering the department of original papers at all times diversified, interesting, and useful. And upon every feature of the work, we doubt not, improvements will be manifest and continuous from the first. The mere fact, however, that under the new auspices we shall be able to publish regularly at the beginning of each month, is of itself enough to induce the removal, and will, we trust, prove to our subscribers in the immediate vicinity of Columbus, a sufficient remuneration for the trifling addition to their postages which will be created by the change in our locality.

Correspondents will please address the Editor at Cincinnati, after the first of April.

"L. E. L."

We doubt not that most of our readers have perused with more or less sorrow, the melancholy accounts of the recent death of Mrs. MACLEAN, —the L. E. L. of some twelve or fourteen years since, the Miss LONDON of a later day,—at Cape Coast Castle, in Africa, whither she had accompanied her newly married husband, Governor MACLEAN. She was found dead in her room, on the 15th of October last, with a phial of prussic acid by her, and is supposed to have died of poison—whether administered by herself or another, whether taken as a medicine, or given as a life-destroying drug, remains yet and probably will forever remain a mystery. Several stories impugning the honor and humanity of her husband, are circulating in the newspapers; but these are of a character which forbids their repetition in our pages, upon the grounds alleged. The friends of the unfortunate lady, in England, are investigating the circumstances of her sudden and horrible death, and will no doubt in good time publish a statement of the result. Till this be done, we think it very improper to catch up and publish the wild stories of the London press.

The following letter, found in her writing desk and dated the day of her death, is Mrs. MACLEAN's last production, and as such possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest. It is said to have been addressed to one of her female friends in England.

"My dearest Marie—I cannot but write you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superior to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat, insects there are few or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over—for it is very awkward to be the only lady: still, the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, made me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Capt. Castle of the Pylades. His story is very melancholy. He married, six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hille, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch Governor,—a most gentlemanlike man. But fancy how awkward the next morning: I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise; and I have to make breakfast, and do the honors of adieu to him and his officers—white plumes, mustachios, and all. I think I never felt more embarrassed. I have not yet felt the want of society the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without my thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks: one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces—like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white and gone forever.' The land view with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable: the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun: and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon-light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagan, to whom I beg the kindest regards. Dearest do not forget me. Pray write to me—'Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle, care of Messrs. Foster & Smith, 5 New City Chambers, Bishopsgate street.' Write about yourself; nothing else half so much interests your affectionate
L. E. MACLEAN."

The loved and gifted being who wrote the foregoing letter when about to part from the perils of life to the guerdon of immortality, seems, swan-like, to have sung away her existence. The friends she had left behind were with her in spirit on the heaving deep; and the harmonies of *Aeolus* were ringing wildly through her soul during her voyage to that distant shore, so soon to afford her a grave. Several of her poetical productions, written after her embarkation, have been published in the British periodicals since her death; and notwithstanding the new hopes that filled her bosom, the bright visions that flitted before her brain, and the fresh sources of inspiration by which she was surrounded, running with every current of her affections, woven into every dream and coloring every hope of her life, were recollections of her early home and her long-tried friends.

"Nights at Sea," is the title of a piece of some length written on the passage, and published in the *London New Monthly*. We subjoin the first three verses:

NIGHTS AT SEA.

"The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.

'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming;
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away; my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light—of scenes afar.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.

How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.

They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining;

May some kind dream at least my image keep!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?"

The following verses are given as Mrs. MACLEAN's last poetical production. They possess a

pensive beauty which, independent of this fact, will recommend them to every feeling heart.

THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—

A lovely northern light—

How many planets are on high,

But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,

It was a friend to me,

Associate with my native place,

And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,

Shone o'er our English land,

And brought back many a loving eye,

And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,

It called the past to mind,

And with its welcome presence brought

All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends

Soon on a foreign shore;

How can I but recal the friends

Whom I may see no more!

Fresh from the pain it was to part—

How could I bear the pain?

Yet strong the omen in my heart

That says we meet again;

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,

For absence shows the worth

Of all from which we then remove,

Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes

Still turned the first on thee,

Till I have felt a sad surprise

That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave—

Thy radiant place unknown;

I seem to stand beside a grave,

And stand by it alone.

Farewell!—ah, would to me were given

A power upon thy light,

What words upon our English heaven

Thy loving rays should write:

Kind messages of love and hope

Upon thy rays should be;

Thy shining orbit would have scope

Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,

And little needed too;

My friends! I need not look beyond

My heart, to look for you!

NEW-ENGLAND IN THE WEST.

THE editor of the *Christian Statesman*, now on a tour through the Western and Southwestern States, gives in a recent letter the subjoined picture of a New-England Village in Ohio. There are some traits in the New-England character, which the people of the West never did and perhaps never can like; yet there are others of which they have a high admiration, and we have never known any portion of them backward in acknowledging their indebtedness to the New-Englanders, for the untiring efforts of these enlightened and energetic emigrants in the twin-cause of christianity and education. The truth is, and we speak it without intention of flattering one portion of our population, and equally without fear of offending another portion, that the West has no worthier or more useful class of citizens than those which have transplanted themselves, within the last fifteen or twenty years, from the rocky Land of the Pilgrims into the fertile plains of the Great Valley.

But to Mr. GURLEY's letter, which is dated at Columbus, on the ninth of last month:—"I have returned this evening from a visit to Granville and Newark, in the county of Licking, six miles from each other, and between twenty and thirty from this place. The citizens of Granville are almost exclusively sons of New-England, and exhibit the character of the best portion of New-England's population thirty years ago. A company of about one hundred, many of whom were organized into a church, emigrated from Granville, (Massachusetts,) and the adjacent towns, in 1805, and the first Sabbath after their arrival, in the open air, and beneath the shade of the forest, they publicly worshipped and praised the God of their Pilgrim Fathers. They had good habits and strong hearts; they found a fertile soil, and soon gathered from it abundant harvests. Their friends joined them, and their children multiplied. They were united amid their trials and hardships, and they are united in their prosperity. They are distinguished for their simplicity of manners, for industry, economy, the love of education, for liberality and piety. Probably, not a man in their community is worth twenty thousand dollars, but several are worth ten, and more two thousand dollars each. They have four churches, two female academies, one classical school for boys, and about a mile from town a Literary and Theological Seminary, under the control of the Baptist denomination. The Female Seminary under the superintendence of Miss Bridges, (formerly of Miss Grant's Institution, Ipswick, Massachusetts,) comprises more than one hundred pupils, (mostly from this State,

but a few from States adjacent,) and is conducted upon principles of a very strict economy, and a constant regard to the religious interests of its members. Coffee and tea are dispensed with, and all the domestic labor is performed by the pupils. There are neither ornaments, curtains, nor carpets. A single piano forte stands in one of the rooms, looking as though it had been left there by mistake. The expenses of a young lady at this academy, including board and tuition, are, I am informed, less than eighty dollars a year. Simplicity and economy are seldom found in excess, yet here certainly they are not deficient. I believe the school has great merits, and that it is educating those who will nobly fulfil their duties to their relatives, their country and their God.

The Episcopal Female Seminary, under the care of the Rev. Mr. French, though having somewhat fewer pupils, is perhaps equally flourishing, and both together, promise much for the cause of female education throughout the State.

The Baptist College is in its infancy, but under the able management of President Going, (recently from New-England,) will, doubtless, rise to importance. A youth can at this college, (if he will engage at manual labor,) obtain an education at a very small expense; and should he decline labor, the expense would not exceed eighty dollars."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE periodical literature of the United States, is fast becoming the best as well the most attractive portion of our national Belles-Letters. Even now it is in a great measure superseding book-publishing; and in the course of three or four years, if it continue as it has for three or four past to draw into its service the education and intellect of the country, to the postoffices, and not to the bookstores, will nearly the entire mass of our population go for the means of gratifying their literary taste, pursuing their scientific studies, and indulging their artistical inclinations. Already much of the staple of America's literary periodicals comes from the pens of her CHANNINGS, her EVERETTS, her IRVINGS, her STORYS, her SIGOURNEYS, her CAREYS, her LONGFELLOWS, her NILES, her SEDGWICKS, her CASSES, her WALSHES, her LEGARES, her BRYANTS and her WILLISSES; and soon shall we behold these names, with others which, though now of less note, promise an equal conspicuousness hereafter, the ever-presiding geniuses of our periodical works.

Through the *North American Review*, the *New-York Quarterly*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, come to us the ablest disquisitions of our ripest

scholars and profoundest thinkers; over the pages of the *Knickerbocker*, *Democratic*, and *National* magazines, is spread monthly much of the best miscellaneous literature of the age; and between the covers of the *American Museum*, the *Baltimore Monument*, the *Lady's Book*, the *Ladies' Companion*, the *Southern Rec* and the *Yale Literary Magazine*, we frequently find productions, in the department of imaginative writing, of exquisite conception and almost faultless execution. Then come in, as a distinct class, the *Mirror* and *New-Yorker* of Great Gotham, and their country cousins of the East, West, North and South, which, mastered in battle array, may safely defy the whole world to a competition with them, on the score either of beauty of typography, richness of embellishment, varied usefulness of character, or influence with the people.

"THE SOUTHRON."

WE have been much interested in the first number of a new monthly magazine, to bear the above-written title, from Tuscaloosa, Alabama. It is a well prepared and handsomely executed pamphlet of sixty-four octavo pages. With many marks of haste, especially in the matter of proof-reading, it bears the impress of high talent, and indicates ability, on the part of all concerned in its up-getting, to represent well and faithfully the literary character of the South-West. A highly interesting "Sketch of the Early History of Alabama," by ALEXANDER B. MEEK, Esq.; a beautiful poem, "The Father's Vow," by Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ; a revised copy of a prize paper, "Sunset at Rome," by A. A. MULLER, D. D.; and a capitally recorded "Glimpse at Rural Life in Alabama," by WILLIAM RUSSELL SMITH, Esq.; are among the contents of the number: and founding an opinion upon these several articles, we think that their respective authors will admirably sustain the different departments of the magazine to which they have so well contributed at the outset.

"The Southron" is to be published by Mr. ROBERT A. EATON, on the twentieth of every month, at the price of five dollars per year, payable invariably in advance; and to our friends in the South-West, we recommend it as a work having peculiar claims upon their attention, and which will be more likely to advance their interests, and deserve their support, than periodicals published hundreds of miles from their homes.

ERRATA.

THE Editor has heretofore stated, that he was absent during the printing of the November num-

ber of the *HESPERIAN*, and had no supervision of the proof-sheets. He regrets much that so many articles should have been marred in that issue. To his fair correspondent "Viola," and to the author of the papers on "Internal Trade," in particular, he owes an apology. The last-named writer, enables him to correct the following typographical errors:—"In my last article, in your November number, page 46, line 23 from bottom, outside column, an *r* is left out, so as to read 'making,' instead of *marking*, as I wrote it. This error affects the meaning of a long sentence, as you will perceive on looking it over. On page 47, same number, line 30 from top, outer column, 'navigable' is printed, when it should have been *navigated*. Page 48, line 19 from bottom, outer column, 'capital' should have been *capitals* of Egypt.—In the last line of the first paragraph of my first article, June number, page 115, 'of' is omitted between the words 'powerful' and 'modern.' It should read, *most powerful of modern nations.*"

HISTORICAL LIBRARY.

WE have before us, stitched together, the several numbers of the *Historical Family Library* for the quarter ending on the first of December last; and in acknowledging their reception from the publisher, we take occasion to recommend the work to the patronage of our readers, if there are any of them so deficient in good taste and sound judgment as not to have ordered it ere this. Its design is, to republish in a compact but convenient form, the best of the standard *Historical Works*; and in the three volumes which have been issued, this excellent design has been well carried out. We know of no cheaper, or more deserving periodical; and it gives us pleasure to add our own to the numerous testimonials of its merits, which have been given over the whole Mississippi Valley. DAVID CHERITY, publisher and proprietor, Oxford, Ohio. Price: Five Dollars per year, payable in all cases in advance.

LITERARY PILFERING.

WE have at this time room merely to state, but shall next month comment upon the fact, that "Bentley's Miscellany," edited by the popular "Box," and reprinted at New-York by the enterprising Mrs. LEWER, is now publishing in successive numbers, as original matter, chapter after chapter of Mr. APPLETON JEWETT's delightful "Passages in Foreign Travel," so altered as to make them appear the production of an *English writer*!

THE HESPERIAN;
A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME II.

APRIL, 1839.

NUMBER VI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE primary objects of the HESPERIAN, are identical with those of the leading magazines of the day: viz. 1. To disseminate useful information among the people, in the form of general Essays and popular Sketches; 2. to gratify the taste, common to a large portion of every community, for good periodical literature, by supplying it with well-wrought Tales of a wholesome character, choice Poems by contemporary authors, interesting Biographical Sketches of good and eminent men, entertaining Narratives of foreign and home Travel, elegant descriptions of picturesque Scenery, and faithful accounts of past and current Adventure and Discovery; 3. to assist in bettering the condition of Society, by elevating the tone of its thinking, and feeling, and speaking, and writing; and, 4. to watch the portals of the Temple of Literature, with a vigilant eye, that as little as possible may issue therefrom without rebuke and exposure, which has any other tendency than to purify and exalt in heart and mind, instruct in the duties of life, and strengthen in the performance of good works. These are the primary objects of the publication; and to these mainly will it ever be devoted.

The HESPERIAN differs from most other magazines, in this, that it contains a department for

Selections, which is filled from month to month with extracts from the best of the current periodicals of Great Britain and the United States, and from the new publications in general literature which are every day issuing from the book press of the Country. With a knowledge of this fact, and from an examination of the numbers of the work which have already been published, every one can form a pretty correct idea of the character and quality of the reading matter which will continue to appear in its pages, from month to month.

CONDITIONS.—THE HESPERIAN is printed on paper of superior quality, with new and beautiful type, of the long-primer and brevier sizes. A number is published about the middle of each month, containing from eighty to ninety royal octavo pages of letter-press, well covered, stitched and trimmed, so as to make two handsome volumes a year, of five hundred pages each. The annual subscription is *Five Dollars*, payable invariably at the time of subscribing.

A failure to give the Publisher timely notification of a determination to discontinue at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will of course be considered equivalent to a new and bona fide engagement for another year.

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EDITOR'S FILE.

FORTHCOMING in the May number of the HESPERIAN:

1. "The Dutchman's Daughter. A Tale of the Early Emigrants. In Four Parts. Part I." The publication to be completed in the three succeeding numbers.

2. "A Brief History of the Settlement of Belleville, in Western Virginia, with an account of occurrences on the borders of the Ohio, in that region of country, from the year 1791 to 1795: including Sketches of some of the Western Pioneers. Chapters I. II. and III." To be continued through the next volume, as the "Notes on Texas" have been through the present.

3. "An address on the means of preserving the Health of those engaged, either as Teachers or Pupils, in Schools and Colleges." Delivered before the College of Teachers, at its last annual Convention, and remodeled and rewritten for this magazine.

4. "Peter Pira, A Sketch from the German."

5. "Upon the Verge of Womanhood."

Our engagements for the past ten days, have

prevented us from reading several communications which have come to hand within that time. Several letters, deserving replies, remain unanswered from the same cause. Correspondents must bear with us, for a time, till we get snugly seated in our new Sanctum, when we promise them they shall have no cause to complain of remissness on our part.

We like much the spirited rejoinders of our friends *Larry Laurel* and *Uncas*. We have only glanced over their verses, and cannot say yet whether they have the soul or only the garb of Poetry.

The articles named hereinafter, are respectfully declined:—"Fugitive Stanzas," "The Patriot's Tomb," "The Dream," (*Mary* should not have taxed us double postage for this,) "Love," and "Tom Coffin's Kin."

Exchanges and Correspondents will please address the Editor at Cincinnati, from this time forth.

Subscribers in this State, will address Mr. Nichols at Springfield, till further advised.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME II.

CITY OF COLUMBUS.

NUMBER VI.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

TEXAS.

CONCLUSION OF THE SERIES OF "NOTES ON TEXAS,"
BY A CITIZEN OF OHIO.

CHAPTER XXII.

Moses Austin's negotiations with the Mexican Government—The first land grant—Subsequent grants—Land claims, titles, etc.

MOSES AUSTIN, so early as the year 18—, conceived the project of planting a colony in Texas, which, at that time, was only known to the world as a wilderness. With this design, he commenced a negotiation with Mexico, but died before the grant was perfected. He enjoined upon his son, Stephen F. Austin, to carry out the plan which he had but commenced. About this time, the most friendly feelings were entertained by the people of Mexico, for those of the United States, on account of the generous and timely assistance which the latter had rendered them in the struggle with Old Spain. The condition of the public mind was favorable to the project of Austin, amidst the many difficulties which lay in his way.

A grant was at last procured from the authorities of Mexico, which defined a certain tract of country immediately upon the Gulf, which the grantee was authorized to colonize with emigrants from any part of the world. The grantee was invested with the title of *Empressario*. Under the colonization law, by the introduction of two hundred families, the *Empressario* was entitled to three haciendas and two *labas* of

land, which is equal to about 66,775 acres. It is told of Austin, that when he was negotiating with the Mexican government, the proper amount of land to be given to each emigrant, he proposed a section, as it is understood in the United States, as a reasonable quantity. The term was understood by the Mexican authorities in a much more enlarged sense, who considered it to mean nothing less than a large territory equal in extent to four or five leagues of their admeasurement. The proposal was rejected as unreasonable, and a league substituted as quite sufficient for each colonist who brought a family into the country. For unmarried males, the third of a league was held as ample provision. Austin accepted the substitute without explanation, as it gave more than six times the amount contained in his own proposition.

After the grant was obtained, and some steps had been taken to carry it into effect, a revolution broke out in Mexico, which terminated in the overthrow of the government under which it had been procured, and the elevation of Iturbide to the supreme power of the nation. It was thought advisable to have the grant confirmed by the government *defacto*, which, after some time, was effected. The colony now advanced rapidly, and with every mark of success. Many other persons applied for similar grants, which were procured without much difficulty, until they covered the whole country from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and from the coast to the mountains. A number of commissioners were appointed in each colony, to put

emigrants in possession of their lands so soon as they arrived. The impression has become general that the people of Texas will have great difficulty to contend against in the uncertainty of their land titles. There is certainly much reason for this belief. In the early settlement of the country, land was esteemed of so little value, that the provisions of the colonization law for the security of titles, poor as they are, were carelessly complied with. By instructions to the commissioners, dated the 4th September, 1827, they were directed to put emigrants in possession of their land, and issue a title in the name of the government. The original deed was retained in the hands of the commissioner, and recorded, and a certified copy delivered to the grantee. In many instances the original deed is lost without having been recorded, and in such cases it often happens that the grantee has either failed to procure a copy, or has lost it through negligence. Surveyors, too, were frequently inaccurate and careless.

This state of things existed at the time the land office was shut by the constitutional law of Texas. In order to reduce the affairs of the land office to something like system and order, the new government at an early date passed a law requiring the different *Empressarios* who held the archives of their respective colonies to make a return of all books and papers in their possession, by a certain period, to the seat of government, which had any connection with this important branch of the public interest. The period came round, but no books, papers, or reports made their appearance. Some supposed the *Empressarios* refused to comply with the law making such demand, from an unwillingness to expose the true condition of their several colonies. What may be withheld for a time, must ultimately come to light, and whether such litigation, as many apprehend, will be the consequence is difficult to foresee.

Congress, at an early period, took all the steps which policy required, to quiet the public mind, and guard against the difficulties which were apprehended from the situation of titles. A law was passed which declared all deeds valid where the grantee had not complied with the minor regulations of the colonization law; and which also provided that all actions for the recovery of land must be commenced within six years after the cause of action arose. The statute of

limitations will doubtless go far in closing the door against the disputes of the forum.

It was a matter of deep solicitude with the framers of the constitution, that all the future operations of the land office should be conducted upon such principles of order as would secure, in future, that accuracy and system which the importance of the subject required. For this purpose the constitution required that the country should be run off into sections before any further entries were made, and that Congress should provide for the organization of a land office. A land office department was organized a short time afterwards upon the plan now in use in the United States; but, as observed in another place, so far as I am advised, no steps have yet been taken to survey the country. This delay is unaccountable, and becomes more so, when we reflect how great is the public anxiety upon this subject. Texas will not and cannot improve as long as this state of things exists. Those who procured their titles before the revolution from the commissioners, hold their land at such prices, that those who come to the country under the hope of getting land for nothing, or at least at very reduced sums, are neither able nor willing to pay. For this reason, all persons who have gone to the country to farm, since the second of March, 1836, have been compelled to rent or do nothing. The land law, however, provides that those who were in the country before that period, and have not got their land, or, to be more distinctly understood, all those who come within the class of six months priority claimants may settle themselves upon any vacant land, and by making specified improvements, shall be entitled to an exclusive preference when the office is opened. This law only furnishes relief to a limited number of persons, while the large mass of emigrants are compelled to shift the best way they can, until it suits the government to supply their wants. Should such persons select a spot of ground, and commence improving, it would only be for the benefit of the more favored.

This state of things, even admitting that Texas was at peace, will and must interfere with improvements of all kinds, and postpone the period when it will be prudent for emigrants to go into the country. But it would be much better to endure all these inconveniences, great as they are, than incur the perils which must necessarily follow

the opening of the land office before the country is run off into regular sections. I have stated that the existing claims upon the public land are not less than twenty millions of acres, which is probably far below the true amount. When each claimant has to select his portion of the country, survey it, and return the evidence, a scene of strife and confusion must follow, which will surpass even the worst conception the mind can form. Each tract of good land will be stained by the blood of opposing claimants, surveys will be fraudulent, and litigation endless.

From late advices, I learn that a law was passed at the last Congress, notwithstanding the veto of the President, which declared that the land office should be opened at all hazards in the spring of 1838. Such may now be the law, but it would be incurring no great risk to predict that it will be repealed as similar ones have been twice before. Whether the office is opened at all before peace is established with Mexico, is a question of considerable doubt. If after what I have said in this chapter, the reader knows but little of the land office in Texas, it is because it is in such a condition that nothing more can be learned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Constitution and Laws—Administration of Justice.

If the reader expects to get a clear idea of the laws and government of Texas from what he sees at the head of this chapter, it is proper that he should be informed in the beginning that he must prepare himself for a disappointment. It is so far especially as laws and their administration are concerned, that Texas presents a state of confusion and uncertainty that almost amounts to chaos. To make this condition of things still more discouraging, the country cannot promise itself much relief from the exertions of such men as usually hold seats in Congress, from the learning of her judges, or the abilities of the members of the bar. Each lawyer in Texas has his own system of practice, and each judge his own rule of decision; and it is a matter of little consequence whether the first is inconsistent with common sense, to say nothing of accuracy, or whether the latter is at war with the most obvious principles of justice.

The present constitution of Texas was adopted on the second of March, 1836. It so strictly conforms in the various divisions of power among the judicial, executive, and legislative departments with the constitution of the United States, that it would be a useless waste of time to attempt an analysis for the benefit of the reader. Before the revolution, the civil law, as it is practiced in Spain, and laid down in *Partedras*, was received and practiced, as the common law of England is at this day in most of the States of the Union. The civil law in some instances is modified by the laws of Coahuila and Texas, as is the common law by the statutes of the States. By a provision of the constitution, the municipal laws of Coahuila and Texas are still in force, so far as they do not conflict with others enacted under the new government. The constitution made an approximation to the common law, and provided that so soon as it was thought expedient, its rules of practice, and principles of decision, should be introduced into the administration of courts of justice. By an act styled the judiciary act, it was enacted that the common law of England, so far as relates to the constitution of juries and the principles of evidence, should be the law of the land.

The laws of Texas may be said to consist of the principles of the civil law, the statutes of Coahuila and Texas, where they have not been repealed by legislation under the present government, the practice of common law, so far as it relates to juries and evidence, and the acts of Congress. As the laws of Coahuila and Texas are principally confined to the organization of courts, and the manner of administering justice in them, rather than to settle abstract principles of law, they can have but little application to the present tribunals of the country, since the constitutions of both are essentially different. So that in fact the civil law, the common law, and the acts of Congress, are the laws of Texas.

The reader surely requires no uncommon endowment to see at once the inextricable jargon that this odd assemblage must create in the administration of justice. If he will keep in mind that the lawyers of the country are admirably qualified to make darkness visible, he may form some idea of the judiciary of Texas. The principles of evidence run throughout the whole system of the common law, and constitute, espe-

cially in matters of contract, the law itself. In a case where the principles of evidence settle the question of law, and the decision is at variance with the doctrine of the civil law upon the same point, it would require all the astuteness of Sanco Panza, who made a good judge as long as his authority lasted, to determine which should yield to the other. The truth is, when the civil and common law are thus brought together, they destroy in many cases the essential principles of each other, like two bodies of opposite natures when united by a chemical affinity. The judge in many cases must elect between the two or decide that there is no law at all.

I will leave the reader to find out what part of the civil, and what part of the common law, is applicable to the judiciary of Texas, while I point out some of the most important acts of Congress.

The judiciary act defined the jurisdiction of the several courts specified in the constitution, when that instrument failed to do so, and provided for their organization. The country was divided into several counties, and each was to have a suitable number of justices of the peace, to be determined by the judges of the county court. The court of justices of the peace in criminal matters of a high grade, is simply a court of inquiry, with liberty to fine and imprison for minor offenses. The civil jurisdiction in such cases does not exceed one hundred dollars. The next court in the order of progression is the county court, held monthly by one chief justice, and all the justices of the county. All testamentary matters, the appointment of administrators, and a supervisory power over their proceedings, come exclusively within the cognizance of this court. It has also appellate jurisdiction in all civil matters from the decisions of the justice of the peace, and original in cases where the sum exceeds the cognizance of the inferior court. A number of counties are united into one district, in which a court is held twice a year by the judge of the district. This tribunal is called the district court, and has exclusive admiralty and criminal jurisdiction, and appellate in all cases where the cause commenced in the county court. It has also concurrent jurisdiction within the court of the county, where the latter has original, except in matters of estate. The supreme court is held once a year at the seat of government, composed

of a chief justice, and the judges of the district court solely, as a court of appeals, and to determine questions brought before it upon writs of error. As yet, this court has never held a session.

A clerk is appointed for each court, and a sheriff elected in every county to act as the ministerial officer of all the different courts held in it. Constables are also elected to execute the process of the justice of the peace. The criminal code of Texas is exceedingly rigorous, and from this cause will seldom be enforced. All offenses of the *crimen falsi* are punishable with death, as well as cases of grand larceny. Petit larceny is punished by whipping and branding. To kill another in a duel is murder, and those who bear the relation of seconds are held as accessaries. The severity of the law is no preventive to a practice, which finds a strong advocate in public opinion. The prosecuting attorney for the district in which Houston is situated, whose sworn duty it is to enforce the law, was the principal abettor of all duels fought there during the summer I remained.

I know of but one instance where punishment was inflicted under the criminal code of Texas during my residence in the country. A doctor who was not satisfied to live with the profits of his profession, was convicted of petit larceny and condemned to be branded and publicly whipped. A petition was got up through the sympathy of the citizens, praying the executive for a remission of the latter part of the sentence, which was sent by a special messenger to Columbia, where the President at that time resided. Instructions came back to "lay it on like hell."

All indictments originate through a grand jury, and a prosecuting attorney is appointed by Congress for each judicial district. The judiciary act provides that a plaintiff in an action shall file a petition with the clerk of the court, where the proceedings are instituted, which shall set forth in a clear and concise manner the ground of complaint, and that a copy, together with a summons, shall be served upon the defendant. To this the defendant is required to put in his answer if he have any, and the parties are driven to trial at the appearance term, unless some good reason for a continuance can be assigned. All suits in their inception, as they are throughout, partake of the nature of chancery proceedings, with-

out any of the forms or precision of special pleading. The statute of *Jcofail* allows amendments for any defect in the record, and at any stage of the action. So liberal has been the construction of this statute, that an instance fell under my observation where the prosecuting attorney was permitted to amend an indictment after it had passed from the hands of the grand jury, so far affecting the substance of the charge as to present an entirely different offense.

The judiciary act goes but little further than to point out the manner in which proceedings in court shall be commenced. Whatever steps after this are necessary to bring a cause to a conclusion, are left to the ways of the lawyers, and some of them have strange ways. There is nothing to direct the manner of sales upon execution, or proceedings upon a mortgage; nothing to regulate writs of attachments, assignment of dower, partition of estates, and the practice upon writs of error, and habeas corpus, as well as many other matters not only necessary for the dignity of a judicial tribunal, but the security of property. In such cases some adopt the practice under the Louisiana code, some the course of the common law, and others the practice the court may direct, or their own will suggest.

The laws of Texas most important to the people of the United States, are those which disqualify foreigners from holding real estate in the republic, unless the purchase be made directly from the government, and that which prohibits the collection of debts contracted in other countries. It is said in defense of this last law that the protection of its citizens is the design of all governed, and that if Congress had not taken this step to prevent the collection of foreign claims, general distress and bankruptcy among the people would be the consequence. The argument, to make the best of it, supposes a general insolvency; and it is a legitimate inference that the importunities of creditors is one of the leading causes which have given a population to Texas. The object of this law is not only to protect those already in the country, but to hold out encouragement to others, who are involved, by offering protection against their creditors.

I will leave the question to others more learned in ethics, to decide how far policy will authorize government to dissolve the solemn

compacts of individuals, which it is not pretended are either against morals or the law of the *locus contracti*, and will merely add, that by a subsequent amendment of this law the rights of creditors are not entirely taken away, but postponed for a period of time.

From what has been said in this chapter of the condition of Texas in laws, and their administration, the reader must conclude, that as yet she has scarcely taken the first step towards a well organized and well settled government. But it would be well to bear in mind that she has just passed through the ordeal of a revolution, on which she had staked her existence, and which left her no time to fix and determine those principles of polity by which her future course was to be regulated. Matters of such vast importance, and which, after all, constitute the chief glory of a people, require time and peace before they can be digested and arranged.

Texas was poor in the beginning of her struggle with a power, which, when compared with herself, was, in appearance, as the giant is to the nursling; and if she has come out at the end of the struggle still poorer, and with nothing but the semblance of a government, she is not more unfortunate in these particulars than other nations who have been compelled to pass through the same difficulties and trials. But the greatest subject of regret and fear is, that Texas cannot hope much from the talents of the men who have taken her destiny into their hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Inducements to emigration—Mechanical employments—Lawyers—Relations with Mexico—Texian Indians.

In a series of "Notes" which have been written to throw some light upon the condition of Texas, it is proper that something should be said upon the subject of emigration. Justice to the people of the United States especially, demands that this matter should be placed in its proper light. As there is nothing Texas so much deserves, and actually stands in need of, as a *population*, it cannot be a matter of much wonder, that the most alluring prospects are held out to the many found in every country, who

are always willing to change their situation to improve their condition in life. Among the many who are likely to lend a credulous ear to the reports which are afloat in relation to the superior advantages which this country affords over all others, should be included those who have no settled purpose of life, no matter where they are, and are ready at the impulse to seek out this land of promise without the least preparation to meet and surmount the difficulties of a new country.

All the the books I have ever met with on the country have rather tended to mislead the inquirer after truth, than afford him any true information. When people at a distance depend upon the citizens of Texas for their information, or upon those who have an interest there, it is taking a too favorable view of human nature to expect the truth, and nothing but the truth. The sin of omission or commission, of addition or diminution, will always have more or less to do with statements obtained from such sources. It is because we get our information of new countries from those who have an interest in bringing their lands into notice, that they are invariably represented as flowing with milk and honey.

The country that is last settled is said to be better than all others, and one might suppose from what has been, if the human family continues to spread, that the period will arrive when some earthly paradise unlike any thing men have ever seen, and which has been gradually approaching, unseen, the regular degrees of good, better, best, will at last be revealed. Letters written by persons in Texas to their friends in this country, with a view to induce them to emigrate, and circulated by means of the public prints throughout the Union; the representations of the landholder and speculator, and the enthusiastic descriptions of those who come within that class of men who always look at things through extremes either one way or the other, have altogether created such an impression in favor of Texas emigration, that it requires no small share of moral courage to point out the common and almost apparent difficulties which are to be met and overcome.

It is far from my wish to discourage emigration, but merely to apprise the emigrant what he must expect, that he may be prepared. The general features and climate of the country, have already been described;

and whether any large portion of the people of the United States are willing to exchange homes, is a question which each must decide for himself. That which has led more families to Texas within the last year than all other inducements, is the premium land which is granted to emigrants. This matter should be fairly understood. The act organizing the land-office provided that every person who came into the country after the first of January, 1837, and before the first of October of the same year, in case he was a married man, should be entitled to twelve hundred and eighty acres of land, and if single to half this quantity. Congress, at their last session, as I am informed, extended the period so that emigrants, during the present year, will be entitled to a similar bounty. If the emigrant has no other object in going to Texas, than to secure this gratuity of land, it is a matter of great doubt, whether it will ever prove an equivalent for the sacrifices he must necessarily make, before he can expect to find himself comfortably situated in the country.

As has been elsewhere remarked, such claims are deferred until others, which are quite numerous, and which must cover the best portions of the country, have been satisfied. Admitting that the land-office was open at this time, and the priority claims all located, emigrants, since the first of January, 1837, will be compelled in nine cases out of ten to select a home upon the naked prairie, or penetrate into the interior so far as the neighborhood of the mountains, where for years to come there can be no security against the tomahawk and scalping-knife. But the misfortune is, the land-office is not yet open, and is not likely to be for some time to come. When the emigrant arrives he will find that he is not only compelled to wait until the office is opened, but that he must tarry for a six months longer time before he can secure himself a home from the liberality of the government.

The law will not permit him to *squat*, and afterwards claim the soil which he has improved and cultivated, or demand the value of his improvements. The emigrant must then wait, he knows not how long, for the bounty which lured him to Texas, and then run the risk of getting the refuse of the country. I know, and it is proper I should state it, that many suppose there is yet sufficient good land in Texas, amply supplied with timber and water, to satisfy

all the claims, and even more than exist at this time, upon the public lands. But I never could think so.

Unless the emigrant has made up his mind to give his attention to the cultivation of the soil, or to the growth of stock, it would be difficult to say in what other way he could employ his time to advantage. Texas is surely no place for mechanics of any kind, except the carpenter. Blacksmiths during the summer, were sometimes in demand, but it is very doubtful whether constant employment could be afforded to more than a limited number. In a country like the lower parts of Texas, where there is but little grit in the soil, horses require but little shoeing, if any. There was one of this craft in Houston, but he was compelled to unite the labors of the sledge with the more delicate and intricate occupation of mending and repairing watches, to employ his time, and support his family.

The high prices of living will enable the merchant to furnish ready made clothing of all kinds cheaper than they can be manufactured in the country. The people of the South at best are not a manufacturing people, and for causes which need not be inquired into, have always depended upon the North for the principal articles of dress. A tanner who would export, might, perhaps, do well in Texas, on account of the great abundance of hides, and the moderate prices at which they may be purchased. In so little value are they held, that if preserved at all, it is merely for the purposes of the tether or larriat. All articles of furniture can be imported upon much more reasonable terms than they can be made, even admitting the materials existed in the country. Tin ware, as well as chairs, were greatly needed during the summer, but a few cargoes of each more than supplied the demand, and the importers in the end, had but small profits to compensate them for the venture.

So far as my knowledge extends, there are but three presses in the country, and printers who expected employment, were often doomed to disappointment. Texas has at this time a full share of physicians, and the lucrative prospects of the legal profession are greatly obscured by the great number of lawyers that are daily crowding to the country. When I arrived in Houston, there was but one attorney, and in the fall the number had swelled to fifteen or

twenty. Whatever may be the prospects of this profession, the period of fruition must be deferred until the country has had the advantages of repose, to give men time to inquire into their rights, and property is worth the expense and sacrifices of litigation. In most cases, families which have gone to the country within the last year, sought a support in keeping a house of accommodation for boarders, or in the profits of small provision stores. There is, however, no need of more families for such purposes. Let no young man go to Texas to obtain, to use the common expression in such cases, "a situation," without preparing himself to meet with disappointment. There is not at this time one third enough business to afford employment to those already there, many of whom are often driven to the most desperate extremities.

I had much reason to regret, in the disappointment and distress which I was compelled to witness among emigrants, that false representations are disseminated to lead people to Texas. Such a course to allure emigration deserves no better name than cruelty, and merits the most severe reprehension. Let the truth be known, that families may prepare themselves for the true state of circumstances, while they have the power to do so. Honesty in this particular, as it is in every other, is the best policy, and will go far to reconcile people to their situation when they arrive in the country. From statements which are made in books, people are led to believe that provisions of all kinds may be had at the most moderate prices, and even lower than they can be procured in this country. By such means the emigrant is thrown entirely off his guard, and does not think it necessary to provide himself, when he is about to embark his all, with the necessaries of life. What a disappointment to all, and especially to those who are poor, when they learn the true state of the case, and find every thing not only dear, but difficult to be had. Many, and I might say all, are unprepared for such a state of things.

Would it not be well for emigrants, especially men of families, to inquire, before they venture their all, what is the actual condition of Texas, so far as regards her power to protect her citizens, and extend over them that security, which a people always expect from their government.

Of her treasury, her army and navy, I

have already spoken. Her relations with Mexico are well known. Admit that she has no great reason to fear actual subjugation from that power, yet the question when peace shall be established between the two nations, is a matter which has much to do with the prosperity of the people of Texas. The prospect of an invasion, which will always be regarded as probable as long as it is possible, will keep alive all the uncertainty which attends a state of war, and militate most powerfully against every permanent improvement of public or individual enterprise. I want no better proof of this, than the condition of Texas within the last year. But the people of this country will be more fortunate than I apprehend, should they only suffer the evils of the uncertainty of an invasion, and escape all the positive calamities of war. Mexico, though defeated in one campaign, has neither lost confidence in her power or resources to reconquer Texas, and her pride, if nothing else, will drive her at least to make another attempt. Profiting by her former disasters, she will be more cautious in her future movements, and who can say that she will not, by her success, remove the disgrace which was fixed upon her arms, as much, perhaps, through her own folly and mismanagement, as the power and skill of her enemies. But admit a second defeat, which is most likely, still the country must be laid waste with all the havoc and desolation of war. There must be a general breaking up of the whole country, and it will require a long time after the war has rolled back, to repair the injury and distraction which it produced.

But Texas has a formidable enemy within her borders in numerous tribes of Indians. These tribes consist of the Comanches, Caddos, Wacos, Touwaccones, Caranchuas, Tonquewas, Quapaus, and several others. What amount of warriors the whole may number is impossible to tell. These savages, always ready for war upon the whites, are rendered still more restless and sanguinary by those Indians of the north which the policy of the United States has removed west of the Mississippi. A dark cloud is always lowering in the east, the north, the west and part of the south, which threatens to dart its lightnings and pour out its fury over the plain. No one can tell at what moment the war whoop will break the stillness, or the flames of burning habitations make lurid the darkness of night. I do

not pretend to say that the savages will ever obtain the mastery of the country. The want of a general plan of operations, the want of concentrated action, which suppose some degree of intelligence and which are opposed to the Indian mode of warfare, will forever prevent such a result. But the people must expect to be harassed, their homes reduced to ashes, their wives and children will be butchered, and what is worse than all, the whole country kept in perpetual fear and anxiety as long as government has not the means or the power to impress them with terror.

What has been said in this chapter likely to discourage those who may feel disposed to move to Texas, should be understood as applying only to the existing state of affairs growing out of her billigerent attitude, and not to the soil, climate, or general features of the country. When Texas is at peace, and an opportunity given her to develop her resources, when the farmer can return to the plow, and all feel safe in their persons and property, no reason can be assigned why all the necessities of life, except flour, should not be as cheap here as in any of the states of the South. When that time comes emigrants may expect to encounter as little privation, and suffer no more risks than are common to all new countries. But until this period arrives, Texas is a more suitable arena for those who have every thing to make and nothing to lose than the man of capital or family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Advice to Emigrants, as regards provision, health, location, etc.—Conclusion.

To such as are disposed to remove to Texas, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country, a few words of advice, in the form of information, may be of some service.

It is a matter of much importance that the emigrant should know what articles are proper to take with him to this country. From the latitude of Texas the belief is entertained, that the climate is uniformly warm, and that it is not necessary for those who are going to the country to take with them for dress any thing more than ordinary summer apparel. This is a great mistake. The transition from heat to piercing cold is as rapid in this country as in any part of

the world. The change of temperature in the course of an hour, and often less, according to the observation of others, is as much as forty degrees. The system is not prepared for the shock, and the cold is as intense, and more insufferable than in much higher latitudes. The emigrant should prepare himself with such clothing as would be suitable for winter in the Middle States, at least. The farmer should take with him all the implements of husbandry, as it will be difficult, if not impossible to procure them in the country. Horses and cattle may be easily obtained, but the former of a good quality are often in great demand, and sell at high prices. The Mexican horse may be had upon much more reasonable terms, but in a comparative view does not afford the best bargain.

Families should take with them provisions of all kinds, and especially flour, to last for a year, or until a crop of corn and other articles can be raised. A medicine-chest, well supplied, and some plain treatise upon the practice of medicine, such as that of Thomas or Eberle, are among the most important articles for the emigrant. The diseases of the country are rapid in their progress, and a physician may not always be convenient. From experience, originating through necessity, the old women who have lived some time in Texas, have acquired a quickness in discriminating, and a tact in the management of diseases, which the learned in the profession can by no means claim until a few years residence has made them familiar with these characteristics.

From the middle of June until late in the fall, the unacclimated should learn to be abstemious in their diet. Animal food, especially such as is not fresh, should be avoided as much as possible. The appetite of strangers is apt to be usually good, owing to a morbid condition of the stomach. It is at such times that the greatest caution should be observed. Fish in the heat of summer, are evidently unwholesome. Peaches appeared to affect the system differently from what I had been accustomed to observe, and were highly disposed to bring on bilious attacks. During the summer I had access to an orchard of this kind of fruit, and found them not only injurious to myself, but equally so to others. In fact there is scarce any thing that does not predispose to bile until the system has been accustomed to the climate.

Such as go to Texas to explore the country, should prepare themselves with blankets to make their bed upon the earth. This is highly necessary, and should the precaution be overlooked, the inconvenience arising from the want of such articles, will be more than an adequate punishment for the neglect. Every traveler has his portable bed, and feels rich or poor as he travels the country, in proportion to the number of his blankets. It may be possible to procure them in the country, but at prices which sound much like extortion.

There are three ways of going to Texas: one by New-Orleans, through the Gulf of Mexico, one through the south-western part of Louisiana by the Apalouzas road, and the other up the course of Red river to Natchitoches and through to Nacogdoches. As I went to, and returned from, the country through the former rout, I am not prepared to speak of the comparative advantages of the different ways. Schooners and brigs are running at all seasons of the year from New-Orleans to Galveston Bay, to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brassos, and to Matagorda. Emigrants, generally speaking, need not be detained more than a week for the want of a vessel. A cabin passage will cost twenty dollars; the steerage from five to ten. With a favorable wind, vessels will go to either of the above ports in as short a time as four days, but are often kept out as long as two weeks. Steam packets run across the gulf from New-Orleans, but they consist of the condemned steam-boats of the Mississippi, and are not all safe at sea. After they are pronounced unsafe for the navigation of this river, and are out of business, they are painted up to hide their rottenness, and those who are unacquainted with the seas are persuaded that they are capable of weathering the storms of the gulf. Several ventured across during the last summer when the winds were calm, and one on its return would have gone to the bottom in a smooth sea, had not the passengers for several days and nights continued to bail. The same vessel was repaired, and in attempting a passage this spring was caught in a storm which compelled the master to run her upon the beach, which was fortunately near at hand, to save himself and passengers.

Let us suppose the emigrant has landed: the question is, what steps shall he take next. This, as a matter of course, depends

upon the business he intends to pursue. If he is a farmer he should go directly into the country, and if he is not able to purchase land, he can procure a lease without much difficulty. I am disposed to believe that the latter course would be advisable, as it will give those who are supposed to know but little of the country a better opportunity to select a permanent home. The high price of located land at this time, is an additional reason why emigrants should adopt this course. The closing of the land-office has created a monopoly in the hands of those who secured their titles before the disturbances with Mexico. When it is again opened the whole country will be thrown into market, and land, as a necessary consequence, must come down. The farmer may put in a crop of corn as late as July, and potatoes and vegetables of all kinds, any time during the summer. For health I would certainly go west of the Brassos. And for a combination of all advantages I would seek a home upon the banks of the Colorado or Guadaloupe. It would be however dangerous at this time to settle upon the latter stream, unless at some point near Gonzales, which, perhaps, at this time is re-peopled. Such as go to Texas for a different purpose than the pursuits of agriculture, can see in what way their time may be employed, if they can find any business at all, better than others who are unacquainted with their tastes or intentions in life.

From the few hints which have been dropped in these pages, the emigrant may be able to anticipate and provide against some of the evils and difficulties which must attend the change of his situation. Should I be the instrument to smooth the road, or the cause even to the least extent of diminishing the pangs of distress which often break down the spirit, and palsy the energies, of those who shall in future unite their destiny with that of Texas, I will find myself more than doubly paid for all the sufferings I endured in the country, and for all the abuse I may undergo for having the courage to speak the truth.

THOSE who attempt by outrage and violence to deprive men of any advantage which they hold under the laws, and to destroy the natural order of life, proclaim war against them.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"WHEREVER, O man! God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of Heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence and his storm-wind shook the soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country!"

"Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country!"—*Arndt.*

I.

WHERE'ER, O man! thou first imbibed
The vital God-like soul of life—
Where first with feelings undescribed
Thy dawning intellect was rife—
Where'er the glorious light of Heaven
Athwart thy vision first did gleam—
Where first the starry gems of even
Shed o'er thy steps their gentle beam—
Wherever *else* those steps may roam,
That is thy country—*there THY HOME!*

II.

Where first thy God his power displayed
In awful glory through the skies—
Where rolled his thunders o'er thy head,
His lightnings flashed before thine eyes—
Where first he stood to thee declared
God of the whirl-wind and the storm—
Where first his awful power appeared
Omnipotent to bless or harm—
Wherever *else* thy steps may roam
That is thy country—*there THY HOME!*

III.

Where first to watch thy peaceful rest,
Kind eyes and loving hearts bent o'er thee—
Where first upon a mother's breast
With joy and pride a mother bore thee—
Where met thine opening eye and ear
Bright skies and joyous song of birds—
Where first thy father's pious care
On thy young heart graved wisdom's words—
Wherever *else* thy steps may roam
That is thy country—*there THY HOME!*

IV.

And though 'twere but a desert—yet
Dear to thy soul that spot shall prove;
That HOME thou never can'st forget—
That COUNTRY never cease to love!
And whereso'er thy steps may turn,
Oh, restless wanderer o'er the earth,
With love thy bosom still shall burn
For that dear land that gave thee birth—
Wherever *else* thy steps may roam
That is thy country—*there THY HOME!*

L. J. C.

Cincinnati: O.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE North American Review, for July, 1838, has an article entitled "*Fifty Years of Ohio*," which contains much of accurate and valuable information. It corrects various errors in other publications, and has published a few of its own—some of which we shall notice hereafter.

Ohio is, and will be, the leading State in the Ohio Basin; which we deem the most favored region of like extent, on the face of the Globe,—having in variety and natural fertility of soil and production, all that could well be desired—a climate temperate and healthful—a most liberal supply of mineral riches; having, also, in the beautiful river, and its multitudinous branches, abundant facilities for manufactures, trade and transportation.

The State of Ohio will be a leading State, having a surpassing amount of natural advantages, with the power and the spirit to use them; having an outset and an advance in civil privileges and prospects of the most cheering character; "and above all," to quote the language of our reviewer, having "a national compact forbidding slavery, securing civil and religious freedom, that others had struggled through ages of blood and turmoil" to attain.

Ohio has taken the lead in the West, in respect to internal improvements, and the cause of general and improved education. We may hope that the "future development of her children," under their signal and singular advantages, will not give occasion for our Reviewer hereafter to say, that these advantages have led "to worldiness and anarchy and irreligion." We hope his wish may be fulfilled, "that here society shall be, not a mass of warring parties, but a christain brotherhood."

Without disparaging other parts of the State, we have no hesitancy in saying that no portion of it is more important, or has greater prospects than the *region of Muskingum and Hockhocking*.

Including under this description, a tract bounded on the north by heads of streams running into lake Erie; on the east by a devious line, running through and dividing the counties of Stark, Harrison, Belmont, and Monroe; on the south-east by the Ohio river; on the west by the ridge in which originate the eastern branches of the Scioto

—it would comprise, probably, about one-fifth or one-sixth of the area of the State.

Although this region has been condemned as too "hilly," we are satisfied it has advantages which, when fairly developed, will render it, to say the least, equal in importance to any other portion of equal extent in the State of Ohio. Of these advantages, we shall barely mention at this time, the amount and variety of mineral riches, and the immense advantages of water power, in the Muskingum and Hockhocking Improvements.

But it is of this region that our Reviewer has spoken in terms of special disparagement. We admit he has darted upon some of the brightest streaks of sunshine—but they bear no good proportion to the shades of darkness with which he has overshadowed it.

Let us now quote from the Reviewer a description of the first settlement of the Muskingum Valley, and a delineation of the character of the first settlers.

"Upon the 7th of April 1788, this little band of forty-seven persons landed and encamped upon the spot where Marietta now stands; and from this day Ohio dates her existence."

"Governor Arthur St. Clair not having reached the West, it became necessary to erect a temporary government for their internal security; for which purpose a set of laws was passed, and published by being nailed to a tree in the village, and Return Jonathan Meigs was appointed to administer them. It is a strong evidence of the good habits of the people of the colony, that, during three months, but one difference occurred, and that was compromised. Indeed, a better set of men, altogether, could scarce have been selected for the purpose than Putnam's little band. Washington might well say—'no colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was first commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property, strength, will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.'"

Such are the commendations—higher could not be asked—which have been introduced by our Reviewer, in favor of the first settlers of Marietta and of Ohio.

But lest we might grow too proud of our ancestors, the Reviewer forthwith appends

a string of criticisms on their supposed bathos and pedantry; and in verification thereof he quotes passages from the first Fourth-of-July oration—a commodity, by the way, made (more oft than otherwise) to be forgotten. The orator, James M. Varnum—albeit a worthy man, as we must in courtesy suppose, seeing he was one of the first of Ohio Judges—was, to the best of our knowledge, never indicted for setting the Ohio river on fire.

And then we are quizzed concerning the classic names given by the directors and agents of the Ohio Company, to certain streets, squares, stations, etc. Campus Martius, Capitolium, Vecilia, and Sacra Via, are held up with a critical sneer—(pity it is that the critic should have overlooked Quadranaore)—and even the beautiful compound, MARIETTA, the well known abridgment of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of France, has not escaped.

These merry strictures of the critic we are not disposed to resent, but he has adopted a lampoon on Marietta, from some paltry letter writer in 1817 or 1818, which should never have appeared in a work so respectable as the North American; and to give it more consequence, he has prefixed an introductory paragraph about as accurate as the extract.

"When the financial troubles of 1817-18 brought the **RICHEST** citizens of Ohio to the verge of utter poverty [!!!] the **poorer** classes of emigrants from New-England had cause enough to *groan* and *lament* that they had been persuaded to leave their homes!"

What a picture! What ineffable distress—aye, in a region most celebrated for the abundance and variety of its products! The very richest on the very verge of poverty! Alas for the *poorer*, and the *poorest*!

Now for the letter-writer. Marietta he characterizes as a "poor muddy hole." He advised all his "friends" "not to come to this country;" and for this advice we thank him heartily.

"There is not one in a hundred," says the letter-writer, "but what is discontented; but they cannot get back, having spent all their property in getting here. It is the most broken country I ever saw. Poor lean pork at twelve cents," etc. "The corn is miserable, and we cannot get it ground; we have to pound it. Those that have lanterns grate it. Rum, twenty-five

cents a gill; sugar, thirty-seven cents a pound; and no melasses! This country has been the ruin of many poor people; IT HAS UNDONE A GREAT MANY POOR SOULS FOREVER"!!!

The Reviewer has been kind enough to make some discounts on the above—nay, he seems willing to go even so far as fifty per cent.—saving the corn grating. "The melancholy future," says he, "was, even then, *one half* imagination." *One half!!* Why, he might just about as well have quoted so many lines from Baron Munchausen, as veritable history of Ohio.

"Those days were never."

Perhaps there is not a region on this earth whose fair fame has been more obscured by misrepresentation than the Ohio Company's purchase—particularly that part of it which lies in the valley of the Muskingum. The Reviewer speaks of the purchase as a region of "rough knobs"—of "comparative sterility." For this, however, we cannot so much blame him; since some of the "Ohio Gazetteers," after deducting some little strips on the larger streams, throw in the great mass under one sweeping denomination of "*barren*;" and even many of the temporary dwellers therein, enamored with seductive dreams of the *flats* of the *further west*, have spoken in like terms of reprobation.

There have been singular discrepancies about these disparagements. The original settlers of the Company lands are represented as remarkable for intelligence, as well as moral worth; and so have been their successors. Would such men doom themselves to toil and suffer in regions of barrenness and disease?—for the region has been represented as not only *barren*, but *very sickly*. The Edenlike realms of flat land and fat land were easily attainable. The ease with which our poor, starved "souls" might have escaped, even on a raft, is abundantly obvious. There is no lack of raft timber, and a people so intelligent must have known how to make and guide them; and men might live, even fasting, long enough to pass from the mouth of the Muskingum to the realms of plenty and salubrity.

These stories of sterility are idle—but they have been *popular*—tales. They have been spread far and wide—among high and low. Let us give an example.

A clergyman of a certain place was in conversation with the Hon. Henry Clay,

and mentioned the intention of removing to Marietta, there to exercise his clerical functions. Mr. Clay expressed his regret that the clergyman should devote his labors to such a barren tract of country. The clergyman answered, very properly, that his object was not to gather the fat of the land, but to save the souls of men. Mr. Clay replied, "It is very hard to save souls upon poor land."

"Comparative sterility"!—Lands that, with common tendance, in common years, will produce from thirty-five to fifty bushels of Indian corn per acre—lands that, acre for acre, will yield as much wheat, rye, oats, or flax, as the boasted bottoms; and nearly as much nutriment (not bulk) in grass—are characterized as *comparatively sterile!*

"But let us be candid." There is no doubt that many have felt greatly disappointed on coming hither—very much as they would have done in *removing* to any other part of the world. The "home fever" is always a very common disease in new countries. There is commonly a large infusion of romance in the feelings and expectations of emigrants; and this is usually doomed to disappointment in testing the sober reality—and that in proportion to the exaggerations by which the romance has been inflated. We have personally learned a few lessons on this subject. For instance, in writing "to the East," we may have given the dimensions of a monstrous sycamore—the excessive yield of an acre of corn-land—or the enormous products of a single pumpkin root. Well, our worthy correspondent emigrated—and if we might be allowed to romance a little, we might say, that because the sycamore did not bear ready made shirts and trowsers on every twig; because our great crop of corn was not ready made into the finest mush—we beg pardon—hasty pudding; and the host of pumpkins were not filled with sugar or melasses, he, our friend and correspondent aforesaid, was most sadly blanked for weeks, if not months, together. Doubtless, however, the inflated expectations of our friend arose, in a great measure, from exaggerated accounts in which we had no agency.

The lands of the Ohio Company are hilly; portions of them are so rough as to preclude, for the present, the existence of a very dense population. But in general, they are susceptible of pleasant and profita-

ble cultivation. In so far as they may be inferior in fertility to the more level, the inhabitants of the Company's lands may have ample consolations in the advantages suggested by our Reviewer. Speaking of the Muskingum settlement, he says:

"During the years from 1790 to 1795, it suffered severely, coming sometimes to the brink of destruction from famine and savage foes. But when that war was ended, though its comparative sterility had become known and thousands passed its *barren* hills, scoffing as they guided their keels to the richer regions about the Miami, its progress was of the most encouraging kind. The men that had stopped there were willing to work hard and gain no more than independence after all; and the general character of the settlers about Marietta, from that time forward, afforded the best guaranty that the population of the purchase would be industrious, persevering, and economical. On the rough 'knobs' of Meigs, and Athens, and Washington, were laid the foundations of quite as much true wealth as upon the fertile plains of the lower country; for true wealth is *as much in the habits of the tiller, as in the soil that is tilled.*"*

This is erroneous. The war of the Indians did not commence till January, 1791, when the surprise and massacre took place at Big Bottom. Wayne defeated the confederate Indians in August, 1794. The settlers suffered little from the Indians after the affair of Big Bottom. There were no horses kept in the Company settlements to tempt the savages—who were soon convinced that in the settlers they had found wary, intelligent, and resolute foes. Nor were the trials of hunger, or dangers of famine, so very great. There was some distress of this kind in 1790—the year before the war. But while the war continued, the garrisons cultivated their fields and gardens, milked their cows, and killed their game and caught their fish—guarded, to be sure. Often have we heard them recur with great feeling to the "garrison times"—the days of brotherly love and social enjoyment.

Again. "Much as has been said about the unlucky choice of the Associates, for their posterity and the world we believe the choice to have been an admirable one. We believe the day will come when as perfect a union of knowledge and good habits with

* And a great deal more so. Compare South Carolina with Massachusetts.

wealth and the means of obtaining wealth, will be found in the purchase of the Company, as in any other part of the State. The uplands of the region afford most excellent wheat lands,* and the hill-sides the best sheep pastures. Iron abounds in the immediate vicinity, and salt and coal extend through the whole district. We have here, therefore, all that can be wished of the means of acquiring comfort and wealth, and these means so placed as to require toil and economy for their development. This fact, united to the very admirable character of the original settlers, and the slow growth hitherto, leads us to think that General Parsons's selection will, in the end, prove a very fortunate one."

These extracts demonstrate, most satisfactorily, that our Reviewer perpetrates no intentional act of injustice against the Muskingum regions—and it would give us very great pleasure to shake hands and part with him here; but we feel ourselves fairly challenged to go on—criticising the critic.

The Reviewer (p. 6) discourseth thus pleasantly of the correction of errors:

"We mention these errors, not from the mere love of fault-finding,—the pleasures of which, however, neither critic nor gossip can dispute,—but because we think entire accuracy desirable, even in small matters, while it can yet be arrived at without long study. On this ground we shall notice whatever mistakes come in our way, and when we err ourselves, trust that we may find a corrector in our turn."

This is all correct, and kind, and candid. We would meet it in the same spirit.

The Muskingum valley has been stigmatized as not only poor in soil, but sickly—two qualities not often found united.

"In later years," says the Review, "the Muskingum valley has suffered very severely from sickness." This is not correct. The valley, like all other inhabited valleys, since the days of Adam, has been visited with sickness; yet few valleys on the globe have, in their first fifty years of settlement, been, in the main, more healthy.

In 1807 the valley of the Ohio was extensively visited with sickness. The Mus-

kingum valley shared it in common with other districts.

During several years succeeding 1820, bilious fevers were very prevalent in the United States. Almost every neighborhood of the Great West was visited in this way. In 1821 the sickness prevailed near Marietta, but not in the town. In 1822 it swept over the lower grounds, leaving the extensive plain of Marietta almost untouched. In the summer of 1823, the dwellers on the plain were attacked. The disorder was a traveling one, like the cholera. From year to year it continued, in the warm seasons, to spread into new districts—threading every little valley, and invading the hills—till it had visited almost every neighborhood. But it was by no means confined to Ohio, or to the West. It invaded the mountain tracts of Virginia; it was as severe in the valleys of the Potomac, in districts famed for salubrity, as in the valley of the Muskingum. It was a mysterious visitant, which seemed to come from the Southwest. It had been well if the sons of Esculapius had given more attention to its progress, history, and phenomena, and had given us the record of their observations. One thing was remarkable: some of the most sickly locations were, during its prevalence, more healthy than usual. To this we may add, that those who had before been subjects of the same or similar diseases, were generally least affected. Years after it had left the Muskingum valley, we heard of it in Michigan, in the northeast part of Ohio, in the northwest of Pennsylvania, and in the State of New-York. We believe it traveled even to Connecticut river.

The whole Muskingum and Hockhocking district, designated in the first part of this article, constitute a hilly and very healthy region. Let any one visit the schools and see the health and sprightliness of the children, and then let him talk of the unhealthiness of the Muskingum Valley.

But as this valley was supposed to be eminently unhealthy, so, par excellence, Marietta was branded as the most unhealthy spot of all. Yet the reverse is true. Many persons abroad have fancied it "a poor, muddy hole," as the aforesaid letter-writer described it, so low and so muddy, and so long overflowed as to be truly a Golgotha of a place. Many a one, on actual inspection, has been much surprised, and utterly puzzled to know how such fictions could

* In a note, the Reviewer says that for many sections a few years since called barrens, the owners are now receiving Congress price. The term "barrens" is not applicable in the Purchase, and we believe scarce any of their land could now be had at \$1 25.

have got in circulation. The "Point," although subject to occasional overflowings, is some thirty feet above common water in the Ohio river; and the large beautiful plain of Marietta is far above any flood, within, perhaps, some thousands of years past.—Since the flourishing institutions of learning have been in operation in Marietta, this scandal has been nearly done away with.

There is another point on which great misapprehensions have prevailed. Marietta is reported to have suffered most tremendously from floods—and our Reviewer "gives color to the idea," thus:—

"This flood [of 1789,] *deserves to be commemorated in an epic*; for while it demonstrated the DANGERS to which the three chosen spots in Ohio, Marietta, Columbia, and the Point [at the mouth of the Great Miami] *must ever be exposed*; it also proved the SAFETY, and led to the rapid settlement of, Losantiville." [Cincinnati.] p. 25.

Our friend, the Reviewer, has certainly imparted to his epical subject one quality, said to be favorable to poetry—and that is a large spicing of fiction. We beseech that this hint of a DILUVIAL EPIC may not be lost; but we hope it may be confined to no such scanty limit as the flood of 1789. That, however great it may have been at the mouths of Big and Little Miami, was a mere priming at Marietta. Why the floods have since increased in height at the latter place a dozen feet or so—and yet Marietta has grown quite rapidly since its last overflowing—the great flood of 1832.—Let us have the epic on freshets, not forgetting the "pumpkin flood" of 1810, when Pittsburgh was tremendously swept and Marietta not at all—when the current set up the Muskingum as fast as it usually sets down. And then the great flood of '32—why it would be worth an epic like Homer's, and all in English hexameters, if the poet be skilled therein. He will not need the aid of fiction to enhance the troubles of Losantiville, which suffered far away more (in proportion) than Marietta. As to the latter place let him employ the utmost aid of fiction, by anchoring steamboats to the top of the steeples, and finally sweeping away every mansion save one, as gossip rumor did in the time of it. Let him however not forget to add one thing, quite as romantic as the rest, that in six months every important mansion was restored,

whether by magic or Yankee contrivance, no matter; and that in six months the town was more full, fresh, and flourishing than ever.

If many inhabitants of Marietta live within the reach of the floods, it is because they *choose* to do so, whether wisely or not is their own concern, since any of them by retiring a few hundred yards can gain as perfect an exemption from floods as any in Losantiville.

There is one mistake at which we have marvelled. Speaking of the first law in 1825 for common schools in Ohio, our Reviewer says:

"The Reverend Manasseh Cutler, one of the leading directors of the Ohio Company, stood beside the chief projector of the school law, [N. Guilford of Cincinnati] at the bar of the house of representatives, when the final vote was taken upon it; and as the speaker announced the result, the old man raised his hands and uttered the words of Simeon—'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!' It was a touching and true tribute."

This is a fine picture; we grieve to mar it, but it is fiction. We wonder how it could have found a place in so respectable a periodical, published in Boston, where Dr. Cutler was so favorably known. We have now before us a pamphlet entitled "A Discourse delivered July 30, 1823, in Hamilton, at the interment of the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL. D., who died July 28, 1823, in the eighty-first year of his age, and fifty-second of his ministry; by Benjamin Wadsworth, Pastor of the first church in Danvers."

Dr. Cutler was, indeed, a leading man of the Ohio Company; an effective agent in the first settlement of Ohio—a man of great and varied excellence—a patriot, a scholar, a christian. Well do we remember him—one of the last we visited in the Old Bay State; and that neat, quiet, hospitable mansion of his—in one of the most pleasant rural districts which the Old Bay inherits. And there was his old friend and neighbor, Timothy Pickering—with his strong, determined mind and manner prominent in his face; and his antiquated flapped vest, and tight breeches, knee-buckles, and all—which, spite of genteel fashion, had invaded the nineteenth century.

We should have been pleased to see the name of Dr. Cutler more prominent in the Review. There was ample occasion for it. Dr. Cutler was the agent of the Company to negotiate with Congress and make the final selection for the purchase. The selection was settled at New-York, by advice of Colonel Hutchins, United States Geographer. The Reviewer is mistaken on these points. He assigns Parsons an agency which did not belong to him, by saying that in 1787 he "selected" the Muskingum; and that Parsons memorialized Congress on the subject; and that information of the act of Congress authorizing the Treasury Board to sell, having reached New-York, "Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutler, for themselves and their associates, wrote to the Board of Treasury, offering to accept the propositions," etc. These statements we correct by the private Journal of Dr. Cutler himself, now before us; the negotiation was had in New-York, where Congress was sitting.

The error respecting the presence of Dr. Cutler on the passage of the school law in 1825, arose, we imagine, from mistaking the Hon. Ephraim Cutler for the Doctor, his father. Judge Cutler was an efficient member of the convention which formed the constitution of Ohio, and of several legislatures held under it. He was peculiarly instrumental in excluding slavery principles from the constitution; he was an early advocate for the system of common schools; and was ardently engaged in preparing the present revenue system of Ohio, without which, all her plans of improvement, including the school system itself, would have been wholly unavailing.

C. E.

LOVE.

A cloud steep'd in the sunshine! An illusion,
On which concentrate Passion's fiercest rays!
Your lover 's little better than a Pagan:
On the heart's shrine he rears a human idol;
Imagination hightens every charm,
Brings down celestial attributes to clothe it,
And dupes the willing soul, until, at length,
He kneels unto a creature of the brain—
A bright abstraction! But the cynic, Time,
Who holds the touchstone to immortal Truth,
Soon laughs him out of the prodigious folly!
Say, art thou one of these idolators?

Epes Sargent's "Velasco."

A GLANCE AT SOCIETY.

If the proper object of association be the elevation of human character, a single glance over the tangled social tissue will assure us that the means made use of are wholly inadequate to the end proposed. To the support of a legitimate human dignity, intelligence and integrity are indispensable, and they have, unfortunately, come to be points of but secondary consideration by many. Why intelligence of mind and rectitude of heart do not every where meet with a superlative consideration, since every one acknowledges their importance, may be accounted for by the philosophers; but, at present, our design does not embrace any thing so abstruse.

It is pretty generally conceded by every one, from the lisping school boy to the veteran proprietor of hoary locks, that mind is the great distinguishing attribute of humanity. One would be inclined to expect from every community, in which treachery to avowed faith was not scrupulously enforced, some conformity between conduct and opinion. But how stands the fact? Is mind the chief mean of distinction? Are persons estimated in proportion to the loftiness of their thoughts, or the depth of their researches? Sorrowing answers come up from the bosom of society to the interrogatories. It may safely be assumed that, generally, mind holds a subordinate rank to fortune and meretricious splendor. Dr. Johnson, who understood these matters pretty well, estimated a lady's claims according to the following scale—first, virtue; second, mind; third, beauty; fourth, fortune. Our modern Johnsons reverse the scale; and many ladies seem to acquiesce in their estimates. We grieve to say some of the softer sex display an equal sagacity in their estimates of masculine pretensions, and are rather given to a profuse expenditure of their eye and lip opulence on those whose purses are more remarkable for corpulence, than the anterior lobes of their brains are for activity, to speak phrenologically. These interesting specimens of the sex seem to think mind like virtue a pretty good thing for cloisters, while they consider the world a great bazaar in which every thing has its price; and if so, why should not smiles, and blushes, and beauty be merchantable articles? Heaven forbid that we should wage an ungallant warfare against such opinions,

for we incline to the belief that, upon the popular hypothesis, that cash is the *sum-mum bonum*, they are right, precisely.

Beauty soon fades, but the hue never departeth from gold. Now, as gallant gentlemen are philosophical, they naturally prefer that which changeth not to that which, like the fragile flower, hath an extreme liability to fade. Hence, they act out a retort courteous to those ladies who esteem wealth as the most legitimate object for which beauty can exert its prowess. Mindless themselves, it would be uncharitable to require admiration of mind from those who think the Osceola lock the most intelligent feature of the human face, and a well made coat the most resplendent manifestation of a gentleman's character. These sagacious beaus esteem intelligence in a woman a supreme bore, as unbecoming to her mind as a beard to her face. If you hint any thing in relation to the necessity of a lady's heart being sublimed by the operations of the spirit of religion, they laugh at your simplicity, and wish to know what religion has to do with one's admiration of beauty, or with the pleasures incident to social intercourse. This being one of those ingenious questions one frequently has put to him in society, for which genius itself could devise no answer, one is forced to preserve a Turkish taciturnity and turn a aside on one's heel, to avoid a reputation for the most lead-like stupidity.

In a community where love and lucre shake hands together—where beauty and avarice have formed a holy alliance—genius and virtue have but little chance of success. Intellect that is even archangelic in its character, must quail before the competition of gilded impotence, and psalm-singing virtue runs an imminent hazard of receiving a posterior assistance to its locomotive powers. The love of the epaulette triumphs over the love of the laurel, and the eye which is lit up by the reflections of gold has more charms than the eye from which rays forth the light of inspiration. A lady desirous of a splendid establishment in the west-end of a city or a village, slaps aspiring genius on the cheek and then surrenders her hand to the possessor of bank stocks and real estate. Sir Fopling expends none of the precious eloquence of his whiskers on ladies whose treasures consist of such miserable things as well-regulated hearts and intelligent minds, and proceeds to woo the smiles of

those fair daughters of Eve who are so fortunate as to have fathers to whose fancies the bowels of Potosi are infinitely more enchanting than the sunny heights of Parnassus.

In former times, tradition informs us, it was customary for persons in the selection of partners for life, to have considerable regard to those invisible qualities which belong to the mind and heart. John Anderson flourished in those days. This profound age has exploded all such fallacies, and consigned them with much of such lumber to the limbo of lost things. Occasionally, however, the lover of antiquity refreshes his senses on the spectacle of some old fashioned persons who profess sentiment, and believe that love is not a fiction of poetry, but a real animating sentiment sent into this world on the amiable mission of uniting into one bond, hearts which breathe the atmosphere of truth, and pant for the visionary glories of the realms of fancy. A gentleman of this old school loves beauty, but surrenders not his whole soul to its sorcery. He prizes, as of inestimable worth, those tender sensibilities which the poets speak of as appertaining to the female heart; and regards good sense, not only as an embellishment, but as an indispensable qualification of female excellence. A lady who belongs to the old school, who has inherited the tastes as well as the blood of her grandmother, requires that a gentleman who presents himself in the attitude of a suitor, shall have mind adequate to the appreciation of an abstract principle, and a heart which swells with emotion beneath the storm-cloud and the stars. Indeed, she confesses that intellect is worthy of all admiration, and that the sons of genius are infinitely more deserving of veneration than those who are compounded of commoner clay. She dwells with rapture on the eloquent lip of one whose thoughts sweep like eagles through the heaven of mind, and deems the inspired brow of song worthy of her reverence. On such a brow she would willingly bind the flowery wreath of her affections; and with the hopes, and the aspirations of such a mind, her sympathies crave to risk the sunlight and the shadows of destiny.

Go to the hall where the light-heeled votaries of Terpsichore

"Link grace and harmony in happiest chain,"

and there, Lara-like, look upon the scene

and speculate on what you see. There is the glittering belle, with a heart as light as her heel, and a mind lighter than either, floating through a fleet of flats, with a smile of triumph on her lips; and there also, is the superannuated coquette, who has outlived her charms, with jealousy and a sense of neglect in the expression of her face. Dream you that of such come the Cornelias and the mothers of Washingtons? Or look at the gilded fops who are there making themselves especially agreeable to the ladies, whose heads are as remarkable for the luxuriance of their exteriors, as they are for the emptiness of their interiors, and ask yourself if the ranks of American patriots and benefactors are to be recruited from such well dressed nothings? Do you suppose that Milton, who has so nobly characterized the sexes in these two lines,

"For valor he and contemplation formed,
For sweetness she and soft attractive grace,"

picked up his notions at such a place? Or take Hamlets account of man as a correct one, and how many *men* do you behold in the heated apartments of society? "What a peace of work is man! How noble in reason—how infinite in faculties—in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god!"

But we must not apply too severe a test to our acquaintances. The truth is, a great many men and women are very poor creatures, and if they did not dance they probably would do nothing better. Neither would we be understood as totally condemning the dance; we only allude to it because it is there that the fooleries and foibles of people are more vividly shown off than any where else. It must be confessed however, that to see a company whirling about to the scraping of a fiddler is not the most dignified aspect under which we can contemplate the heirs of immortality. We remember a glorious failure which once happened in a certain city, renowned for the intelligence of its citizens as well as for the superlative quality of the pork that is thereabouts packed. An effort was made to get up intellectual gatherings, in which people were to depend on their heads instead of their heels for amusement. The thing took hugely before the experiment was made, but after a few efforts it was voted a most solemn bore. Where you bring a promiscuous assemblage of persons

together, a variety of occupations is necessary. You must eat and you must drink a little, you must talk and you must dance a little or the god of slumber instead of the god of mirth will sway his sceptre over their senses. Our olfactories have frequently been subjected to the fragrance of poppies in dignified companies, and we have observed the shadow of an invisible wing on lips of eloquence and eyes of light, on such stately and funereal occasions, which has convinced us that the dreams of your social reformers, like those of Plato and More, are impracticable.

The human tongue is put to a very improper use on most social occasions. Surmising from the quality of the talk common at parties, one is almost induced to believe that the majority of those who flourish at them, deposited their heads, or what is the most important part of these very ingenious contrivances, their brains, with their hats in the hall, previous to making their entry. Oh, ye deifiers of the human intellect, only think of it! Ye who talk about the illimitability of the mind, did ye ever overhear a conversation between a belle and a dandy? What treasures of wit and wisdom did not then transpire! What stupendous miracles did not human eloquence then work! What profundity of thought, what scintillations of knowledge, then charmed the ambient air! It is astonishing that people with two eyes and a nose can travel for years along the path of life without seeing or smelling. It is marvelous that any mind can exist in the light which human genius has poured over the land, and learn nothing. In an age when mind is striding on towards perfection, men can be found on whom no elevating, no illuminating influences are shed. For all they know, many whom one meets with, might have lived five thousand years since exactly as they live now. All the improvements in arts, and science, and knowledge, within that period, are shrouded in impenetrable shadow to their visions. The past to them is blank—the present is unnoticed—and the future wholly unrevealing. But ridicule and irony are unbecoming, for we sincerely believe that the most of those whose eloquence would bring sighs from the heart of a friend of human perfectibility, do their best—and, according to Young, "angels can do no more."

Every one confesses that conversation is wishy-washy from most lips, and it is amus-

ing to hear some account for it. The ladies very properly say that their beaux, exercising a prerogative old as the flood, introduce the topics which are so ingeniously discussed, and it is to them that conversation is generally indebted for its champagne qualities. With humiliation our sex must confess that the fault is chiefly attributable to us. We have observed that even those ladies who are not omniscient, love to hear intellectual conversation. Every sound which conveys learning, or wisdom, or wit, falls on the female ear melodiously. They (the ladies) are charmed by Circean strains, even though they may not be able to account for their pleasure on scientific principles. To be sure they do not relish learning which is heavy, or thoughts that are linked together by lead. A learned man is sometimes a very stupid companion, and he discourses of unusual things without a ray of fancy, and without calling up and beginning his conversations with the interesting associations of hope, or joy, or memory. His sentences are ponderous, remarkable for exactitude and for dullness. But let a man who mingles philosophy and poetry, fact and fiction together in his talk, who expresses himself easily and fluently, address himself to a lady, and she immediately surrenders her attention to his inspiration. There is no jealousy felt by her for his intellectual superiority, and indeed, admiration is the only feeling which glances from her eye. The race of fools stand no chance of winning smiles from the queens of Love's empire, in the presence of an agreeable intellectualist. The great majority of ladies, we are convinced, regard intellect as the most powerful charm with which a man can invest himself; and the great reason why they condescend to listen to the chattering of ninnies is, that they must do so, or frequently cut off themselves from all communication with the rougher sex. A few intellectual men in society can so affect its tone, that superlative silliness will not dare to obtrude itself on the notice of reasoning beings.

A fine address is of great importance in society, and yet few seem to be aware of the power it exerts. You may take a man of distinguished address with but limited intellectual capabilities, and he will be greatly more efficient than the intellectualist who is boorish in his style of unfolding himself to you. Good address in a lady is

made up of grace and ease; in a gentleman, it is compounded of dignity and deference. These styles of address are far from being artificial, although they are cultivated. Some people seem to confound culture with artificiality. This is wrong. A cultivated manner is as natural as a boorish one, just as the flowers in a garden are as natural as those that blossom in the forest. There is generally too much impertinence and intrusiveness in the address of fashionable people, and too much diffidence and sense of inferiority in that of those who belong to what are considered the lower classes. We have sometimes observed men of talent, originally of inferior stations in society, apparently almost overwhelmed in the presence of those who were born in affluence and fashion. This confession of inferiority on the part of a man of talent, is unworthy of such a being. As a favorite of nature, he is superior to those who are only the favorites of fortune. A man of genius feels his superiority, and his manner should never degenerate into suppliance on the one hand, or into imperativeness on the other.

It is true that whatever gives individuals rank and consideration in society, will be eagerly sought after. Now, in our country, wealth asserts a social supremacy, and thousands devote themselves to avarice, that thereby they may be able to climb to the topmost round of the social ladder. Avarice is the great slaughterer of the amiable and noble feelings of the human heart. It may clothe the exterior in splendor, but it blights the heart and stultifies the mind. It causes distinctions in society that nature abhors. It elevates those who were born for the deep shadow of the valley. It creates a mushroom aristocracy, whose pretensions are in the purse, without regard to the claims of blood, or feeling, or intelligence. It makes people forgetful of their fathers. Indeed, we have known some persons who, from all that we could learn from them, never had father or mother, and who had consequently miraculously vegetated on the soil.

Every one laughs at the shallow pretensions of some of their acquaintances, and yet but few have the independence, so becoming, of determining for themselves who are and who are not worthy of regard. In all our animadversions on our *aristocracy*, we only refer to those who are unable to maintain the dignity and style to which they

make pretensions. We know many whose blood is most shockingly plebeian, who, to all appearance, have as good a right to station and rank as if they had emanated from palaces. In all these matters, people ought to found their claims on intrinsic merit, and not on accidents.

In what are called the accomplishments of society, one sees much that is ridiculous. A young lady learns to dance, to drum a waltz on the piano, and to utter an imitation of the sounds of French words, and is therefore, *par excellence*, accomplished. Accomplished in what? In heart, in mind, in those duties which fit her to ornament the circle in which she is destined to move? No—she has only those superficial accomplishments which will enable her to singe the wings of those moth-like men who are dazzled by what is glaring or brilliant. It is amusing to observe with what philosophical serenity of countenance an affectionate father will contemplate the efforts of his daughter, fresh from a boarding-school, and accomplished in what unfits her for the duties of womanhood. And then to behold the tranquil smile, or significant glance, which irradiates the face of the mother of the accomplished prodigy, is fun enough for one short hour. The education of either sex which does not fit them to discharge the sober duties of life, is shallow. The path of life is not always flowery, neither is the sky above it always blue; and every one should be qualified, while young, to meet all the fluctuations of fortune. Doctor Johnson said Mrs. Carter could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus. Now, she was an accomplished woman; and as people have to eat pudding as well as dance cotillions in this world, it seems reasonable that they should be so accomplished as to be able to produce both as occasions may require.

A young lady fashionably educated, is unfit to struggle successfully against the necessities of poverty; and when misfortunes sweep remorselessly around her, all her gossamer accomplishments cannot protect her. The proper education of the heart and mind supplies us with the means of enjoying the sunshine and of enlivening the shadow,—of throwing graces about the social hour, and of supporting ourselves when extrinsic supports are rotted by age or prostrated by adversity.

Louisville: Ky.

T. H. S.

IF ON THE EARTH THERE BE A SPOT.

If on the earth there be a spot
To which affection fondly clings,
'T is where our childhood's happy lot
Yet knew not life's dark shadowings:
Each feature of the sloping lea,
The grass-fring'd brook, as crystal clear,
And every tall old forest tree,
No lapse of years can make less dear.

Earth's after lessons sting the soul,
For life 's at best a thorny way;
And many, plodding to their goal,
In wo lament their long delay:
Yet turn they, in the stormiest hour,
How fondly! to survey, through tears,
The cot, the lawn, the wildwood-bow'r—
All lapse of things of early years.

Springfield: O.

E. C. R.

HUNTING SPORTS OF THE WEST.

THE spirit of the "Hunters of Kentucky" is not yet extinct. Rapid as has been the advance of population in the West, and the progress of what is called refined life, during the last quarter of a century—evident as is the aversion or indifference to manly sports, among the great body of the descendants and successors of the Pioneers—much as silks and broadcloths have superseded "factory" and "home-made," and delicate canes and cushioned curricles have taken the place of rifles and the good old horse-back exercises—yet one's eyes are now-and-then gladdened with the sight of a real hunting-shirt upon the back of a true Anakim of the ancient stock, and one's ears occasionally delighted with accounts of attempts to revive and keep up the manly old sports of our fathers.

During all the month of February last, a "Circular Fox Hunt" was advertised to take place on the ninth of March, in the county of Columbiana; and ever since the latter period, we have been waiting for some account of the result thereof, from our friends at New-Lisbon. Nothing has yet reached us, however; and so we must, for the present, content ourselves with a simple republication of the advertisement of the managers. We give it in full, as we consider the names of those men who have so much of "the old leaven" in them as to get up a good "Circular Hunt," eminently worthy of

being recorded in our pages, and handed down to posterity.

"A Circular Fox Hunt will take place on the ninth of March, 1839, embracing the following boundaries, viz:—Commencing at the north-east corner near David Hanna's house, in Fairfield township; thence in a south-east direction to Jesse James's mill-dam; thence south with the east line of Jacob Thruston's land, to the south-east corner of Samuel Stapleton's land, on which he lives; thence south-west to the head of slate hollow, and down said hollow to the Beaver town road; thence up said road to the mouth of mill seat; thence up mill seat to the Columbiana road; thence up said road to the section line north of Jonathan Lodge's farm; thence along said section to David Hanna's farm, the place of beginning. The lines will be formed at ten o'clock, A. M., and the signal given for starting by firing a gun at the south-east corner, followed by blowing of horns, at eleven o'clock, A. M., precisely. The lines will then march to the lines of Pike's section and halt until a signal is given in the center by firing four guns in quick succession; after which they will again march in regular order to the closing ground near Hugh Pike's. The following Marshals will attend: Enos McMillin, D. Bradfield, G. Young, A. Mankin, Wm. Furguson, S. Kemble, W. Longshore, J. Pitzer, on the south line; H. Bowman, A. Armstrong, H. Armstrong, Wm. Kemble, S. Crawford, J. Montgomery, M. Poland, east line; J. Neill, Z. M. P. Frederick, Wm. Frederick, B. F. Frederick, J. J. Caldwell, J. Farmer, west line; J. G. Holloway, B. Caldwell, J. Caldwell, J. Garwood, L. Ferrell, E. Richards, north line. Persons are particularly requested to go to the boundaries and start with the lines. It is desirable, and has been agreed upon by the Marshals, that they, and all persons in attendance, go on foot. It is hoped that persons will obey this last request, and also will leave their guns at home. The dangerous consequence of having fire-arms at such a place is obvious to all. And also would request persons who would take dogs to keep them tied until the ring is closed. *Remember that all are to go on foot.*"

In the absence of an account of this hunt, and presuming that the preceding advertisement has whetted the appetite of curiosity in many of our readers, we subjoin the description, by a literary friend, of a

"Circle Hunt" which took place several years since in an adjoining State. Though drawn up for a different occasion, this will well bear a repetition, and give, we have no doubt, a not incorrect idea of the recent sport in Old Columbiana. It is in the words and form following: to-wit.

WE rose in the morning at an early hour to make preparation for the sports of the day. The major, who was to be the Grand Master of the Hunt, selected his best rifles, and we went to work molding bullets. The notes of preparation were sounded in every direction—the negroes laughed—the dogs barked—the horses neighed—and all was bustle and confusion. All the arrangements had been made the previous night, and every man was to be at his post by sunrise. The circle was to be three miles in diameter; and all the neighbors within a half-day's ride were to assist at the ceremony. The center of the circle was within sight of the major's farm. Here was a large pond or lake, which, being frozen over, had been chosen by universal consent for the place of meeting. As our starting point was at a considerable distance, the major gave directions for the house to be closed; the windows barred and protected from any danger from the infuriated animals; then bidding the females keep close in their asylum, and leaving one of the negroes with a rifle to guard it, we started off. Little Willie, the major's eldest son, a boy of about twelve years of age, after hard entreaty, was permitted to accompany us, under the care of one of the negroes. A small rifle, suitable to his age and strength, was furnished, and he marched before us, proud of his permission and boasting of his intended glorious warfare on the smaller game.

We reached the appointed place, and exactly at the hour commenced our advance. The hunters were placed at a distance of about fifty yards apart, in order that nothing of consequence might escape. Little Willie kept close to his father at first, but getting bolder as we proceeded, he wandered off ahead, keeping his guardian negro, who was rather old, puffing and blowing, and scolding at his temerity: "You young rascal," said the privileged old man, "why you no keep along wid me and de rest ob de gemmen. Shouldn't wonder if a big 'coon or somethin' or 'noder cocht hole ob you drucly." The young gentleman turned up

his nose at his monitor, and shouldering his rifle proudly, shot off into a thicket, while the old man started in full chase, venting his spleen on the branches that impeded him. As the forest in which we were stationed was very thickly covered with brush and elm timber, our progress was very slow. Major Wiley and myself kept as much together as possible. From all parts of the forest we could hear the sharp crack of the rifles, or the louder reports of the shot-guns, which were carried by the younger portions of the community, to the great terror of squirrels and turkeys, and other small game.

Occasionally a deer, wounded by the shot of some of the hunters, would appear flying swiftly among the trees and over logs, disregarding every thing in its flight, and, as it met the formidable line, would speed swiftly back again towards the open place, until it fell from the loss of blood. The howling of the dogs was heard continually from every quarter, as, far in advance of their masters, in the language of the country, they "treed" some animal, and were giving notice of their success. Game was plenty; foxes and wolves were started from their caves in every direction. The major, who was an excellent shot, was very successful, frequently bringing down his mark on the full run. For my part, I generally squatted behind a log, being a novice, and took aim when anything was at bay.

Old Pompey and little Willie had been absent from the company for more than an hour; but the major, who was well acquainted with the daring spirit of the boy, was perfectly unconcerned. The only danger he feared was, that he might be injured by some straggling shot from some of the hunters.

We had stopped near some fallen timber to examine a hollow in a large oak, in which the Major supposed a bear might have retreated, when a startling shriek from a thicket about three hundred yards in advance arrested our attention. A crack of a rifle was then heard, and another scream, accompanied with a fierce growling. We started off at a run in the direction of the sounds, which seemed to increase as we came near. The major, who was a tall, powerful man, made his way through the brush as if there were only so many corn-stalks to impede him. There was an open space in the thicket, with a large tree in the center. The first thing we saw on entering it was, little Wil-

lie loading his rifle, and trembling and screaming at the same time. A little beyond him was a terrible scene. Old Pompey was lying prostrate on the ground, bleeding profusely, and an immense panther crouching upon his body, the claws of one of his paws firmly fastened in his side, while, with the other, he was keeping a dog at bay, growling furiously, and shaking his immense tail as I have seen a cat when interrupted in his sport with an unfortunate mouse.

Poor Pompey lay perfectly still, and was only saved by the well-timed exertions of his dog from being instantly torn to pieces. At our approach the panther crouched still closer to the body of his victim, seemingly meditating another leap. The major's rifle was instantly leveled, but he was fearful that he might strike the negro, and hesitated. Fortunately, at that instant, a fierce attack of the dog behind incommenced the panther so much that he thought it best to retreat. With one bound he reached the foot of the tree, and was soon high up among the branches. As he sat crouching in the fork, showing his white teeth and snapping his eyes until they seemed to emit sparks of fire, the major again raised his piece—there was a sharp, quick report, and the animal sprang from the tree with convulsive energy, and fell dead upon the ground. The ball had struck immediately between his eyes.

We ran and raised Pompey from the ground, and examined his wounds. "Oh, massa Wiley, me dead for sartain," sobbed the poor fellow; "pooh-hoo-hoo." But he was much more frightened than hurt.—Though considerably torn in his thigh and side, none of his wounds were dangerous. It seemed that Willie, who as usual was ahead of his keeper, had got into the thicket, and, seeing the panther among the branches of the tree, was taking aim for a sure shot, when Pompey broke through the bushes, and, seeing the panther, uttered a terrific scream that disconcerted the hunter and caused him to miss his aim. Simultaneously with the report, the panther leaped from the limb upon the negro, and bore him to the ground. Little Willie, frightened almost to death, commenced re-loading his gun and screaming for assistance. It happened very fortunately for both that we were so near. Some others of the company now came up, to whom the major consigned

Pompey and his young charge to conduct home, while we again pursued our course.

It had been settled that, when the line of the hunt had reached a certain point, for fear of danger, all firing should cease. We were now within sight of the lake. Its surface, which was white with snow, was crowded with the frightened animals, huddled together in a group, or rushing backward and forward, endeavoring to find a point in the line through which to make their escape. But the hunters were so numerous that there was not, at this time, an opening of a yard wide to be discovered. It was now about 11 o'clock, the sun was shining very brightly; and as the animals flew about the surface of the ice, the snow tossed up by their feet sparkled like diamonds. It was a glorious sight to see the line gradually forming upon the edge of the lake—the barrels of their rifles reflecting the sunbeams, and almost all arrayed in hunting-shirts, with knives fastened to their belts. There were at least two hundred and fifty animals of all kinds assembled within the enclosure—wolves, foxes, deer, bears, and wild-cats in abundance. A few of the best hunters were selected to destroy the game. The dogs were called in and fastened, and they proceeded to the work of death. Taking stations as near as possible to the group in the center, the firing commenced. Every shot told, and as the animals fell, the hills around reverberated with the shouts of the joyous hunters. At length, the frightened beasts grew furious; they flew around in all directions, but the line was too formidable for them to break through it, and, wherever they attempted to escape, they were met by the shouts and more terrible knives of the party.

Among the deer was one particularly large and powerful. His antlers appeared, at their points, to be at least nine feet apart. His color was a dark red, with only a single white star in his forehead. He made several attempts to escape, but for a while was unsuccessful. His eyes flashed with rage. He pawed the ice, until the spot where he stood was entirely free from snow. He shook his antlered head at the hunters, and appeared several times on the point of attempting to break through the thickest portion of the line. Finally, after coursing around the circle several times, at the top of his speed, he made directly towards the line. Their cries were unavailing; nothing seem-

ed now to have power to drive him back. With a tremendous leap he passed over the heads of the hunters—cleared every obstacle—and was, in an instant, lost to sight in the depths of the forest. This gallant exploit was received with a tremendous cheer; and I firmly believe that not a hunter in the crowd would willingly have harmed him, had he presented the fairest mark for his rifle. Had it been a man, he would have been sent to Congress.

Now came the most exciting part of the hunt. The unerring guns of the marksmen had thinned the group considerably; and those that remained, no longer continued in the center; but kept running about the ice, at a loss how to act. The heat of the sun and the weight of the animals had considerably weakened the ice. Suddenly, as a volley was poured into the crowd, they all gathered again in the center of the lake. There was a sharp report of the yielding ice—a crash followed—and the whole body of frightened beasts were soused promiscuously together into the water. Such a struggling, and fighting, and screaming, and fluttering, I could never have conceived of. The deer made desperate efforts to escape: throwing their breasts against the edges of the ice, and endeavoring to obtain a hold upon the slippery surface for their feet. The wolves howled, the foxes barked, and the wild-cats fastened their claws into the backs of the deer, and leaped from thence upon the firm ice. I was highly amused at the efforts of a bear—the only one that remained. Blowing and snorting furiously, he floundered about, and threw his paws in every direction; now trying to mount, like the more active cats, upon the backs of the deer, then throwing his huge paws lovingly round the neck of some of the smaller animals, with his whole weight, and popping them under. He finally succeeded in mounting upon the ice, and, stopping an instant, uttered a tremendous growl, shook the water from his shaggy sides, and started off at a dog-trot. But danger was in poor bruin's front as well as his rear. A shot entered his brain before he had advanced ten paces, and he rolled over on his back, moaned a few times, then breathed his last.

When the last of the terrified victims was despatched, the hunters began the work of skinning and scalping. The shore was lined with the bodies of the slain. Parties went out and collected those that fell during the

progress of the hunt; and when all were in, they were counted; seven bears, eleven panthers, and foxes, deer and wolves innumerable were the result of the day's sport. Major Wiley, as master of the ceremonies, divided the spoils among the hunters, and all retired to their homes satisfied and contented with their operations.

THE CHEERFUL WIFE.

—Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Rogers.

I.

SHE sits at home, a fairy queen,
With laughing eye and joyous mien;
And when dull care
Steals in with silent, haggard pace,
She meets it with a cheerful face,
And playful air.
And when, by ruin droop'd and bow'd,
Despairing thoughts all darkly crowd
Around his heart,
Her husband seeks that peaceful home,
Which else than plenty ne'er had known,
His woes t' impart.

II.

I've seen the poor man, when the day
(His labors done) had pass'd away,
His fireside seek;
No sumptuous table met his view,
But she was there, of heart so true,
And blushing cheek!
His cheerful wife!—confronted there
By her contented look, his fare,
However rude,
Was sweeter far to him I ween,
Than dantier fare could e'er have been,
With sullen mood!

III.

A cheerful wife 's the summer shower—
Her smile, the sunbeam to the flower
With drooping head:
Her mild, sweet voice, the playful breeze,
Singing among the forest trees,
When daylight 's fled.
A cheerful wife!—still grant to me
That more than priceless jewel,—she,
Who 'mid the strife
Of sublunary things, yet wears
A smile to cheer—to banish cares—
A CHEERFUL WIFE!

Vanderburgh Co.: Ia.

D. A. S.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I HAVE never seen what seemed to me an impartial *critique* upon any distinguished poetical writer. Perfectly impartial criticism is, perhaps, to be classified as an affair of the imagination, merely. The sympathies of soul and of sense are to the intellectual vision very much as atmospheric and other *media* are to the material;—both essentially qualify the impressions which are produced by the objects of vision. Of all the justly distinguished poets, we may select whichever we please, and place him—in law-lingo—upon the stand, for examination. Arrange around him, quill in hand, the whole array of critical interrogators—those self-complacent and self-constituted impeachers, advocates, and judges, at the tribunal of Literature; and then adjure him that he answer according to the measure of his light, touching the world of Song. Each interrogator, or examiner, perceives in the revelation, it may be, somewhat to commend, and somewhat to disapprove. But the attention of one is fast fixed by something closely corresponding to his own most cherished form of thought and feeling; by the strong witchery of sympathy that something is magnified and gradually fashioned for admiration, and high sounding and indiscriminating eulogy naturally follows, until there is left neither inclination nor fitness for an unbiased and enlightened verdict upon the whole of the poet's revelation. And this result is not at all unlikely, even if we concede to the examiner unquestionable honesty; but if he happen to be not overburdened with that commodity—which is, certes, not improbable, because it is much suspected that old Mac Grawler himself was nearly, if not quite, an angel, in comparison with most of his tribe—if, I say, the examiner be careless on the score of honesty, then will the afore result come of a surety; and more particularly, if the matter which stirs his sympathy and rouses up his prejudiced admiration, be branded heterodox, by the great suffrage of public opinion. For no man ever yet found public opinion strongly arrayed against him, without entertaining, at first, an earnest wish to change that state of things; and thus the examiner or critic in question, from a determination to resist to the last extremity, the assaults of general opinion upon the matter which he so doats upon in the revelation of the poet,

refuses to recognize, or, rather, recognizing refuses to concede the most palpable and glaring faults, lest he thereby lose his vantage.

But, to continue this imaginary scene of literary adjudication, another examining critic finds in the relation things which, to his apprehension, are wholly heterodox and abhorrent; and, like the quack musician whose finely and variously toned instrument was sillily spurned because one single string seemed to be going ajar, so, because of that which he deems objectionable, however small in amount, he irrationally repudiates and casts away that which is unobjectionable, however large in amount. He will reject an atmosphere of light, because of a single cloud of darkness—a rich harvest of wheat, because of a small remainder of inseparable chaff—a treasure of refined gold, because of an accompanying particle of dross.

Another still, and the last of the array of critics to whom it will be worth while now to attend, makes up, with little expenditure of thought, and promulgates, in good set phrases, a general and sweeping verdict of approbation or condemnation; or if he do not this, he will pass along in almost total carelessness and disregard both of that which is commendable, and that which is reprehensible. Because the revelations of true genius are so colossal and far-reaching, that with his utmost power he can but dimly see and feebly grasp them. With him, therefore, disinterested and discriminating criticism is out of the question. But he is determined to play the critic nevertheless, and so he betakes himself to the only method for which his capacity fits him. He criticises *to the best advantage*; i. e. he villifies or bepraises exactly according to the nature of his personal relations with, or personal opinions of, the poet; or else he does so according as he supposes one or the other course best calculated to operate upon individuals or the community, to the furtherance of his own selfish and interested purposes. And this, there can be little doubt, is, next to inveterate and incurable plagiarism, the most damnable of literary sins. For its direct tendency is to “lay the axe to the root of the tree,” and to hew down those which bring forth good fruit, as often as those which bring forth bad.

The different states of feeling, above hinted at, seem to me to be some of the chief reasons why the productions of critical

writers stand, probably without exception, obnoxious to the charge of unfairness; sometimes undesigned, but oftener far, intentional. And this opinion is strengthened by the consideration of the fact, that mental tendencies like these are prevalent almost everywhere, among men. Among the rank and file of readers of poetry, I have heard, in scores of cases, decisions made, exactly of a piece with the foregoing. I have heard Burns, for instance, anathematized, without reserve, on account of his immoral tendency, and the works of Pope commended, in the same breath, on account of their purely moral spirit, by those who, at the same time, knew perfectly well that the “Cotter’s Saturday Night” was written by the former, and “January and May,” and “The Wife of Bath,” by the latter.

Probably no writer has ever been more unfairly treated, in these respects, than Shelley. The majority of those who have not been entirely indifferent with regard to him and his works, may be divided into two classes: by the one, he has been unreservedly reprobated, because of his exceptionable actions and opinions, and by the other, he has been just as unreservedly defended and bepraised, without regard to the most palpable faults, because of his transcendent genius. I am not flattering myself that I stand as a solitary exception to these mental tendencies, or entirely free from their prejudicial effects. All I can say is, that, as far as possible, I desire to escape them.

For the sake of simplicity, I shall consider my author, firstly, as a man; secondly, as a thinker; thirdly, as a poet. And, firstly, of Shelley as a man. This division, I know, cannot come in as a branch of any legitimate literary inquiry; but it might, perhaps, be deemed uncourteous to pass entirely, as irrelevant matter, that which has been treated so frequently as the *main* matter. An individual, merely mortal, presenting characteristics utterly and only evil, or entirely and only good, would be an anomaly, in search of which the world might be explored in vain. Such an one was not Shelley. It is insisted by his friends that he was gentle, loving, charitable, and unoffending. Confining the scrutiny to his intercourse with individuals, this must be, in the main, admitted. And it will be difficult, after a full and impartial examination, to deny him the merit of having been generally actuated by good motives. But if we regard the

practice of his life, as constituting one aggregated or whole example, destined to exert an abiding influence among men, we shall be compelled to say that, in that example, there is more of evil than of good. For the practice of his life was directly at war with some of the great conservative principles, and usages, and beliefs, without which society, in its civilized mode, can never exist among the mass of mankind. A spirit, whose perception and love of the sublimity, and harmony, and beauty, which constitute the abounding poetry of the universe around us, are keen and strong as were his, can never fail to desire the general prevalence of good. But it does, by no means follow, that such an one must necessarily and intuitively be endowed with a knowledge of Heaven's great and complicated system of good—a system whose ramifications are not confined to the regions where the stars and the angels shine, but reach as well the lowliest and most minute conditions of earthly life. The faultiness of Shelley's practice appears to have consisted solely in manifestations of his sincere but bad beliefs; and these, in their turn, were but natural growths, of which wrong thinking was the root. And this brings me to consider him, secondly, as a thinker.

He was greatly addicted to the study of logic and metaphysics, and he certainly acquired some degree of mastery of the *instruments* of right reason; but the result is, that he only furnishes additional proof of the fact, that logicians, like builders, may acquire a perfect *use* of the necessary and efficient instruments peculiar to their calling, while, at the same time, the superstructures which they raise by means of those instruments may be greatly deformed and false in their proportions. And there is nothing novel in this idea. Upon the question of the eternity of matter, many of the most skillful logicians of the past ages have taken different sides; so also upon the question of the unity or indivisibility of matter; so also upon the question of the existence of demons, and æons, etc. Now, whether we are able to decide these questions or not, it is perfectly clear that some of the logicians must have been wrong.

Some of the questions, in relation to which the wrong reasoning of Shelley seems to me to have been exhibited—which reasoning resulted in his wrong beliefs, which wrong beliefs, in turn, resulted in his wrong prac-

tices—are: the existence of a Deity; the propriety of religion among men; the propriety of the institution of marriage in human society. Knowing that, on the basis of the experience and investigations of many thousand years, the judgment of mankind has been deliberately, and, as it seems, unchangeably, made up in relation to these questions, there can be but little necessity of following up the windings of his arguments. It will suffice to show, by a few extracts, what his absurd conclusions were. Concerning the existence of a Deity, he says:

"God is an hypothesis, and, as such, stands in need of proof: the *onus probandi* rests on the theist."

In reference to religion he concludes: "In fact religion and morality as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude." Again: "Religion is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. But if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings is absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions, religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of animal mind; moral qualities also, are such as only a human being can possess; to attribute them to the principle of the universe, is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature."

Respecting the institution of marriage he winds up an elaborate argument with the following declaration:—"A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage."

I am aware that these extracts will be thought by many to be revolting and uncalled for, but I have ventured upon this course, as being the shortest and readiest way of making it apparent that Shelley was, in many respects, a very defective thinker. But to pursue this branch a little further let us quote him again:—"Undoubtedly no person can be truly dishonored by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes." He has here assumed one of the principles by which christianity seeks to ameliorate the

condition of the world. But he rejects christianity; and, from the scope of his writings, it is evident that he had a fixed faith in the final perfection of human kind, and human happiness—upon the basis of the principle just quoted—the whole to be wrought out by unassisted human nature. Out of many passages in his poetry I shall extract two or three for the purpose of illustrating his idea of the picture which the world will present when the period of the perfection of humanity shall have arrived. The first is from the poem entitled “Queen Mab.” After having traced the progress of human affairs to the great consummation, he proceeds :

“Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind,
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wake,
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks
The unprevailing hoariness of age,
And man, once fleeting o’er the transient scene
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands
Immortal upon earth.”

The next is from “Hellas, a Lyrical Drama,” as follows :

“The world’s great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads, on a sunnier deep.”

He predicts, and seems confidently to expect a final and universal estate of good, upon the earth; to be achieved and maintained through the full development of such love as is now a component part of humanity. His theory is a very pleasant one; but analogy is altogether against him. He seems to disregard the fact that in the constitution of man the desire of distinction, of power, of exclusive property in things external to self, and the other propensities

and faculties that militate against the perfect dominion of love, have been just as invariably indicated as love itself. If he had not arbitrarily left this fact out of the account, he could not have failed to infer from it that the mental constitution of man is an invariable concomitant of his physical constitution, and not a whit less essential to his nature; that both these are conjoined in the formation of one whole humanity; that without a change, wrought out by nature, in the physical constitution, there can be no reasonable expectation of a change, wrought out by nature, in the mental constitution; that the results naturally and invariably incident to humanity through all the past and present, must continue to be invariably incident to it, while it shall remain unchanged; and finally from all this, that the idea of subjecting mankind, in the natural estate, and without constraint, to the undivided domain of love and moral good, is a mere whim.

On the whole, it is plain that he possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of perceiving, and freshly and strikingly presenting to his readers, ideas old and new; without the general power of arranging them for the purposes of right reason. And we need no other proof to establish the possibility of the existence of genius, of a very high order, in connection with very inferior logical powers.

It is now time to consider him, thirdly, as a poet. I shall not place him in any particular school of poetry, so called, because I have always failed to perceive the propriety of much that has been said and written about schools of poetry. Poetry consists of a union of rhythmical verse, melodious sound, eloquent thought, passionate expression, and sublime or beautiful imagery. The common practice of calling every thing eloquent in thought or pleasing in imagery by the name of poetry, is palpably improper, because it is impossible, under such a rule, to preserve to poetry any thing like a distinctive existence. That composition in which we find eloquence of thought, without rhythmical melody and measure, is merely prose, however beautiful it may be. Neither is there any necessity of confounding prose and poetry in the manner above alluded to. The division of the poetical department into poetry and doggerel verse, and of prose into plain and ornamental, will furnish a classification suf-

ficiently ample to include all the varieties of composition.

In the whole department of verse, then, there are, properly, but two schools: that of poetry, and that of doggerel verse. I denominate that verse as doggerel, which is deficient in the characteristics of true poetry above stated. An exact and hair-splitting definition of, and distinction between the two divisions is, perhaps, impossible in words. To those who possess the "spirit of initiation," there is no need of a more careful definition; to those who have it not, no multiplication of words will avail for the solution of the mystery. All the true poets have been members of the one great school. There have been differences between them with regard to versification; but this is only one of the constituent parts of poetry. They have sometimes differed with regard to their feeling, or spirit of thought—that is, some have been remarkable for gentleness and piety of spirit, some for sternness and misanthropy, some for romance, etc.; but all such variations as these are merely different exhibitions or phases of thought, which is itself, like versification, one of the constituent parts of poetry. And in this manner we may very safely dispose of the whole of those poetical peculiarities which have induced the members of the corps-critical to talk about a multiplicity of schools of poetry. Furthermore, it results from this classification, that while the great multitude of doggerelists find no admission, even to the threshold of the true school of poetry, the true poets, on the other hand, with few exceptions, and in different degrees, are subject to be classified as members of both schools. I say in different degrees; for the quantum of doggerel verse in the productions of many of the poets, is no more than the dust of the balance in comparison with the amount of sterling poetry; while in the productions of others—of whom Wordsworth is chief—both poetry and doggerel are so constantly and ludicrously intermingled that there is a good deal of difficulty in determining which is the predominating material. As an illustration of this last assertion, let us take a couple of passages from Wordsworth. The first consists of the three closing stanzas of a poem entitled "Strange fits of Passion," in which the relater describes himself as just approaching the cottage of his mistress:

"In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And, all the while, my eye I kept
On the descending moon.

"My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped;
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once the bright moon dropped.

"What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'"

The other passage consists of the closing part of a little poem concerning a beautiful and excellent, but obscure young lady. It will be seen that the first part of the passage is singularly beautiful, while its close might be, with propriety, held up as an ensample to a whole world of doggerelists:—and the lines are here given in the precise juxtaposition in which they were placed by the author:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!"

In the productions of Shelley, doggerel verse is of very rare occurrence. His perceptions of the eloquent, in thought, and the sublime and beautiful, in imagery, were so exquisite, that these are, therefore, eminently characteristic of the whole mass of his poetry. Hence the absence of doggerelism. His mastery of the machinery of versification, such as measure, accent, the arrangement of the cesura, etc., was most complete. He is almost matchless in the management of the Spenserian stanza, particularly the closing alexandrine. But the most striking characteristic of his genius is power of imagination. Perhaps in this particular other writers may have been, naturally, equally endowed; but in him this power became surpassingly efficient, in consequence of his perfect skill in the choice and adaptation of words, to embody and show forth the productions of the imagination. It is because of this rare endowment that his productions are so repeatedly pronounced to be obscure, and mystified. And

this it is not very difficult to explain. Among many definitions of the term imagination, the following, by Burke, is, perhaps, the best: "The mind of man possesses a sort of creative power of its own; either in representing at pleasure the images of things in the order and manner in which they were received by the senses, or in combining those images in a new manner, and according to a different order. This power is called imagination; and to this belongs whatever is called wit, fancy, invention, and the like. But it must be observed, that this power of the imagination is incapable of producing any thing absolutely new; it can only vary the disposition of those ideas which it has received from the senses."

Now it is certain that words, either single or aggregated, are our best means for the communication of ideas or images. The things which are known by the senses are familiar. So, likewise, are the words which represent them. The same remark will apply, though somewhat less aptly, to the simplest form of imagination; that is, the reproduction of the images of things revealed to us by the senses. The images which are produced by the imagination, through the process of new combinations or arrangements, are much less familiar, because less uniform; and so, likewise, the aggregations of words, which are their representatives, must, of necessity, be less familiar. In proportion as the creative, or higher powers of the imagination—those peculiar to genius—are successfully exerted, the more unfamiliar must the ideas and images produced become; and the more unfamiliar must the aggregations of words which represent them become. The ideas and images produced by the imagination of Shelley, approximate newness of creation, as closely as may possibly be; and being compelled to make use of words which are the representatives of familiar things, for the embodiment of ideas and images which have no such representatives, his new aggregations cannot, therefore, be otherwise than unfamiliar to all, and their meaning, especially to the superficial reader, almost impalpable. But they are full of the most eloquent meaning, nevertheless; and those who complain of his obscurity prove nothing more than this, that they have been prevented by negligence, indifference, or incapacity, from so studying his process of imagination as to qualify themselves to appreciate and enjoy the rich-

ness and sublimity of his thought and imagery, and the fitness and beauty of his verbal representations of thought and imagery.

It will be proper now to extract a few passages from Shelley's works, in order that the reader may judge of the propriety of what has just been said of him as a poet. In the following, which is a passage from the "Revolt of Islam," a poem of very considerable length, written in the Spenserian stanza, the relater is describing an imaginary voyage along the waters of the eternal world:

* * * * *
"I looked and we were sailing pleasantly,
Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky,
Beneath the rising moon seen far away;
Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high,
Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay
On the still waters—these we did approach alway.

And swift, and swifter grew the vessels motion,
So that a dizzy trance fell on my brain—
Wild music woke me: we had passed the ocean
Which girds the pole, Nature's remotest reign—
And we glode fast o'er a pellucid plain
Of waters, azure with the noontide day.
Ethereal mountains shone around—a Fane
Stood in the midst, girt by green isles which lay
On the blue sunny deep, resplendent far away.

It was a temple, such as mortal hand
Had never built, nor extacy, nor dream,
Reared in the cities of enchanted land:
'Twas likest Heaven, ere yet day's purple stream
Ebbs o'er the western forest, while the gleam
Of the unrisen moon among the clouds
Is gathering—when with many a golden beam
The thronging constellations rush in crowds,
Paving with fire the sky and the marmoreal floods.

Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,
When from the depths which tho't can seldom pierce
Genius beholds its rise, his native home,
Girt by the deserts of the universe,
Yet, nor in painting's light, or mightier verse,
Or sculpture's marble language can invest
That shape to mortal sense—such glooms immerse
That incommunicable sight, and rest
Upon the laboring brain and overburthened breast.

Winding among the lawny islands fair,
Whose bloomy forests starred the shadowy deep,
The wingless boat paused where an ivory stair
Its fretwork in the chrystal sea did steep,
Encircling that vast Fane's ariel heap;
We disembarked, and through a portal wide
We passed—whose roof of moonstone carved, did keep
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side,
Sculptures like life and thought; immovable, deep-eyed.

We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof
Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's sheen
In darkness, and now poured it through the woof
Of spell-inwoven clouds hung there to screen
Its blinding splendor—through such veil was seen
That work of subtlest power, divine and rare;
Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,
And horned-moons, and meteors strange and rare
On night-black columns poised—one hollow hemisphere!

Ten thousand columns in that quivering light
Distinct—between whose shafts wound far away
The long and labyrinthine aisles—more bright
With their own radiance than the Heaven of Day;
And on the jasper walls around, there lay
Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,
Which did the spirits history display;
A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,
Which, in their winged dance, the conscious genii
wrought."

The following, in the same stanza, is taken from his elegy on the death of John Keats:

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy, and calumny, and hate, and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

* * * * *

He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-weary love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps thro' the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men, into the heaven of light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,

And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air."

The three stanzas which follow are out of a poem entitled "Ode to Heaven:"

"PALACE roof of cloudless nights!
Paradise of golden lights!
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then!
Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
Presence-chamber, temple, home,
Ever-canopying dome
Of acts and ages yet to come.

Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company;
Living globes, which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses;
And green world's that glide along;
And swift stars with flashing tresses;
And icy moons most cold and bright,
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
Heaven! for thou art the abode
Of that power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee on bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away:
Thou remainest such alway."

A general course of extracts, with the necessary commentary, however desirable, is not practicable here without an unreasonable extension of this article. I only remark, that to those who are capable of making an impartial scrutiny, and who do, accordingly, scrutinize and pass upon Shelley, simply as a poet, his name and genius must appear and remain enshrined among the very brightest and proudest of those,

"Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away."

As a poet, his influence can never be very palpable, but it must always be powerful; because it will operate, directly, only upon the higher powers in the world of mind, and through these, indirectly, upon the mass. His influence will also be conservative, because its strong tendency is to preserve the muses from that truckling subserviency to the laws of custom, by which they have so often been crippled in their

flight; and because it is set, as a flint, against the inroads of doggerelism, not simply as such, but doggerelism assuming to be poetry.

The universe of light and life, and thought and form, is a vast and glorious book, on which the essence of all poetry stands graven; and he who aspires to learn its marvelous lore, and, therefore, to go up and pass within the portal of the great temple of Song, may rest assured that, if he be not largely schooled in the mode, and imbued with the spirit of Shelley, he will have no key by which to con and comprehend some of the best and brightest pages of that everlasting volume.

O. C.

INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

I HAVE seldom seen, in so small a space, as much sound, practical good sense, so well-timed and well-directed, as is contained in the address of President Brown, to the graduates in Jefferson College, delivered on the day of commencement, in September last. This production evinces a mind deeply imbued with correct principles, and with a clear perception and love of practical truth. I would recommend it to readers generally,—but more particularly to the youth of the land, as a manual for their guide, and as especially calculated to benefit them in their entrance into the world, and the great practical duties of life. Without any attempt at mere ornament, its style is simple, clear, concise, dignified, and elegant,—and these are nearly all the elements of true eloquence. It has none of that high-sounding and gorgeous display of words which, too often, on like occasions, rather fascinate the ear, than enlighten the understanding and improve the heart. Its several excellences will appear from the following passage:

“The opinion which has become so very prevalent, especially with regard to moral and religious subjects, ‘that truth is indifferent,’ and that ‘it matters not what a man believes,’ is one of the most absurd and dangerous, that can be conceived. Error in principle necessarily leads to error in practice. Who does not see this in relation to the common concerns of life? Who would trust a physician, ignorant in his profession, or mistaken with regard to the nature of his

disease and the appropriate remedy? Who would employ a lawyer that would not give himself the trouble of examining the cause with which he is entrusted? In like manner with regard to the farmer, mechanic or merchant. How much more unreasonable and dangerous to maintain the indifference of opinion and the innocence of error with regard to *morals* and the infinitely important relations of man to his fellow creatures, to his God, and the retributions of eternity? Here it is that the belief or rejection of truth is of the most vital importance, as it has a direct influence on *practice*, and is essentially connected with the highest interests of man throughout the whole of his existence.

“It is deeply to be regretted that the sage of Monticello, has long since given the sanction of his popular name to the sentiment so prevalent, ‘that error is innocent, when reason is left free to combat it—that it matters not, whether a man believes in one god or twenty gods, it neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg.’ But is it not obvious that a man’s character and conduct will be in accordance with the character of the divinity he adores and loves? If he worships a god who approves of theft, he will be a thief and not hesitate to ‘pick his neighbor’s pocket.’ If he be a worshipper of Mars or a god who delights in blood, he will be murderer, and not hesitate ‘to break his neighbor’s leg,’ or take his life. If he be a worshipper of Bacchus, he will of course be a drunkard. If he deny the existence of God or a future state, he will cast off all restraint and moral obligation. Who will trust a man that denies all moral obligation, and would maintain that murder, theft, robbery, treason and licentiousness of every kind, were in themselves harmless, or matters of indifference? What would be the consequence of the general prevalence of such sentiments? Certainly, licentiousness in practice, leading to all manner of crimes, destructive to the peace, safety, and the very existence of society. In illustration of the appropriate effects of such principles we might refer not only to the history of Pagan nations, the habitations of cruelty and all manner of pollution and crime, but also to the recent history of revolutionary France.

“In connection with the importance of truth and the danger of error, it would seem to be an obvious consequence *that man is responsible for his belief*. Yet we find a

contrary sentiment has become very prevalent. It has been boldly avowed, that man is *not* responsible for his belief—that he is not to blame for his opinions, however erroneous or dangerous they may be. It is alledged that he is bound by a kind of *fatality*—an irresistible necessity; that he is a mere creature of circumstances; that his character is formed entirely by the impressions made by surrounding objects, and that there is no possible sense in which his character, belief, or actions, could be different from what they are. This is one of the most prevalent forms which infidelity has assumed at the present time; and it is obvious none can be more pernicious. It strikes directly at the root of all moral obligation, and so far as it prevails, tends to all manner of licentiousness and crime. It is to be deeply regretted that these licentious opinions have been diffused to an alarming extent among certain classes of society, and especially those of foreign importation. Formerly infidelity was more confined to the higher classes of the community, and so long as the metaphysical infidelity and atheism of Hume and others, was confined to a few sceptical philosophers, it was comparatively harmless; but in our times the poison has infected the *mass*. These destructive errors have been shaped and modified so as to be adapted to the lowest and most ignorant grades of the community. Hence, no doubt, that recklessness and insubordination to law. Hence those mobs, riots, lynchings, robberies, and murders, so alarmingly prevalent in our country, and threatening destruction to our republican institutions.

"Now it is readily admitted that we are powerfully affected by surrounding objects, and that circumstances have great influence in forming the characters of men; but it is not admitted that man is entirely the 'creature of circumstances,' as we find men in the same circumstances not only different but directly opposite in their characters and conduct.

"It is also admitted that the human understanding uniformly decides according to the evidence clearly presented to the mind for the time being: and in this sense our judgment or belief may be said to be necessary and unavoidable. But when we consider the influence of our feelings, passions, and prejudices, in precluding or perverting the evidence itself, it is obvious that our de-

cisions are controlled by the dispositions of the *heart*, and are therefore the proper object of approbation or blame. A judge may give his decision in perfect accordance with the testimony as presented and received, but if he should, from partiality or any improper bias, refuse to receive the *whole* testimony, or should admit only such parts of testimony as would aid the party he is disposed to favor, who would not charge such a judge with partiality and corruption?

"Thus it is in the decisions of the human understanding. Although we cannot avoid assenting to evidence as it is presented and perceived by the mind, yet we have a power of attending or not attending to it. We may close our eyes against the light; we may turn away from the truth which we do not love, and dwell exclusively on its opposite, and thus completely bias the judgment, and adopt at length any sentiments which are agreeable to our passions and prejudices.

"The influence of the heart on the decisions of the judgment, is generally acknowledged among mankind, and they act accordingly. Hence, in courts of justice, interest or prejudice is always considered sufficient to invalidate the force of testimony. And on the same principle the Scriptures of Truth account for the prevalence and the guilt of infidelity and error: 'Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.' And they are condemned 'because they received not the truth, (in the love of it,) but had pleasure in unrighteousness.'

"If, then, you would cultivate independence of mind, in regard to *truth*, you should set a high value upon it—consider its importance in itself and its *practical* effects. You should 'seek for it as silver, and search for it as hidden treasures.' You will carefully guard against every thing which would prevent a cordial reception of the truth, considering *voluntary* error a practical sin, a sin of the heart; and having found the truth, you will manfully maintain and contend for it at every hazard.

"Let it be your determination to weigh with candor whatever is presented for your consideration, and to form your conclusions accordingly. Guard with special care against every influence which may tend to bias and pervert your judgment, particularly from private interest, sinister views, passions and propensities.

"With equal firmness and decision guard

against the influences around you from the authority of men, popular opinion, the false maxims of the world—the violence of party spirit, and the reproaches, opposition, or enmity, to which you may be exposed in following the dictates of your own honest convictions.

“Whatever pretensions are generally made to the contrary, there are few men who have any just claim to real independence of mind. Multitudes yield themselves entirely to the opinions of others, without ever examining for themselves. Skeptics *professedly* consider Truth as of no value, and have no fixed sentiments, especially on moral subjects. Others, too indolent to endure the labor of patient inquiry, receive their opinions on trust, and adopt the maxims and sentiments of their leaders, or the party to which they are attached, or as whim, or interest, or bigotry, may direct. But there is an opposite extreme, against which young men ought specially to guard. From pretensions to superior genius and *originality*, they aim to reject the commonly received opinions of mankind. They scorn to think with the multitude—deal much in paradoxes—make great pretensions to new discoveries—talk much about the ‘march of mind—the age of improvement—the 19th century,’ etc.

“Now it is certainly no evidence against the truth of any opinion, that it is generally received: on the contrary, when mankind have the capacity to judge and the means of information, and especially when there is a concurrence of men of superior wisdom and worth, it furnishes strong presumption in favor of the correctness of their views. It is no evidence of genius, nor of real independence of thought, merely to differ from the multitude. This may proceed from vanity and a desire to appear singular, or ambition after a superiority to which there is no just claim. And, with regard to the character of originality, which is the great temptation to aspiring minds, there are seldom any just pretensions.

“In Philosophy, in Morals, and especially in Theology, the pretended discoveries and improvements of modern times, are only, in fact, the erroneous theories of former ages, which have had their day, had become obsolete or forgotten, and again revived under some new modification or name. It would be difficult to mention any doctrine or theory of modern times, claiming to be

an original discovery, which has not been advanced centuries ago.

“Independence of mind in investigating and maintaining the truth, naturally leads to an independence with regard to *action*. Here, indeed, it is more palpable; and here, too, it will have to encounter greater difficulties and opposition, and require the exercise of greater courage and firmness of purpose. Having honestly and sincerely endeavored to ascertain what is true, the same principle will prompt to action, and determine to *do* what is *right*—to go straight forward in the path of duty, without turning to the right hand or to the left—to act agreeably to the dictates of conscience, whatever sacrifices it may require, and however it may expose to opposition, reproach, and suffering.”

“This moral heroism and independence of mind, in opinion and action, based upon the eternal principles of rectitude, we earnestly recommend and urge you to cherish and cultivate, at this particular crisis of your lives. You are soon to go forth into a world replete with peril. You enter upon the stage of public life in a time of great excitement. Amidst the ‘war of elements’ which agitate society, civil, social and religious, the issues of which no man can foresee, your principles, your honesty and courage, may be subjected to the severest test ‘Acquit yourselves like men; be strong in the Lord and the power of his might.’”

In giving, however, the *unqualified* praise which I have bestowed upon Dr. Brown’s address, I would make an exception to the following paragraph, contained in the preceding extract:

“In philosophy, in morals, and especially in theology, the pretended discoveries and improvements of modern times, are only, in fact, the erroneous theories of former ages, which have had their day, had become obsolete or forgotten, and again revived under some new modification or name. It would be difficult to mention any doctrine or theory of modern times, claiming to be an original discovery, which has not been advanced centuries ago.”

This, although perhaps true in the *abstract*, might lead to too much disrespect for any high and useful developments of noble truths, both in philosophy and theology, which have been revived or illustrated in the present age; and which, although un-

derstood or hinted at in former times, have been obliterated or obscured by the gradual corruptions of those dark ages which had well nigh destroyed and overwhelmed the christian world.

The great reformers of the 15th and 16th centuries, could not shake off all the errors and prejudices which they had imbibed from a perverted education in that depraved and corrupt age. They nobly commenced the reformation, and were but the harbingers of a brighter day, not yet arrived at its meridian light and glory. The restoration of the sacred scriptures to the people through their gifted agency, gave spiritual liberty to manhood, and opened the door to the christian world through which it has ever since been entering into higher states of love and light;—these scriptures containing an infinity of moral and spiritual truths, like their author, which will be continually developing, and be in harmony with the ever-varying and advancing states of society.

There are, to be sure, and will be, occasional and local oppositions and re-actions, but still the cause of christianity is progressing, and the great temple of truth is gradually being built on broader and more permanent foundations,—never again to be shaken or undermined.

I rejoice to find so many gifted artists, in this age, engaged in building up and adorning this noble edifice; and I thank the author of this address for the beautiful and substantial pillar he has thus prepared for it.

CITIZEN.

“L. E. L.”

“Of all the trees that down their shadows cast,
Choose you a wreath from any but the laurel!”

L. E. L. *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, 1839.

ANOTHER bough has fallen from the tree,
Whose blossoms fame-borne reached Missouri's tide;
Whose roots, Britannia, centered fast in thee,
And spread thy name and glory far and wide!
Oh, for thine own bright thoughts and words, to tell
Its strength, its grace, its beauty, L. E. L.

For thou wert there, in spite of all thy warning—
The wreath of Genius thou wert doomed to wear!
Budding upon thy brow, in Life's young morning,
The laurel shone amid thy flowing hair;
Thy lyre on Britain's tree of pride did dwell,
And to the breeze gave music, L. E. L.

Fair Tree! thy topmost branch was broken, when
Hemans's pure spirit sought its native heaven,
To join with kindred angels, once again,
Her seraph harmony, to earth but given
Awhile; awakening in each soul a spell,
Which none more truly owned than L. E. L.

When Fletcher's* brilliant tones were heard no more,
And Fate had borne her to a foreign land,
The garb of mourning then thy branches wore,
Seared by the withering blast which, mocking, fann'd
Its drooping leaves, from India's clime. The knell
That startled all, touched deepest L. E. L.

For who could whisper to the winds a sigh
More filled with melody and grief, withal,
Than thou, whose woman's heart, the gentlest tie
Of love or friendship, ever held in thrall;
Whose genius, like a ray of sunshine, fell,
Touching all hearts with gladness, L. E. L.

The spells of genius! They were thine, who knew
The joys, the woes, to which it e'er gives birth;
The deep affections in thy heart which grew,
Had made thee fitter far for heaven than earth;
Their wasted sweets, their blights, thy writings tell—
Thou weptst for others—we for L. E. L.

When Norton's wrongs were echoed through the land,
And indignation thrilled each woman's soul,
Among the first of that bright sister band,
Who rose to vindicate her as a whole,
Were heard thy accents; softly as they fell,
None plead more strongly than sweet L. E. L.

Free from thy sex's foibles, thou couldst raise
Thy voice in commendation loud, and show,
By thy approving word, thy well judged praise,
Where sister songsters shone, with generous glow;
And Blessington's rich fame twas thine to swell
In thy last published tribute, L. E. L.†

Another bough from Britain's pride is torn;
Its leaves are scattered wide about the earth:
Each song, each line, that fell from thee we mourn,
Are leaflets prized as gems of priceless worth;
Cherished by all, what bosom doth not swell,
As memory muses upon L. E. L.?

Touched not thy strains each heart in happier hours?
When life was new, and the whole earth was bright,
Thy flowing numbers breathed of fairy flowers,
That wooed and won, and vanished into light;
Scarce lingering long enough to sigh farewell!
They were thine own bright emblems, L. E. L.

St. Louis: Mo.

MOINA.

* Mrs. Fletcher (Maria Jewsbury) accompanied her husband to India, and died from the influence of the climate in a very few months.

† Illustrations for the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, 1839, contains the last published writings of L. E. L.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A TALE AFTER THE FASHION OF THE AUTHOR OF
KANDOLPH, KEEP COOL, ETC.

BY JOHN NEAL.

WE were on our way through the white hills of New-Hampshire. It was toward sunset, in the month of July, after one of the hottest days of the hottest summer I ever knew. We were six inside, without reckoning bonnets, children, or bandboxes; covered with dust, out of humor with ourselves, the driver, the stage, the horses, the weather, and every thing else; and after a dead pull of eight mortal hours upon the stretch, part of the time through a loose gray sand, like powdered oatmeal, six inches deep, and the rest up hill, were just entering the Notch—a vast, cool, shadowy gorge of the mountains, where it was evident enough a smart shower must have fallen within two or three hours at furthest, so thoroughly washed was the broad, smooth highway, so noisy the birds, and so perfectly transparent the overarching trees; peradventure, while we were watching the sky, and listening to the reverberations of distant thunder, or sweltering and sulking in the vast hollow—where the Wyleys had perished so miserably but a short time before, wondering at the miraculous escape of the cottage they fled from, as they saw, through the darkness of midnight, the foundations of the great deep broken up! the mountains tumbling from their thrones and rushing together! yea, the bright thunder itself, and the very skies, falling in ponderous fragments about their path!

Mount Washington was right before us now, “in golden panoply complete;” the scattered patches of snow that were left, burning like molten rubies in every hollow the sun could reach, the rocky helmet above, and the pomp of clouds below, luminous with fiery purple—a sort of inward glory—a great upheaving, self-illuminating, and self-sustaining power. The stage stopped of itself.

The shaft-horses leaned back with all their strength, and the high-spirited leaders, coming round with a lurch at the foot of the hill we were just beginning to go up, and planting their hoofs on a little patch of damp turf they found there, stood looking at us with an expression that was not to be trifled with. I wish you could have seen their eyes!—their heaving manes—their dilated nostrils—and their outstretched necks! The appeal was irresistible; there was nothing more to be said. The door flew open at once; and out we bundled! six of the happiest human creatures you ever met with of our age, and three of the noisiest, I promise you, after we had once felt the fresh grass with our feet, and breathed, for a few moments, the richly-scented wind, that came up, sounding and sweeping through the gorge, as from the innermost depth of the wilderness—flavored not only with the wild blossoming trees that flourish there, the pond-lillies and the sweet ferns, but, like the perfumed sherbet of the East, hallowed, as it were, with the delicious coolness and purity of the mountain snow. The smaller children shouted for joy; and the “children of a larger growth” would have shouted with them, had they been better acquainted, or not altogether so well brought up.

A long, though not steep, hill was before us, and a most beautiful sky. So, beseeching the driver to take his own time, and give the horses a good breathing before he followed, we set off in good earnest for a tramp through the Notch; some taking one side of the road and some the other, two or three loitering, as if they had the whole afternoon before them, and others laboring straight forward, without looking to the right or left, as if with a settled determination to be there first, and have the job off their hands; the two younger children racing about, hither and thither, and peeping with solemn bright eyes into the undergrowth, and whispering together, as if it were haunted; and the eldest, a brave little romp—and not so very

little neither, *she'd* have you to know—with large laughing eyes, plentiful hair, a generous mouth, and the whitest teeth, if not the reddest lips, I had seen for a twelvemonth; just beginning to hide *both* shoulders with great care, to tremble and blush, without knowing why, to look and listen, with murmuring lips and drooping eyelids, and to feel, at the approach of twilight, as if she were undergoing a spiritual transformation; just flowering upon the outer verge of hopeful and mysterious womanhood; overflowing with childish joy, and starting off by herself, as though in search of wild flowers or butterflies, and refusing the arm of a fashionably-dressed young fellow, with a very handsome face, and most unexceptionable tie; just out of college, and ready to go a bird-nesting anywhere but in the woods, or after shells anywhere but along the seashore, to oblige a pretty girl; one of those young gentlemen, so abundant everywhere just now, who are not ashamed to go fingering their way, in straw-colored gloves, through the great northern wilderness, or a tip-toe among the everlasting thunders of Niagara.

There was a wonderful freshness and heartiness in the air; a sort of healthy music all about us, and within us; above and below, and whithersoever we turned, there was a look of new and rejoicing life—a broad and generous wholeness—a vast and beautiful repose, worthy of man's exalted nature. The sky was of the clearest blue—earth of the deepest green. We could hear the rattling and ringing of many waters among the old upturned roots, and huge dislocated masses of rock, on both sides of our way, like subterranean laughter; and though we could see nothing of the cheerful waters themselves, they were so far below us, and our pathway just here was like a narrow bridge flung over the abyss at a single cast, there were occasional flashes of upward sunshine to be found, loitering and playing, for a moment, underneath the topmost branches of the most lofty and aged trees, lighting up the bark, or interweaving their threads of filmy gold with the rich pendant moss, that hung like tattered banners over the trembling undergrowth, till warp and woof were all afire with the confused and gorgeous blazonry, and we were reminded, at every step, of Leigh Hunt's "*patches of sunshine.*" We stopped; and, before we knew it, our voices had all died away in a whisper; not one of us had the heart, for a long while, to speak

above his breath. Even the little children were mute with awe. There was the huge mountain right before us, burning with unquenchable fire, and bearing up the very sky, as it seemed; for the white clouds were tumbling and rolling a thousand feet below the top; and here, on every side of us, were the last of the aboriginal pines—trees that were found flourishing here ages and ages ago—the pyramids of the North American forest; not a few of them "barkless and branchless," and, like those of the Alps, "*wrecks of a single winter!*"—their overloaded strength having bowed and broken at last, under the accumulated snows of a "single winter," with the noise of a midnight avalanche; though the main shaft, which had once upheld a canopy like a cloud, continued where it grew, unchanged and untroubled, steadfast and motionless, and perishing only as the mountains perish, by slow and imperceptible decay. There were a multitude of other trees, too, and all sorts of New-England shrubbery, the silver birch, the flowering dog-wood, the mountain-laurel, and the mountain-ash, the wild blossoming cherry, the savage hemlock, and the smooth bright beech, with here and there a thrifty bass, but a week or two before in full feather, and swarming with wild-honey bees; and all turning away from the dusty thoroughfare, with a beautiful instinct, and stretching out their arms, with whatever there might be of greenness left, or life or health, toward the deep of the wilderness, and all stooping reverentially over the dim gulf below, with an evident yearning for the companionship of the cheerful waters there.

We were now about half-way through the formidable Notch; and I was returning from a last peep over the rocky parapet, when, as I stepped into the narrow foot-path, I saw a glove lying there, a woman's glove, like an open hand, with the palm up. Taking it for granted that our little friend Julia had lost it, for she was the only person before me in this part of the road, I slipped it into my pocket, and pushed on, without thinking more of the matter, until, after walking a few rods further, not more than fifty, I saw a fellow-passenger, (the greatest oddity I ever met with,) stop and pick up something in a hurry, on the other side of the way, examine it for a few moments with

great care, walk forward a few steps, turn aside, look warily about, as if to make sure that nobody was near enough to see, and then, watching his opportunity, fell to another and more deliberate examination of the prize. What could it be! Once, to be sure, as he held it up to the light, I detected a sort of greenish glitter, and the idea flashed upon me that he had found either a green purse, or a green ribbon, of bright, changeable silk. Curious to know the truth, I turned my steps that way, and called out *halves!* But the moment he saw me approaching, he slipped his hand into his bosom, lengthened his pace, instead of quickening it, and replied to my salutation by repeating the same word, *halves!*

"Pray, sir," said I, out of breath—for he kept ahead of me, in spite of all I could do, though I look upon myself as a first-rate traveler for my inches—"pray, sir!"—calling after him at the top of my voice—"pray, sir! was that a watch, or a purse, or only a garter you lighted on just now, and put away so carefully in your bosom?"

"And pray, sir!" he answered afar off, and without turning his head till he found me trotting at his elbow; "pray, sir!"—stretching away on the other tack, and eyeing me with a subdued smile, which made me almost wish I had let him alone—"pray, sir! was that a tree-toad, a dragon-fly, or a string of orient pearls, *you* lighted on just now, and slipped into your breeches pocket?"

"I!—do slacken you your pace, will you; what a tremendous headway you have got on, to be sure!"

"Have I!—well, now that you have satisfied yourself you can't keep up with me without running, I'll shorten sail."

Shorten sail! said I, to myself. Oh, ho! my fine fellow, have I got you at last! if I don't make you out now, and that before we've got much further, I'll give up my whole day's work for a bad job. And well I might; for I had been trying to make out what he was, and so had everybody else in the stage, ever since we took him up the other side of Conway. He was either a madman or a miracle—a downright wonder; for, though he said nothing like other people, thought aloud by the half-hour, and persuaded the romp to acknowledge, in so many words, that he hadn't a thimbleful of common sense, nor an atom of good breeding, all which he took in very good part, I

confess; yet, some how or other, we had always found him at home, all day long, upon every subject that was mentioned. He had been everywhere—seen every thing—and knew everybody, and everybody appeared to know him, though at one place they called him *squire*, and at another *master*. He talked half a dozen different languages; appeared familiar with history, ancient and modern, with government, commerce, literature, law, physic, and divinity. At one place, where we stopped, we missed him at the table, and when the stage drew up, we found him prescribing for a poor woman, already given over, and assuring her, with perfect seriousness, that she had nothing to fear, and would be a well woman within a month or six weeks at farthest; and this, too, in the presence of the doctor himself: at another, I caught him eating crackers and fish, and scolding the village blacksmith and wheelwright, with his mouth full, as a master might a pair of bungling apprentices—the wheelwright for dishing his wheels too much, and the blacksmith for putting too many nails in the shoe, and just as many on the inside, where the hoof is weaker, as on the outside; for using the buttress; for fitting the hoof to the shoe, instead of the shoe to the hoof; and for the shameful treatment of the frog, in paring it away so much as to spoil the hoof, and cause the frog itself to be absorbed, as a worthless appendage: here, telling the man of the house how to manage his own crops, and how to strengthen every kind of soil in the neighborhood, with or without lime; how to cut his hay, and where to plant his potatoes: and there, every woman he met with, how to make her soap, and save her slops to fix her dyes; to hatch her eggs, and feed her poultry, in the dead of the winter: nay, even the schoolmaster, how much easier and pleasanter it would be for him to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, and English grammar, not only without rules, but for a long time without books; the parts of speech by conversation, for example; reading by the help of newspapers, or handbills, or whatever might happen to fall in the way of children; writing with a bit of chalk or a slate-pencil; and arithmetic any how, so that no figures were made, till the babies began to take a pleasure in doing silly what they were not allowed to do openly. And so it was with every body we met, and whatever happened to be the subject of conversation, he

was always at home. This, to be sure, was rather strange; but still stranger! there was no sort of ostentation about him, no display, no mystery; for his very name appeared at full length upon the way-bill, *Ichabod Weare, junior*, without shuffling, prevarication, or flourish: nor could we help acknowledging, after he had left us, and we came to compare notes, that he had always been listened to with most admiration by those who best understood the subject, whatever it was, upon which he happened to be holding forth at the time; and that, instead of being *found out*, as most people are, in the course of a single hour after they have begun to show off among strangers—the lawyer finding they are *no* lawyers, and the physicians that they are not medical men, whatever else they may be, and however astonishing their information may appear to the multitude, who are ignorant alike of both sciences, (if either may be called a science in the present condition of both,) it was directly the reverse with our new associate; for one of the party, a merchant in the Russia trade, soon satisfied himself, and whispered the thing to me before they had been together half an hour, that neighbor Weare, as he called him, was not only a merchant and a shipowner, but evidently engaged in that particular trade, being very well off in the world, and perfectly at home in the matter of Russia and Swedish iron, hemp and duck, the duties and the rates of exchange, and the modes of doing business throughout all northern Europe; though, to be sure, for reasons best known to himself, he wouldn't like to have it go any further. But, added my fat, good natured friend, laying his fore-finger along the nose, and tapping it, with one eye upon his wife, it's too late now; knew I should corner him; don't you say a word for your life, though! I promised not to betray him; and within two hours after this, the young collegian drew me aside and assured me that he had completely satisfied himself that Ichabod Weare, junior, must be a president of a college, or a professor of something, somewhere; he rather thought of modern languages and literature, or belle-lettres in general; for, to tell you the plain truth, said he, adjusting the tie of his cravat with a simper, I found him altogether too much for me, that's a fact; after I had brought him out upon the subject of literature generally, and then, by way of a regular blow off, mentioned every

confounded name I could think of, in French or Italian, Dutch or Spanish, German or Swedish—but he *had* me! faith he *had* me! for I hadn't even got their names right; and, for the life of me, I couldn't tell, three-quarters of the time, whether the tiresome old wretches had written prose or poetry, sermons or plays—hang me if I could! Oh, but I'm sure he's a professor of modern languages, or literature—by Julia?

"Or of something else—*somewhere*," said Miss Julia, in a roguish whisper, and turning to me with a deal of mischief in her eye.

So much for their opinions; but as for myself, we hadn't interchanged a half dozen words, before I set him down for a lawyer; and, long before we parted, I became perfectly satisfied that he was not only a lawyer, but a profound lawyer—a great lawyer—"great let me call him, for he conquered me;" having set me right with regard to Burr's trial, the court of King's Bench, and the practice there, and greatly enlightening me on the subject of a national bankrupt law, bills of credit, and two or three opinions of Mr. Justice Marshall; nay more, upon the learning of Lord Coke, Luther Martin, and Judge Parsons, and upon the very dangerous encroachments of the admiralty and equity upon the common law jurisdiction; and I was the more satisfied of this, from the fact, that, instead of talking learnedly, he talked plainly, and to the purpose, and so as to be understood even by those who were wholly unacquainted with law; never introducing the subject himself, nor even allowing a law phrase or a law maxim to escape his lips, where the same thing might be said in hearty English. No! and if you will believe me, not once did I hear him say any thing like this, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, or *communis error facit jus*, and, therefore—but enough. Let us go back to the story: I was trying to bring him to action, if you recollect.

Shorten sail! said I, that's the language of the sea!—and, all at once, a sort of misgiving came over me! He might be neither a merchant, nor a professor, nor even the president of a college, perhaps not even a lawyer! but, in all human probability, nothing more than a sailor, a sort of well-informed master mariner, who had learnt what he knew of the world from the seashore, from a ship's library, long voyages, and from having visited all the ports and harbors of our earth, like our friend B——, the orien-

tal traveller, and lecturing to crowded houses on the language and literature, the manners and monuments, of the East, and matters and things in general; though, but the other day, no longer ago than the last war, he was sailing out of Norfolk, Virginia, in the command of a merchant ship.

"But you haven't answered my question," said I, as soon as I had warped up alongside and got my breath.

"Nor you mine; fair play's a jewel."

"Fair play's a jewel, hey!" That settles the question. "The man is a sailor, and nothing but a sailor after all! But," I continued, "how on earth could you see me? haven't got eyes in the back of your head, have you?"

"To be sure I have; eyes all over. My spectacles are so contrived I can see behind me like most of the lower —. Ah! what have we here! a most beautiful orchis, and in full flower, too," gathering it as he spoke, and putting it away in his hat with the greatest possible care.

Determined not to be baffled about the watch or purse, or whatever it might be, I renewed the attack. "But you haven't answered my proposition," said I. "What say you, *halves* or not?"

"Just as you please," he replied; "but first let me tell you a story, it may put you on your guard. I went with a neighbor of mine to the races, one day. The pickpockets were busy. Hearing somebody call out *halves*! I looked about me, and there was my neighbor, a poet, by the way, and a very good fellow for a poet, too, standing stock still with the hand of another person fumbling in his pocket. *Halves*! cried he, without turning his head, upon which the light-fingered gentleman took to his heels, with a crowd of boys after him, and a laugh that would have done you good to hear, following him all round the heath."

"Nevertheless," continued I, wondering what he meant by the story, and resolved not to be laughed out of my purpose, nor diverted from the pursuit by a mere change of subject; "nevertheless, I do insist on the law of the road, where a fellow-traveler lights upon a *waif* or *estrays*."

"Not being *feræ naturæ*, if you please. However —"

"*Feræ naturæ*! Oh, ah! nothing but an attorney after all! the thing is *clear*—clear beyond the possibility of a doubt, as *we* say at the bar."

"However," continued he, "if you say so, *halves* it is, law or no law; but how are we to divide the spoil? It may be incapable of division, you know. Would you establish a joint tenancy, or shall we be tenants in common?"

"Worse and worse," thought I; "an attorney's clerk at best, I'm afraid. But," continued I, "you are right, and, therefore,"—recollecting that I had but *one* glove—"and, therefore, what say you to a *swap*."

"With all my heart!—a pig in a poke!—are you ready?"

"All ready, sir!" and reaching forth the glove in my shut hand, I waited for the prize; not without a little inward exultation, I acknowledge, as he turned his back to me and began fumbling in his bosom, at the idea of having so handsomely outwitted him; nor was that exultation diminished, when I observed his look as he first caught sight of the glove, and, after staring at me for a minute or so, took it between his fore-finger and thumb, with a strange expression of the eye, which I often thought of afterwards, and laughed at again and again, till my sides ached, though I did not understand at the time, while, with the other, he handed me something close cuddled up in the shut palm. Faugh! how my fingers thrilled at the touch! my very flesh crawled, and I let it drop like a frightened girl. And what do you think it was? Neither a green ribbon, nor a green silk purse, no! nor even a string of orient pearls, but a little green snake!—as green as emerald, not more than a foot long; with eyes like two sparks of fire, and the nimblest tongue I ever saw in a reptile of that shape.

"Man alive!" cried my strange associate, flinging himself head first into the short grass, and catching the little creature again with the most astonishing dexterity, "man alive! a little more an' you'd a' lost him; and what's more, he might have been seriously hurt by your carelessness; poor little thing! here! hold out your hand, both hands, if you please, till you get better acquainted."

"No, I thank you," said I, "had enough o' that—would rather give up the trade, if you say so; what'll you take to let me off?"

"Are you serious?" looking at me with a sort of compassionate smile, as if unwilling to take advantage of my ignorance.

"To be sure I am."

"You are! then, all I have to say is, that you are no naturalist! and I'm sorry for you."

I bowed, not knowing what else to do.

"Look here, now," continued he, coiling the creature up in his palm, with unspeakable tenderness, and slipping it into his vest pocket, as if it were a diamond watch, or the miniature of a woman he loved, "were you a naturalist now, as I thought you were when I agreed to the swap, else I'd seen you hanged first, you wouldn't give that little fellow in exchange for the prettiest glove on earth—no! not if the prettiest hand on earth were inside."

"Or the prettiest mouth not far off," said I, looking after Miss Julia, who had just gained the top of the hill, and appeared to be waiting for the children.

"But," said he, "if you are no naturalist, how came you with all those plants I saw on your table?"

"Ah, they were a few I had hunted up for Miss Julia."

"Hunted up! where on earth could you hunt them up? There wasn't a specimen among the whole that grows within two or three thousand feet of us, perpendicular, to my certain knowledge. There was the dwarf birch, the *Betula nana*, you know," I bowed, "the dwarf willow, the *Andromeda hypnoides*, the *Diapensia Japonica*, with its snowy flowers, the *Ledum latifolium*, or Labrador tea," I bowed again, "and I believe the magnificent *Orchis dilatata*, which, to be sure, cannot be found above this region,"

"Ah," said I, "they were not gathered by me; I found them for her at the house where we stopped last among the leaves of an old almanac."

"Pshaw! then you are not even a botanist—fiddle-de-dee, there's your glove."

"And pray, sir," I continued, beginning to feel rather waspish, and somewhat anxious to change the subject, "pray, sir, what did you suppose you were going to get of me in exchange for your snake, when you agreed to the swap."

"Get! why a new dragon-fly at the least, or a moth, or a new species of the humming-bird—and now it turns out to be only a woman's glove that you were breaking your neck after; pshaw."

I didn't much like this, to be sure; but what could I say. Nothing, unless we were to have a turn up on the spot; and so we continued our journey in dead silence, till stopping suddenly, and pointing, with a bitter smile, toward a distant object on the

road, the very shape of which I was unable to make out until we were half a dozen steps nearer, he asked me if I was glove hunting; "for," said he, "if you are, there's another, you may as well make sure of; and, between ourselves, I shouldn't wonder much if it turned out to be the fellow of that you are dangling now;" and I thought, he added, from between his shut teeth, a naturalist, indeed! *he* a naturalist! or something of the sort.

It was even so! There lay the fellow to the very glove I had picked up! I began to feel vexed with myself, and half ashamed of the little romp. If accident, or carelessness, how came it there? lying, not in the narrow path where it might have been dropped, but in the very middle of the highway, as if it had been flung there, and left as a challenge where it could not be overlooked. Was it a lure? "Had a glove been dropped for want of a handkerchief? Pooh!" said I, and was just on the point of stepping to the edge of the road, and throwing them both in the bushes together, when he caught my arm. "Stop! stop!" said he, "what are you doing?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," I replied, speaking with great deliberation, for I meant to be impressive—"to tell you the truth, sir, I am not altogether satisfied with the behavior of our young friend there, at the top of the hill."

"Ah, ha! yes, I perceive, now—ha, ha, ha! but you may make yourself easy. The gloves do not belong to her."

"No! to whom, then?"

"Can't say; but they don't belong to her."

"But how do you know?"

"How do I know! Man alive! where are your eyes? don't you see that this glove must belong to a woman of a different shape—a different complexion—ay, and of a very different character."

Was the man mad? "Pray, sir," said I "are you serious?"

"Serious! to be sure I am. Can't you see for yourself? Look at the color of that glove—so faint and pure and flower-like—tinted like the inner blossom of the purple orchis—the woman that ventured to wear that glove must have been very fair, *very*; see how the fingers are filled out, even to the very tips! how plump and smooth every

part of it is! not a wrinkle in it!—just large enough, you see, by coaxing, and not the millionth part of an inch too large! And stay! look here—here's a little rent, you see, but just observe how it is drawn together and strengthened! Not only is the silk of the same color, but as I live! there is a little patch of kid underneath of precisely the same tint."

"And what do you infer from all that?" said I.

"What do I infer! why just what any person with two eyes in his head, and a little of the plainest common sense, couldn't help inferring: that she is a woman of great steadiness and sweetness of temper—patient, persevering and sensitive; so unchangeable as to wear gloves of precisely the same tint—a good manager, too, or she wouldn't have taken the trouble you see there, in matching that gore so perfectly both in color and shape; and then, just look at the stitches! Did you ever see anything so beautiful!—*did* you ever!"

"Oh, but the man is a tailor!" said I, in a whisper, to the collegian, who had contrived to overtake us, while the odd creature was holding forth about the glove. "Strange it never occurred to us before."

"And of what age might the lady be? and what the color of her eyes and hair?" said the collegian, with a twist of the mouth which I understood.

"Some five years older than Miss Julia, I should say; old enough, not to be taken by surprise in the shape of a bonnet or a lover; and young enough to have a passion for delicate flowers, and to enjoy the touch of the softest kid; nay, more, old enough not to be a romp herself, and young enough to enjoy the romping of others. Light hair she must have, and a plenty of it—probably a rich brown; clear blue eyes, or hazel, I am not certain which, with great sweetness of expression."

"But why so?—how do you arrive at such a conclusion?" said I, just in time to relieve my young friend, who managed to smother a laugh by cramming a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and coughing obstreperously.

"Why, from the shape of the hand to be sure—its delicate fullness and plumpness; from her exquisite eye for color—from the constancy she betrays by wearing precisely the same color—from her foresight, if she buys more than one pair at a time—for

let me tell you, gentlemen, this glove is not mended with a patch snipped out of the wrist, either of itself or its fellow, as you might have supposed—I have satisfied myself on that point. And," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "and, from the patient persevering assiduity she must have betrayed in matching this glove so perfectly, as if she had no other pair to go to; and to say all in a word, from the exquisite finish of her needlework: all these things are enough to show what I have inferred—perfect health—a fine shape, and the greatest possible delicacy of physical organization."

"A gentlewoman, I hope?" said I, hardly able to keep my countenance.

"*Undoubtedly*. Such frugal, unostentatious neatness and finish are never found in others. In a word, gentlemen, if either of you is in want of a wife, that's the woman for you, take my word for it, if you should be happy enough to find her."

"Why not make after her yourself?" asked the collegian.

"What! and pass two or three of the best years of my life running round the country with a glove in my fingers, like the prince in the fairy tale, with the little glass slipper, instead of hunting butterflies and cockchafers, at the risk, too, of seeing it split open, or stretched out of all shape. Hoity toity! Miss Julia! are you there? and laughing at me I suppose—out of all shape, I say, by every little romp."

"And pray, sir," said Miss Julia, starting up from behind a large rock-heap, near which we had been resting ourselves, and waiting for the stage—"pray, sir, why shouldn't I laugh, to see what a fool you are making of cousin George, there, to say nothing of that other gentleman"—with a courtesy.

"Never mind me, Miss Julia, never mind me," said I, with dignity; "I have no sort of objection to being made a fool of when I have an object in view."

"Nor I, either," said Miss Julia.

"And therefore," I continued, bowing—"therefore, one question more if you please. How do you explain the loss of two gloves, and not in the same place or near it? If they had been found together, now, it might be accounted for; but to tell you the truth, whatever I might be disposed to think of the lady, after your account of her, I must acknowledge a sort of misgiving on that score, if that could be cleared up now."

"My friend, I see you are in earnest. I cannot clear it up—I cannot explain it. But this I can say, and this I do say, if you are ever so lucky as to meet the owner of that glove, she will give you a good reason for the circumstance, I'll engage, one that will satisfy you, I will risk my life on it; and you may tell her so."

"Then I hope you may find her, and that very soon," said Miss Julia, "if it's only that I may have the pleasure of hearing you tell her what Mr. Weare thinks of her—Mr. Ichabod Weare, junior, I believe;" whereupon she dropped another low courtesy, and Mr. Ichabod Weare, junior, took off his hat with a flourish, and in so doing, covered her feet with wild-flowers, which wild-flowers he lost no time in gathering up again, so eagerly that he had well nigh gathered up her feet with them.

"But how do you know that either of us would be likely to suit the lady in question, should we be so happy as to find her," added the collegian, with a side look at Miss Julia, who returned it with a pouting of the under lip.

"As to that I should not like to say positively; yet, if I were you the trial should be made. Faint heart never won fair lady. That you would like *her*—that you *do* like her now, I am sure."

Julia stared at her cousin, and blushed all over—her cousin looked puzzled; and I opened my mouth, I suppose, and stood with it open; for the next thing I saw, Miss Julia was pointing at me, and laughing through her pocket-handkerchief.

"I do wish the children would walk faster," said she, as soon as she could speak, "and the stage, too. Where on earth can it be? I saw the horses' heads in that hollow, there, a good half hour ago."

"Perhaps," continued the collegian, dusting himself with an embroidered handkerchief, the perfume of which completely overpowered the professor, as he called him—"perhaps you have adopted Rousseau's theory about love being founded, not on resemblances, but on differences?"

"Rousseau's!"

"Ay, ay; Rousseau or D'Alembert, I forget which."

"St. Pierre, you mean—Bernardin St. Pierre."

"Precisely, though I have a notion that Chateaubriand or D'Alembert has quoted the theory with approbation. The passage oc-

curs, I believe, in Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre."

"No, excuse me; in the Studies of Nature. You allude to the experiment he made, in describing the object of a woman's passionate love to her, so that she was provoked to leave the room, covered with tears and blushes, though St. Pierre had never seen her lover, and merely described him as her opposite in every particular, complexion, eyes, hair, temper, and shape."

"Precisely!" said the collegian, rapping his boots with considerable energy, and looking, as I thought, rather sheepish.

"And are you a believer in such nonsense, I should like to know, Mr. Weare?" said Julia.

"Such nonsense, my dear child!"—how she colored!—"Such nonsense, let me tell you, is founded upon the established laws of nature. Love is the growth, not of likes and resemblances, but of fixed differences and unchangeable opposites. And so with all our attachments. Why do the tall seek the short, and the short the tall? the choleric and the overbearing those of a different temper? and the gentle and trusting those who are neither? with all attachments, I say, for even friendship and companionship are unsafe, where the parties are much alike—ah! there comes the stage!"

"The children cannot be far off," added Julia, "for which I am thankful enough; I hear their voices from that clump of bushes yonder."

The next moment they appeared, the father puffing and blowing with his hat off, and waistcoat all unbuttoned; the children with eager eyes and flushed faces, and a fist full of flowers, and the mother out of all patience with the *plagry* stage and the *nasty* driver.

"Now for a scamper!" cried Miss Julia, getting ready for a start, as the top of the stage appeared swinging this way and that, and slowly working its passage through the cool deep shadow we had left; the horses tossing their heads, and their manes all afloat, in their impatience to be up—"now for a scamper!" leaning forward on one foot—(a foot which Victoria herself might have been proud of, all the British newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding)—with parted lips and eager eyes, and little straw bonnet, pulled together by the strings, into

which had been stuffed, by little and little, after she had left the *stage*, (and the eye of her mother,) a pocket handkerchief, a pair of soiled gloves, a paper of lemon drops, a sweet pretty scarf, as she called it, of gold and purple gauze, a feather fan, two or three suspicious looking letters folded awry, along with ever so many and-so-forths; by reason whereof, the little bonnet, of open-worked straw, became a very pretty traveling basket, hooped with blue ribins, and crammed till it was ready to burst—"now for a scamper! catch me if you can, George!" And off she started!—off and away—along the outermost verge of the road, where the turf lay greenest, and adown the steepest part of the hill, where the shadow lay darkest; her mother screaming after her at the top of her voice, and protesting to all of us by turns, and to me in particular, (I never could imagine why,) that she never saw the child in "such a tantrum afore—the most unaccountable thing! for at home, Charlottee Julee Ma-ri, as she called her, was jist as stiddy as a clock, not a bit of a romp, and would'nt have anything to say to a hoop, nor touch-to, and that, if ever she got to the bottom of that 'ere plaguy hill, without breakin' her neck, or somethin' wuss, it was her belief, she wouldn't have a rag on her fit to be seen:"—poor George eyeing his tight boots and strapped unimpeachables, with such a piteous look!—now dusting himself with more energy than ever, now throwing his collar back with an air of desperate determination—trying to laugh the while—and now looking after the beautiful romp, with *such* an expression of utter helplessness!—the father laughing and hallooing with all his might, and throwing up his arms to encourage her, and the children running hither and thither, and screaming and clapping their hands, like mad creatures, as they saw poor Julia trying to stop herself a long way below; at one time, by catching at the wild shrubbery, at another, by jumping along on her heels—dropping a thread-paper here, and a glove there—now parting with a pale blue neckerchief, which had kept her shoulders from the sun—literally snatched off by a light-fingered spray, while appearing to hold forth a chaplet of green leaves just ready to drop, as she darted underneath the outstretched arms of the older trees, that were stooping over her path, and trembling to catch her—trembling to the very roots, I dare say—now casting a shoe, and

now that gold and purple scarf, her hearts' chief treasure!—flirted off by the rising wind, like so much "sky-tinctured" gossamer, and swept streaming, and glittering, and skimmering, all the way into the deepest of the dark foliage that lay heaped up, like huge piles of permanent shadow, in the awful solitude beneath us.

"There now! didn't I tell you so!" cried the mother—"I *do* wish you *would* stop laughin' a moment, Mr. Fitch—how can I make the child hear me, if you don't stop! Here am I, all out o' breath, een-a-most ready to cry, and there are you laughin' as if you'd split your throat—there goes another gallus-button!—served you right! I'm glad on't—another time, I hope you'll pay some attention to what's said to you—Julee, I say!—Julee dear!—Charlottie-Julee-Ma-ri!—I'll spank her well, when I do catch her, you see if I don't—the jade! There now! there goes another handkerchief! there goes her new bonnet!—bran new 'tother day—not more 'n a month old! Jest what I told you, Mr. Fitch: a fool an' his money, says I, is soon parted, says I—didn't I, Mr. Fitch?"

Mr. Fitch bowed, and pursing up his mouth, tipped me a wink.

"And then, says Julee-Ma-ri, says she—why Ma! says she, if I can't have a decent bonnet to wear, I don't want to go, says she: hope you haint forgot that—have you?"

"No, my dear—not a word of it—how should I?—ben a-ringin' in my ears ever sense—"

"You'll never hear the last on't, I promise you, Mr. Fitch."

Mr. Fitch only drew a long breath in reply, and then burst out a laughing again.

"Why, Mr. Fitch!—Mr. Fitch, I say—what will the gentleman think of you? Consarn it all, Mr. Fitch, didn't I make you promise before we started?"

"To be sure you did, my love—make me cross my fingers, and wish I might die."

"Oh, you may laugh, Mr. Fitch! There goes another button!—but you'll be sorry for this, afore long; if you don't, I miss my guess, that's all!—Goody gracious!—look o' there, Mr. Fitch!—What's the matter, now?"

We looked, and lo! Miss Julia had actually turned about, and appeared hurrying toward us, stretching out her arms, and calling or screaming, as if pursued. The mother grew very red in the face, and the fa-

ther himself looked frightened; and the next moment, the four horses and the heavy stage came thundering down the hill after us, at full gallop, the driver shouting, and shaking his whip, and bawling to us to keep together! and not leave the children!—and something else he said which escaped me, though it must have reached my fellow-traveler; for, without saying a word—though I never shall forget his look—he sprang up behind the stage as it passed, and bidding me not be frightened, began loosening his collar and buttoning up his coat, with one hand, while he steadied himself with the other, by the straps that bound the luggage.

On turning my head to see if either had been better understood by my companions than by me, another and a more distant scream was heard from the deep hollow—other and hoarser voices—the baying of dogs—and cries of mutual encouragement, which appeared to be approaching. The mother turned pale as death—the children huddled together in speechless terror—the collegian sprang for the fence, followed by the father, who wrenching out a stake, and calling upon me to stay by the children, and behave like a man, set off at full speed down the hill.

“What on earth is the matter? Do you know, madam,” said I, as the whole company started off down the hill, one after the other, each arming himself as he ran, with whatever happened to be in his way, and the collegian limping behind them all, as if his legs were tied; while the mother, squatting down on the grass, and screaming “Jul-lee! Jul-lee!” with one arm round each of the children, who were hiding their faces in her lap, kept screeching to me not to leave her. To all my questioning, no answer could I get for a long while, but, “Murder! murder! Jul-lee! Jul-lee!”

At last, however, just as I was beginning to grow weary of her insupportable clamor, and but for the poor frightened children, would have left her to see for myself what the matter was below, her voice changed a little, her breath failed her for a moment, and I thought I could distinguish the words, “O, Mr. Fitch! my husband! my husband!—the bear—the bear!”

Merciful heaven!—a bear! The truth flashed on me like lightning!—I understood at once what the driver meant by shaking his whip, and screaming so violently to the horses—what he said to us about the chil-

dren—and what the stranger sprang up behind for, as the stage went lumbering by in a cloud of dust. I had a dirk with me, by the strangest accident in the world, for I never traveled with one before; and having unsheathed it, was just on the point of starting off at full speed for the bottom of the hill, when I heard a crashing of the undergrowth near the rocks we had just left, and up started a huge bear—the largest I ever saw. She rose on her hind legs for a moment, looked about her, and then tumbled over the log-fence that separated us, followed by her cubs, and came directly toward me! The children must have heard her growl, though their faces were hid in their mother’s lap—for they gave one more screech!—one more! and altogether!—and the bear, lifting herself up, and looking about, as if she hadn’t seen us before, and was quite astonished at the outcry, took straight across the road into the bushes, within forty feet of us, followed by both her cubs, and within five minutes, by two great powerful dogs, tearing their way through the underbrush like a pair of stag-hounds, their eyes glowing like live coals, their rough coat bristling, their tongues lolling out of their mouths, and their whole appearance that of the four-footed avenger of blood, on the track of a man-slayer. On they passed! without stopping to look at us; and before we had got a hundred yards further, for we lost no time in taking a new departure, I promise you, we heard voices approaching from below—a tremendous uproar in the woods, followed by such a screaming, and barking, and yelping, and growling as you never heard in your life, out of Ex-eter Change at feeding time—and then shot after shot, as if all the country was up, and a whole parish, at least, blazing away at one poor solitary she-bear, the last creature in the world to meddle with human flesh, in this part of the country, so long as the sweet corn, or the wild grape is to be found, or nuts or acorns, or young pigs—which the northern bear greatly prefers to children.

Without stopping to hear the result, and most confoundedly frightened, I acknowledge, we hurried on toward the foot of the hill where the stage appeared to be waiting for us—the poor crazed mother tugging one child along by the arm, and I carrying the other till we met some of the party on the way back to our assistance; the driver calling to us afar off, to make haste, and the

father shouting on his way toward us, that we needn't hurry at all, that there was no harm done, and the collegian looking as if he could tear his own eyes out; for the stranger had Julia in his arms, and was lifting her into the stage, as a mother would her sick child.

"Thank God!" whispered the father, as he ran past me to help his wife into the stage; "the poor child is not hurt at all—only frightened out of a year's growth or so!" and in we bundled, faster by a deal than we had bundled out, and off we started again at full speed for more than half a mile, I should think, before anybody ventured to speak above his breath.

At last, the driver drew up, and called out to know how the young lady was.

"Better—much better!"—said she, opening her eyes, and lifting up her head from her mother's lap, and looking about, as if to satisfy herself that every dear thing she loved on earth was quite safe; tears of thankfulness running out of her eyes, and sobs choking her speech, as the children cuddled up to her in the bottom of the coach, and clung to her, chattering and kissing, and laughing and crying, all in a breath.

"Oh Julee, Julee! Charlottee Julee! that ever I should see you in the arms of a——"

"Of a bear—my dear mother!" murmured the poor girl, putting up both arms, and pulling her mother's cheek down to her lips—

The stage stopped, and the driver, leaning over and twisting his head, so as to see for himself how the land lay, sung out—"I say neighbors! may be you'd like to know where they treed the beast, when I fust see her, a-comin' over the top o' the hill there;" pointing with his whip as he spoke to a large pine tree standing by itself, and overtopping the whole neighborhood—"I say, marm, that's the tree, aint it, where you see the bear fust!"

Julia shut her eyes with a shudder, and turned away.

"Wal! I know 'twas," continued the driver; "I've ben acquainted with that ere tree ever sence I want more'n a knee high to a bumbly-bee—kind o' brought up together, ye see—an taint the fust time I've seen a bear out—no, not by two chalks—and so you see, as I was a comin' over the top o' that e're hill yonder, I happened to be a lookin' at that ere tree—you can see it more 'an six miles off one way, an' everybody

knows it—well, you see, as I was a lookin' at it, all at once I thought it seemed to look different, somehow, from what it ever did before, close up to the top; and jist then I happened to look down the hill, and then I saw that ere young woman hopping along on one foot, as if she had lost her shoe: and then, what do you think? why, when I looked up at the tree next time, it had altered agin, if it hadn't I wish I may be shot! and the top on't seemed to be comin' down; if it didn't, I hope I may never speak another word. Oh, ho! says I to myself, that's a bear! and then, all at once, it come into my mind, that only a week or two ago, a great she-bear was seen by a feller, that come up here from Portland a fishin'. He was a whapper, I tell you! an' she was waddlin' along, waddlin' along sideways, with two great unaccountable cubs arter her, when he happened to turn his head that way, and what do you think! why there she was, sure enough! within six feet of him! so he jist giv one screech and cleared out! and Ethan Crawford told me himself, that he hadn't no manner o' doubt o' the truth of the story, for the feller turned as white as a sheet, an' never stopped till he got to Jonis Crawford's, and then he tumbled into the bar-room, head first, singin' out, murder! murder! stop the bear! stop the bear! Wal—and so—I jist thought to myself, what's that ere feller a comin' down the tree arter? can't be for that young woman there; never heerd o' sich thing in these parts; howsomever, thinks I; no harm in givin' her a friendly hint; and so, I gives the team a twitch or two o' the leather, as much as to say, how are you! and put the string on a little; an' if they didn't smoke it down that are hill there, about the quickest, I think it's a pity. The young woman looked frightened enough, when I met her; but I guess the bear had the wust on't, for she took right off into the woods, without stoppin' to see what ailed us; and when I pulled up for the young woman—glad to see you look so much better, marm—that are dodorin' gentleman there, he'd got you fast enough; I knew you was safe, though you did'nt, and so I did not hurry myself a-turnin'—"

"Oh, sir," said poor Julia, blushing to the very finger-ends, "I am sure, I know not how to thank you for your timely appearance. I had a notion that the bear was close behind me, and that the horses were

running away with the carriage; the creature saw me, I am sure, when she was in the top of the tree, for my attention was called that way by a sort of low smothered growl, and the first thing I saw, she was coming down the tree, tail first, and tearing off the bark in a terrible rage, while her two cubs were whining at the foot, and trying to get up to her. For a moment, I gave myself up for lost; I hadn't strength enough to run a yard; but on looking about for a small tree into which I might clamber, for I hoped she wouldn't leave her cubs, and I happened to recollect that bears cannot climb small trees, I heard the shouting of the driver, and saw the carriage coming down over the top of the hill at a rate which satisfied me that the horses were running away with it; I hardly know what happened then, all I remember is, that I thought of the children, of my poor mother, and that I tried to scream——"

"*Tried*, hey!" said her father, a tear standing in his eye, and his voice trembling as he spoke to her, though he tried to speak manfully.

"Yes, father, *tried* with all my heart, I assure you—as the horses and carriage went past—and then—and then——"

"Well, my dear, and what then?" said her father.

"Why, then, sir, I heard the growl of the bear, the whining of the cubs—I felt her breath! I knew she had got me; and, in short, sir," looking at the stranger,——

"Well," said the stranger——

"Well, sir, when I came to myself, I found it was n't the bear that had got me"—smiling—"not the *she*-bear at any rate; and so, sir, you know the rest of the story."

We looked at Mr. Ichabod Weare, jun. in astonishment. Not a muscle moved; there was no smile about the mouth, no gentleness of eye, no change of look or attitude. He continued to breathe naturally, even while he held the trembling hands of that child in his own; speaking to her as if his thoughts were far away, and looking at her, nay, looking into her very eyes, into her very heart, and watching the changes of her lighted-up and wonderful countenance as if he saw her not.

Who was he! what was he! I would have given a little finger to know, (but remember, I don't say whose.) Even the father appeared thoughtful; and as for the poor mother, after staring at him for five

minutes or so, she drew a long breath, and turning to me, whispered "that he was the strangest man! but there!" she continued, "there's no sayin', and I s'pose——"

To all which I assented—wondering what George would have to say for himself after we stopped, for he had been mute and sulky—sulky as death, ever since we had returned to our old position.

It grew dark; darker and darker; and we were just making up our minds for a smart shower, when we heard the report of a gun, close alongside; and the next moment somebody bawling to us from a little one-story log-house by the roadside, the door of which stood open and appeared thronged with well-dressed company.

"Come, hurraw there! hurraw! supper's ready!"

"Wall, then, hurraw 't is!" answered the driver; "what are you got to give?"

"Bear steak and split thunderbolts: that's good enough for you, hey? If 't is, turn out here, and let 's have a look at your faces."

No sooner said than done. We drew up, and in fifteen minutes more found ourselves at Ethan Crawford's, in the worst inn's worst room, that is, in the parlor of the White Mountain House, tired to death, and hungry as tigers; with our host, a man six feet five, in a low-crowned white hat, which he never took off, doing his best to make us *comfortable*, as he called it.

It was a calm, beautiful evening; so calm and beautiful, "you scarce would start to meet a spirit there." A heavy thunder-shower had just gone over, like a whirlwind in swiftness and power, darkening the whole sky, and literally deluging the earth for a few minutes; and all the host of heaven—the sons of God—were out with a new glory; the triple-crowned stars rejoicing in their courses, and glittering as if refreshed and strengthened by the abundant rain. It was the first plentiful and hearty *wash* there had been for nearly a month at the Mountain-House, though showers had swept by on every side, as often at least as every other day, "dropping fatness" in the valley below, and pouring out their treasures almost within hearing, and for the last week or two yet oftener, "like twangling pearl," over all the neighborhood, without so much as laying the dust, or wetting a leaf at poor Ethan's.

We had been out with him to hear what he called his two-and-forty pounder, his bugle, and his echo: the first a mounted horse-pistol; the second, a sort of tin pipe with a funnel-sloped mouth; and the third, a magnificent reverberation among the mountains. You'd thought a whole park of artillery, with half a hundred bugles, were all sounding and playing together! But we were driven back to the house, at a hard gallop, within *five* minutes after Ethan had "*let 'em off*," as he called it, by a tremendous crash of thunder, followed by a shower so instantaneous, that both appeared to come together, as if we had ruptured a passing cloud by the discharge of Ethan's pocket-piece; or, according to his notion, frightened a water-spout and broke the charm. There was a dreadful pother over-head for about half an hour, and then it cleared off all at once, and forth came the stars, by thousands and tens of thousands, to look at the issue of these "high-engendered battles."

Two or three of us had been to the door to see a pair of stag's-horns, a snowy owl, and a large bat, the largest I ever saw in this part of the world, which Ethan had nailed up there, to keep the witches off and scare the wolves; and when we got back, we found all the company gathered together in the largest room of the house, and our "unaccountable friend" Weare, Ichabod Weare, junior, if you please, holding forth in the midst of them—Julia with her head in her mother's lap, the mother staring at him with her mouth open, and all the rest of the women-folk wondering and whispering together. Everybody appeared to know him, or at least to have heard of him, though I observed that by some he was called 'Squire, to his head, by others Judge, by one or two the Master, by Ethan himself the Doctor, and by most of the party, since the collegian would have it so, the Professor.

"You appear to know that gentleman," said I, to a very grave personage, whom I had seen talking with him but a few moments before, and listening with extraordinary deference to a somewhat *lengthy* reply touching the geology of that neighborhood.

"No, sir, can't say I do; but I have my suspicions, and having heard you in conversation with him at supper on the properties of our native grape, I was on the point of asking you if I was right."

"He is a perfect stranger to me, sir; I never saw him till yesterday. But you have your suspicions; what are they?"

"Why, sir,"—whispering in my ear—"why, sir, between ourselves—but you won't allow it to go any further?"—I shook my head in reply—"well, sir, I have satisfied myself that he is a Judge of the United States District Court; maybe you've heard of Judge Weare? he lives at Portsmouth, I believe, or Newburyport."

"No such thing," said I: "that gentleman is a friend of mine; his name is Asher—he lives in Portland."

"Why, how you talk! But there's a gentleman that must know him—he knows everybody. Allow me to make you acquainted. Mr. Pray, this is my friend Mr. a—a—"

"Pshaw!" said I, rather impatiently, I fear.

"My friend Mr. Shaw. And now, Mr. Pray, as you know everybody, I want you should tell my friend Mr. Shaw who that gentleman is, where he lives, what he dooz for a livin', whether married or single, how many children he's got," etc. etc. etc.

"None to speak of, I believe," said Mr. Pray, puckering up his mouth and tapping his nose, with an expression not to be mistaken.

"Well, well, who is he?"

"Who is he! why, President Weare of Cambridge, to be sure; thought everybody knew President Weare of Cambridge, old Harvard, you know."

"President Weare!" said I, not a little surprised at the fellow's coolness. "President Weare of Cambridge—why, sir, there is no such person—there never was."

"Are you quite sure—*quite*?" said Mr. Pray, without being at all disconcerted.

"But perhaps you mean Doctor Weare?" said I.

"To be sure I do: Doctor Weare of Cambridge; the celebrated physician: greatly obliged to you, Mr. Shaw."

"But Doctor Weare is a theologian, I believe," said I, "not a physician; he writes D. D. after his name, at any rate."

"Well, well, never mind what he is; a doctor's a doctor, you know, all the world over; and that's the celebrated Doctor Weare of Cambridge."

"Are you sure of it?" said a bystander.

"Sure of it! to be sure I am! that's the

man, I tell you, and that's enough; do n't you say so, Mr. Shaw?"

"Pray, sir, is your name *Shaw*?" said the collegian, who had been listening at my elbow, with unspeakable gravity and amazement.

"Oh fudge!" said I, turning to go; and the next moment I heard Mr. Pray speaking of me, myself, as the celebrated Mr. O'Fudge; and before I had time to correct the error, a young woman darted by me with a glove in her hand, which I instantly recognized—I had the fellow in my pocket—pursued by half a dozen other females in full cry; up one flight of stairs and down another, door after door flapping to, as they passed, and Ethan shouting after them, "*st boy! st boy!*" the dogs barking, and the children screaming with delight.

"Come, hourraw here! hourraw! what's the matter now!" cried the driver, bursting into the room with his jacket off.

I turned for explanation to the professor—let us call him the professor, till we know something more of him. "Pray, sir," said I, "what is all this uproar about? can you tell me?"

"Yes. The women are pulling caps for that very glove, and trying to find the owner, just as I told you they would."

"Are you serious?"

"Never ask me if I am serious, I beseech you; you never saw me otherwise, and yet you have asked that very question four or five times to-day."

"I beg your pardon; but I have lent the glove to our young friend here, Mr. Carey, I believe"—bowing to the collegian.

"Yes sair, that's my name; Carey, George Dilworth Carey, at your sairvice."

"Having lent him the glove, I was rather curious to know what he had done with it," said I.

"I have put it into the hands of a beautiful woman, sair; with a written promise of marriage to the owner, sair, if she corresponds with your description of her." He glanced at Julia, as he spoke, and she put up her lip at him, in reply.

"And what if I should tell you," whispered a roguish-looking girl, "that the glove belonged to me?"

The professor shook his head.

"Or to my grandmother? or a maiden sister? and that, instead of being torn as you have supposed, it was torn by overstretching?"

"Why," said the professor, "I should merely say in reply, that you were altogether mistaken. You might as well try to persuade me that it was a man's glove; but I see they are laying their heads together, and mean to put a trick upon me."

"And have you no fears, no misgivings—hey?"

"None at all, I assure you. They are welcome to deceive me, *if they can*."

"*If they can*, hey!" said another, a fine showy girl, who had been listening and looking at him for a long while, through a pair of green spectacles, borrowed for the purpose, I believe; "and so, you really do pretend to judge of a woman's character by her glove?"

The professor bowed.

"Of anybody and everybody you happen to meet with, hey?"

Another bow.

"The strangest man, I declare! Would you undertake to judge of me by my glove?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"Indeed! Well, now, you almost frighten me out of the notion I had of trying you; but there's my glove—upon my word, it's like sitting down to have a tooth out; no flattery, now, I beg of you; do n't spare me."

The professor took the glove—it was a delicate buff—touched it, smiled, and immediately handed it back to her.

She colored, and bit her lip.

"Well, sir," said I, "and what say you of the lady's character?"

"I must refer you to the lady herself," was the reply.

I was about to ask her what he meant, when I saw Julia lift her little forefinger; and before five minutes were over, I heard the lady herself declare in a whisper, that, for her part, she really began to believe there was something in it; "for he had no sooner touched the glove, than he knew it did n't belong to me; and I dare say, if I had asked him, he would have told me to whom it did belong. How very strange! I declare the man has almost frightened me with his great black eyes and glittering teeth!"

"Not black," said Julia; "Dilworth's eyes are black; are not they, Dilworth? But *his* are nothing but hazel."

"Nothing but hazel, thought I; how very strange!"

"Not stranger than most of the unex-

plained nothings upon which our minds are made up, every hour in the day," continued the professor; "judgment of death has been heretofore entered up, on evidence lighter than that which I am able to perceive in a lady's glove; companions for life chosen; friendships for life entered into; voyages undertaken; duels fought, and battles; and empires put in jeopardy, for a glove. You think it strange that character should so betray itself. Let me tell you, it would be stranger by far, if *character*, genuine character, did not betray itself in everything. Perhaps you may have heard the story of a man, who being offered the choice of three beautiful and accomplished women, sisters, took it into his head to try them with a bit of cheese? The first pared away the whole rind, you know; the next ate hers without scraping or paring it; the third scraped hers well; and which did he take! Which did he take!"

"The woman that scraped her cheese?"

"And why?"

"Because he wanted—I give it in the words of the story, ladies—he wanted neither a spendthrift nor a slut for a wife."

Luddy! tuddy! Such a giggling and whispering you never heard in your life. You'd have thought every woman there had been eating cheese, and nothing but cheese, for the last three months.

"Why, sir," continued Miss Farrier, Helen Farrier, the tall showy girl I spoke of, "according to this, it would seem that all things are witnesses; whatever we do or say, whatever we touch or take."

"Certainly."

"And pray, sir, are you a believer in the reputed sagacity of the wild man? Do you believe that he can pursue his way, with undeviating certainty, by the moss on the weather-side of the tree? or track his prey for miles over the shifting leaves and the trampled herbage of the dreariest wilderness?"

"To be sure, I do; and why not? Every white man you meet with, is an example, in his own way, of a like power. How does the shop-boy distinguish a counterfeit-bill at a glance, though he may never have seen the original? or one quality of cloth from another, varying but a trifle in the cost, not more than sixpence sterling, perhaps? By the touch, only; a brief, hasty touch. How does the hatter distinguish one quality of fur from another? By blowing upon it. Or

the shepherd all the countenances of a thousand sheep? Or the botanist a leaf or a flower, a seed or a fiber, see it where he may? Or the naturalist," drawing his breath through his shut teeth; I knew he meant me, "a moth or a butterfly? And every judge of painting, the labor of this or that old master, who may have been dead for two or three hundred years; detecting a copy at a glance, though he may never have seen the original?"

"But can he?"

"To be sure he can."

"And how do you account for such a miraculous power?"

"It cannot be accounted for. It is man's distinguishing characteristic—an essential prerogative; one of those holy and ever active instincts of his nature which will not stay to be questioned. It is *ex necessitate rei*, incapable of explanation."

"Ex necessitate—there! My mind is made up!" said I, on hearing this. "The man's a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Poh," said Ethan; "that's all you know about it, Mister—what may I call your name?"

"Mr. Shaw," said the collegian.

"Mr. O. Fudge, the celebrated Mr. O. Fudge," whispered Julia.

"Well, Mr. O'Fudge, or Mr. Shaw, or whatever your name is, that are feller's no more of a lawyer than you are; he's a preacher, I tell you; do n't I know! hav'n't I heard him afore to day?"

Julia shook her head.

"Well, marm, who do you say 't is?"

"I!—O, I say 't is the wandering Jew."

"Well, if you aint a snorter!" and off he bolted, head first, into the kitchen, to tell the story there, and have another blow out, as he called it, with Josh the driver.

"Now," continued the professor, "when you ask me how I am able to distinguish a Vandyke from a Rubens, or a Claude from a Wilson, or a Corregio from a Carracci, my answer is, How are you able to distinguish the handwriting of your friends, or the style of authors you are familiar with? It is a faculty common to every living creature, and always at work; always! Of the men about us here in this very room, there are not more than two or three able to distinguish linen from cotton; yet a woman would tell you, by the touch, if there was even a mixture of the two, in warp or woof. So with silks, laces, and French shoes—yet

a woman is no judge of broadcloth or furs; and not one of a hundred can perceive the difference between morocco and sheepskin; or, stranger still in our eyes, *calf* from *cordovan*."

"*Query!*" whispered some person at our elbow; I felt quite sure it was Julia, without looking up.

"And now," continued the professor, with still more seriousness of manner, "people who cannot see the difference between a broadcloth and a cassimere, between wrought and cast-iron cutlery, between beaver and musquash, or a counterfeit and the original, wonder at the audacity of others, who pretend to judge of men and women, as the shop-boy judges of all these—by their appearance, their gloves, and their actions. And, after all, what are *gloves* but *actions*! Let me prevail upon you to believe," he added, "all of you, that your gloves do speak a language, and a language, too, more to be depended upon, oftentimes, than that of your lips: and what is more, that you all understand it, and put faith in it, among yourselves; and are governed by it, in all the great business of life—I mean just what I say; though I will do you the justice to acknowledge that I believe you do so without knowing it."

"Nay, my dear sir, how can that be! Surely, if we have any such power, and are in the continual exercise of it, we must be conscious of it," said another of the party.

"Indeed! Pray tell me, if you can, how it is that you distinguish people by their shadows, by profiles cut in paper, by their walk, or voice, or tread, or cough, or by the carriage of their bodies in turning a corner? You know the step of your whole household. You know a stranger to be a stranger, as far as you can see him. And all these things you know, without knowing how you know them—and without being able to make another understand you, when you do your best by way of explanation. Look at the most carefully-prepared hand-bill, where a horse-thief, or a murderer, is portrayed to the life; and then be astonished, if you can, that so many guiltless persons are hunted to death, and so many guilty ones left unpunished. Give the best description you are able of your own brother: let him but change his coat, or his hat, and he might go forth into the crowded thoroughfare, crying a reward for his own arrest,

until doomsday, with perfect safety, if he were surrounded by strangers."

"Well, sir; and what does that prove?"

"It proves, young man, that we are provided and fortified with astonishing faculties; faculties that few of us ever thought of acknowledging, even to ourselves; faculties that continue to be exercised all their lives long, by the great multitude, without being perceived by them; and that, however astonishing it may appear to us that a wild man should be able to pursue his foe, or track his prey, by signs that we cannot see, even after they have been pointed out to us, yet are we all in the hourly exercise of a sagacity quite as wonderful; and to the savage, perhaps, yet more so, and more incomprehensible."

"Now, what do you think?" said Ethan; "if that are feller aint a preacher, an' clear grit too, then my name aint Ethan Crawford, that's all."

"Sir," said Mr. George Dilworth Carey, with a compassionate smile, "such notions are not likely to find favor now."

"The more's the pity!" quoth the professor.

"But," rejoined the collegian, with a look of subdued triumph, "the schoolmaster's abroad now."

"That's true enough," retorted the professor; "and if the schoolmaster *were at home*, it would be all the better for himself, and for most of our youth too."

"That's into him!" shouted Ethan, rubbing his hands, cutting a caper, and fetching the collegian a whack over the shoulders, that set him spinning like a top, to the infinite satisfaction of Julia and her mother.

"Who did that! who was it!—Oh, it was you, was it, sair!—you are the *per-petrator*, hey!" drawled Mr. George Dilworth Carey.

"Ethan Crawford! will you bear that," said Josh, the driver.

"Bear what—hey? Tell you what 'tis, youngster—a joke's a joke—but I am a *leetle* apt to be ryled, if anybody goes too far—what was that he called me, hey!" addressing himself to Josh.

Josh whispered something to him in reply; and up he marched to the young collegian, who threw himself into a boxing attitude, and hinted to him to keep off, or

the presence of the ladies should be no further protection for him!"

Ethan stopped, just as he had put forth his mighty hand to clutch him by the shoulder, and stood staring at him, as a huge mastiff might be supposed to stare at a lap-dog, for showing his teeth behind a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

"I say though, mister—if it 'twant for the ladies now, I'd jest turn you inside out, in less than two snaps of a rattlesnake's tail—if there's anything I can't bear, its bein' called names."

"Names!—who called you names?"

"Who called me names!—why you, to be sure—did'n't he Josh? names, too, that's agin the law for one gentleman to use to another—aint it squire?"

"What names have I called you, hey?"

"Why, you called me a *traitor*."

"A *traitor*!"

"Yes, and a *puppy*—did'n't he Josh?"

Josh nodded assent—the collegian stared, and so did we—but as for Julia, who appeared greatly alarmed but a moment before, she burst out a laughing.

"No, no, Mr. Crawford—no, no, cousin George—it's all a mistake!" and then she laughed again, louder than before—"he called you the *per-pe-trator*—pronouncing it very slowly and emphatically, as you did—not puppy-traitor."

"Well what's the difference, I should like to know?—I never larnt much o' grammar, an' don't pretend to know much about pronounciation—hurraw there! hurraw! what are ye laughin' at, now?"

The laugh stopped—the misunderstanding was explained—the collegian got himself into a perpendicular once more—they shook hands together; and the overgrown mastiff left the room with a good-natured growl, just as the racket stopped overhead, and Miss Helen appeared at the door with the captured glove in her hand, saying, "the owner was found!"

All eyes were turned upon her; and I looked at the professor, to see how he would bear so complete a refutation of his theory; he must have understood me, for he shook his head, and smiled.

"So, then, Miss Farrier, it was your glove," said I.

"No, sir; but the lady is here."

"Not *here*!" rejoined the professor, taking a survey of the whole room, as he spoke so.

"Why, no, not exactly *here*; but she has been here a good while, and is now in the next room."

"Would you have me to understand, Miss Farrier, that the owner of that glove has been here—*here*, in this very room, since we have been here. Allow me to say that I am *sure* she has not."

"Perhaps you know the lady, sir?"

"No, I do not; nor have I any reason to believe that I ever saw her in my life."

"Upon my word, sir, if what I have been told is true—if there is no joke in the story, I mean—it is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary coincidence—would you like to see the lady, sir, and judge for yourself?"

Before the professor could reply, up started Julia; and all the women rushed together, crying "yes! yes! by all means! we are dying to see her!"

"Hush! hush! the lady has been greatly fatigued this afternoon, by a long ride on horseback; and if I can persuade her to come, you must pledge your faith, not to let her know that she has been the subject of our conversation. She has heard nothing of the story yet; she only knows that one glove has been picked up, and that the finder is here waiting for his reward."

To this, we plighted our faith, betaking ourselves to different parts of the room, and pretending to be very busy, when the door opened slowly and quietly, and Miss Farrier appeared, with a—what shall I say? with an apparition at her elbow! the living original of the portraiture, drawn by the professor! the very *spirit of the glove*!

I was thunderstruck; Julia and Mr. George Dilworth Carey, appeared overwhelmed with amazement; and the professor himself, astonished, though he tried to conceal it. Wonderful! even to the very shape! the stature! the large blue eyes, the abundant hair, of brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun!

Still apprehending there must be some trick, or collusion, or mistake, I went up to the lady, and begging to be presented, offered her the glove.

She took it, with a sweet smile, just as I heard her name, and saw Miss Farrier puzzled and trying to recollect mine.

"Shaw," whispered somebody at my back.

"Fiddle-de-dee! no such thing; the celebrated Mr. O'Fudge, aint it, sir?" said

Miss Julia. I bowed, and tried to laugh, just as the professor walked up, and was introduced to Miss Farnsworth. I saw in a moment they were strangers, perfect strangers. "Pray," said he, "will you permit me to ask you, Miss Farnsworth, how it happened that you lost both of your gloves, and both so near together, yet on different parts of the road?"

The very question I was about to ask! but he did it with such a courtly air—with such a gentlemanly self-possession, that I felt no surprise at the readiness and gentleness of her reply.

"Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said she, coloring to the eyes, "we were on our return from the Notch to Littleton. Being on horseback, I had put on a pair of old gloves, which did very well at the time; but my brother having intimated to me that we should probably have to stop here to escape the shower, I began looking for these, which I had put into the pocket of my saddle, when we started. One was not to be found; yet, I had seen it, on pulling out my handkerchief, just before we entered the Notch—and so, and so—I declare I am half-ashamed to acknowledge the truth."

"Never mind, Harriet; you see now, if you'd taken my advice, you'd a been the mistress of both gloves now," said a young man at the window, who had entered the room with her. It was evidently the brother she had mentioned.

"It might be silly, Edward, but I am not quite sure that I should'n't do the very same thing again under similar circumstances."

"Oh, I dare say! that's just like you Harriet!"

"And pray," said I, "what was the reason?"

"Why, sir, the glove was no longer of any use to me, nor would the one I lost be of any use to the finder: so, looking about me, I found a good place to drop it, where it could not fail to be seen; hoping, the same person who found the first, might be lucky enough to find the other." I saw a smile settling about the professor's mouth here.

"One question more, if you please; I wish to satisfy two or three unbelievers, who are not far off," said I.

"Unbelievers!"

The professor interfered, greatly to my relief, and explained, by saying "will you

permit us to ask you, Miss Farnsworth, if you mended that glove yourself? and whether, looking earnestly into her eyes, whether you are in the habit of wearing always the same color, and of buying more than one pair at a time?"

"Why, sir"—coloring and smiling—"your questions are odd enough perhaps, to justify a refusal, but"—her brother joined us here, as if anxious to know what all this meant—"but, they shall be answered. Yes, I did mend that glove myself"—the professor nodded at me—"but I do not always wear the same color, nor do I often buy more than one pair at a time." I nodded to the professor, and Julia turned away with a disappointed look, and the collegian drew a very long breath. But the professor himself did not appear at all disconcerted, not even when the mother interrupted us, by saying, that she "never heard anybody so foolish, as to *lay in* more than one pair o' gloves at a time."

"Law, ma!" said Julia.

"Not if she had'n't more'n one pair o' hands," added Ethan, looking over my shoulder.

"But," continued Miss Farnsworth, "I always do wear gloves as near that color as I can get them; and, so does my sister, and we always buy them together!"

"Enough!" said the professor, "enough! and now ladies and gentlemen, I hope you are satisfied!" and off he marched to the window.

"Why, the man is a witch, I declare," said Julia. "Upon my word, mother, I should'n't feel safe to sleep under the same roof with him! goody gracious! look! look! what's that!"

All eyes were turned toward him, and then! by Jupiter! you never heard such a screaming in all your very life! nor ever such a scampering! There sat Julia, terror-struck, speechless and motionless! and there sat the professor, looking at her, with a little green snake, showing its wicked eyes, just over his velvet collar, and among his hair!

In less than half a minute, there was'n't such a thing as a woman to be seen or heard of in all the lower part of the house!

Confoundedly vexed at the man's thoughtlessness, I left the room also, and went up stairs to my chamber, and had been there at least an hour, I should think, watching the

new moon at the window, driving her chariot of pearl over the mountain top, and

"Athwart the starry wilderness of heaven;"

watching and wondering at the difference between her pale passionless fire, and that of the overshadowed sky, when the long smothered glories of the storm broke forth, and the waters flashed

"Like sheets of fire, in their descent
Through midnight's parting firmament!"

I had forgotten where I was, and what I was, when a tap at my door, startled me, broad awake. On opening it, I found Mr. Fitch there, so agitated, he could hardly speak. "Pray, sir," said he, "are you a doctor?" "No, sir; but step in, if you please, and tell me what's the matter."

"Poor Julia? hav'n't you heard her scream? the poor child'll go distracted, if something ain't done for her—what can be done, sir? do tell me—there! there! didn't you hear that, sir?"

I thought I did hear a far-off a strange sort of a cry, but was not quite sure, and begged him to be calm, proposing to call up the professor.

"Hang the professor! the fellow's bewitched her, I believe; she can talk of nothin' else but him, and see nothin' else but the bear and the snake—the dirty beast!"

"Nevertheless, my dear sir—nevertheless, I am satisfied that he is the only creature about us worth consulting; and you'd better let me call him up."

"Mr. Fitch! Mr. Fitch! where are you!" cried the wife.

"Here, my love!" answered Mr. Fitch, who hurried away on tip-toe, signing to me not to betray him. The door being open now, I heard a scream, that thrilled through and through me; people were hurrying to and fro all over the house, and while I was trying to find the professor's room, he joined me at the top of the stairs. "What's all this uproar," said he, "is the house a fire!"

I told him what the matter was, and asked him if he was a physician. "No sir," was the reply—"not by profession—that is, I am not a regular practitioner; but if you will do me the favor to see the father and mother of that poor child; how could I be so forgetful! I don't wonder the poor thing was half-frightened to death. I never shall forgive myself!" for the first time he showed a little emotion—"but go to the father and

mother, I entreat you, and say to them, that if they will permit me to be with her, for half an hour at furthest, I will undertake to relieve the sufferer. There! there! go! go, and I will be ready for you in three minutes."

I went, and after a short consultation together, it was agreed that he should be permitted to see her. Julia was lifted up in the bed, propped by pillows, and supported by her mother. It was evident that her head was disturbed; she was a little wandering, at times, and I withdrew to the furthest part of the room, though requested by the mother not to leave her.

The professor entered softly—made a motion to have the lights removed further off—went up to the bed—breathed upon his hands—looked at her a moment, and I saw her tremble, though her eyes were shut—seated himself on the side of her bed—took both of her hands into his—I thought I saw a shudder pass over her pale, beautiful face at the touch—placing his two thumbs, so that the balls touched hers; held them in that position for five minutes or so; then withdrew them, to my unspeakable relief, I admit, for I watched every motion, with intense anxiety, and was really alarmed at the expression of her face, when he touched her. Having done this, he placed the tips of his fingers upon her forehead, all the fingers of both hands, as if setting so many seals there; and having remained motionless and breathless for a minute or two, drew them away slowly and gracefully—ay, gracefully! and without touching her, except once or twice upon her shoulders, and then followed the outline of her body, down to the very extremity of her feet, always, however, at a distance of three or four inches from the bed-clothes. This he continued, till I saw the countenance of the poor sufferer change; and, after a few minutes, the color came to her lips, and she breathed more freely. The father looked at me, as if hardly knowing what to think; and the mother never took her eyes off the fingers of the operator; and as for myself, I hardly know what I thought, or believed, or saw, till poor Julia opened her eyes, and smiling faintly, though she saw the professor, shut them again, declaring as she did so, that she was very sleepy; upon which the professor signified to the parents, that she might be indulged, and making a sign to me to follow, crept out of

the room as he had crept in, without being heard.

I followed—but not to sleep, and as I shut my door, I heard the following conversation, which appeared to be carried on just below, and within half-a-dozen feet of me:

"Why, that are Injunn's no more to be compared to him, I tell you, than a toad wants a tail—every bit an' grain, as the nigger said."

"What Injunn are you talkin' about?"

"Why that are feller that met old Major Nye in the woods once, an' axed him if he'd seen a *leelle*, *old*, *lame*, *white man*, with a *long gun*, an' a dog with a *bob-tail*: an' when the major said yes, an' axed what's to pay, the Injunn up an' told him how 't somebody 'd ben stealin' his venison. 'Did you see him?' says the major, says he. 'No,' says the Injunn. 'How was you able to describe him then, as you did, hey?' 'Why,' says the Injunn, 'I knowed he was *leelle*, 'cause he couldn't reach the venison without rolling up a stone to stand on—I knowed he was *old*, 'cause his tracks wasn't reg'lar—I knowed he was *lame*, 'cause he always stepped short with one foot—I knowed he was a *white man*, 'cause he turned up his toes—I knowed his gun was *long*, 'cause he rested it agin a tree, and scratched the bark a *leelle*—and I knowed the dog had a *bob-tail*, 'cause he squat down in the dust.'"

"Wal, if that don't beat all nater,' Josh! do you believe it, hey?"

"Believe it! why that ain't nothin' to what this chap can do; I tell you what I seed myself; and what I *see*, I *know*—he jest looked into a woman's glove then, an' he up an' told what her name was—where she lived—how old she was—how much she was worth—an' how many children she was goin' to have—read it right off to her like a book; an' when they came to ask her, she said, 'twas all true. What do you think o' that?"

"Think o' that—I think she ought to ben ashamed of herself."

"Haw, haw, haw! That's jiss like you, wife!"

"Well now, it's my opinion, that you are ben made a fool of, Josh. Don't you remember the story we had in last years almanack?"

"What story?"

"About a doctor that went to see a sick

man. 'Open your mouth,' says he—'let's see your tongue—what are you ben eatin' of?' 'Nothin',' says the man. 'Nothin'! don't tell me! you've ben eatin' oysters.' And sure enough, so he had. And when he got home, the young chap that steddied with him, axed him how he knew he'd ben eatin' oysters, 'why,' says he, 'you fool you! didn't I see the shells under the bed!'

"Now that's my way of accountin' for what this chap's done; he knows the gal as well as you do."

"And better too, I hope," said the husband.

"Ah! but you've forgotten the best part o' the story," said another voice, (I would take my bible oath, 'twas the professor's.) "The young chap that steddied with the doctor, went round the next day to see the patient himself. 'Open your mouth,' says he: 'let's see your tongue! What are you ben eatin' of to-day?' 'Nothin,' says the man. 'Nothin'! don't tell me! you've ben eatin' a hoos!' 'A *hoos*!' 'To be sure you have; don't I see the saddle an' bridle under the bed!'"

A short hurried whispering followed this, and I heard a woman's voice vowing she wouldn't sleep under that roof another night while he was there, for all the world. "To tell you the truth, Josh, I believe that are gal there that he's ben bewitchin,' (I heard her father say so,) I believe she's more'n half right, in what she said about him."

"And who does she say he is?"

"*The wandering Jew!*" answered the voice of the professor close at her elbow.

"Waugh!" screamed the woman; "waugh, waugh, waugh! let's be off, Josh!"

* * * * *

Not being able to sleep, I lay awake wondering half the night if the mysterious operation I had been a witness to, where pain had literally been rebuked in my very presence, and great suffering relieved by a touch, was not, in fact, a case of *animal magnetism*; and if so, who was the extraordinary man? and what was he? and how had he managed to overcome the loathing and abhorrence of that beautiful child after having so frightened and shocked her? Was it sympathy? was it a strange and awful power vouchsafed to the few and the faithful? or was it only an effect of the imagination? What I saw I believe—account for it as I may. And therefore, * * * when I awoke, as I did, very early, having determined to proceed forthwith to Lytleton,

and go down by the Connecticut river, through the most beautiful parts of New-Hampshire, the first thing I saw on looking out of my window, was poor Julia and the professor whispering together at the door! It was very strange! and before I had recovered from my surprise, I saw him stoop down and kiss her forehead, put a paper into her hands, not unlike those I had seen stuffed away in her bonnet the day before, and vanish. I held my breath for a moment and then began rubbing my eyes. At this instant she looked up, and just as if nothing unusual had happened called out—"Ah, George, is that you! Good morning to you, and good morning to you, Mr. O'-Fudge!" I haven't another word to say. The clearest case of *animal magnetism*, was it not?—*New-York Mirror*.

DEMOSTHENES.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT LITERATURE, BY
AN IRISH BARRISTER.

To Philip we are indebted for Demosthenes. It was he who called forth that prodigious eloquence which electrified Greece, and made Philip tremble—that eloquence to which all times and generations, whose judgments cannot be taken captive by envy, bring and offer the garlands of victory, and shall keep the offerings free from corruption, and is likely to keep them, "as long as water flows, and the lofty trees flourish." All the seeds had been long sown for the production of such a man; the Government democratic, the rostrum accessible to every citizen, eloquence was now regarded more in the light of a severe study; and the intellectual multitude that frequented the public assemblies, knew well how to appreciate genius. In such a state of things, Demosthenes came forth to direct the affairs of the republic. The subtle politician of Macedon was the object of his unceasing hostility; he discovered all his plans—he disconcerted all his schemes—he alienated some of the States that were confederated with him, terrifying some into neutrality, and seducing others to espouse the cause of Athens. With his policy, however, we have nothing to do, unless so far as it is connected with his eloquence. If Demosthenes erred there, he erred splendidly. He did not flinch from the consequences; they were, to be sure,

disastrous, but he did all that human ability could to avert them. All his smaller speeches are full of energy and beauty, and distinguished by that boldness with which he told truths, however unpalatable, to the pleasure-loving Athenians. When the treasury was exhausted, and the triremes rotted in the docks of the Piræus for want of repairs, while Philip, at a distance, gradually sapped the strength of the republic, the Athenians cared little while their passion for amusement was gratified out of the "Theatrical Fund" set apart solely for that purpose, and further guaranteed by a law of Eubulus, which made it a capital crime for any person to propose either its abolition or alienation. But such absurd legislation, with its penal consequences, did not intimidate Demosthenes; he boldly proposed to devote it to the purpose of the war. Loud was the clamor of the playgoers; but his voice rolled above the storm; he was threatened with impeachment by the demagogues, but he was firm in his purpose, and succeeded.

In the first philippic, after vividly describing the conduct which insures success, and urging the men of wealth to send in contributions for the war, and persons of military age to take up arms, he lays the scourge on the back of Philip, and when he has warmed his audience with enthusiasm, he suddenly turns around and rebukes them for their unpardonable inactivity: in the language of an old proverb, "he strikes while the iron is heated."

"When, oh! men of Athens, when will you do what you ought? No doubt, when something shall happen! when some necessity shall exist! Why, in what light do you view your present situation? Because, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity to free men is the dishonor that follows failure. Are you content to go about the marketplace and inquire of each other, what news? Let me ask you, can anything be more new than for a mere man of Macedon to vanquish the Athenians, and rule the affairs of Greece? Is Philip dead? No; by heavens, but he is sick! And how does that concern you? For, were this Philip to die, you would soon raise up to yourselves another Philip, if this be your mode of attending to affairs. For he has not elevated himself so much by his own power as by your sloth. Besides, be certain of this, that, if anything should happen to him, and should fortune favor us, which always succors us so much

better than ourselves, (and may her efforts for us be complete!) by being on the very spot, and taking advantage of the disorder into which things would be thrown, you may dispose of them at your pleasure. But in your present condition, not even when a favorable juncture should put Amphipolis into your power, can you possess it, falling back, as you do, both in preparation and determination."

In the fourth philippic, there is the following very beautiful passage, in which Aristodemus, a vehement partisan of Philip, and a counsellor of peace, is covered with that bitter invective which corrodes like vitriolic acid. Demosthenes was never frugal of vituperation; where it was deserved he dealt it without measure; he never minced words, or smothered their acidity by a gentle antidote. A real ruffian as Aristodemus was, he called him so, and never covered his dislike beneath a false glare of words:

"Suppose you, Aristodemus, (invective apart,) were asked how it comes to pass, that, though well aware of what, indeed, every one knows, the calm, and the ease, and the security of a private station, and the anxiety and slipperiness, the daily vexations and perils which chequer public life, you yet should prefer a stormy existence to quiet and repose, what would you say? If you gave the best answer, and we were willing to admit its truth, that your motive is the love of your honor and renown, I should marvel how a man, disposed for his gratification to encounter every toil, and suffering, and hazard, can counsel his country to sacrifice all such considerations for the love of ease. For surely, we cannot pretend that you have some dignity to support in Athens, but that Athens has none to maintain among the States of Greece. Nor do I precisely see how the safety of the State should depend upon only attending to its own concerns, if your chief peril lies in not meddling more than anybody else with business not your own: on the contrary, you and the State are in jeopardy—you from doing and overdoing, she from inaction. But, then, it seems (God help us!) it would be a shame if the glories you derive from your fathers and ancestors should be tarnished in your person, but that the country has inherited from its forefathers only mean and nameless renown. Not so; your father was a ruffian, if he resembled you. Our ancestors, as all the States of Greece well know,

twice saved them from the most prodigious dangers. But, in truth, some men mete out a very different measure of justice and prejudice to themselves and to the State. For what fairness is there in men who have just escaped from prison, wholly forgetting their place; while the nation, which was wont to fill the first place among the States of Greece, and sway their destinies, is now to be sunk in absolute ingloriousness and insignificance!"

The exquisite art of this argument is only comparable to its chaste and headstrong eloquence. But it is unjust to the character of Demosthenes to sacrifice his general grandeur by the selection of a few detached passages, which can only give a shadowy idea of his great vigor and sublimity. The spirit, genius, and power dwell in no particular part; they are infused through and impregnate the mass. To form a proper estimate, a whole oration should be weighed: a broken finger would give about as correct a notion of the Minerva of Phidias, or the ethereal grace and beauty of the Coan Venus. In the two passages we have selected, the reader will be surprised at the absence of anything like ornament; the devourer of dazzling tropes and splendid imagery must stay his desire, and seek elsewhere for stimulants to his appetite for fine fancies. In Demosthenes there is no food of that unwholesome nature; he gives a solid and single dish, dressed in the most homely style, without sauce or condiment. We are astonished at his great sobriety and abstemiousness, at his want of ostentation and surpassing homeliness of manner. If the mere reading of the orations produced so extraordinary an effect on a stranger, what must have been their effect on the men who heard them? How must the breasts of the Athenians have burned! With what tremulous emotions must they have been swayed, when he stood on the marble tribune that overlooked the city, surrounded by the temples of the guardian gods—Marathon on his left, Salamis before him—every object in view that could kindle a recollection of the glorious days of Greece—of a series of events, than which there is no grander spectacle in history, and which, with all the exaggerations of orators and poets, still have sufficient to eternize the bravery of Athens! A northern barbarian, too, attempting the downfall of a city which valiantly withstood a continent in arms, and continued the strug-

gle by land and sea until it dictated the terms of peace to Asia, can the results of his eloquence be wondered at? Passion, anger, disdain, earnestness, inflammation, glory, Greece and liberty, formed that stupendous compound. We read them now in our closet; but, besides our ignorance of the language, its structure and idioms, how much is lost! The finely modulated voice, the glowing and dilated eye, all the immediate action of mind on mind, the manifest inspiration of intense power and energy, the well-balanced and expressive gesture, an argument in itself—all are absent, and we in vain endeavor to supply the place by soft and gelid words. A spoken and a written speech are nearly as different as a body in a state of life and death, or, as a modern writer has expressed it, somewhat ambitiously but truly, between some magnificent temple laid open to the studious contemplation of some solitary student, and the same edifice beheld amid the fullest accompaniments of sacrificial movement and splendor, thronged with adoring crowds, and resounding with solemn harmonies. * * * *

When he pronounced his oration in reply to Eschines, he was advanced in years, broken down with sickness as well as the afflictions of his country; he was wholly at the mercy of Antipater beside; but throughout all, there is not the shadow of a fear; no trembling, no blenching, no attempt to mollify the resentment of his enemies, or to avert the destiny which full well he knew awaited him, whether victory now declared for or against him. He was a man of the sternest convictions, and he gave proofs of his firmness by scorning all compromise. Neither is there any gasconade, any self-commendation, where his own defense did not imperatively require it. How unlike the miserable egotism of Cicero, who seemed to enjoy life only in an atmosphere of vain adulation; the one tortured by his consulship, his everlasting consulship: it is lugged in everywhere, in his speeches and philosophical writings, where it should, and where it should not; in his letters to Atticus, and his advice to his son; it is all the same, the consulship still. The earnestness of Demosthenes was never weakened by his efforts to be sarcastic, or the silly vanity of endeavoring to raise the laughter of his audience, of which Cicero was foolishly fond. Witness his zeal to rival Claudius in obscene jesting, in the first book of his Epis-

cles to Atticus; and when the heart of Demosthenes yearned in exile for the home he had left, he appears far less prostrate than the wretched and broken-hearted Cicero. No man ever suffered more severely for his greatness than Demosthenes, which well justified Juvenal in commiserating the lot of genius. He was, says Heeren, the most sublime and deeply tragic character with which history makes us acquainted; his life was of the most austere and painful interest. Fate envied him one day's repose, from his seventeenth year till he drank the poison, except, perhaps, the day of his triumph, when he went after Eschines to the Piræus, and generously offered him a purse of gold. This act was even censured by his enemies. His countenance was severe and melancholy; sorrow had impressed on it many a deep trace. Though firm as the Acropolis, in feeling he was a child. When Eschines taunted him with weeping more easily than others could laugh, he unknowingly uttered a deep truth. A continual fluctuation of dying and reviving hopes softened his mind, and made it the sport of emotions. When the news of Philip's death reached Athens, he could not refrain from wreathing his forehead with flowers, although his daughter lay dead. Not that he was not more keenly alive to the feelings of humanity than most men, but he would not permit grief to interfere with his feelings as a lover of his country; he rejoiced at the death of the tyrant, and he had not the hypocrisy to conceal it. At length, the country for which he had so long struggled added another to the many victims of its ingratitude. He was fined £10,000 for his *silence* in the affair of Harpalus, which, being unable to pay, he was cast into a dungeon. By the assistance of some friends he escaped to Ægina, from which, like Cimon, he often looked with mournful eyes towards Athens. Once more he was inspired with new hope; his heart once more beat high for his country. Alexander died in Babylon, and a passion for freedom once again kindled through the States of Greece. Athens, as usual, made the initiative; her envoys went forth, summoning all to a final struggle. The old patriot joined them, and his eloquence prevailed. His exile was annulled, and by the unanimous decree of the people he was restored to his country. The Paralian galley was despatched to Ægina to bring him back: priests, prytantes, archons, senators, public

officers, the citizens of every degree, rushed from the city when a messenger announced his progress from the Piræus; Athens held a festival day. He was welcomed with acclamations; all did the venerable patriot reverence; at length, overcome by his emotions, he wept, and, stretching out his hands, declared himself more happy than Alcibiades. It was a transitory glory for him and his country. Craterus and Antipater prevailed; and the son of the ferryman, the ignoble Demades, ordered Demosthenes to die! He and his accused friends fled by night from the city, and escaped to the island of Calauria, where he sought refuge in the temple of Neptune. Thither the bloodhounds of Antipater pursued him; pardon was promised him if he surrendered. He scorned any compromise with the enemies of his country, and swallowed poison. "Oh Neptune!" he exclaimed, "they have defiled thy temple, but, honoring thee, I will leave it while yet living!" He then fell dead before the altar! Demosthenes dead! How must that announcement have thrilled through the heart of Greece! The champion of their liberty no more! He who, with no other means than his genius and vigor—with vast power and influences opposed to him, and having to struggle, besides, with the corruptions of his own citizens—upheld the independence of his country against the most fearful odds. For thirty years he never failed in his devotion, and he at last found a grave beneath the ruins of her liberty.

The world has never witnessed a character of more unsullied grandeur than that of Demosthenes.

MY FIRST HAT.

BY J. N. MACJILTON.

O, I REMEMBER well the day,
 'Tis like a dream just past away,
 When my first hat was bought.
 I laid it on the floor, and stood
 With folded arms, in pompous mood,
 Wrapt up in glorious thought.

As proud as any lord was I,
 And thought myself full five feet high,
 Too tall to play with toys.
 Awhile I stood to ape the man,
 Then snatched my hat, and off I ran,
 To show it to the boys.

And many a hand that hat passed through;
 I watched them all—says I "t is new,
 Take care, do n't soil the crown;
 For if you do my pa I 'll tell,
 And he 'll come out and trounce you well,
 Or else I 'll knock you down.'

A score of hats were soon pulled off—
 A score of youngsters tried to scoff—
 Each vowed his hat was best;
 'And only see,' said Carter's Jim,
 'How much mine has a broader brim,
 Worth more than all the rest.'

Said I, 'mine 's newest, and of course
 For wearing can be none the worse,
 And must be best of all;
 Just see the crown, how high it is,
 None has a higher crown than this;
 Take care, do n't let it fall.'

'I care not,' said another voice,
 'For you, nor Jim, nor all the boys,
 Nor do I wish to boast;
 If mine 's not best, I 'll never move,
 And by the hatter I can prove,
 That it has cost the most.'

'It 's very strange,' says I, 'that Jim
 Should call this lower part the brim;
 The like I never heard.
 It 's rim, my papa told me so,
 And by my spelling book I 'll show
 That Jim 's miscalled the word.'

'It 's rim! it 's brim!' the urchin crew
 All shouted out; each swore he knew,
 And said he learned at school,
 To spell it *rim*—and spell it *brim*;
 So right and wrong was Carter's Jim,
 And each clung to his rule.

Then rant and tear to fight we went,
 To settle fairly the event,
 And spell the word aright.
 And many a ragged vest and shirt,
 And many a face all smeared with dirt,
 Resulted from the fight.

Revenge was pictured in each eye—
 Each one resolved to 'do or die,'
 And high his wrath did foam.
 Into the ring I foremost dashed,
 My hat was all to pieces smashed,
 And I went crying home.

Now circumstances since have shown,
 That men are children—older grown,
 And quarrel yet for words;
 They beat and bruise each other sore,
 And wreak their vengeance o'er and o'er,
 For, faith! they 'd all be lords.

ORIENTAL POLITICS.

ENGLAND—RUSSIA—INDIA—BRITISH INDIA.

THE present state and aspects of our national relations with Great Britain, are such as to render the semi-belligerent attitude of that country toward one of the first powers of Europe, a subject of more than ordinary interest. We propose, therefore, to give a concise though hurried view of the present relative position of Russia and England.

Russia, as is well known, is a modern though now gigantic power. Scarcely a century has transpired since the barbarian tribes who inhabited the sterile plains and bleak wastes of the frozen North, began to be of any account in the politics of Europe. Engaged in petty, though devastating, wars with each other, or with countries that now form an integral portion of their vast empire, the Russians enjoyed nearly the same consideration in Paris, Vienna, or London, that the savages of Hudson's Bay, and other far Northern regions, may be supposed to hold at Washington, Charleston, or New-Orleans. The genius of Peter the Great—aided, doubtless, by the mad hostility of Charles XII—moulded these thinly scattered barbarians into the lineaments of a great nation. The impulse thus given has never been arrested; and to this day it is said that Russia has never made a war without conquest, or a peace without securing a cession of conquered territory. By victory or policy, country after country has been added to her dominion, nation after nation absorbed within herself, until the northern half of two continents, Europe and Asia, acknowledges the absolute sway of her Emperor, while a large portion of America is also nominally his. From Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, in 20° east of London, to Mount St. Elias on the west coast of America, in 140° west, her undisputed domain stretches more than half the circumference of the globe; while from the farthest north that it is either habitable or penetrable, down to the 50th parallel of latitude, almost the whole eastern world is her own; and her territory south of it is at once vast and valuable. The Caspian sea is now virtually a Russian lake, as the Black sea is constituted by the treaty of Adrianople, while the Baltic is nearly enclosed by her own territory, or that of subservient states. Her vast armies, which have borne her

standards in triumph through Warsaw, Berlin, Paris, and to the gates of Constantinople, are sufficient to annihilate any neighboring power, from Sweden to China, (Austria possibly excepted,) in a single campaign; and it is hardly hyperbolical to assert that her will is at this time predominant over a full fourth of the globe. Considered merely in a physical point of view, Russia is beyond comparison the strongest, most powerful, as she is probably the most ambitious power on the face of the earth.

Not dissimilar in origin and growth, though utterly so in every other respect, is the British Empire in India, which, from humble beginnings as a mercantile adventure, has grown to a complete supremacy over the fertile and populous region stretching from the Himmaleh mountains on the north, to the Indian ocean on the south, and from near the Indus on the west, to the Irawaddy on the east—a country abounding in wealth and resources, and containing more than one hundred millions of inhabitants. This country is now one of the most precious appendages of the British crown; and it is doubtful whether without it the financial capacities of the Empire could be made equal to the heavy burden of debt and expenditure which they are required to sustain. The loss of India to Great Britain would be the prelude to revolution or national bankruptcy.

It is only since the recent virtual subjugation of Turkey and Persia to the giant power of the Northern Colossus, that England has felt any serious apprehension for the safety of her Oriental possessions. But the complete prostration of the Ottoman power by the last war, and the peace of Adrianople; the grasping conditions imposed in the treaty by Russia; the further exactions, especially with regard to the passage of the Dardanelles and the navigation of the Euxine, since or secretly at that time imposed; the defection from his allegiance of the Pacha of Egypt; the vastly important alienation of Persia from the interests of England, and her present close alliance with Russia; and, finally, the constant aggressions and extension of power by Russia, especially on her southeastern frontier, have impressed upon the British nation, particularly upon those who have a deep interest in the preservation of her Indian Empire, a vivid sense of impending and formidable danger. We shall not attempt, at this dis-

tance, to judge of the reality or the imminence of that danger. We prefer to detail facts rather than indulge in speculations.

The alienation of Persia—which is regarded as radical and determinate—removes half the barrier before existing between Russia and India. From his extreme port of Astrabad, on the southeast coast of the Caspian sea, the Autocrat might now, it is supposed, march an army to Herat, on the eastern frontier of Persia, not only without opposition, but with every facility that might be required. There would it first encounter hostility. Let us consider its nature:

Persia, occupying the heart of the Asiatic continent, is known to every reader of history as subject to frequent and desolating civil wars arising from disputed claims to succeed to the throne. We believe no less than two of these have arisen within the last fifty years. The tendency to these, it must be obvious, unsettles all calculations of future aid to Russia based on the present temper of her sovereign. But India is still separated from danger by the intervention of another rude and rocky country, nearly five hundred miles in width, lately known by the general term of Afghanistan, though consisting of the several partially united and imperfectly defined states or principalities of Cabul, Candahar, Beloochistan, Herat, etc. This country is a victim to the same propensity for contested successions which has for many centuries devastated its neighbor kingdom, Persia. By one of the last, its royal family was driven into exile, leaving its government in the hands of a number of formerly subordinate though powerful chiefs, mainly of the warlike family of Barukyzes, who now govern its several states under a union not dissimilar to our own. They are chiefs of marked ability in peace and war, as well as of popularity, as is evinced by their aggrandizement, and by their signal discomfiture of two or three strenuous efforts, aided by foreign arms, to restore the dynasty which they overthrew. A recent manifesto from their court, exposing, denouncing, and defying the restless machinations and boundless, insatiable rapacity of the East India Company, proves them well acquainted with their own position, and with the dangers which threaten them. They will doubtless be found equal to any emergency.

The small mountainous province of Herat, in the northwest quarter of Afghanistan,

is governed by an able chief known as Dost Mahomed, in close alliance with the Barukyze rulers of the rest of Afghanistan, though we believe not one of their family. This state is mainly important for the strength of its capital, Herat, commanding the principal, if not only practicable route from Persia, and which is therefore regarded as one of the most important of the keys of India. Herat, as is well known, was besieged by a formidable Persian army, but gallantly resisted all their efforts, and finally repulsed them from its territory with loss. It is hardly probable that Persia, unless stimulated by foreign ambition, will renew the attempt. But the siege of Herat is regarded by England as solely of Russian instigation, and undertaken solely to open to Russian arms the route to India. It is asserted by the British accounts from that region that the siege was directed by Russian officers, some of whom fell before the walls of the beleaguered city. It is doubtless no less true that English officers aided in the defense; so that a preliminary and casual collision between the two great powers now struggling for the mastery of Asia has already occurred, in the very heart of the continent, at a point full 3,000 miles alike from London and St. Petersburg, 2,000 from Calcutta, and 1,500 from Astrachan. It may be worthy of note that it is nearly in a direct line from St. Petersburg by Astrachan to Calcutta. That a Russian army, if ever one should penetrate to India, must master and march through Herat, to avoid the still more rugged and impassable mountains in the north of it, and the equally formidable deserts and barren wastes which lie south, seems placed beyond doubt. The alliance of Afghanistan is therefore of vital importance to either power, in case of a collision between Russia and England in the East.

The line of policy determined on by the British—perhaps we should say, by the East India Company—is at once characteristic and remarkable. Instead of laboring to conciliate the ruling power of the former country, they are intriguing to subvert it and establish one on its ruins not merely favorable but subservient to their interests. They have endorsed the claims of Shah Soojah, the expelled monarch of Afghanistan, and are preparing to back him with a powerful force. That he is weak and unqualified for the sovereignty would seem to be established by his exile; that he is un-

popular is evinced by the fact that he has once or twice already been defeated in attempts to recover his throne, though backed by a respectable alien force. But the British Company would doubtless prefer an instrument to an ally; and the unpopularity of their protégé, if once restored to his throne, will render him only the more subservient to those who direct the foreign bayonets by which he is placed and sustained there.—Such appear to be the calculations of the rulers of British India. They are certain of meeting no opposition on their own side of the theater of the coming contest. The country watered by the Indus, which intervenes between their proper possessions and Afghanistan, consists of Sind or the region of the lower Indus, governed by native chiefs styled Ameers, who are naturally tributaries to the Afghan power, but who are now in rebellion against it, stimulated, doubtless, by British intrigues and proffers of assistance. Higher up the Indus, British India is separated from Afghanistan by Punjaub, the dominion of Runjeet Singh, an inveterate enemy of the Afghans and long the close ally of the British. Still, he may have too much sagacity to aid in overthrowing the Afghan power and thus make masters of his already too powerful allies, who would thence enclose his dominion on three sides with their own; but if not active in aiding the grasping projects of the Company, he will at least do nothing to obstruct them.

Such is the present state of Oriental politics; though we may add the accredited report that the Burmese on the east and the Nepaulese on the north are about to invoke again the chances of war with the British. That they are stimulated to this by Russian emissaries, is stoutly asserted by British accounts; that they are goaded to it by a keen sense of their own wrongs, is quite as probable—though both may be true. But at any rate a war at the same time with Afghanistan, Nepaul and Burmah, will give the East India Company ample employment, even though Persia and Russia should throw nothing more than their irrepressible sympathies and secret aid into the scale of the native powers. The entrance of Shah Soojah at the head of a virtually British force into Afghanistan, will mark the commencement of a struggle which will probably extend the British power in Asia to the frontiers of Persia, Thibet, and China, or subvert it altogether.—*New-Yorker*.

SACRED LITERATURE.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

—The sacred page—a page,
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce,
Which not the conflagration shall destroy.

Young.

It has been well remarked by a distinguished scholar of our land, that the two cardinal principles which fix the character and decide the worth of all literature, are *duty* and *usefulness*—duty, in all its various relations to God; usefulness, through all the endless diversity of its connection with man. Apart from these considerations, it is worse than valueless. The test, then, of its excellence, should ever be, the extent to which it has honored God and improved the human race.

With sentiments such as these, are we to believe that literature has no community of interest, no sympathy of feeling, no identity of purpose, with Religion or its sacred source? The error of those who imagine thus, must lie in the low *estimate* they have placed upon polite literature, and the judgment they have formed from the features and spirit it has hitherto assumed, rather than from those of which it is susceptible. God has not, indeed, made to us an immediate revelation upon the truths of philosophy, the abstrusities of science, or the elegances of art. But literature, science, and art, in their legitimate design, are surely instruments, each of them, subordinate though they be, in the scheme of Providence, for the moral improvement of man; and the melancholy fact, that they have long exercised an influence far from their original purpose, is to be accounted for, to a great extent, through the neglect of scriptural precepts. The influence of the Bible upon polite literature has hitherto been slight, and yet it is preëminently a store-house of thought, a treasury of material, and presents that grand desideratum in the republic of letters, an ultimate *standard of taste*. In the beautiful language of another, "The record of sacred literature is the book of life, spotless and eternal; its penmen are prophets, apostles, and martyrs; its ministering servants are cherubim and seraphim, the angel and archangel."

If we cast a glance over the history of poetry in its earliest era, that of the ancient Israelites is the first which arrests the atten-

tion. Indeed, we hazard little in the assertion, that, as this peculiar people were the eldest of the nations of antiquity whose annals have come down to us, in like manner their expression of poetical feeling, and their attempts at poetical arrangement, were the earliest.

But be this as it may, Hebrew Poetry is undeniably the most ancient which has reached the age in which we live; and the earliest specimen of versification which all literature can produce, is the song of Lamech, in the Book of Genesis. When we consider, too, such poetry as is contained in the Pentateuch, almost six centuries before the era of Homer; and annals, such as were chronicled by the Lawgiver, one thousand years before the pagan Herodotus, it is not difficult to believe, that the Hebrews were equally the fathers of *History* and of *Song*. The sacred records close where those of classic antiquity begin. The seven books of Moses had been read and pondered upon more than ten centuries, when the father of Profane History was born; and the last of the sacred chroniclers, Malachi the prophet, was his cotemporary. Ages before the author of the *Iliad* had touched his harp-strings upon the banks of the Illyssus, and before the remotest period when the Egyptian Memnon had introduced the knowledge of letters into Greece, the prophet-poets of Israel had scaled the heights of *Song*!

This circumstance, we are told, is of itself one of the most resplendent proofs of the divine origin of the Scriptures. In every other nation, measured Poetry has ever, by many an age, preceded the style of Prose; but in the history of Hebrew literature, we witness them at one and the same era, composed with skill and beauty equal and unrivaled. What but a draught from that

"Fount which flows fast by the oracles of God,"—

in the sublime language of the *Paradise Lost*—could have occasioned this!

In our estimate of the character and the excellence of sacred literature, we may not, perhaps resort to a criterion more impartial, than the universal welcome which the *Old Scriptures* in every age, and among every people, have received. As priceless treasure have they been held by the simple and the wise—by the ignorant and the enlightened—by the uncultivated and the refined—by the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the

Jew. They have gladdened the peasant in his cottage, and the monarch upon his throne; they have proved a comforter to the desolate, and a balsam to the broken-hearted; they have lighted up the prison-house of the convict, and have flung "the bow of the covenant" over the couch of the dying! Infidels have dwelt with astonishment upon the lofty grandeur of their sentiments, and the sublimity of their style; and the orator, the philosopher, and the bard, have quaffed deep of their inspiration. The venerable Chatham, of England—*magnum et venerabile nomen*—leaved often to ponder over their sacred pages; and, with a distinguished statesman of our own land, made them his fountain of eloquence, before he rose in the august arena of his country's councils. Barrow, and Locke, and Boyle, and Bacon, and Burke, regarded the old poems of the Bible as the sublimest productions ever traced by the pen of man. Indeed, there can scarce a great mind in the records of literature be named, which owed not a portion of its power to this venerable treasure-house of inspiration. "The Bible is the only work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flame, when all things shall confess their ashes." Thus writes the old English Prose author, Sir Thomas Browne, in his celebrated *Religio Medici*; and the force of the declaration can but be appreciated. The declaration of Sir William Jones relative to the Scriptures, is too familiar for repetition. The immortal Scott regarded them with admiration and wonder, as the celebrated lines in his romance, "*The Abbot*,"

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries," etc. etc.

alone would demonstrate; and the same verses found upon the fly-leaf of Lord Byron's Bible, prove that they embodied *his* sentiments, and were not uncongenial to his feelings. Not a little of that sublimity which breathes through his productions, was derived directly from this source. A remarkable instance of this, among numerous others which might be pointed out in his poems, is mentioned in Miss Jewsbury's "*Letters to the Young*." It is found in the opening of that splendid production, the "*Ode to Napoleon*":

"'Tis past—but yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive:
And now thou art a nameless thing—
So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed the earth with hostile bones?
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

This may be traced directly to the prophet Isaiah's Ode on the fall of Sennacherib, the Napoleon of Babylon: "He who smote the people in his wrath with a continual stroke, is persecuted and hindereth. How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken nations! They that see thee narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, 'Is this the man that made the earth to tremble—that did shake kingdoms—that made the world as a wilderness?'"

The great English dramatist exhibits throughout his productions a familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the same may be said of almost every standard author, whether poet or philosopher, historian, romancer, statesman, or divine, who has composed in our language. Ptolemy of Egypt believed his library incomplete without a copy of the Bible; and Alphonso X. at his death had read it completely *fourteen* times.

To the refined and elegant taste of the infidel, these writings are beautiful and sublime. His mind approves them, though his heart feel them not. To him they are the graceful frost-work of a wintry morning, brilliant, but how cold! while to the glowing soul of devotion they seem passionately dear, though the taste to appreciate their elegance may be absent. They are to all, in many respects the same: to the prince and the peasant—to the ploughman and the philosopher—to the learned and the laborer—to the infidel and the saint. *Genius*, the gift of God—like the divine fire of the seers, not less than that solemn *truth* which addresses itself alike to the ignorant and the learned, beams forth from every page.

The cause of this admiration for the sacred writings by the proud and the humble, the simple and the wise, is not difficult of detection. Many have admired them for that excellence which, as literary productions, they most justly claim; and more, for the inspired truths they promulgate. That there is literary excellence of a distinguished order in the Old Scriptures, will not be controverted; and the position is one which has of late been advanced, that their excel-

lence is of that peculiar character, as pre-eminently to qualify them for a text-book of literature. To this proposition the objection at once arises, and with no inconsiderable plausibility, that the Scriptures were never intended as a basis or a model of literature, and that to invite to their perusal as a collection of orations, and poems, and essays, and annals, degrades that dignity, which their character as a mission from Deity for the moral governance of his creatures, demands. All this would be true, were the grand object of their origin forgotten in this minor, though important consideration. The fact, too, is lost sight of, that the natural, if not inevitable consequence of a course of sacred literature, and of that admiration which every cultivated mind must, upon investigation, grant the Scriptures, would be an appreciation of the principles they inculcate. Many would thus, in time, view them as a rule of conduct, who would otherwise remain in ignorance of their character, or regard them with contemptuous indifference.

Allusion has been made, in these cursory remarks upon sacred literature, to the Poetry of the Hebrews; and if, in conclusion, we for a moment dwell upon those peculiarities which distinguish it from all other poetry, we shall find the most striking, apart from its peculiar parallelism of versification, to be, that deep trace of *locality* which is everywhere to be found. The Gallilean hills were not more clearly reflected from the quiet bosom of their own blue, beautiful lake, than was the aspect of their country mirrored in the poetry of the Jews. They loved their native land—their own glorious Palestine—her green hills and gentle valleys—not with a calm, subdued affection: it was a wild, ungovernable *passion*—tameless—untamed. They tell us of their battles and triumphs, with Jehovah—a name hallowed to Jewish lips—as their leader; and the strung harps ring out clear as the silver clarions of their temple. Again, by the rivers of Babylon, they sing their country lost—their city without inhabitant—"that holy and beautiful house where their fathers worshiped," sinking in flames—and their strains rise up sad as the evening song of Autumn, touching as the wail of a broken heart. In the galling captivity of a strange and distant land, Jerusalem, the "holy city," is still their theme; and their harps unstrung hang upon the willows. In

these poems they give us their entire history as a people; yet, local as they are in description, in allusion, and in style, they have been welcomed by every age, and seem less the possession of a peculiar people, than the gift of Providence to the race of man.

The distinguishing characteristics of Jewish Poetry are too numerous now to be noticed; they are perhaps too palpable to demand it. Its exclusively religious character, its peculiar structure, its ancient date, its mysterious sublimity, and the solemn shades everywhere flung over it by the lofty theme it professes, are features prominently distinctive. It commences with the world's creation:—at a later period it assumes a wild and warlike character;—in the era of David it takes the form of sacred lyrics,—in the magnificent reign of Solomon, it attains its loftiest elevation;—and when all is lost, it is heard in the deep tones of prophetic denunciation, or the wail of lament.—*Literary News-Letter.*

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—1687—1783.

AFTER the expedition conducted by La Salle to colonize Louisiana in 1687, the results of which have been stated, no further attempt of the kind was made until 1699. During the interval a constant communication was kept up between Canada and the settlement in Illinois. Accessions were continually made to Cahokia and Kaskaskia; but no new settlements were formed with the exception of certain plantations that were put under cultivation on a fertile tract, between these two villages, called Prairie du Rocher. The attention of the French, however, was not withdrawn from this newly explored region; and in 1699 an expedition sailed from Pochesford, under the command of Lemoine d'Ibberville, a Canadian naval officer of reputation, destined to the mouth of the Mississippi.—He was the first to enter the river by sea; he examined the country by its mouth, and laid the foundation of the first colony at the head of a small bay named Biloxi, within the present limits of the state of Mississippi. The Spaniards who had long before established colonies in Florida at St. Augustine and neighboring points, having just formed a settlement at Pensacola, protested against the occupation of what they claimed as their own territory, by the French.

Their opposition, however, appears to have been ineffectual, for in 1702 the French occupied a new post on Mobile river, still nearer the Pensacola.

But little attention was paid to agriculture by the colony of Biloxi or Mobile. The colonists depended chiefly on the mother country for supplies of provisions. Their principal object was the prosecution of the fur trade and a search for the precious metals. Accordingly they aimed only to establish a convenient depot in which to store the expected profits of the chase and the mines in readiness to be shipped for distant markets. No sooner, therefore, was a footing gained by the colonists at Mobile, than expeditions were despatched up the Mississippi to trade with the natives and ascertain the mineral wealth of the country.

In an expedition of this kind, undertaken in 1705, the French for the first time entered the Missouri river and ascended it as far as the mouth of the Kansas, the point where the western boundary line of the state of Missouri now crosses the river. The natives, with whom they had interviews, cheerfully engaged in trade with them; and they found the traffic in furs highly profitable, though they now here obtained the precious metals in sufficient quantities to remunerate them for the search. It may here be observed, that the French traders have always been more fortunate in their intercourse with the Indians than those of any other nation.

The footing thus gained by the French at the mouth of the river was of decided advantage to the settlements in Upper Louisiana or Illinois. It opened to them a direct avenue to the ocean, and greatly facilitated their communication with France. But these settlements soon began to experience new obstacles to their progress. The wars in Europe now demanded all their attention, and resources of men and money could not be obtained for carrying on the projected enterprises in Louisiana, and they accordingly languished for several years. During this period, too, the Spaniards neglected no opportunity, which occurred, to molest their enemies. But little progress, therefore, was made by any of the settlements about this time. Those of Illinois kept on the even tenor of their way; their reliance for subsistence being on the cultivation of the soil. While those at the mouth of the river, depending upon supplies

from abroad, were at times extremely destitute. This state of things, however, turned their attention, from necessity, to agriculture, and put them in a condition, afterwards to be more independent of external assistance. Most of these settlers, however, being people of rank, and the leading men military characters, they were not inclined to labor on the soil with their own hands, but procured slaves for the purpose, and assigned the labors of the field almost exclusively to them.

Hitherto the affairs of Louisiana had been managed by officers of his appointment, in the name of the king. At length he, finding his attention entirely engrossed by the wars in Europe, yet anxious to keep the Mississippi Valley out of the hands of the enemy, the Spaniards made a grant of the whole territory in 1782 by letters patent to Antoine de Crozat. Crozat was a man of great influence, and amassed a fortune of 40,000,000 livres in the Indian trade. This grant secured to him the exclusive right of commerce with the colony for 16 years, and all the profits accruing from the mines and minerals he should discover, with the exception of one fifth of the gold and silver, which was reserved to the king.

The great wealth and credit of this gentleman, and the important services he had rendered the crown, were sure pledges of his ability and exertions; and it was confidently expected that he would speedily revive the drooping prospects of the colony. Another motive also prompted to this grant. Those who had been entrusted with authority in the province were more or less at variation with each other, and it required some steady and energetic hand to heal the disorders and restore harmony and concert of action among them.

M. De la Motte was the first governor appointed under the grant. He arrived in the colony and entered upon his official duties in 1713. A census taken at that time gave a population of but 400 permanent residents. The number was considerably increased by emigrants who came with the governor. The prevailing inducement with them was the hope of obtaining wealth from the supposed mineral treasures of the country, and from trade with the natives. Accordingly all their attention was directed to this one object, and all their exertions bent on accomplishing it. Expeditions were sent in various directions through the

country to traffic in furs and search for gold and silver. The trade with the natives was generally profitable, but the search for mineral riches was fruitless.—*Prairie Beacon.*

INTERCOMMUNICATION.

It is impossible for an American to look abroad over his native land, and not feel an honest pride whilst he compares its present condition, as regards facilities of intercommunication, with that which it presented twenty or thirty years since. Persons have not yet passed the meridian of life who can remember the wearisome journeys between our Atlantic cities, not to mention the dread with which a trip to the interior was regarded. To pass between Philadelphia and Baltimore in winter, and not to be on the road more than two days, was looked upon as great good fortune, whilst the intercourse between Philadelphia and New-York was even more difficult and laborious. Well do we recollect when the first post-coach, carrying six inside passengers, was placed upon the rout between this city and Washington, at a charge of five dollars, leaving at eight in the morning, and stopping to dine on the road.

At the time to which we refer, it was as much as a traveler's comfort was worth to journey upon any but the few rough turnpikes which where then in existence, and even did his good fortune make it his lot to pass along the best of these highways, the battered condition of his limbs attested for a fortnight afterwards the jolting he had undergone. At present, how are matters altered! The wayfarer leaves the seat of the National Government at six a. m., is whisked along at a prodigious speed in two hours and a quarter to Baltimore; there he takes another line of vehicles, reaches Philadelphia without fatigue, in time for a late dinner; or, should his business or pleasure require it, finds himself snug in his hotel at New-York at midnight of the same day. Nor is he obliged to undergo the slightest privation as regards his meals in the mean while. He takes breakfast at Baltimore; dines at Wilmington, or on board a Delaware steamer at seasonable hours; finds his cup of hot coffee awaiting his arrival at New-Brunswick; and, should he be fond of a substantial supper, he may take it at his ease before retiring to bed in New-York.

Similar facilities attend an extension of a journey to the South, or the East, the North, or the West. There are some who will talk of the romance of traveling, and expatiate with delight on the sociability of an old-fashioned stage-coach; but we confess that, to us, the delights of upsets and sleepless nights, spent in dragging through mud and mire, have nothing in them very captivating.

Such, then, are the effects of canals and railroads, steamboats and McAdamized turnpikes; such are the products of internal improvements. It is not long since we heard a person regretting the ruin, caused by throwing coachmen out of employ, and causing taverns by the way-side to fall into decay for want of patronage. In descanting upon these grievous encroachments, the party to whom we refer seemed to forget that other occupations were open to the classes of the people so pitied; and that horses might be employed quite as beneficially in tilling the earth as in pulling travelers over bad roads, whilst the worthies, whose hours had been devoted to lounging in attendance on bar-rooms, might earn just as good a livelihood in some mechanical or agricultural employment. Nor are we among those who think that these facilities are mischievous, by enabling people to travel on without stopping a day or two for better roads, or spending their precious time in the hotels of the cities through which they may pass. It is true, that a few dollars may be lost to this or that city in one way, but they will be more than made up by the multitudes of persons leaving home to travel, merely because traveling has nowadays no annoyances. Where eight or ten formerly traveled, eighty or a hundred are now induced to do so; and we question very much whether ten out of every hundred are not quite as profitable, as the whole that used to be going from point to point.

The moral and political effects attending these facilities are particularly worthy of notice. Sectional feelings are lessened by every yard of railroad or canal constructed, and old distinctions, such as Southern and Northern man, are fast falling into disuse. The citizen of Maine or New-Hampshire, who is enabled to see the lovely savannas of the South, soon forgets the long-cherished distinction of "Yankee," while the Southerner loses sight of early antipathies by being introduced to the hearty, well-ordered hospi-

talities of the North, and is led to think that, after all, the only distinctive appellation that should be tolerated is the proud name of *American*. The Western man, who has been taught to scoff at the bargaining propensities of his Northern brethren, when he becomes accustomed to them, is ready to confess that thrift and industry are, in fact, the only true elements to constitute the good citizen.

Let us, then, join heart and hand in pressing forward a system fraught with such universal good effects; and when a railroad or a canal is demanded by public convenience, let nothing be said about its being calculated to carry trade elsewhere, under the assurance that, in proportion as business is extended *everywhere*, so is every portion of the Union benefited. When we hear that a railroad will enable people to go to New-York or to Philadelphia, and thus deprive us of a partial benefit, let us bear in mind that the action is reciprocal, and that the same intercommunication will bring from those cities to us advantages which, without them, must have remained forever beyond our reach.—*Baltimore American*.

SWEDENBORG AND COUSIN.

As Cousin is very particular in ascribing the discovery of all philosophical facts to their respective authors, it is remarkable that he is ignorant that Emanuel Swedenborg occupied the same ground that he does, relative to the reason and the will, long ago. The writings of that illustrious man contain all that is valuable in the French philosophy of the present day, and infinitely more, in which the severest analysis and closest logic cannot detect a fault. Though my mind has been principally occupied for fifteen years with legal, metaphysical, and logical studies, I have never found any evidence so conclusive, any reasoning so exact, any scheme of mind, if I may be allowed the expression, so perfect in all its parts, or a thousandth part so sublime, as that contained in the works of Emanuel Swedenborg. I consider it a privilege to be permitted to bear my public testimony to their value, to their all-importance; for I know the time must come, when they will be universally received, as comprising the true philosophy of man, and the most perfect ontology. It is wonderful that, in an age like this, preju-

dice should be allowed to interpose between the sublimest and most comprehensive truths ever made known to man and a willingness to receive them. The speculations of Maine De Biran, and his followers, are eagerly entertained, in the vain hope of establishing a spiritual philosophy; when not only the elements, but the full form of that philosophy, have been in existence, almost unnoticed, for two-thirds of a century.

The following extract from the preface to "The Growth of the Mind" is in point:

"The New Church can discern, in almost every moral and religious writer of any acknowledged merit, at the present day, some outbreathing of its own power, while its principles are pressing into the natural science, like so many gushing fountains from an inexhaustible fountain above them. It is painful to see how little willingness there is to acknowledge the source of truth; and how often a man seems to think that it has answered its legitimate purpose, when he has bedecked his own person therewith, so as to command the admiration of the multitude.

"But the time is approaching, when the claims of the New Church on the public attention may not be easily set aside. There is a problem to solve, to which those who reject the claims of this church will find it difficult to furnish a solution; and the misrepresentations and ignorance, which have often prevailed in regard to it, will, before many years, be seen to be neither consistent with good manners nor good scholarship. The writings of Swedenborg are so pure in their character and influence, that the moral sense of the community will bear testimony that there is no wilful imposture; and they are so perfect in their method and logic, that the rationality of the community will bear testimony that there is no insanity. The voice of these two witnesses cannot be silenced; and the day is approaching, when the assertion that these writings are not of sufficient importance to command the attention of the public, will not be hazarded by any one, who is either a man of intelligence, or seeks to be esteemed."—*Rufus Dawes.*

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In history, a great volume is unrolled for our instruction, drawing the materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind.—*Burke.*

PECULIARITIES OF STEELE.

STEELE, like Goldsmith, was fond of dressing in the utmost point of fashion. Old Richard Nott, the first printer of the *Tatler*, related that Steele paid £50 per annum to his barber, and never rode out, which he often did, but in a full-bottomed dress perwig, which, at that time, cost as much as he paid the barber. There are various and curious records of the shifts to which Steele had recourse to appease his creditors, one of whom was an occasional associate with him at the tavern—one Mat Pincher, a tailor in Cheapside, who was charmed with Steele's wit and humor; and Steele's partiality for Pincher was considerable, for the tailor wrote long verses, and gave long credits for "black cloaks." But verses, how long soever, will have an end, and debts must be sometimes paid. Pincher could get no money from Steele, and Steele ceased to get verses from Pincher, who commenced prosaic composition, and, in the style dictatorial, wrote to Steele, reminding him of his "bill for black cloaks had at divers times." Steele at the time was out of pocket, both right and left; not a shilling in possession, nor a sixpence in expectation! "Misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions." The tailor waited on Steele, whose servants were unwilling to admit Pincher into the study; but a tailor is a man, when put to his last shift, and Pincher resolutely insisted on seeing Steele. A scuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of Addison, who was then with Steele, arranging for the *Tatlers* of the week; and on inquiring the cause of the noise without, Steele said: "It is only Pincher in quest of Growler, Mr. Addison; I believe it is my tailor coming to take measure of my ability to pay off an old score; he is clamorous, and in truth not without cause; but I gave him an order on Tonson this morning for twenty guineas, which, I am afraid, is unpaid, by his returning so suddenly." By this time, Mr. Pincher forced his way into the study, and warmly rebuked Steele for sending him on an April message. "Tonson," said he, "will not pay you a penny for a fortnight to come, having already advanced for the next six *Tatlers*." "Indeed, Pincher," replied Steele, "I am sorry for Tonson, I am sorry for you, and I am exceedingly sorry for myself; but Tonson owes me more than that sum; however, he is a good fellow,

when things take well with the town." "I wrote you three times, Mr. Steele, respecting this affair," said Pincher. "I know you did, good Pincher," rejoinder Steele, "and there are your letters unopened. I know the contents of the letters of many of my correspondents from the mere superscription; it is a branch of the occult sciences known to me from my youth upwards!"

Mr. Pincher begged for ten guineas, then for five, then for three, but he might have begged forever, for not a silver had Steele, who, at last, thought of compromising the matter, and handing down from the shelf several well-bound books, requested Pincher to get five guineas on them until next week. Addison, who calmly looked on during the curious scene, paid Pincher's bill, getting Steele's acknowledgment and promise to pay ready money for the next black cloak. Steele was overcome with Addison's kindness, and insisted on having "wine and cake" brought in. Pincher was requested to join them. In a few minutes the whole scene was changed; and Pincher, who had some pretensions to literary converse, was happy and proud in this little circle. During this hour of joyous hilarity, Steele said, "well Pincher, is there any thing in this world more wonderful than a poetical tailor?" "Only one," rejoined Pincher. "Declare it, Pincher; good Pincher, declare it," replied Steele. "A poetical tinker," said the other; "and methinks John Bunyan wrote prose, too, equal to any in our day." "Give me your hand, Pincher; you are one of the best fellows within the bills of mortality; but the muses are a dangerous family, and your illicit connection with these ladies will bring you into trouble," replied Steele. "They may be cruel parents," rejoined the tailor; "but you, Mr. Steele, assist to starve their children." Addison was greatly pleased with his companions; and said to Tickell afterwards, that Steele knew better than any man in town where wit and broad humor were planted by nature; and that no man should think himself above being taught *more* by the class beneath, than the class above, him in society. This was a just appreciation of Steele's discrimination. He mingled equally in high and low society, and knew his part in either. Dr. Johnson calls him the most agreeable rake that ever trod the round of indulgence; but, like many more striking expressions of the doctor,

it is not his own. His amanuensis, Robert Shiels, transcribed it from Cibber's *Life of the Poets*, and Cibber borrowed it from Shakspeare. Few readers know that some of the best passages in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* were either transcribed by Shiels from other works, or were *his own suggestions* to the doctor.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH BEAUTY.

Let me pause a moment to recover my breath, and I shall give you my final opinion of the beauty of English women. They are the only women in the world who can venture to show their faces in daylight! Let this be said without any undue qualification of my homage for foreign beauty in general, and French beauty in particular.

"Quoi!—Neron est-il amoureux?
Depuis un moment; mais pour toute ma vie,
J'aime (que dis-je aimer?) j'adore Julie."

But it was made for the light of chandeliers. Its poignancy, like gunpowder, sleeps until it is touched by flame. It is a fine picture, but the picture requires to be placed in the right position, to be shaded by draperies, and colored by contrast, and a hundred other ingenuities, which amply exercise the taste and talents of the possessor. In fact, its finest effect is like every other fine thing in our country—it is theatrical. The scene must not be approached *too* near, nor glared on with too much light, nor dimmed with too little—but the lamps are essential, and then we have nothing to do but to gaze, and be—undone.—*Blackwood's Magazine*,

THE DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

LIKE the rich beams that light the ruin's breast,
Poured from the altar of the golden west,
O'er ancient tower and tomb-like relic spread,
Hallowing with life the precincts of the dead—
The Muse's ray o'er Memory's realm is cast,
Startling the shadows of the slumbering Past!

Wide her domain; the Drama's spirit dwells
Where'er man's breast in joy or suffering swells;
As fair—as vast her world as Nature's own:
The MIND her empire, and the HEART her throne!
There flowers of loveliest hue and form, are seen
Less frail than those which deck the vernal green;
There foliage waves, whose graceful shade bestows
Undying calm on souls that crave repose:
There streams exhaustless flow, and fountains play,
Flinging eternal music in their spray;
And suns and skies of living lustre shine,
Shedding o'er earth a radiance half divine!

LITERARY NOTICES.

OWEN'S ADDRESS.

An Address touching the Influence and Progress of Literature and the Sciences: delivered before the Philomathean Society of Indiana University, in September last. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. 38 pages 8vo. Richmond: Lynde Elliott. 1838.

No one, we presume, since the days of the "New-Harmony Gazette," has denied to the author of this address the possession of talent; nor can any one, we think, since the publication of "Pocahontas: a Drama," refuse to acknowledge his claims to genius which, rightly directed in the fields of Art, Literature, or Science, would result in benefiting the public, and giving himself reputation and a name. Mr. Owen, however, belongs to the "worldly wise," very few of whom, in our country at least, take more than one or two steps into the solitary and uncheered domains of Knowledge, ere they turn about and seek in less unfrequented places a more immediate and more available reward. A few years back, after he "cut" Tammany Hall Agrarianism, and turned his attention to the cultivation of Belles-Letters, Mr. Owen was one to whose labors in the field of Literature we looked for "good works."—We subsequently found, however, that in cutting the Tammanies Mr. Owen had not cut his eye-teeth, which he did soon after, and thereupon, as a matter of course, abandoned letters, and went into political life through the portals of the Indiana Legislature. Of this grave body he is still a member; and we take it that we are to regard the literary production now before us, merely in the light of a backward glance at the once-loved gardens which he has deserted—a long, lingering look, not exactly like those which Eve sent back from Paradise when driven out and forbidden to return, but a look of sadness and regret, that he can henceforth enjoy the fruits and flowers of those gardens only in brief and stolen

glances like the present, without the alternative of abandoning the great right to be abused by every upstart who can mount a stump and speak an hour by Shrewsbury clock, and the high prerogative of paying back his vilifier with interest—the adoption of which alternative, would be giving more for the whistle than he thinks it is worth.

As might be expected, the philosophy which Mr. Owen seeks to inculcate, is of a more worldly character than that usually infused into the feelings of students by their commencement-day orators. He thinks it well for youths to "postpone the struggle after riches, power, political station, and popular applause," till they have gathered together the hidden treasures of "the arts and sciences," tasted "the pleasures of literature," and secured "the power which a cultivated intellect imparts." But he holds WEALTH up to them as the *summum bonum* of life; and teaches them that "if, by no unfair means, they can become rich and powerful, they will hold in their hands the Aladdin's-lamp of this motley and mercenary world."

So have thought the Alexanders, and Napoleons, and Rathbuns, and all the host of grasping and ambitious natures whose names have been a reproach, and whose memories an execration, from the beginning of time; so have *not* thought the Platos, and Cincinnatiases, and Washingtons, and Fenelons of the earth, who hold no mean place in the recollections and the hearts of men. But we must hear Mr. Owen further:

"It is a youthful error," he says, "and a generous one, to despise worldly riches and power. Yet an error it is, and one which should be avoided. If we begin the world with such an error, we may end, as enthusiasts will, by suffering our opinions to vibrate to the opposite extreme, and by setting up gold and silver, or the trappings of office, as the gods of our old age's idolatry. *Medio tutissimus ibis*. There is no safety in extremes. Let closet philosophers reason as they will, wealth is not a thing to be despised; nor is the power which rank and station give, a worthless bauble. No one who knows the world despises wealth.—No one who has read aright the history of man-

kind, despises political power. If by wealth and power we can do much evil, by them also we can do much good. Tyrannical masters, they are valuable servants. While, therefore, as we would preserve freedom of mind and purity of heart, we should resist their empire; yet, as we would obtain the means of making ourselves and others happy, we should not disdain their assistance.—We can be happy without them: be that ever remembered! We cannot be happy with them, if, in their pursuit, we cast from us honor and conscience."

This is better. And on the succeeding page, we have a still further advance towards right reason and common sense.

"I would not, then, my young hearers, discourage in you a wholesome ambition. It is pleasant to feel, that, by our successful exertions, we have made ourselves independent, and obtained the means to aid the worthy and relieve the distressed. It is yet more pleasant to know, that we have won a place in the hearts of our fellow-citizens, and a name and a standing among the gifted of the land. Yet, ere we start in the great race—aye, and during its continuance—much does it behoove us to store our minds with the unchanging truths of science, to cultivate our intellects with the civilizing aids of literature, to strengthen our reason from the beacon page of history and the guiding philosophy of morals.—Thus prepared, whether we win or lose the world's great prizes, we shall not be unhappy men. If successful, we shall have learned how to employ riches and direct power. If unsuccessful, we may chance to find, in decent obscurity, more peace of mind and true enjoyment, than fall to the lot of the empty-minded, even in the very hour of crowning triumph."

More things like these are there, following close upon their heels: beautiful thoughts in beautiful language—forcible arguments, apt illustrations, and strong appeals. But ere he gets half way through his address, for fear his eloquence may make his young auditors forget the *dollars and cents*, the orator summons back their vagrant fancies with the following spell:

"You will not, I trust, understand me as recommending literary and scientific pursuits, to the neglect of the exertions necessary to secure for yourselves, and if you shall have linked your fate to that of others, your families, a sufficient pecuniary independence. Unambitious science, like love, may, indeed be happy in a cottage; but the cottage must be comfortably thatched, its larder plentifully stocked, and its hearth cheerfully lighted. Above all, the sheriff and the constable must be kept from its humble door. Independence of mind is one of the chief conditions alike of virtue and of happiness; and, believe me, where independence of purse is lacking, independence of mind is in some danger. To be happy, we need not be rich; but neither must we be harassed with debt and involved in pecuniary difficulties. These neither benefit the morals, nor improve the mind."

In itself, this is very correct—a piece of world-wisdom, from one who has perhaps experienced the inconvenience of "pecuniary difficulties," as well as the ease and comfort of a "cheerfully lighted hearth," and a "plentifully stocked larder." We object only to the time and manner in which it is introduced—artfully managed to recall to and re-impress upon the student's mind the first inculcations, which subsequent lessons, more congenial to his generous nature, have well-nigh caused him to forget or scout.

Bating the worldliness of its philosophy, we have but little fault to find with Mr. Owen's Address, which has certainly many excellent points, and appears to have been written with an intention of doing good and being useful. Had the influence of Christianity been allowed a place in the latter portion of it, which is devoted to a rapid survey of human progress and social improvement, the argument would have been stronger and more complete. But we feel no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Owen for omitting this, though we regard it as the chief agent of the progressive civilization upon which he so eloquently remarks. Let it not offend any one, that men are found seriously arguing the gradual and unretrograding advancement of the human race, in all the virtues, through the agency of moral and intellectual culture alone: this, indeed, should rather be ground for additional hope; for if so great an end can be brought about without the aid of Christianity, how much more speedily and effectually can it be produced by the influence of the pure and heavenly doctrines of Him who taught as never man taught.

PROFESSOR SCOTT'S ADDRESS.

An Address, delivered before the Athenian Society of Indiana University, September, 1838. By Professor J. W. Scott, of Miami University. 32 pages, 8vo. Oxford: W. W. Bishop. 1839.

THE theme of this address is, "The aspect and demands of the Times;" and we regard it as a much better production than Professor Scott's discourse on "The instability and changes of Earth," noticed in our December number. To learning and industry, in the author's person, is very evidently added a strong desire to be useful; and

whatever opinion may be entertained of his talents, for these qualities he deserves more respect than should be accorded to mere intellectual endowments, be they ever so brilliant. This address was delivered upon the same occasion as that of Mr. Owen, noticed in a preceding page; and several passages of it must have struck the students of Indiana University as being singularly appropriate, after the more worldly teachings of their first orator.

Professor Scott starts out with the declaration, that the world is now "on the eve, or rather in the midst, of a mighty moral revolution;" a "revolution of mind, and of a world's redemption from the thralldom of ignorance and sin, with all their accompanying evils." And this idea he proceeds to work out, and its truth to demonstrate, by glancing at "the physical and intellectual aspect of the world," and considering the spirit of enterprise and adventure, the activity of mental culture, the freedom of moral inquiry, the turbulence of political movement, the zeal of religious endeavor, and *the universal questioning of things that are*, which so plainly mark and strongly characterize the age.

"But this," says the Professor, "is not only a day of excitement and action, it is also a day of peril. Society is, so to speak, in a *transition state*. Its elements are loosened and broken up, and all things are tending to new formations." And "while the foundations are thus shaken," he asks, "is there not ground of apprehension?" He thinks there is; and fears that "the human mind, once cut loose from its moorings, is in great danger of floating rudderless, the sport of wind and tide." A means of safety is, therefore, desirable; and *what forms* such a means, should be sought and determined upon immediately. Professor Scott thinks that the only hope for mankind, from the malign and destroying influences of "the spirit of wild extravagance, fanaticism, insubordination, and misrule," now "abroad in the world," is to be found in a *general and thorough education, christian, moral, and intellectual*. And this idea he elaborates with much zeal.

"Knowledge," he says, "has *always* been power; but it is *emphatically* so now. Educated mind has ever, in some form or other, governed and directed the world; but it will do so in a more marked manner, in all coming time. The empire of the sword

and physical force has passed, or is fast passing away, and men are hereafter to be governed by moral means. *The age of the empire of mind has emphatically come.*" And those who are henceforth to grapple with the world and sway it, must be men of "general intelligence and information, and of ready practical and business tact;" men "of enlarged and liberal views;" men "of independence of thought and action;" men "of enterprise, energy, and decision of character;" men "of public spirit and enlarged benevolence," of "integrity and virtue," of "piety and prayer."

With a man like Professor Scott, we never feel inclined to play the critic; but we must here, nevertheless, warn him against "wordiness and sound," the besetting sin of his literary efforts. As we have searched out his argument with some care, and presented it plainly to our readers, we must be supposed to have a pretty correct knowledge of the garb in which we found it wrapped; and if this is not twice or thrice as large as its dimensions required, then have we no rule for accurate admeasurement. If the "aspects of the times" be as the Professor has stated them, one of the "demands of the times" would seem to be, *economy* of language in conducting important discussions. This, it is clear, cannot be observed, while there is so great a disproportion between the *thought* and the *word*, as we find in the pamphlet before us.

PERCY.

Percy: A Poem, in two parts. 15 pages.
New-Lisbon: J. Frost, printer. 1839.

SOME young type-sticker, we make no doubt, whose vagrant fancies occasionally compel him to stop work and take to the quill for relief, has sent us this homely little pamphlet, of some three hundred lines of verse, for the purpose of getting our opinion of his ability to climb the difficult steep of Song. His publication is the least pretending and oddest thing that we have seen for many a day; and we dare wager, in the very teeth of the laws against gambling, that he is some modest youth, who will be favorably heard of hereafter. That the Muses have baptized his spirit in the waters of the true Hippocrene, several short passages of "Percy" strongly indicate; and that his ear

is well attuned to the melody of verse, is sufficiently shown by the opening of the poem:

"With lonely steps o'er the hills away,
Had the hunter journeyed the livelong day
With his rifle that oft was wont to bring
The pheasant down on its fluttering wing,
While the woody hills in their green crowds there
Rose wildly and still in the summer air.
In the sun's hot flood he wandered out
From his home with the wild hills round about,
And had followed the herd of the red wild deer,
O'er the lonely hill-tops so high and clear,
And on through the woods of the winding dells,
O'er the silent streams and the craggy fells,
Till far in the west when the sun was low,
And weary with toiling, he journeyed slow,
And the stag with branching antlers stood
On the granite-bluff high over the flood,
In the stillness the sound of his rifle rang,
And the stag o'er the rock in his death-leap sprang.

The hunter stood high in the calm still air,
On the massy rocks's summit so high and bare,
And while o'er the scene was the rich light cast
He gazed far o'er the mountains vast.
Like a mote in the sunshine glancing dim,
Afar the eagle was sporting him,
And widely and smoothly spread far away,
The sleeping tide of the river lay,
Old Susquehanna, that calm on its track,
Flowed, flashing the blaze of the sunlight back,
By the mountain's base that far on high
Its rocky front on the still blue sky
Upreared—and the hills by the river's tide
Stretched stilly and greenly side by side,
All mirrored deep in the water's breast,
With shadowy base and with sunny crest,
And the deep sunk dells that far between
Lay quiet and dim in their deeper green."

These lines contains many faults, but, supposing the author to be what we have imagined him, are full of promise. Let him write little, and study much, and his genius will soon burst from the obscurity that now covers it.

CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS.

An Address, delivered to the Members of the Jefferson Literary Society of Franklin College, September 25, 1838. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. 23 pages 8vo. Bethany, Va. 1838.

EVERY man will be eminent among his compeers, in the ratio of his readiness and power to classify the objects of nature, society, art, and religion. So says Mr. Campbell; and the main object of his address to the members of the Jefferson Society was, to impress upon their minds the great importance of arranging their acquisitions and conceptions under proper heads. The pro-

duction is highly characteristic of the acute and logical understanding of its author, whom we regard as one of the ablest men of the country.

The importance of ENERGY to success in any business or sphere of life, is not at all overrated in the subjoined extract, with which the address to the Jefferson Society opens:

"Were I asked what element or attribute of mind confers the greatest lustre on human character, I would not select it from those most conspicuous in the poet, the orator, the philosopher, or the elegant artist; I would not name any of those endowments which are usually regarded as superlative in adorning the reputation of the man of genius, or of distinguished talent; I would not call it memory, reason, taste, imagination; but I would call it *energy*. I am sorry that it has not a more expressive and a more captivating name: but, gentlemen, that *something* which we call *energy*, is the true *primum mobile*—the real main-spring of all greatness and eminence among men. Without it, all the rarer and higher powers of our nature are useless, or worse than useless. The genius of a Milton, a Newton, a Locke, or a Franklin, would have languished and expired without achieving anything for them, their country, or the human race, but for this peculiar *vis a tergo*—this active, operative, and impulsive ingredient in the human constitution. Sustained and impelled by this impetus or power, endowments very moderate may accomplish—nay, have accomplished more for human kind, than the brightest parts have ever done without it. That power, or element of our constitution, which makes humble talents respectable; respectable talents, commanding; commanding talents, transcendent; and without which the most splendid powers can effect nothing—may, we presume, be regarded as chief of the elements of human nature."

We had intended making several extracts from this address, and may yet do so at some future time. At this present writing, we are without the necessary room.

MATHER'S REPORT.

Second Annual Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Ohio. By W. W. MATHER, Principal Geologist, and the several Assistants. 286 pages 8vo. Columbus: S. Medary. 1838.

THIS volume will hereafter be made the subject of an article for our pages. At present, we place its title here, merely for the purpose of announcing its publication, and stating its size. It is a work of very great interest, learning, and ability; and the value of the letter-press is much enhanced, by having distributed through it some twenty plates in illustration.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

OUR SECOND VOYAGE.

"GENTLE READER:" A year ago, in this uncourtly phrase, we greeted thee, for the first, "from the flowery clime of the renowned Hesperides." Steadily, since then, our bark has held on her way, coasting every rich shore and touching at every fertile island, for such freight as would afford a pleasure to thine intellectual sense, and add to the beauty and vigor of that "mind which maketh the body rich." In that haven from which we sailed on our twelve-months' voyage, we now cast anchor for a little time, hoping for welcome warm, and such approving words as will cheer us in many an after-voyage, while abroad on the wide ocean or the mountainous earth, toiling in our vocation for thine intellectual delight.

Believing that we have been of "some service," if not to "the State," at least to thee, we now make bold to ask thine ear for a moment, to soberer and more important speech than this.

"In accordance with an intention heretofore expressed, the THIRD VOLUME of this magazine will be commenced at Cincinnati, on the first of May, 1839. The flattering manner in which the work has been received, and the support already extended to it, lead us to believe that the Western People justly appreciate the value of such a publication, and embolden us to state that the *HESPERIAN* is now established upon a permanent basis. The plan originally marked out for the work, was in some respects peculiar. It has thus far been very closely pursued, and, we are pleased to be able to say, to the very general satisfaction of our readers. It will hereafter be, if at all, very slightly deviated from, and only for the purpose of introducing such improvements as experience may suggest and increased patronage render practicable.

"To those who have been our readers during the past year, nothing in addition to what we have just said, is required by way of advertisement of our intentions for the future. But an enlarged subscription is necessary to our complete success; and as efforts will at once be made to obtain this,

it would seem advisable that we should be at some trouble to impart, to persons in those sections of the West where it has not yet circulated, a general idea of the character of our publication. This we shall do by a simple reference to a portion of the contents of the two volumes issued during the year just closed.

"The *HESPERIAN* opened with a statistical paper, entitled 'Ohio in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-Eight,' which was continued through three successive numbers, and gave a carefully prepared account of the internal improvements, literary and scientific institutions, common school system and resources, humane asylums, mineral treasures, agricultural wealth, manufacturing enterprise, and general statistics, of the State at that period. In the second number was commenced a series of articles, four of which have been published, of a most interesting and valuable character, on the 'Internal Trade of the Mississippi Valley.' This subject, of such vast importance to the People of the West, is in the hands of a gentleman who thoroughly understands it, and is capable of threading all its labyrinths and developing all its parts. As a matter somewhat kindred to this, may be mentioned, here, a very interesting paper by our late associate, on the 'North American Valley,' considering it as it was in past time, as it is now, and as it will be in time to come, if its most desirable and reasonable destiny be accomplished. Beginning in the first volume, and extending through the whole of the second, were the 'Notes on Texas,' now just completed. Though occupying only from eight to ten pages of the *HESPERIAN* a month, for eight numbers, these 'Notes' are of about the extent of an ordinary sized duodecimo volume; and it has been universally acknowledged by our exchanges, as well as in private letters and conversations, that they present the most accurate and impartial account of Texas that has yet been given to the public. In addition to these matters, a hurried glance over the volumes now before us, detects valuable articles on the 'Discovery of America,' the 'Origin of Bituminous Coal,' the 'Importance of thorough Geological Investigations,' the 'Claims of Universities,' the 'Proper Sphere of Woman,' the 'Ligneous

Plants of Ohio,' the 'Education of the People,' etc., etc.; besides a number of passages in the early history and biography of the West, which, by reason of the relation most of them sustain to the Editor, may not be particularized here.

"Thus much of the ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT of the work. An average of about one-third of the space of the HESPERIAN, is devoted to a SELECT MISCELLANY, which is made up from month to month of articles from the best of the European and American monthly and quarterly magazines and reviews, and extracts from the various works in the several departments of literature, which are continually issuing from the press of the Atlantic Cities. To quote, from our first and second volumes, the titles of some of the articles contained in this department, will perhaps serve to give a sufficient idea of the general character of our Select Miscellany:—'Republicanism of the Bible,' from Dr. Beecher's Lectures to Mechanics; 'Originals in America,' from Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel; 'The Mysterious Passenger,' a merry story from Lover's Confessions of Harry Lorrequer; 'Things in France,' from Jewett's Passages in Foreign Travel; 'Progressive Changes in Mechanics,' from the British and Foreign Quarterly Review; 'Howe's Masquerade,' a tale of the Old Province House, from the Democratic Magazine; 'Things in Italy,' from Cooper's Travels in Europe; 'Margaret Sunderland,' a tale from Blackwood's Magazine; 'Some account of the Aborigines of the Ohio Valley,' from General Harrison's Historical Discourse; 'The Compact,' a story from the London New Monthly; 'Early History of the Steam Boat,' from the New-York Quarterly Review; 'Atlantic Steam Navigation,' from the Foreign Quarterly; 'Legend of Merry the Miner,' from Bird's new volume of Tales; 'Old Polly Carey,' a tale from the New-York Mirror; 'The Land of Egypt,' from the Lectures of Buckingham, the Oriental Traveler; 'The White Scarf,' a tale by Miss Sedgwick, from the Token; 'Character of Demosthenes,' from an Irish Barrister's Recollections of Ancient Literature; etc. etc. etc.

"From this glance at the original and selected contents of the first year of the HESPERIAN, it will be seen that the *useful and solid* in matter has thus far greatly predominated over the *light and simply amusing*. Such will continue to be the case; without, however, at all excluding from the pages of the work, an agreeable melange, monthly, of tales, sketches, poetry, biographies, anecdotes, literary reviews, and essays of a light, lively, and popular character. Our means of rendering the select department interesting and valuable, will be quadrupled by the change of the place of pub-

lication from Columbus to Cincinnati; and for the original department, we have already on hand, and in prospect, historical, biographical, statistical, didactic, and imaginative materials, of the richest kind."

Thus far, gentle reader, we "show our papers" for the next voyage; and should we be overhauled hereafter, by one having authority on the high seas, we will again exhibit them as readily, for the inspection of the proper officers. We are manning our bark well, and laying in good store of provisions; we shall weigh anchor and set sail again on the first day of May; and all we want, to keep us off our "beam-ends," and prevent a "capsize," is a continuance of your encouraging approbation, and "*that little o' somewhat else*," without which the best of navigators go down in mid-ocean, or wreck their vessels on the reefs of No-Money.

"VIOLA."

THE readers of the HESPERIAN will bear us witness, that we are not in the habit of praising our correspondents, proud as we are of some of them, and favorably as their writings are received by the public. We leave that for the doing of our contemporaries of the newspaper press, who can with a better grace than we, and perhaps with a less biased judgment, mingle a proper amount of censure or admonition with their words of praise. 'Tis true, that following an example set in high places, our publisher transfers some of the encouragement thus afforded, to the cover-pages of successive numbers of the HESPERIAN: but that is no business of ours; and to him, not us, are our correspondents indebted, for the opportunity of seeing in what estimation they are held throughout the country.

Once in a very long while, however, we suspend the rule which we have laid down for our guidance in this respect; and never have we done so with greater pleasure than we do now, for the purpose of introducing to such of our readers as have not already seen them, with a word or two about their author, the exquisite verses subjoined. "VIOLA" is by birth, as these stanzas and the beautiful little poem published in our December number proclaim her, a Green Mountain Girl; and she dwells with all the rapture of blissful recollections, on the home that once was, and the days that have been.

"The green hills of her father-land,
In dreams still greet her view;
She often sees the wave-girt strand—
The ocean-depth of blue—

The sky, the glorious sky, outspread
 Above their calm repose—
 The river o'er its rocky bed
 Still singing as it flows—
 The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
 When men go up to pray—
 The sunlight resting on the flow'rs—
 The birds that sing among the bow'rs,
 Through all the summer day."

And often now, in a far and stranger land,

"She wonders if her home would seem
 As lovely as of yore!
 And if, as then, the mountain stream
 Goes singing by the door!
 And if the flow'rs still bloom as fair,
 And if the woodbines climb,
 As when she used to train them there,
 In the dear olden time!
 And if the happy birds still sing,
 In green-wood and parterre,
 As sweetly as in that sweet spring
 Whose golden memories gently bring
 So many dreams to her!"

Yet here where the joys of a new home smile
 around her, and the tendrils of her heart entwine
 about new objects—where, with a keener sense of
 existence, she has intenser delights and higher
 imaginings,

"She mourns not for her childhood's hours,
 Since in the far-off West,
 Neath sunnier skies, in brighter bowers,
 Her heart hath found its rest.
 She mourns not for the hills and streams
 That chain'd her steps so long,
 Though still she sees them in her dreams,
 And hails them in her song—
 Though often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
 When winter evenings come,
 She sits and talks of other days,
 And sings the well-remembered lays
 Of her green mountain home!"

That old home, she has left forever; and, with
 the noble impulses and high aims of the gifted
 and the generous, she has paused in the young
 West, to cast her fortunes with its destiny, and
 to weave her name with its Song. Who, that is
 familiar with the rich and beautiful effusions of
 her muse—or who, that has made her acquaint-
 ance now for the first, and knows her only through
 the preceding delicate and graceful verses, will
 hesitate to give her "welcome warm?" Not one,
 worthy to be called son or daughter of this "Green
 Forest Land." By acclamation then, and we
 feel that we are authorized to speak for the
 whole West, we adopt her as one of those

High-thoughted beings of this glorious clime,
 Whom not to love and cherish, were a crime—
 Whom not to worship, were not worship due
 Alone to Heav'n, were crime of blackest hue.

But we fear that we have too long detained the
 reader from the beautiful verses alluded to at the
 outset. They were written less than two years
 ago, shortly after "VIOLA'S" passage of the
 chain of mountains whose name they bear; and
 if American pen has within that time produced
 anything, of a similar character, more beautiful
 than they, we have unfortunately failed to see it.
 But they require no explanation, and need no
 apology.

ON CROSSING THE ALLEGHENIES.

The broad, the bright, the glorious West,
 Is spread before me now!
 Where the gray mists of morning rest
 Beneath yon mountain's brow!
 The bound is past—the goal is won—
 The region of the setting sun
 Is open to my view.
 Land of the valiant and the free—
 My own Green Mountain land—to thee,
 And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
 For what thou yet shalt be!
 I hail thee for the hopes that rest
 Upon thy destiny!
 Here—from this mountain height, I see
 Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
 Thine emerald fields outspread,
 And feel, that in the book of fame,
 Proudly shall thy recorded name
 In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
 All glorious as thou art,
 A cloud is resting on my brow,
 A weight upon my heart.
 To me—in all thy youthful pride—
 Thou art a land of cares untried,
 Of untold hopes and fears.
 Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
 But for the far-off land I leave,
 I look on thee with tears.

O! brightly, brightly, glow thy skies,
 In summer's sunny hours!
 The green earth seems a paradise
 Arrayed in summer flowers!
 But oh! there is a land afar
 Whose skies to me are brighter far
 Along the Atlantic shore!
 For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
 In kindlier glances answered mine—
 Can these their light restore?

Upon the lofty bound I stand,
That parts the East and West;
Before me—lies a fairy land;
Behind—a home of rest.
Here, hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure—
But there, in memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's cynosure!

"MOINA."

THE receipt of the handsome tribute to Miss LONDON, which closes the original department of our present number, awakened recollections of some pleasant things, which were a delight unto us a very few years ago. Who remembers not the noble strains of "Wedded Love," and the affectionate beauty of "The Wife," and cherishes not for "MOINA" a feeling of admiration and love? These verses have been published everywhere, and read by every body. But they are not like the fashion that has its day, and is then laid aside. They gushed warm and glowing from the human heart—a deep, which calleth unto the deep of another century, as well as to that of its own day—and they are as green, and beautiful, and touching now, as when they first sparkled in the light: nay, more so; for that which cometh of the True, reveals itself fully only in the lapse of time.

WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And, with their gloomy shades, conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.
Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.
Full well I knew the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy Wife—

For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine—that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou 't ever prove,
In fond, undying, *Wedded Love*.

"The Wife" was originally published in an obscure work, but soon found its way into the best periodicals of America and England, and had what the publishers call "*a run*," of an almost unprecedented character. We doubt not that it is contained in thousands of well-selected scrap-books, at this very moment, and read every week by thousands of fair eyes. Yet there may be other thousands that have it not, and for such its noble thoughts are here again wedded to print.

THE WIFE.

"She sung her white arms round him—Thou art all
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face had't looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not be "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;"—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,

As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
 "Earth may not claim thee longer;"
 Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
 Must break, when thou art gone;
 It must not be; we may not part;
 I could not live "alone!"

Such poetry needs no praise, but its fair author deserves a little censure. Mrs. DINNIES writes too little; and she is the only poetess of our country, of whom this can be said—almost the only one, indeed, of whom the contrary is not true. It is now some eight or ten years since the publication of two or three of her earliest productions, and some eight or ten little poems are about all that she has given to the public within that period. We can assure her, that more is desired from her pen, and that warmly; and we hope this assurance may induce her oftener to gratify the admirers of her genius.

We have now celebrated, in our pages, three of the Western Muses. There are, altogether, ten,—an improvement on the old number,—and others of them shall, at some future time, receive tokens of our regard.

POETRY.

THE fine spring weather of the past two weeks, has put a mavelously keen edge upon our poetical appetite. Fortunately, the preceding departments of our present number are but scantily supplied with song. Therefore, in this our *Budget*,—a sort of "mine own inn," where it is fit to take "mine ease,"—we can indulge our present taste a little, without reasonably offending the palate of any other. The sweet-singing "VIOLETTA," and the deep-toned "MOINA," have already been heard. Here now is a voice from an unknown minstrel, which comes all the way from the clime of the renowned *Knickerbocker*. It is a sweet voice—a strong voice—and one that, if this be among its first utterances, will have in time the very angels of the land stooping to hear it.

THE FAR WEST.

Would that my home were in the far wild West!
 There, what God fashioned, man hath never marred,
 And earth seems young, as when, by foot unpressed,
 'Neath the first sunbeam smiled her tender sward;
 Enamelled slopes, and thickets blossom-starred,
 Nestle the rude acclivities between;
 And streams whose fountains are far heavenward,
 Leap shouting down enamored of the scene,
 To dance with softer song, through groves of living green.

Within those vales, what glorious creatures hide!
 Birds, Iris-plumed, dart out from every tree,
 And graceful shapes sport on the mountain side,
 Tossing their antlered frontlets as they flee;

Insects, whose gay wings flash resplendently,
 Wingow the sunshine; and a murmuring sound,
 As if the flowers were breathing melody,
 From minstrel bees, that wheel the blossoms round,
 Comes with the clover's breath, up from the dewy ground.

And where the wind howls through the giant pines,
 That far aloft the sheltering mountains gird,
 The pendant tendrils shake not on the vines;
 In those calm vallies not a leaf is stirred;
 Scarce is the surging of the tempest heard;
 But by the drops the black clouds weep the while,
 On flower and tree new beauty is conferred;
 And when the sun looks forth, the green defile
 Hath won from heaven's dark frown a brighter, holier smile!

And then the prairies! Lovely when the spring
 Hangs o'er their wastes of green her hazy veil;
 Sublime, when heaving with an ocean swing,
 Rolls the tall grass before the autumn gale,
 Tossing, like foam, the withered flow'rets pale.
 Behold a grander scene! Some hand hath thrown
 A fire-brand mid the herbage! Words would fail
 To paint the kindled desert, red and lone,
 When the flame reaps by night the harvest God hath sown!

Onward, still onward sweeps the scorching tide,
 A forest bars its desolating way;
 Swift through the fallen leaves the flashes glide,
 Lick the huge trunks, and dart from spray to spray!
 Streams through the green arcades the lurid ray,
 Startling from bush and bough a feathered swarm;
 Through the tree tops the flames like lightnings play,
 And ere hath reeled one proud oak's glowing form,
 Over the forest's roof hath passed the blazing storm.

Again it bursts across the treeless waste,
 Upon the strong wings of the hurricane;
 Affrighted herds, from grassy covert chased,
 Before its angry rush their sinews strain:
 But hark! the dash of waters o'er the plain
 Comes blended with the conflagration's roar;
 Through yon tall bluffs that wear a ruddy strain,
 Missouri's chafing waves impetuous pour;
 The blaze half leaps the tide, then fades to flash no more.

With vernal days, up from the blackened wild,
 O'er circling leagues, the tufted grass shall spring,
 And Beauty, Desolation's blooming child,
 Shall far and wide her floral garlands fling;
 The azalea to the ruined oak shall cling,
 And round each charred trunk lace a leafy vest;
 The prairie fowl shall fold her dusky wing
 Above her lowly, clover-scented nest;
 Would that my home, like hers, were in the far wild West!

NOTES ON TEXAS.

WITH this, the concluding number of our present volume, we complete the publication of the series of "Notes on Texas," which have for eight months occupied a portion of each issue of the

HESPERIAN, much, as we have had repeated assurances, to the instruction and gratification of our readers. That our correspondent has produced the most intelligent, accurate, and impartial account of Texas, which has yet been given to the people of the United States, is the sentiment of all who have read his "Notes," and expressed any opinion with regard thereto; and that he will hereafter be honored for the bold manner in which he has portrayed the striking features of the young Republic, and the freedom with which he has delineated the characters and commented upon the conduct of some of her public men, is as certain as that there is yet in the hearts of the people an admiration of independence and truth.

Justice to the author requires that we should here state, that the distance of his residence from our place of publication precluded his examining the proof-sheets of his "Notes," some chapters of which have been much marred by typographical errors. It was his intention to have transcribed all the manuscripts, before publishing them; but this he was prevented from doing, by other engagements, and the "Notes" as given to our readers are the first hasty drafts from the original memoranda. These things are mentioned not for the purpose of disarming animadversion, but merely to show the true cause of the marks of haste that are apparent in some of the chapters, and to account for the typographical errors in others.

The author has materials in his possession, for swelling his "Notes" to the size of an octavo volume; and as he may be induced to elaborate them hereafter, and give them to the public in another shape, we have thought proper to secure him the benefit of the law of copy-right.

FOX HUNTING.

SINCE the article on the "Hunting Sports of the West," page 436, has been printed, we have learnt that a *general fox hunt* was to take place in Jefferson county, on the last Saturday in March. The boundary lines are stated as follows, in the *Steudiville Union* of the 26th ultimo:—"The boundary line to commence at T. Douglas's, in Richmond, and running thence east along the road between M. Castner and A. Peas to John Rodgers'; thence along the road to Jacob Smith's lane; thence down the road to John F. Browning's mill; thence up the road to Knoxville; thence west along the road to the finger-boards between Knoxville and Downey's; thence a straight direction to David Robb's; thence to James M'Clure, junior's; thence on to John Henderson's; thence

along the road to Taylor's meeting house; thence south through the farm of Arthur Latimore by William Smith's factory, and up the grade to Benjamin Barley's, and thence in a straight direction to the place of beginning. To close on a piece of ground below Mt. Tabor Meeting House. Marshalls to be on the ground at nine o'clock, and be ready to march at ten o'clock. Every person must have a horn, or something that will make a noise."

We hope to receive some account of their recent sports, from our friends in Columbiana and Jefferson.

LITERARY CHITCHAT.

MESSRS. E. B. FISHER and W. H. BURLEIGH, of Pittsburgh, have issued proposals for publishing in that city, a new monthly magazine, to be entitled the "*Literary Examiner and Western Review*." With Mr. FISHER, whilom of the *New-Yorker*, the whole West has been made most favorably acquainted through the columns of the *Saturday Visitor*. Mr. BURLEIGH, if we mistake not, hails from Massachusetts, in a green little nook of which, some four or five years since, he conducted a small literary paper with much taste and ability. The new magazine, which is to espouse western interests with a hearty will, is to contain about eighty pages monthly, and cost five dollars per annum. It will doubtless be a well managed work, and at once take a high place in the public favor.

Mr. WILLIAM B. FAIRCHILD has issued proposals for publishing a literary paper at Xenia, in this State. We understand that he has been a contributor to the *National Magazine*, and is a young writer of promise. Only two dollars a year, for sixteen large octavo pages semi-monthly.

Mr. N. P. WILLIS's "long, low, black," schooner-rigged vessel, *The Corsair*, set sail from New-York a couple of weeks since, on a privateering cruise, much to the delight of the Great Gothamites. 'Tis said she is a glorious craft, sails handsomely, and will doubtlessly return with spoil enough to enrich her whole crew.

The last *Cincinnati Chronicle* contains a well-prepared "View of the Commerce of the Ohio Valley." Such articles are not unfrequently given in its columns, and add much to the interest and value of its general character.

A volume of "Lectures on Man," from the pen of the late ALEXANDER KINMONT, has just been published at Cincinnati. We doubt not that the "hand of Joab is in this thing," and shall soon give our readers an opportunity of judging of its merits.

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THE HESPERIAN.

THE HESPERIAN.—The January number comes to us racy, useful, instructive—filling up our conception of the *beau ideal* of a Western Magazine. Let us take a hasty glance at its contents:

"Amelia—A sketch of a poetess."—This article is from the pen editorial, and we have read nothing for a long time with greater interest. The history of our "minstrel girl," whose first offerings upon the shrine of Poesy have been so warmly received not only throughout every portion of our own country but by the high priests of song across the Atlantic—is touched upon by one who shows that he can appreciate the exquisite numbers of her inspired lyre. The meed of praise, unsolicited and offered by one whose own soul-breathed effusions "the world will not willingly let die," must be highly acceptable to our backwood's poetess. If the reader desires a rich intellectual treat—if he wishes to re-peruse some gems of poetry that will bear a thousand readings; or if he (it may be she!) wished a more perfect knowledge (and who does not?) of the history of our accomplished poetess, we commend them to this sketch, with the assurance of rising from its perusal with a greater admiration for its subject and a bestowal of deserved praise upon the gifted writer.

"Notes on Texas."—By a citizen of Ohio, are written with force and animation, and are deserving of all praise. We entertain no doubt of their being the most impartial as well as the most powerful papers ever published upon the subject; and presenting an unprejudiced view of the situation of the young Republic, they cannot but be of great importance to the inquirer.

"The Pirates of the Pacific."—By an Old Reeler. We think that we can recognize in the style of this scrap that of a quondam correspondent of the "Cincinnati Mirror" whose "Reminiscences" were at that time—ourself just quitting school—our very great delight. We shall never forget his thrilling description of a fire at sea in one of the numbers. If these twain are one we rejoice greatly hereat, and hope that "Bon Bobstay's" yarns and our eyes may become very familiar.

"Woman's proper sphere."—Contains many sound thoughts and to our mind many instructive ones. The lady (*en passant*, is it the production of one of the gentler sex? the style strikes us as bold and somewhat masculine) has thought deeply upon the subject and places the "proper sphere" of woman—not in the political caucus to rival man—not in the public harangues of heated and agitating questions—nor first in the higher walks of science and literature; but at the side of man "his moral guide, his moral exemplar—to comfort, to encourage, to assist"—his guardian angel with

"Her hand upon the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity," etc.

It would be well for some of the she-lions in the land who seem very far from understanding their "proper sphere" to give this article an attentive perusal.

Our hasty glance is becoming too lengthy, and we must pass some excellent articles with but a slight notice; Common roads, by one of the People; Man without money; New Year's day in New York; Coal; An Allegory. The Prison of Life; The Novice of Cohokia; we have not yet read. The Poetry of this number is by some of our favorite writers. Thomas's lines are passable

—barely. Shreve's Murderer's Dirge is wild and gloomy and would be proof positive before any enlightened jury of—insanity. It does not suit our taste as well as some of those liveliest pictures from his "pencil" that have won for him an enviable reputation. Simms's poetry we never liked. Cist's lines are fair but not equal to others that he has written. The selected articles display great taste, and the Critical notices are well timed and impartial as far as we can judge. Mr. Gallagher, however, is generally in this department too lenient; and yet we hardly consider it a fault—the authors—poor unfortunate race, often get more thrashing than they deserve, and we scarcely like to see the scalping knife applied, save to particular offenders on particular occasions. We take great pleasure in commending this periodical to popular favor, and hope that it may "win golden opinions" from many of our own citizens.—*Louisville City Gazette*.

THE HESPERIAN for February is late, but the excellence of its contents more than atones for the delay in the publication. We have bestowed what leisure we had in the perusal of the several papers of the number, and find them varied in character, excellent in tone, and well calculated to please as well as edify the general reader. In one point of view, our western monthly can boast superiority over its contemporaries beyond the mountains. Its poetic character is well sustained, and the verse making contributors of the Hesperian write better poetry than we find on the pages of the eastern magazines. The knowledge of this fact is gratifying to our pride of place, and evidences that we have ample material for the endowment of the literary temple, and that all we require to perfect its beauty is more guarded care over the prurient fancies which are so apt to carry young writers beyond their depths, leaving them floundering in the sea, not of turbid, but of florid prose. The cause why the Hesperian thus excels is evident. Gallagher is a poet, true and powerful. With a poet on the censor's tripod, the rhyme passing through his hands must needs be excellent or it would not appear. Hence, the Hesperian publishes a less quantity per month than do the *Easterlies*, but the quality of his is to the quality of the others in the same light as fine gold is to sounding brass. The number for February has more genuine verse than is to be found in any of the monthlies on our table. "Amelia" has a beautiful lyric. "Shreve," ditto: his article will be found on the fourth page of to-days Visiter. Our townsman, Dill A. Smith has some splendid verses, which we design republishing; and a modest correspondent has contributed "The Dead Student," and in it we see rare genius.

The prose papers are agreeably diversified, not too heavy, nor yet so light as to deserve the name of *Philadelphia light literature*. The opening paper is by Prof. Riddell of Louisiana Medical College, and treats of the ligneous plants indigenous to Ohio. It is plain, practical, and scientific, worthy attention for its botanic bearing, and useful as a table of reference in the classification of plants. "Recollections of a tour through Wisconsin" are interesting. They are the views of a sensible traveler, and merit attention as such. "Fulton and Steam" is the old subject of glorification.—The "Notes on Texas" are continued: they read well. "The Coquette" is a rare story, by the

The Hesperian.

truly gifted Miss Depuy of Louisville, a lady whose contributions to the magazine literature of the day have won for her much sincere admiration. The remaining articles are after the manner of these we have quoted.

The critical department does not come up to our wishes. Our friend Gallagher has been away—we will peril a plack on the truth of the surmise, and wrote his editorials in a stage coach, with an old lady, five or six amiable little responsibilities vexing the air with sweet vocal strains, for his companions. We have written in such plight ourself before now, and must confess that ideas were very scarce on those particular occasions.—*Pittsburgh Visitor.*

LITERARY PERIODICALS.—We have long since exhausted our stock of encomiastic phrases in endeavoring properly to praise the various literary journals which favor us with an exchange; but so far as increasing excellence on their part is concerned, the "cry is still for more." It is, however, a source of pride that the public are not backward in a just appreciation of the merits of these conservators to their better tastes, but are rewarding them in that substantial way that is best calculated to produce in turn new developments of sources of usefulness and refined pleasure. It is only to point out to the public the claims which these periodicals have upon their support, that it is necessary for a laborer in an humbler sphere to advert to them at all; and it is pleasurable to believe with reason that this task is fast becoming one of supererogation.

The *HESPERIAN*, for February, first claims our attention, because it is a *western* publication; not that the world of mind is mapped out in lines and boundaries, or that the *Hesperian* is prescribed and local in its sphere, but, because it is peculiarly adapted from its plan and place of publication, to collect as to a focus the talent and intellect of western writers, and present their *light* to the public purified by contact with its pages. As a general remark, it may be said in all verity, that the number before us is fully equal to any of its predecessors. The *quality* of several of the articles well adapts them to the magazine character of the publication, viz. of Professor Riddell's Botanical paper, the chapter on Texas, Drake's article on "Fulton and Steam," etc. "The Maiden's First Love," by *Amelia*, "The Indian Mound," "A Legend of Lake Erie," "The Dead Student," "Lines on a Miniature," etc., etc., etc., present a rich treat to the lovers of beautiful sentiment and chaste composition. "The Coquette," a tale which fills an undue space in the *Hesperian*, is the only article of the whole with which we find fault. It is a namby-pamby effusion of sickly sentiment in the style of "Sir Charles Grandison," which

would better become the pages of a village newspaper, than those of a leading monthly. We subjoin "Partiality," a witty lyric, "by the author of Clinton Bradshaw."—*Scioto Gazette.*

THE HESPERIAN.—This new monthly periodical is every where attracting attention. In the eastern States, where circumstances have tended to concentrate much literary talent, and where, withal, western literature is viewed with rather a supercilious eye, even there the *Hesperian* is admitted into the very front rank of the literary publications. But in the West, it is hailed as an era in our history, demonstrating that in the great valley, while we excel all others in the productions of the soil, there is the *mind* also, that can vie with any others in all the departments of fine composition, of thrilling narrative, of impassioned poetry, of sound criticism and pure taste. We would only say to every Western man, subscribe to the *Hesperian*—keep it alive, for if it dies it will be long indeed ere we may expect to look upon its like again.—*Kentucky Commonwealth.*

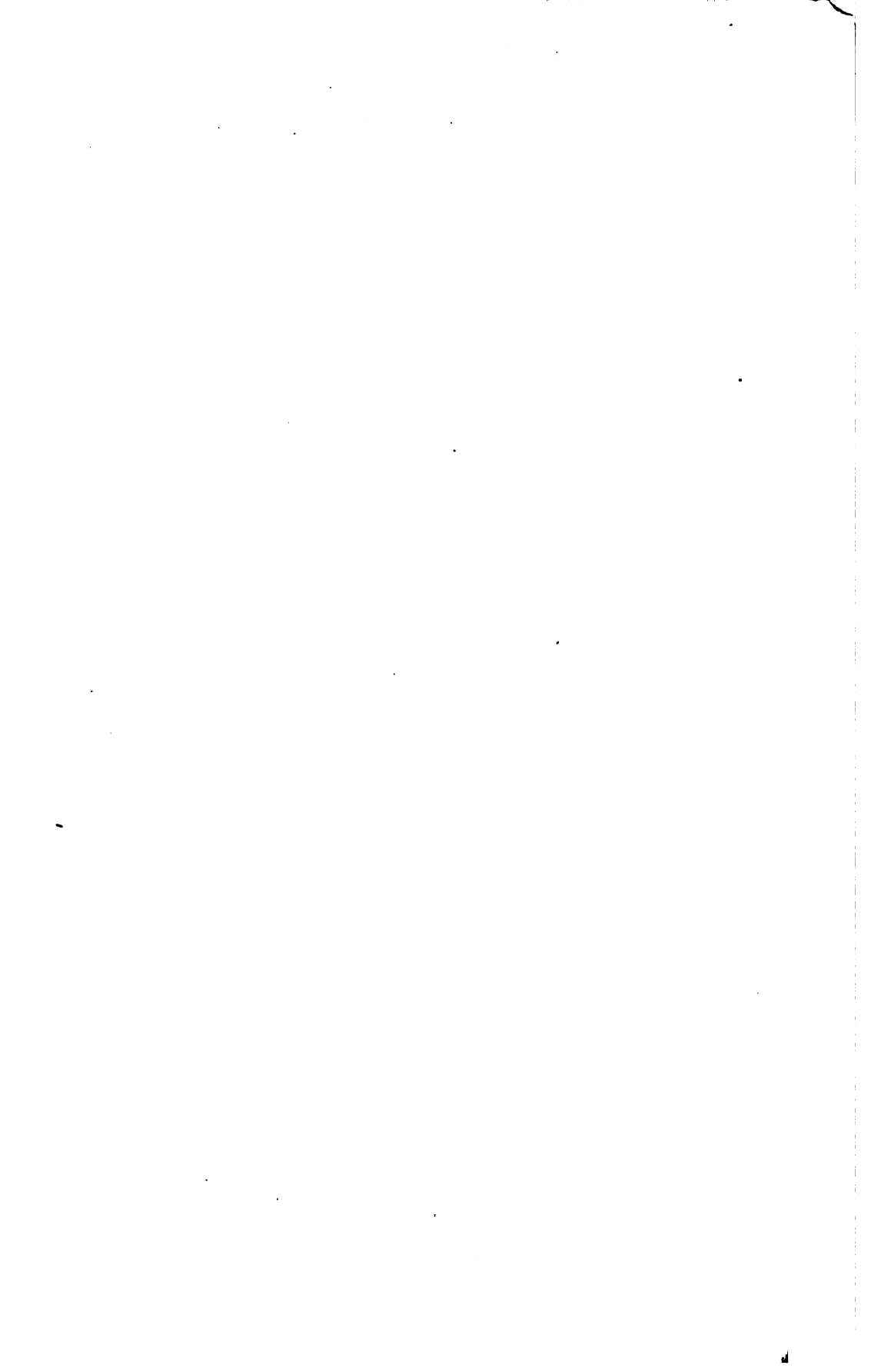
THE HESPERIAN.—We have the December number, which, if it does not contain so large a number of original articles as previous numbers, is still full of interest. "An historical sketch of the early men of Kentucky," by the editor, is a valuable and interesting article; "The Sea King," by Mrs. Sigourney, is imbued with that pure spirit of poetry, which abounds in all her writings; "Literature of the Moors of Spain," is quite an able article; "Notes on Texas" are written in a pleasing style. We do not know what to make of "Boyhood; or the Truant Messenger;" "The Green Hills of my Father-Land," is a touching strain. The western poets, we find, look back with affection to the hearths and homes of childhood, and love to make them their themes, when they pour out their feelings in song. The Literary Notices, and Editor's Budget, are written and filled with discrimination and taste.—*Portland Transcript.*

THE HESPERIAN.—The January number, just received, has a larger number than usual of original articles. The editor, in his first article is in raptures with a young western poetess—"Amelia," who, from the specimens given us of her effusions, is worthy of all that has been said of her. From the varied and excellent articles given us monthly in the *Hesperian*, and from the notices of new works constantly issuing from that quarter, the "Great West" is fast rivaling "Down East" in her scientific and literary efforts. The Western firmament is studded with stars, brilliant and sparkling, and of no mean magnitude. Success to them! It is a glorious rivalry.—*Port. Trans.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE Publisher particularly requests such of his subscribers, if any there be, as intend to discontinue their subscriptions to the *Hesperian* at the close of the present volume, to give him information of the fact, through the postmasters in their respective towns, between this time and the middle of April next. All who fail to observe this requisition in the terms of publication, will of course be held as *bona fide* subscribers for another year. He trusts that but few, if any, will withdraw their patronage to his heavy and expensive undertaking; but if any intend so to do, he hopes they will see and heed the propriety of giving him a timely notification of such intention.





JAN 17 1934

